

flutter of his gray hair under a piece of hat-rim, one ear and a fragment of shoulder.

But the miner only laughed when he saw it, and said: "Father Brown cud have had a bigger piece of him on the card than that 'thout his kicking," much to the relief of the artist.

After two weeks the novelty of the picture gallery began to pall on the community, who had found new diversion in a big strike in a new locality, and a one horse theater. A whole day had passed and not a single soul had lifted the flap of canvass but "Father" Brown, nor asked for a "shot," and the artist concluded that the harvest was over, and began to pack up his trap for a move.

"Father" Brown seemed much distressed when he observed these signs of departure.

"Be ye goin'," he demanded, standing in the door with a peculiarly disappointed look upon his face.

"Yes," answered the artist, touched by the tremor in the thin voice, "is there anything I can do for you before I go?"

The old man stepped outside and took a long look in all directions to make sure that no person was within ear-shot. "I jest did want ye to do a little job for me when ye had finished up for everybody else. I've watched ye, and how easy ye get the little, curly heads and laffin lips on to yer little pieces of tin. These be awful purty," he said, touching the group of little girls that had stood outside, "my little girl looks like these here. She's got hair like this one, only there is a shade more brown in it, and eyes that laugh like this one, and the hand that must be full of flowers must be like this little hand here, with the dimples all showin'."

"Well," said the artist kindly, "I'll set up the camera again and take the picture for you."

"You do it, and I'll give you this," and he took a bag of gold from somewhere and poured its glittering contents upon the artist's table.

"Make it like she looked the day she gave me that handful of flowers, and called me back to kiss me, and I'll give you twice as much," said the old man, his cheeks flushing a hectic red, and his eyes glowing.

"And where is your little girl," asked the artist, a terrible misgiving as to the sanity of his customer filling his mind.

"She's been dead these twenty years," said "Father" Brown sadly, "I never saw her no more after that day. When I came back at night she was dead! dead!" And he sank into a chair and mourned, and rocked himself to and fro.

"My dear man, I would take the likeness if I could for you, and it should not cost you a cent," said the artist, strangely moved; "but there are some things I can't do. I can only copy objects that sit before the instrument. I cannot photograph a memory."

The old man seemed dazed. He straightened up and looked at the artist with unseeing eyes.

"She was the daintiest bit of muslin the Lord ever put breath into: Just like the mother that died when she began to live. And like her mother, she loved an ugly, coarse man like me, the little spot of sunshine! While they lived I never could get ahead. Everything seemed to go dead agin me; but when they were both gone, then fate tried to pay me for their loss with pizen metal. I'd give it all for jest a picter to-day of

that little girl as she looked when she gave me the bunch of flowers and called me back to kiss her."

The artist tried to explain to the old man how impossible it was for him to make such a picture, but the tears sprang to his eyes at the sight of the distress and hopeless misery in the face of the lonely old miner.

"Well, jest the hand then; the hand and the bunch of flowers. It's askin' to much of mortal man, to ask him to make a copy of the putiest thing God ever made, but jest the hand. I'll give you twice as much money if you will only make a true picter of that little dimpled hand and the bunch of flowers as she offered them to me that day, when she called me back and kissed me," he pleaded, as men plead for the lives of their dearest.

The artist was naturally a very practical man, but his heart was so touched with the misery and pathos of the prayer that it is hard to say how much he would have given for the power to reproduce the little hand holding the bunch of wild flowers, both of which had been dust for twenty years. But money could not buy it and the glittering heap of gold was powerless to call back even a shadow of the loved face and form from the mists of the past.

"And ye can't?" said the old man while tears streamed down his face, "then what good is yer picters? If I had my little girl here in my arms, I'd not hev time to look at yer picters. It's when they're dead the picters'd be a comfort."

The artist gave him the frame with the group of little girls in it, put the gold back into his buck-skin sack, and gently closed him out of the tent, while he continued his packing, whistling softly to himself.

"There are some things that money won't buy," he repeated over and over, as if a new idea had been added to his book of personal knowledge.

ELLEN JAKEMAN.

Written for this Paper.

### AMONG IMPS AND FAIRIES.

Among the people of the Scandinavian countries still lingers a more or less strong belief in the existence of invisible, intelligent beings, neither departed nien, nor angels, nor demons, but a distinct and separate class. In the imagination of the people, those beings are of various kinds. Some are beautiful and well disposed to the human race; others are ugly and delight in doing what harm they can to cattle, horses, and other property, as well as to children. Some live along the shores of the beautiful rivers that wind their ways among trees and flowers to the sea. Their music may be heard in the long summer-nights, when the sun, delighted with the beauties of the North stays on the firmament as if to enjoy the scenes and to give new beauty to the picturesque landscapes; others live in the woods; others in the ground, in mountains and where not? Numerous are the stories about these creatures of the imagination, with which grandmothers in years gone by used to entertain their grandchildren, during the long winter evenings, around the fireside. Of course, the belief in those elves and fairies and imps is dying out. The obscure corners of nature have been brilliantly illuminated by the lights of sciences, and as the shadows fade, it is

found that the mysteries of creation are of another kind than those conjured up by human minds without the aid of well directed inquiry.

The following story has often been told to Swedish children, probably in various versions. It gives an idea of the modes of thinking prevailing in ages less enlightened than ours.

In the southern part of Sweden is a large estate called Ljungby. Among its curiosities were formerly a horn and a whistle, both curiously worked and silver trimmed. Where these relics of antiquity came from, nobody in later times seems to have known; but popular love for the supernatural did not fail to account for their presence at Ljungby.

Some distance from the mansion, on a beautiful meadow, a large rock had found a resting place when in ages past the glaciers still covered northern Europe. Every Christmas eve—so the story was told years ago—this rock was lifted up and, supported by golden pillars, formed the ceiling to a considerably big hall. This was most beautifully decorated and illuminated by hundreds of lights, which were reflected in ornaments of gold and silver, forming a picture such as belongs only to fairy-land. Hundreds or thousands of little elves or imps gathered in this festival hall and evidently enjoyed themselves with drinking, dancing and singing, until the solemn midnight hour was announced by the large clock in the mansion. This being the hour of the birth of the Conqueror of all evil powers, the imps suddenly vanished; the lights went out and the rock resumed its place once more on the meadow. All this had yearly been observed from the mansion, for the feast of the fairies recurred every Christmas eve. Every means had been employed to free the estate from these uncanny occupants, but in vain. Nobody dared to approach the place when the imps held their celebration, until finally one brave young man resolved to see what was taking place under the celebrated rock. Christmas eve came. The imps were in full possession as usually. The hero of the story went to the stable and mounted the most fleet-footed steed on the estate and started for the place of festivity. On arrival there his eyes were dazzled with the splendor he beheld. In the middle of the improvised hall was a golden throne on which was seated a most beautiful woman, one probably stolen by the imps from some human family and bound by enchantment, seemingly for the purpose of serving as queen. Her crown sparkled of diamonds and all manner of precious stones and her dress was correspondingly gorgeous. Only a few minutes were left to our hero to contemplate this scene. The fairy queen perceived him and gave a few orders to her attendants. Two of them approached him immediately, one carrying a horn filled with some kind of beverage, and the other a whistle. Both were handed to him with a cordial invitation to drink of the horn and blow the whistle a certain number of times and then join the company in the general jollification. The young man took the horn and the whistle, gave his horse the spurs and started as fast as possible toward the mansion, followed by the whole company of imps.

He would soon have been overtaken and of course killed, had not, at this