THE

BATTLE OF SALAMANCA:

A TALE OF THE NAPOLEONIC WAR.

BY

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THE BATTLE OF SALAMANCA.

I.

MADRID, March 14, 1812.

DEAR GABRIEL,—If you have not been luckier than I, we are finely off. Not a single thing has resulted from my investigations up to the present time, except the fact that the commissary of police is no longer in this city, and that he is not in the service of the French or any one else, unless it be the devil. After his trip to Guadalajara, he asked leave of absence, threw up his position, and now nobody knows anything about him.

My situation here has improved a trifle. I have surrendered, my friend: I have written to my aunt, and the head of my illustrious family indicates to me in her last letter that she has taken compassion upon me. Her agent has received orders that I am not to be left to die of hunger. Thanks to this and to my well-filled boxes, your poor countess will not have to beg for the present. I have tried to sell the jewels and laces and embroideries, but nobody wants to buy them. There isn't a franc in all Madrid, and when a loaf of bread costs from seventy to ninety cents, you can imagine that there is not much fancy for buying jewels. If this state of things keeps on, the day will come when I shall have to give my diamonds for a single chicken.

I am sending this letter to you at Sepúlveda. Try to get to Zamora. I pursue my inquiries here with untiring zeal, and, by affecting great attachment for the French cause, I have made friends among officials high and low, principally of the police. Let me know if you join Carlos España's division. I think it would be better for your military career to give up those fierce guerillas; but for Heaven's sake don't go into the army of Estremadura. I do not believe the light we seek will come from that direction. Continue in Castile, my son, and do not give up my holy undertaking. Write to me often. Your letters and the pleasure of answering them are my only comfort.

March 22.

You cannot imagine the frightful misery which reigns in Madrid. The rich can exist, though with difficulty, but the poor are dying in the streets by hundreds. All the resources of charity are exhausted, and money seeks for food without finding it. The wretched people fight furiously for a cabbage-stalk, and for the leavings of those few who still set their tables. It is impossible to go out into the streets, as the spectacles that meet one's gaze at every step fill one with horror. On every hand you see starving beggars, pushed into the gutters, and in such a state of emaciation that they seem corpses in which a remnant of useless and miserable life has been overlooked. They find their bed in the mud and filth of the streets and squares, and are silent except when they cry for bread which no one can give them.

The French promenade through this cemetery with well-fed and good-natured complaisance, but their police persecute the inoffensive people most cruelly. No groups are allowed in the streets, no stopping to talk, no looking in at shop-windows. The shopkeepers are fined two hundred ducats if they allow curious people to stand at their doors or windows, so that the wretched creatures have to rush out every moment to drive off the neighbors with a yardstick.

They say now that Napoleon is going to begin war against the Emperor of all the Russias. That will be a good thing for Spain, for they will have to take troops from the Peninsula, or at least they will not be able to make good the losses which they are all the time suffering. The French cause seems to me in a ticklish situation, and I have noticed that the most sensible among them no longer entertain any illusions in regard to the final result of this war.

As for our affair, what can I say that is not sad and depressing? Nothing, my son, absolutely nothing. My inquiries lead to no result. I have not found the least bit of light, nor the slightest indication. Nevertheless, I trust in God, and hope on. I address this letter to Santa María de Nieva, as it is most likely to find you there.

April 22.

I have been at the palace, my son, and have prostrated myself before that tinsel Catholic Majesty to whom a few Spaniards pay court, stirring about restlessly so as to appear to be many. If I were to say to any of the dwellers in Madrid that Joseph I., known here as "Squint-Eye," or "Joe Bottles," is a pleasant, sensible, and tolerant person of good manners and benevolent impulses, they would think me crazy, or else sold to the French.

His appearance could not be better. Joseph has greatly the advantage of his keg of a brother. His grave and expressive face lacks little of perfection. He commonly dresses in black, and his entire personal bearing could not be more agreeable. I need not tell you that the people here talk of his debaucheries: it is only a weapon invented by patriotism in the national defence. Joseph is no drunkard. A thousand abominable stories are also told of his vices not connected with drunkenness, but, without positively denying them, I am slow in giving them credit. In short, "Bottles" is a very good sort of king;

and when one sees him and deals with him, one cannot but regret that it is usurpation and war, not birth and right, which have brought him here.

