

**AN OLD
MAN'S IDYL**

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An old man's idyl by Wolcott Johnson

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WOLCOTT JOHNSON

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By
WOLCOTT JOHNSON



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1905

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I

THE FROLIC OF THE LEAVES

NOVEMBER 25, 1879. — I have just come home from a walk with the children, and find myself strangely stirred by a trifling incident. As we neared a wind-swept corner of the highest height overlooking the river a small avalanche of leaves came swooping down upon us from the west, quickly followed by another from the north. The two air currents met at the very point where we stood watching the elemental play. The rival currents utilized us as a pivot, and in a moment myriad rustling leaves were closing in and whirling in a merry dance about us. The