It Could Not Happen Now.

Ere country ways had turned to street,
And long ere we were born,
A lad and lass would chance to meet,
And often she'd neglect her task,
The willows bowed to nudge the brook,
The cowslips nodded gay,
And he would look and she would look,
And both would look away.
Yet each—and this is so absurd—
Would dream about the other,
And she would never breathe a word
To that good dame, her mother,
Our girls are wiser now.
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange you must allow.
Dear me! how modes and customs change;
It could not happen now.

Next day that idle, naughty lass
Would rearrange her hair,
And ponder long before the glass
Which bow she ought to wear:
"Why do you blush like that?"
And seldom care to chat,
And make her mother frown and ask:
"Why do you blush like that?"
And now she'd haunt with footsteps slow
That mead with cowslips yellow,
Down which she'd met a week ago
That stupid, staring fellow.
Our girls are wiser now.
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow.
Dear me! how modes and customs change!
It could not happen now.

And as for him, that foolish lad,
He'd hardly close an eye,
And look so woe-begone and sad
He'd make his mother cry.
"He goes," she'd say, "from bad to worse,
My boy, so blithe and brave.
Last night I found him writing verse
About a lonely grave!"
And, lo! next day her nerves he'd shock
With laugh and song and caper;
And there!—she'd find a golden lock
Wrapped up in tissue paper.
Our boys are wiser now.
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow.
Dear me! how modes and customs change!
It could not happen now.

—*F. Langbridge in Good Words.*

Her Christmas Gift.

A woman stood on weary feet,
Sifting an ash-barrel in the street,
And to her skirts clung, chattering,
A little, tousled, merry thing.

"To-morrow Christmas gifts will come;
I know, dear Granny, we'll have some."
She answered not. Heart sick and sore,
She picked the refuse o'er and o'er.

She would not speak the bitter thought—
"To such as us Christ cometh not."
She paused to wipe her lashes free;
It gave her eyes new youth to see.

A doll!—a black, discarded thing,
But yet a doll! With hand trembling,
The eager woman snatched the prize
And hid it from the baby's eyes.

"To-morrow Christmas gifts will come;
I know, dear Granny, we'll have some."
"Ah! darling, may you never doubt;
Christ will not let you do without."

Dear Little Alice.

Dear little Alice—may her joys increase—
Awoke one night, and near the mantel piece
Beheld Old Santa Claus, with bag and box,
Quite busily engaged in filling socks.
Delightedly she lifted up her voice—
That childish treble made his heart rejoice—
And said: "Dear Santa, I have waited long
To talk to you; and have I then done wrong?"
"Not so," the saint of Christmas said and smiled,
While a soft radiance fell upon the child.
"Not so; for those alone my face may see
Who very good and noble strive to be.
Speak then, my child; what is thy quest with me?"
Then answered Alice, "I cannot forget,
Dear Santa Claus, a little girl I met,
Ragged and homeless and with eyes so sad
That my poor heart has never since been glad.
Take them to her, dear Santa Claus, I pray,
All the rare things you brought for me to day;
Take them to her brighten her eyes of blue,
And say these presents came from me and you."
Then sleep quite overcame the little maid;
Back on the pillow her round cheek was laid,
Old Santa vanished; but an angel fair
Bent softly down and kissed her golden hair.

The Christmas Tree.

O,
the
Christ-
mas tree
so bright
and green,
awaits Old
Santa Claus
and the chim-
ney place all swept
and clean gapes wide
its ponderous jaws.
The little stockings are
all hung up, and baby's
just makes four. Won't
Old Santa Claus be surprised
when he finds there is one more!
There's an elegant place up in the
tree to hang Johnny's gun and a place
for May and one for Kate to leave
their dolls upon. But for little baby
blue eyes a lower branch he must choose
Where she may reach and find the place
he's hung her first new shoes. Turn down
the light a little, now, so, Old Santa
Claus can see. And baby and all
must go to bed and be as good as
can be, and to-morrow morn get
up early, after a long night's
sleep,
and
come
softly
down
to the
Xmas
tree
and
see
Who will get the first peep.

Dolly, Isn't Christmas Jolly?