His champions here are few, easily counted. This dynasty has no loyal subjects except the ministers and two or three persons placed by them in important offices. Those Spaniards who serve him appear like disgraced victims, and have nothing of that triumphant and vain-glorious air which those are accustomed to display here who are raised a couple of fingers above the crowd, either by merit or by another's favor. They live either in shame or in fear, for doubtless they foresee that the English duke is going to upset all this. Some of them, however, indulge in pleasant dreams, and say that we shall have bottles, pitchers, and cups, world without end.

I have purposely left for the end of my letter our precious affair, because I wanted to surprise you. Haven't you guessed from my tone that I am less dejected than usual? But I shall not tell you anything until I can be sure that I am not misleading you. Restrain your impatience, my son. Thanks to Joseph, I have obtained some important information, and very soon, as Azanza has just assured me, this gleam of the truth will turn to full and complete light. Farewell.

May 21.

Great news, my dear friend, son, and servant! At last the hiding-place of our mortal enemy is discovered! A thousand blessings be upon Joseph and that unknown Queen Julia whose name I invoked in order to win his favor! Santorcaz has not yet gone to France. From here all along the road to the west, my dear one, I can say to you, as they say to children playing blind-man's-buff, You are warm. Yes, little one, stretch out your hand and catch the traitor. How many times we look for our hat and find it on our head! As soon as you receive this letter, go straight to Plasencia, and, depending upon your astuteness, your courage, your talent, or all put together, enter the scoundrel's presence and tear from him that treasure which he always keeps by him.

How I have had to work to find this out! Santorcaz left the service a long time ago. His proud and impetuous character made him unendurable to the very men who gave him office. For some time he was tolerated on account of the excellent service which he rendered, but finally it was discovered that he belonged to the society of "Philadelphians," which had its origin in Soult's army, and of which the object was to dethrone the emperor and proclaim a republic. He was removed from his position shortly after he had robbed us of Ines, and since then he has wandered through the Peninsula founding lodges. He was in Valladolid, in Burgos, in Salamanca, in Oviedo; after that I lost his trail, and for some time I thought he had gone to France. Finally, the French police (the worst thing in the world does some good) discovered that he is at present in Plasencia, seriously sick, and hindered a bit in his work of turning the villages upside down with his lodges and revolutionary conclaves. What a shame it is that the outcasts, the rogues, the liars and counterfeiters are the very ones to set

about reforming the world! It makes me angry, I tell you; it makes me furious.

The one who has completed my information about Santorcaz is a French sympathizer, no less of a lunatic and busybody than he is himself. Do you know José Marchena? He is one who passes here for a loose-living ecclesiastic, a sort of abbot who speaks more French than Spanish, and more Latin than French, a poet, orator, and man of fluent wit, who is said to be a friend of Madame de Staël, and who appears really to have been a friend of Marat, Robespierre, Legendre, Tallien, and other great folk. He and Santorcaz lived together in Paris. They are still great friends, and write each other often. But this Marchena is a man of little reserve, and answers every question put to him. Through him I have learned that our enemy is in poor health, that he stays only in villages occupied by the French, and that when he goes from one place to another he disguises himself skilfully. And we thought he was in France! And I told you not to go to the army in Estremadura! Go; run; don't wait a single day. The duke must be somewhere about there with his army. I will write you at the head-quarters of Carlos España. Answer me immediately. Will you go where I send you? Will you find what we are looking for? Will you be able to give it back to me? I am beside myself.

II.

When I received this letter I was on my way to join the army of Estremadura, although it was not then in Estremadura, but in Fuente Guinaldo, in the province of Salamanca. It fell to me to take a place on the staff of that marshal, called Carlos Espagne, who was afterwards Count de España. At that time the young Frenchman, who had been serving in our armies since 1792, was not at all famous, although he had distinguished himself in the actions of Barca del Puerto, Tamames, Tresno, and Medina del Campo. He was an excellent soldier, brave and vigorous, though of a wayward and ungovernable temper. Commanding universal admiration in actual battle, his performances when he had no enemies in front of him excited laughter or rage.

Many of his actions argued a lamentable emptiness in his cerebral store-houses, and if he did not sometimes set us to fighting windmills it was because Providence held us in His hand. But it was a frequent occurrence to have the alarm sounded in the dead of night, to rush hastily out of our lodgings, to look for the enemy who had thus unseasonably broken in upon our slumbers, and to find only that crazy España bellowing in the midst of the fields at his invisible fellow-countrymen.

