

**DUMB FOXGLOVE,
AND
OTHER STORIES**

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Dumb Foxglove, and Other Stories by Annie Trumbull Slosson

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ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON

**DUMB FOXGLOVE,
AND
OTHER STORIES**

TO THE
LIVE OF
CALIFORNIA



UNDER THE SEESTOR TREE.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

DUMB FOXGLOVE

and

Other Stories

BY

ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON

AUTHOR OF "SEVEN DREAMERS"
"FISHIN' JIMMY" ETC.



NEW YORK AND LONDON

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1898

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DUMB FOXGLOVE

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ALL the golden October day we had been driving leisurely along through the Green Mountain country.

Everything was golden that fall. It had been a very dry season, and the leaves upon the maples and other forest trees, instead of ripening into brilliant hues of crimson and scarlet, had all taken on tints of yellow. Then, when the autumn winds arose, suddenly the whole earth was carpeted with saffron, daffodil, amber, and gold, a thick, soft, rustling carpet, and for days our horses trod upon it, and our wagon-wheels rolled over and through it. Somehow it had the effect of sunshine, and even in cloudy weather we were in the light. But the sun shone that day, and the air was soft and warm. There had been as yet no heavy frost, and the late

DUMB FOXGLOVE

flowers were still bright, while berry, seed-vessel, and nut were gay with red, blue, russet, and gold.

Goldenrod was massed by the road-side in tints to match every shade of our leafy carpet, making for it a gorgeous border of gold color, and asters contrasted or harmonized, with their hues of mauve, blue, purple, lavender, and white.

The twisted orchid, or lady's-tresses, with its spike of frosted white bells, smelling of bitter almonds, clustered thickly in damp spots along the road-side; Joe Pye weed, or pink boneset, stood stiffly erect, with flat-topped clusters of dull-pink feathery blossoms, and sometimes a belated St.-John's-wort added its yellow to the prevailing brightness. The witch-hazel bore on leafless brown boughs its strange flowers of straw color with their sickly sweet odor; and, most abundant of all, grew, all along our way, the dark-blue closed gentian.

There were so many berries! The short, thick spike which jack-in-the-pulpit wears; the sapphire-blue bear-plums; those of translucent garnet, growing like a bunch of ripe