place if he saw them about, though we continually assured him that they would not harm him.

After a time complaints began to be made in the neighborhood of depredations committed, especially among the crops, and suspicion pointed to Mr. Woods, on account of his mysterious mode of living and his having no visible means of support. In fact, on one moonlight night, as one of our boys came home from the town, he thought that he saw Mr. Woods in our cornfield, but he disappeared upon a nearer approach. This and other occurrences did not, as one can well imagine, influence the public opinion in his favor.

Suddenly it was noised abroad that Mr. Woods had had an increase in his family. We now saw less of him than ever, as his family cares probably confined him more to his home, and raising a boy—as we found the new-comer to be—is not an easy task. This child grew up among us, and as he had been christened Charles, the children, his playmates, soon corrupted it to “Chuck.” Complaints, however, did not cease, and we were much afraid that Chuck Woods would grow up much as his father if we did not exercise care over him.

One bright morning as we were seated at breakfast, one of the children appeared in a state of great excitement, and ejaculated, “Oh, uncle! Leo and Ponto have dug out two woodchucks, and we have caught such a cunning little one!”

And this is how the Woods’ mansion was demolished, how Chuck Woods became an orphan, and how the gray hairs of Mr. and Mrs. Woods, stretched upon a shingle, came to adorn our woodhouse.

No Parting.

“A Sequel to “Idna.”

“Idna stood in the doorway gazing after Gid as he rode away, and it seemed to the young girl that all the sunshine and all the happiness of her life disappeared with the retreating figure of the horseman into the far distance of the prairie.

THE END.”

This is all I know of the story of Idna, and I came by my knowledge in this wise. I was two hours out from the city on the three o’clock express, and had reached that stage of a journey in which I lose all interest in the view from the car window and in my fellow-travelers. The train boy had provided the people about me with edibles of various natures, and at this critical moment appeared carrying an assortment of paper-covered novels, which he proceeded to distribute with an accuracy of aim, and disregard of individual taste, found only in youths of his profession. A dear, kind-faced old lady across the aisle, who looked sweet and good enough to be grandmother to all the cherub children we see in pictures, received an illustrated story of a murder. Two books were deposited on the sleeping form of a man in front, and finally “Idna” was dropped in the seat by my side. The paper cover of the book was printed in imitation of alligator leather, with a space left on the front for depicting a seashore scene, in which a young man, lying at full length upon the beach, was diligently reading a novel; while a young lady, seated under an umbrella dreadfully out of perspective, was painting something not shown in the picture. Owing, doubtless, to trouble the engraver had had with the sketching-umbrella, he had neglected to indicate whether the artistic young lady was a rod or a mile down the beach from the literary young gentleman; so that one could arrange them relatively quite as his fancy pleased. Above this work of art, which a few seagulls served to complete, the letters I-D-N-A blazed forth