Dolly, isn't Christmas jolly?
Don't you wish 'twould stay all year?
It is always Christmas, Dolly,
Where you came from? Tell me, dear!
Did you live with good Kris Kringle
In his home so far away?
Are you glad or sorry, Dolly,
That you're here with me to-day?

Dolly, isn't Christmas jolly?
Oh, if you could only talk—
It seems too funny that you can't,
When you can laugh and cry and walk
I'll try awful hard to teach you
If you'll only fellow me;
I think you could learn a little—
Come now, just say A B C!

Dolly, isn't Christmas jolly?
Oh, if you could only eat!
I have lots of nuts and candy
And plum-pudding awful sweet!
I think you could eat a little—
Just a little—if you'd try;
Would you like some candy, Dolly,
And some fruit cake and some pie?

Dolly, isn't Christmas jolly
Aren't you glad that Santa Claus
Put you in my stocking? I am,
And I think that you are, cause
You do seem so awful happy,
Do you love me Dolly dear?
Oh, ain't Christmas awfully jolly?
Don't you wish 'twould stay all year?

Juvenile Joy.

Benevolent Old Gent—"How my heart bounds when I see the happy faces of childhood at this joyous Christmas season. Note the beaming smile of the little boy now approaching. Heaven itself seems to have illuminated those little features. I will speak to him. One moment, little boy. Why are you so happy?"

Little Boy (grinning)—"Ma got mad and panked me with her new four dollar hair brush and—she broke it."

IN TWO HALVES.

THE FIRST HALF.

Wet and dreary. It is mid-winter; the scene is Kirklington, on the London & Northwestern; the time a quarter to 11; just after the night mail had flashed through without stopping—bound for Liverpool and the north. The railway officials are collecting, preparatory to going off duty for the night.

"Where's Dan?" asked one of the crowd upon the platform.

"I saw him in the hut just after the quarter to 11 went through. Can't have come to any harm, surely?"

"No; he said he'd seen something drop from the train, and he went down the line to pick it up."

And Dan had picked up something. It was a basket, a common white wicker basket, with a lid fastened down by a string. What did it contain? Dirty clothes? What?

A baby—a child half a dozen weeks old, no more.

"Where did you come across it?" asked one.

"Lying on the line, just where it fell. Perhaps it didn't fall, perhaps it was chucked out. What matter? I've got it, and got to look after it, that's enough for me!"

The little mite's linen was white and of fine material, but lay upon an old shawl and a few bits of dirty flannel. All they found was a dilapidated purse, a common snap bag purse of faded brown leather. Inside was a brass thimble, a pawn ticket and the half of a Bank of England note of £100.

* * * * * * *

A new parson—Harrold Treffry—had come lately to Kirklington.

He is now paying a round of parochial visits, accompanied by an old college chum, who is spending Christmas with him.

"Yonder," said Treffry, pointing to a thin thread of smoke which rose from some gaunt trees into the sullen wintry air, "yonder is the house—if, indeed, it deserves so grand a name—the hovel, rather, of one whose case is the hardest of all the hard ones in my parish. This man is a mere hedger and ditcher, one who works for any master, most often for the railway, but who is never certain of a job all the year around. He has a swarm of young children, and has just lost his wife. He is absolutely prostrated; aghast probably at his utter incapacity to do his duty by his motherless little ones. I wonder whether you could rouse him. If you could only get him to make a sign, or cry, or laugh, or to take the smallest interest in common affairs. Jack, I believe you're the very man. You might get at him through the children—that marvelous hanky panky of yours, those surprising tricks; a child takes to you naturally at once. Try and make friends with these. Perhaps when the father sees them interested and amused he may warm a little, speak, perhaps approve, perhaps smile, and in the end give in. Jack, will you try?"

Jack Newbiggin was by profession a conveyancer, but nature had intended him for a new Houdin, or a wizard of the north. He was more than half a professional by the time he was full grown. In addition to the quick eye and facile wrist, he had the rarer gifts of the suave manner and the face of brass. He had even studied mesmerism and clairvoyance, and could upon occasion surprise his audience considerably by his power.

They entered the miserable dwelling together. The children—eight of them—were all skirmishing over the floor, except one, a child of 6 or 7, a bright-eyed, exceedingly beautiful boy, the least—were not nature's vagaries well known—likely to be born among and belong to such surroundings, who stood between the legs of the man himself, who had his back to the visitors, and was crouching low over the scanty fire.

