"HE CALLED HER OUT."

He called her to from his and visit the door
After a long struggling with my pride and
pride
A weary while it seemed, in which the stone
I had myself left the precious gate
We at the look again her face more
At last—at last—half conscious where my feet
Were turning, I stood waiting in the street
Young as one time, where one
Ever came to me.
The only blessed one who had pleased that day,
A.... to her father's voice had cast away.
And I not by
Still night and blessing in those eyes of
mine
And as I gathered each one sweetly
I pressed it to my lips and drank the wine
He knew left there for the honey bee.
Then, that I had left them on the tree
For bright sun, with lingering tender
kiss.
I, trembling, crept on to the edge that bound
Her pleasant morning home—but at second
It is never such of her. The whole world
Were triumphs and I heard in rapture full
Of her pure laugh, her my name, voice with
Rich, clear, like the bright green, rough
A sweet as though a rising man bowed his
head
And called aloud—called—wonderful
And man everything below
My heart leapt, all fickly was wrought
A voice that is wise to me wonderful
A little girl that the asleep, per hour
Such sweet tones, per not of tones.
And I so longing she and ever and ever,
"And called her to from kiss and visit the
door."

—James Whitcomb Riley.

A PERILOUS WOOING.

From the time that Aslang was quite grown up there was no longer any peace or quiet at Hunsby. In fact, all the handsome young fellows in the village did nothing but fight and quarrel night after night, and it was always worse on Saturday nights. Aslang's father, old Canute Hunsby, never went to bed on these nights without hanging on at least his leather breeches and laying a good stout birch stick on the bed beside him. "If I have such a pretty daughter," said old Canute, "I must know how to take care of her."

Thor Nessel was only the son of a poor cottager, and yet folks said that it was he who used oftenest to visit the farmer's daughter at Hunsby. Of course, old Canute would not have allowed him to do so, and it was not true that, at any rate, he had never seen him there. Still they quilted, and whispered to each other that if he only had thoroughly searched the Hunsby, whether old Aslang had heard of it or not, he would have found Thor there.

Spring came, and Aslang went up the mountain with the cattle. And now, when the heat of the day hung over the valley, the cows were cool and slow, through the sun's misty rays, the cow bells tinkled, the shepherd's dog barked, Aslang sang her "jolly" songs and blew the horn for them, all the young men felt that there never was and never at that point upon her beauty. And on the first Saturday evening one after the other they crept up the hill. But they came down again quicker than they had gone up, for at the top stood a man who had guard, receiving each one who came up with such a warm reception that he all his life long remembered the words that accompanied the action, "Come up here again and there will be still more in store for you!"

All the young fellows could arrive but at one conclusion, that there was only one man in the whole parish who had such fists, and that man was Thor Nessel! All the old farmers' daughters thought it was too bad that the cottager's son should stand higher in Aslang Hunsby's favor.

Old Canute thought the same when he heard about it all, and said that if there was no one else who could check him he would do it himself. Now, Canute was certainly getting on in years; still, although he was just sixty, he often engaged a good wrestling match with his oldest son whenever time hollows fell heavy on his hands.

Thus was but one path up to the mountain belonging to Hunsby, and it went straight through the farm garden. Next Saturday evening, as Thor was on his way to the mountain, creeping carefully across the yard, hurrying as soon as he was well past the farm buildings, a man suddenly rushed at him.

"What do you [illegible] at with me?" asked Thor, and hit a [illegible] such a blow in the face that sparks [illegible] before his eyes.

"You will soon learn that," said young one who lurked behind, and at ye him a great blow in the back of his neck. That was Aslang's brother.

"And here's the third man," said Old Canute, and attacked him also.

The greater the danger the greater was Thor's strength. He was supple as a willow, and hit out right manfully; he dived and he ducked; whenever a blow fell it missed him, and when none expected it he would deal a good one. He stooped down, he sprang on one side, but for all that he got a terrible thrashing. Old Canute said afterward that "he had never fought with a braver fellow." They kept it up till blood began to flow, then Canute cried out, "Stop!" Thor he added in a crooking tone, "If you can get up here next Saturday, in spite of Canute Hunsby and his sons, the girl's mine!" Thor said yes.

Thor dragged himself home as best he could, and when he reached the cottage went straight to bed. There was a great deal of talk about the fight up on Monday hill, but every one said, "Why did he go there?" Only one person did not so, and that was Aslang. She knew perfectly. Thor that Sat evening, but when she heard what had happened between him and her father, she sat down and cried bitterly, and said to herself, "If I may not have Thor I shall never have a happy day again in this world."

Thor came to his bed all Sunday and when Monday came he felt he need stay in where he was. Tuesday came and it seemed lonely day. It had rained in the night, the hills looked so fresh and green, the weather was open, sweet voices were wafted to the village, where, thinking of the mountain, and for my [illegible] sake, one said, "Why did he go there?" Only one person did not so, and that was Aslang. She knew perfectly. Thor that Sat evening, but when she heard what