This man was then in command of a division belonging to the army under General Carlos O'Donnell. The latter had just been joined by the bands of Julian Sánchez, the successful guerilla, and was preparing to join the ranks of Wellington, who was then in camp at Fuente Guinaldo, after having captured Badajos in the latter part

of March. The French in Old Castile were under the lead of Marmont, and were making no concerted movement. Soult was operating in Andalusia, not daring to attack the duke, and the latter decided to march boldly against Castile. In general, the outlook was not bad for us, while the imperial star appeared to be declining after the blows suffered at Ciudad Rodrigo, Arroyo Molinos, and Badajos.

I had received my commission as major in February of that year. Luckily I was for some time in command of an expedition that traversed the country about Aranda and afterwards the hill-country of Covarrubias and Demanda. By the beginning of March I had made sure that Santorcaz was not in that region. I daringly extended my explorations as far as Burgos, then occupied by the French, entered the city in disguise, and learned that the ex-commissary of police had been living there some months before. Then, going down to Segovia, I pursued my inquiries; but then I was ordered to join the division of Carlos España.

I obeyed, and, as precisely at that time I received the last of the letters which I have faithfully copied, I deemed it a special favor of Heaven that my military duty called me to Estremadura. But, as I have said, Wellington, whom España was to join, had already left the banks of the Tietar. We were to leave Piedrahita and unite with him either in Fuente Guinaldo or Ciudad Rodrigo. From there it would be very easy to go to Plasencia.

While I was revolving different and desperate projects in my troubled mind, events took place which I must not pass by in silence.

III.

After a prolonged march during the afternoon and a good part of a lovely June night, España gave orders for a halt and rest in Santibañez de Valvaneda. We had a comparative abundance of supplies, considering the great scarcity which was ordinarily our lot, and, as the army was always ready for a little amusement, there was no lack of hilarity in the village as we took possession of the houses at dead of night.

It was my fortune to lodge in the best room of a house which was a cross between a mansion and an inn. My orderly got ready for me a beautiful bed, and I went to sleep, without, I am bound to say, anything unusual or poetical occurring to mark that ordinary act of life. But suddenly, I do not know how long afterwards, I was awakened by a most peculiar sensation, which I cannot describe except by saying that, only a single sense seeming to have been affected, I leaped out of bed, crying out, "Who is there?"

Fully awake now, I shouted to my orderly, "Tribaldos, get up and make a light."

Almost at the same instant I discovered my illusion. I was entirely alone. But, though nothing was taking place in my bedroom, outside of my own restless mind, as was proved when Tribaldos came in with a light and began to search about, something was happening on the

ground-floor of the building, where the profound silence of the night was broken in upon by a loud disturbance caused by people, carriages, and horses.

"Major," said Tribaldos, drawing his sabre and cutting about him in the air, "those rascals do not propose to let us sleep to-night. —Begone, you rogues! Do you think that I am afraid of you?"

"Whom are you talking to?"

"To the spirits, sir," he replied. "They have come to amuse themselves with you after having had their fill of fun with me. One of them caught me by the right foot, another by the left, and a third, who was uglier than Barabbas, tied a rope around my neck, and by pulling and hauling on this they carried me off flying to my native village, to show me my Dorothea saying sweet things to Sergeant Moscardon."

"But do you believe in spirits?"

"Why shouldn't I, when I've seen them? I have taken more turns with them than I have hairs in my head," he replied, in a tone of profound conviction. "This house is full of the gentry."

"Tribaldos, do me the favor to kill no more mosquitoes with your sabre. Leave the spirits alone, and go down to see what is the cause of the infernal noise in the court-yard. It would seem that travellers had arrived; but, from the rumpus they make, one would think that not even Sir Arthur Wellesley had more people in his train."

The fellow went out, leaving me alone, but in a short time he reappeared, muttering between his teeth in a threatening tone and with a most unpleasantly disturbed countenance.

"So you thought, major, that it must be Englishmen or travelling princes who were thundering through the house in such a manner? Well, sir, they were actors, a lot of wretched actors on their way to Salamanca to give performances there during the feast of St. John. I must have counted eight of them at least, men and women, and they have two wagon-loads of painted canvases, costumes, gilded crowns, pasteboard armor, and masks. A fine lot! The innkeeper proposed to kick them into the street, but they pulled out their money, and as soon as his majesty saw the color of it he treated them like dukes."

Tribaldos went out again, only to return a moment later.

"It seems to me they must be already going," said I, noticing a certain increase in the noise.