The man turned his head for a moment, gave a blank stare, then an imperceptible nod, and once more he glowered down upon the fire.

"Here, little ones, do you see this gentleman? He is a conjurer. Know what a conjurer is, Tommy?" catching up a mite of 4 or 5 from the floor. "No, not you; nor you, Sarah; nor you, Jakey"—and he ran through all their names.

They had now ceased their gambols and were staring hard at their visitors—the moment was propitious; Jack Newbiggin began. He had fortunately filled his pockets with nuts, oranges and cakes before leaving the parsonage, so he had half his apparatus ready in hand.

The pretty boy had very soon left the father at the fire and had come over to join in the fun, going back, however, to exhibit his share of the spoil and describe voluminously what had occurred. This and the repeated shouts of laughter seemed to produce some impression on him. Presently he looked over his shoulder and said—but without animation:

"It is very good of you, sir, surely; very good for you to take so kindly to the little chicks. It does them good to laugh a bit, but it ain't much as they've had to make 'em lately."

"It is good for all of us now and again, I take it," said Jack, desisting and going toward him, the children gradually collecting in a far off corner and comparing notes.

"You can't laugh, sir, if your heart's heavy; if you do it can be only a sham."

While he was speaking he had taken the Bible from the shelf, and resuming his seat began to turn the leaves over.

"I'm an untaught, rough countryman, sir, but I have heard tell that these strange things you do are only tricks; ain't it so?"

Here was indeed a hopeful symptom. He was roused then to take some interest in what had occurred.

"All tricks, of course; it all comes of practice," said Jack, as he proceeded to explain some of the simple processes, hoping to enchain the man's attention.

"That's what I thought, sir, or I'd have given you a job to do. I've been in want of a real conjurer for many a long day, and nothing less'll do. See here, sir," he said, as he took a small, carefully folded paper from between the leaves of the Bible, "do you see this?"

It was half a Bank of England note for £100.

"How, sir, could any conjurer help me to the other half?"

"How did you come by it?" asked Jack at once.

"I'll tell you, sir; short as I can make it. Conjurer or no conjurer, you've got a kindly heart, and I'm main sure that you'll help if you can."

Dan then described how he had picked up the basket from the 10.45 Liverpool express.

"There was the linen; I've kept it. See here; all marked quite pretty and proper, with lace round the edges, as though its mother loved to make the little one smart."

Jack examined the linen; it bore a monogram and crest. The first he made out to mean H. L. M., and the crest was plainly two hammers crossed, and the motto, "I strike"—not a common crest—and he never remembered to have seen it before.

And that was all?

"'Cept the bank note. That was in a poor old purse with a pawn ticket and a thimble. I kept them all."

Like a true detective Jack examined every article minutely. The purse bore the name Hester Corrigan, in rude letters inside, and the pawn ticket was out in the same name.

THE SECOND HALF.

When Jack Newbiggin got back to the parsonage he found that his host had accepted an invitation for them both to dine at the "big house," as it was called, the country seat of the squire of the parish.

"I have been fighting your battles all day," began Mrs. Sitwell, the hostess, when seated at dinner next to Jack.

"Was it necessary? I should have thought myself too insignificant."

"They were talking at lunch of your wonderful tricks in conjuring, and one said that the skill might prove inconvenient—when you played cards for instance."

"A charitable imputation; with whom did it originate?"

"Sir Lewis Mallaby."

"Please point him out to me."

He was shown a grave, scowling face upon the right of the hostess—a face like a mask, surface rough and wrinkled, through which the eyes shone with a baleful light, like corpse candles in a sepulchre.

Jack let his companion chatter on. It was his habit to get all the information possible about any company in which he found himself, for his own purpose as a clairvoyant, and when Mrs. Sitwell flagged he plied her with artless questions, and led her on from one person to another, making mental notes to serve him hereafter. It is thus by careful and laborious preparations that many of the strange and seemingly mysterious facts of the clairvoyant conjurer are performed.

When the whole party were assembled in the drawing-room after dinner a chorus of voices, headed by that of the hostess, summoned Jack to his work. There appeared to be only one dissentient, Sir Lewis Mallaby, who not only did not trouble himself to back up the invitation, but when the performance was actually begun was at no pains to conceal his contempt and disgust.

