

would, in time, regenerate the world, and make mankind nobler and happier.

Meanwhile, the little scarecrow stood in his attitude of muteness, with his arms held out like sticks.

The stolen plums in his bosom grew heavier and heavier, his little limbs grew tired and stiff, and into his poor little desolate heart came a feeling of sadness. He thought of the words his mother had said when he had knelt at her deathbed a year before, and promised her that he would be a good boy, and never steal or do anything wrong.

Through the broken brim of his battered

spell it appeared to possess! It seemed to breathe forth the spirit and personality of him whom it represented, although his bones had long, long ago crumbled into dust.

From statue to scarecrow was a curious transition, but by no means impossible to a man of lofty and comprehensive thought.

"Ah," murmured the professor, "even that old battered scarecrow possesses a charm and teaches a lesson. There it stands, day after day, through daylight and darkness, silently, faithfully, doing its work."

As he spoke, he hid his hand, almost fondly, upon the ragged image, when, to his



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hat, he could see a solitary star; as he gazed, it seemed like a reproachful eye looking down upon him from heaven, and two big tear drops stole slowly down his dirty face as he earnestly resolved never to steal any more.

The professor had now risen from his seat, and was pacing slowly up and down.

"Yes," he soliloquized, "my name will live in history as a great benefactor to humanity, and statues will be erected to my memory."

The professor had once seen in Europe the statue of a great man who had been dead for hundreds of years; yet what a potent

utter astonishment, it gave a simultaneous yell and a leap.

The professor promptly collapsed, and while he quaked with fear amongst his tall potato tops, the urchin made good his escape.

When he was sufficiently recovered from his astonishment, the professor rose to his feet and gazed about him. There lay the scarecrow on the ground at his feet, with the old battered hat lying beside it.

"Good gracious!" said the dazed and bewitched professor. "Well, I'm blest; my nerves must be completely upset. I am afraid I have been working too hard lately. I shall have to take things a little easier."