"No, major," he replied, laughing: "it's only that Sergeant Panduro and Corporal Rocacha have set fire to the wagon containing their stage tools. Just hear the shrieks of the kings and princes and seneschals as they see their thrones and crowns and ermine robes all burning up! Gracious, how the princesses and other she-dignitaries do squawk! I am going down to see if the rogues can weep here as well as in the theatre. The head man of them all can scream fit to split you. Do you hear him, major? I'm going down again to see them off."

I certainly did hear that one voice among all the other exasperated tones, and the strangest thing is that its timbre, distant though it was and affected by anger, made me tremble. I recognized it.

I leaped to my feet and dressed in hot haste; but the noises diminished little by little, and by the time I was ready to go out, Tribaldos came in and said, "They're gone, major, the supreme rascals. The whole court-yard is full of burnt pieces of the palaces of Warsaw, pasteboard helmets, and the scarlet cloak of the Doge of Venice."

"Which way have the wretches gone?"

"Towards Grijuelo."

"They must be going to Salamanca. Get your rifle and follow me instantly."

"But, major, General España wants to see you this very moment. His Excellency's aide has brought the message."

"May the devil take you and the message and the aide and the general all together! Why, I have put on my necktie wrong side front! Give me that vest, stupid: you didn't suppose I was going without that?"

"The general is waiting for you. Down there you can hear him walking up and down, stamping and shouting, in his lodgings."

When I reached the square, the disturbing travellers had disappeared. Don Carlos España met me as I came out, and said, "I have just received a despatch from the duke ordering me to march towards Sancti-Spiritus. Up, everybody! Sound the long roll."

Thus ended an incident which I need not have related but for its connection with others yet to be told.

IV.

Two days later the monotony of our march was broken by a notable event. It was still early in the morning when our troops in the vanguard burst out into joyful cries. Orders were given to form in line, so that the various companies should wear their finest and most martial air. By command of the general, some ran to cut branches from the groves of oak near by, to make crowns or triumphal arches, or I don't know what. When we reached the Ciudad Rodrigo road, we saw coming up a large body of men dressed in scarlet, horsemen on powerful steeds. As soon as we caught sight of them we all broke out into a glad shout:

"Hurrah for the duke!"

"It is Cotton's cavalry of General Graham's division," said Don Carlos España. "Gentlemen, be careful not to do anything ridiculous. The English are very ceremonious, and forms are of great importance with them. If we have branches enough, let us make a little triumphal arch for the conqueror of Ciudad Rodrigo to pass under, and I will deliver a speech I have all ready, praising him for his skill in the art of war and eulogizing the Constitution of Cadiz."

"The duke is no great friend of the Constitution of Cadiz," said Don Julian Sánchez, who was at Don Carlos's right; "but what difference does that make to us? If we can only beat Marmont, all the dukes in creation can go hang."

The red horsemen finally came up to us, and their commander, who

spoke a supernatural kind of Spanish, paid his compliments to our general, assuring him that his excellency the Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo would not be long in reaching Sancti-Spiritus. We at once began to erect our arch at the entrance to that village, and you should have seen the local school-master bringing out some great card-board placards covered with fine lettering and original poetry. In the latter metrical performances the virtues of the modern Fabius, Sir Arthur Wellesley, Viscount Wellington of Talavera, Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, Grandee of Spain and Peer of England, were exalted far above the moon.

One after another the numerous divisions of the army kept arriving and spreading out through all the region, and at last, among the most brilliant of the Scotch, English, and Spanish soldiers, appeared a mail-coach, greeted with shouts and jubilation by the men on either side of the road. In the coach I saw a large red nose, and some extraordinarily white teeth gleaming beneath it. In the rapidity of the march, that was about all I could make out, except a courteous and benevolent smile returning the salutations of the troops.

I ought not to omit to state, although it is hardly in keeping with serious history, that when the coach passed under the triumphal arch, inasmuch as the latter was not built by Roman engineers, it was knocked down by a blow from one of the wheels and fell in a general ruin upon the unlucky head of the school-master. As no one was hurt, we could only celebrate the calamity with laughter. In the mean time, Don Carlos España unloaded his speech before the duke, and no sooner had he concluded than the school-master stepped up with the dire project of delivering an oration on his own account. The English general consented to hear it, politely concealing the fact that he was bored, and listened to the pedantries of the orator with frequent nods of his head and that peculiar English smile which makes one believe in a little intermaxillary cord which can be used to make the mouth fly open as if it were a curtain.

"Major," said my aide to me joyfully, after I had left the company of the generals to see about my lodging, "did you see the other army behind them?"