The conjurer made the conventional plum pudding in a hat, fired wedding rings into quartern loaves, did all manner of card tricks, knife tricks, pistol tricks, and juggled on conscientiously right through his repertory. There was never a smile on Sir Lewis' face; he sneered unmistakably. Finally, with an ostentation that savored of rudeness, he took out his watch, a great gold repeater, looked at it and unmistakably yawned.

Jack hungered for that watch directly he saw it. Perhaps through it he might make its owner uncomfortable, if only for a moment. But how to get it into his hands? He asked for a watch—a dozen were offered. No, none of these would do. It must be a good watch—a repeater.

Sir Lewis Mallaby's was the only one in the room, and he at first distinctly refused to lend it. But so many earnest entreaties were addressed to him, the hostess leading the attack, that he could not in common courtesy continue to refuse.

With something like a growl he took his watch off the chain and handed it to Jack Newbiggin.

A curious, old-fashioned watch it was, which would have gladdened the heart of a watch collector—all jewelled and enameled, adorned with crest and inscription—an heirloom, which had probably been in the Mallaby family for years. Jack looked over it curiously, meditatively; then, suddenly raising his eyes, he stared intently into Sir Lewis Mallaby's face and almost as quickly dropped them again.

"This is far too valuable," he said courteously, "too much of a treasure, to be risked in any conjuring trick. An ordinary modern watch I might replace, but not a work of art like this."

And he handed it back to Sir Lewis, who received it with ill-concealed satisfaction. He was as much pleased, probably, as Jack's expression of possible failure in the proposed trick as at the recovery of his property.

Another watch, however, was pounded into a jelly and brought out whole from a cabinet in an adjoining room.

"Oh, but it is too preposterous," Sir Lewis Mallaby was heard to say, quite angrily. The continued applause profoundly disgusted him. "This is the merest charlatanism. It must be put an end to. It is the commonest imposture. These are things which he has coached up in advance. Let him be tried with something which upon the face of it he cannot have learned beforehand by artificial means."

"Try him, Sir Lewis; try him yourself," cried several voices.

"I scarcely like to lend myself to such folly or encourage so pitiable an exhibition."

But he seemed to be conscious that further protest would be in Jack's favor, so he said: "Can you tell what I have in this pocket?" He touched the left breast of his coat

"A pocket-book."

"Bah! Every one carries a pocket-book in his pocket."

"But do you?" asked several of the by-standers, all of whom were growing deeply interested in this strange duel.

Sir Lewis Mallaby confessed that he did, and produced it—an ordinary morocco leather purse and pocket-book, all in one.

"Are you prepared to go on?" said the baronet, haughtily, to Jack.

"Certainly."

"What does this pocket-book contain?"

"Evidence."

"Evidence of what?"

"Of facts that must, sooner or later, come to light."

"What ridiculous nonsense! I give you my word that this pocket-book contains nothing—absolutely nothing—but a Bank of England note for £100."

"Stay!" said Jack Newbiggin, facing him abruptly, and speaking in a voice of thunder. "It is not so—you know it—it is only the half!"

And as he spoke he took the pocketbook from the hands of the really stupified baronet, and exhibited for inspection—the half of a Bank of England note for £100.

There was much applause at this harmless and successful denouement of what threatened at one stage to lead to altercation, perhaps to a quarrel. But Jack Newbiggin was not satisfied.

"As you have dared me to do my worst," said he, "listen now to what I have to say. Not only did I know that was only the half of a note, but I know where the other half is to be found."

"So much the better for me," said the baronet, with an effort to appear humorous.

"That other half was given to—shall I say, Sir Lewis?"

Sir Lewis nodded indifferently.

"It was given to one Hester Corrigan, an old nurse, six years ago."

"Silence! Say no more," cried Sir Lewis in horror.

Sir Lewis had been a younger son; the eldest inherited the family title, but died early, leaving his widow to give him a posthumous heir, the title remaining in abeyance until time showed whether the infant was a boy or a girl. It proved to be a boy, whereupon Lewis Mallaby, who had the first information of the fact, put upon execution a nefarious project which he had carefully concocted in advance. A girl was obtained in a foundling hospital and substituted by Lady Mallaby's nurse, who was in Lewis' pay, for the newly-born son and heir. This son and heir was handed over to another accomplice, Hester Corrigan, who was bribed with £100, half down, in the shape of a half note, the other half to be paid when she announced her safe arrival in Texas with the stolen child. It occurred to Mrs. Corrigan in her transit between London and Liverpool that though £100 would be acceptable on her arrival the child would only be an incumbrance. She therefore threw the basket containing him out of the window, forgetting that in it she had deposited her purse.

It was the watch borrowed from Sir Lewis Mallaby which first aroused Jack's suspicions. It bore the same crest—two hammers crossed, with the motto, "I strike," which was marked upon the linen of the child that Dan Blockitt picked up at Kirklington station. The initial of the name Mallaby coincided with the monogram H. L. M. From these facts and what we have been told by Mrs. Sitwell, Jack rapidly drew his conclusions and made a bold shot, which hit the mark, as we have seen.

Lewis Mallaby's confession, combined with that of Mrs. Corrigan, who was found by the police, soon reinstated the rightful heir, and Dan Blockitt in after years had no reason to regret the generosity which had prompted him to give the little foundling the shelter of his rude home.

The Way Girls Do It.

"Oh, Kitty! I've something the best to tell you!"

"No?"

"Oh, but I have, though!"

"Do tell me, quick!"

"You'll never lisp it to any one?"

"No, indeed!"

"I wouldn't have you breathe it for the world!"

"Oh, I won't"

"Not to any one, remember."

"No—hope to die if I do."

"Well, then—oh, it seems so funny!"

"Oh, do hurry up and tell me."

"I'm afraid you'll tell."

"Oh, indeed, indeed, I won't."

"I'd never forgive you if you did."

"Well, but I won't!"

"He might not like it, you know."

"Who's he?"

"Oh, I forgot! How foolish I am!"

"Are you ever going to tell me?"

"Yes; yes—I said to myself right away that I'd tell you anyhow."

"Well, do, then."

"Well, then—oh, you will be awfully surprised!"

"Oh, do hurry and tell."

"Well—I—I'm engaged!"

"No?"

"Yes!"

"Well, who to?"

"To Charlie Lawson.'

"Why—Lol—Brigham!"

"I am!"

"Tee, hee, hee!"

"Isn't it funny?"

"Why, you old darling!"

"Don't you congratulate me?"

"Of course, I do. Charlie's perfectly lovely. I'm awfully glad for you both."

"Oh, thanks!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Episodical Beauty.

Mabel—"I didn't see you at Edith's party last night, Maud."

Maud—"Dear, no; I couldn't go. And I heard somebody say you were just too pretty for anything, dear. I do wish I could have been there to see how you looked. Were you at all natural?"

A Trusted Friend.

Popinjay—I see Bigsby hangs around your store a good share of the time. I suppose he is getting to be your tried and trusted friend?

Blobson—Yes, he is my trusted friend and by and by, if he doesn't pay up, he will be my tried friend.

Unequal Warfare.

She (five feet, eleven)—I can't listen to another word!

He (five feet, five)—Do, do hear me! I may not be large, but I have a large heart ——!"

She—Oh, do go and love somebody of your own size.

Sir Edward Clarke, the present Attorney-General of England, began life as a clerk in his father's grocery store in London. He then entered the civil service, but left it to study law.

A St. Louis sportsman recently procured in Oregon a trophy that is one of the greatest curiosities of its kind in the world. It consists of a large and perfect pair of caribou antlers which are entirely covered with a fine, close growth of hair.

THE "DOLLPHONES."

Mr. Edison's Wonderful Toy for Nice Little Girls.

Dolls That Sing "Rock-a-By-Baby"—They Can Talk in Any Language—Dogs That Bark and Cats That Ask for Milk—Repeating a "Simple Sentence."

Children all over the world will before long have reason to bless the name of Thos. A. Edison, for that wizard has just perfected a toy the like of which was never dreamed of by them even on Christmas Eve. In Mr. Edison's laboratory at Orange, N. J., there are numbers of dolls which speak as naturally as any human being. They are not like the old mechanical toys which by one's pressing their diaphragm squeak forth "mamma" and "papa," but they talk naturally and well, and repeat long sentences.

They are called the Edison talking dolls, although Mr. Edison coined a new name for them yesterday, in speaking of them to the *Evening Sun* representative. He called them "Dollphones." The talking dolls have engaged the inventor's attention off and on for the last two years, but it is only within a few weeks that they have been perfected. Now nothing remains but to manufacture them in large quantities and ship them to all civilized countries, so that at the proper time children, not only in America, but also in Europe, and even in far off Russia, will be able to possess dollies that in their owners' native language can talk to them.

EXHIBITION OF THEIR POWERS.

In a little room in the second story of the great laboratory at Orange were a dozen or so of the dolls yesterday in various stages of manufacture. Some of them were dressed and ready to entertain company, while others, while they could speak, did so, strange to say, without the use of their heads. Mr. Edison picked up one of the dolls, whose golden, curly hair and pink cheeks were lovely in their perfection, and whose light blue eyes stared in mild surprise at the reporter, and winding her up by inserting a clock key in the small of her back, handed her to the reporter. He then pressed a spring, and the doll, still looking at the reporter, said in a plaintive tone: "I love you, mamma; I love you dearly, mamma, but I am tired and sleepy now. Please put me in my little bed."

Another doll baby, who was musically inclined, sang in a sweet, childish treble, "Rock-a-by baby on the tree top" all the way through with good expression, and without a false note. She sang it quite loudly, too, so that any one could have heard her across a moderate-sized room. Still another sang a pretty little German song, but as the reporter did not understand German, he is unable to tell what the song was about.

"I have only lately succeeded in bringing this toy to a state of perfection," said the inventor, as he lovingly stroked the curly pate of one of his little talkers.

Mr. Edison permitted the *Evening Sun* man to talk to one of the doll phonographs. To thoroughly test it the reporter repeated this simple sentence:

"Eliminate space which is ascription of a perfect mathematical reason for a co-existing plurality, and all thought is resolved into a synthetic unit, which finds for its ultimate habitat the bosom of the great Logos."

Contrary to his expectations, the phonograph didn't break nor leave the room of its own accord, but instead repeated the sentence accurately.

HOW THEY ARE CONSTRUCTED.

"The phonographs," said the inventor, "which are used in these dolls are practically as perfect in their articulation and loudness of tone as the larger ones. They are on the same principle as my original phonograph, but whereas that weighed about 75 pounds, and cost from $75 to $80, these weigh only about a pound and a half apiece, and will be retailed at from $3 to $7, including a handsome doll. The great difficulty has been to train girls to talk with sufficient distinctness to the phonographs, but that we are now overcoming."

The little phonograph which, with its accompanying clockwork, is placed in each of the toys is the perfection of delicate mechanism, but at the same time is so strongly made and so durable that it will last as long if not longer than the doll itself. The cylinder which receives phonographic impressions is made of tin, and is consequently very durable. With ordinarily careful handling it will repeat a sentence thousands of times, and the last repetition will be as perfect as the first. The main difficulty has been in inventing machinery to make the doll phonograph so exact in its working that the cylinders may be interchangeable, and new cylinders with new sentences be substituted for the old ones at any time. So if a child should get tired of hearing its doll repeating over and over again the same sentence, for a trifling sum, probably less than $1, we can supply a new cylinder with any sentence and in any voice that the purchaser may desire.

The cylinders were in reality bands of metal about two and a half inches in diameter, about one-eighth of an inch in thickness, and half an inch wide. The surface before it received the impression of the phonographic needle was perfectly smooth, but after being talked to was full of minute depressions, some of them so light and delicate as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye. The mechanism of the clockwork to which they are attached for use in the speaking dolls is too delicate and intricate for examination here. Attached to it is a governor like that on a steam engine, which prevents the doll from talking too fast, and so running the words into each other. So loudly and distinctly do these wonderful dolls talk that Mr. Edison informed the reporter he had listened to one talking over a long distance telephone from Boston to New York city. The doll talked with the telephone in Boston and was heard quite plainly in this city. Indeed, the telephone rather tended to soften and improve the tone.

But Mr. Edison has not confined himself to speaking dolls. The company will also manufacture dogs that bark and ask plaintively for meat; cats that mew and call in unmistakable tones for milk; horses that neigh and express a wish to be fed upon oats; cows that moo and boast of their milk giving qualities, and roosters that crow as naturally as the real, live article.
—*Evening Sun.*