"You mean the Portuguese?"

"Portuguese your grandmother! I mean the women,—an army of women. The English take their wives with them instead of baggage. That's the way to go to war!"

I looked, and saw as many as forty or fifty wagons, coaches, and other kinds of vehicles, all filled with women. Some seemed to belong to the upper classes, some to the lower, and they were of different ages and styles and degrees of beauty; though it must be said, to tell the truth, that most of them had no beauty in any degree whatever. The moment the carriages stopped, amid clouds of dust, you should have seen the lady travellers leap lightly down, and heard the chattering and outcry that followed. They cried out for their husbands, and the latter, in their turn, forced their way into the throng of femininity, calling out for their wives. Happy couples were immediately formed, and the air was filled with the confused sounds of guttural voices and shrill tones mingled.

It was not possible for the whole of the division of our allies to pass the night in that village, and so a part of it followed the road along towards Aldehuela de Yeltes. Many of the women, who formed a part of the convoy of provisions and ammunition, entered their carriages again, while others remained in Sancti-Spiritus. Throughout the day we were occupied in looking up the best lodgings possible, but, as there were so many of us, the question was not wholly solved by nightfall. As for myself, I was just about making up my mind to sleep in the open, when Tribaldos brought me word that the local school-master would take the greatest pleasure in placing his room at my disposal. After calling upon my worthy host, I went out to attend to various military duties, and was going back to the house again, when I heard alarmed outcries near the road. I ran in the direction of the sound, and discovered a little carriage, drawn, swaying and bounding, by a runaway horse. As it swept by us at terrible speed, a woman's cry fell upon my ears.

"There's a woman in that coach, Tribaldos," I shouted to my aide.

"It's an Englishwoman, sir, who was left behind by the others."

"Poor creature! Wasn't there a man among them all courageous enough to stop the horse and save her? But he seems to be slowing up. Let's run there."

"The carriage is out of the road," cried Tribaldos, in great excitement, "and in a place of the greatest peril."

I saw at once that the carriage was on the point of being dashed to pieces. The horse had entangled himself in some heavy vines, and had fallen, almost stunned by the violence of the shock. But he was over the edge of a very steep bank, and was sliding down towards the chasm below. The coach had toppled over without being crushed, but was in a most terrifying position.

I rushed to the spot, at every leap loosening stones that rolled on ominously, and finally laid hold of the vehicle. A woman was calling frantically from within it.

"Señora," I shouted, "I am here. Don't be alarmed. You will not fall over the cliff."

The horse was pawing desperately in his efforts to get up, and by his struggles was drawing the carriage nearer to the abyss. A moment more, and all would have been over. I braced myself against a great rock, and with both hands held back the toppling carriage.

"Señora," I cried, eagerly, "try to get out. Catch hold of me: do not be afraid. If you can only get out on the ground, the danger will be past."

"I cannot! I cannot!" she exclaimed, in agony.

"Have you broken any bones?"

"No. Now I will see if I cannot get out."

"Try your best. If we lose a minute we shall both go over."

I cannot describe the prodigious efforts we both put forth. The fact is that in such critical moments the human body has a force far beyond the ordinary, and performs a series of wonderful feats which it afterwards can neither remember nor repeat. All I know is that, with

God's help, I succeeded in rescuing that unknown woman from her dreadful peril. I carried her in my arms up to the road.

"Tribaldos, you lazy coward," I cried to my orderly, who only then came to my aid, "help me up here."

Once safe in the road, the fair unknown took a few steps.

"Sir, I owe you my life," she said, recovering her lost color and the brilliancy of her eyes. She seemed to be about twenty-three, and was tall and graceful. Her spirited bearing, her gentle voice, her beautiful face, and her ceremonious way of addressing me, due, doubtless, to her not knowing Spanish very well, made upon me a profound impression.

V.

Leaning on me, she tried to walk, but her limbs could not support her. Thereupon I took her in my arms, and said to Tribaldos, "Help me; we will take her to our lodgings."

Luckily, it was not far. In the door-way the Englishwoman turned her head, opened her eyes, and said to me, "I must not trouble you further, sir. I can go up the stairs alone—if you will give me your arm."

At that instant an English officer, Sir Thomas Parr, whom I had known in Cadiz, came up in a tremendous hurry. After I had told him what had happened, he spoke to his countrywoman in English.

"But is there a comfortable room here for the lady?" he asked me.

"She can rest in my own room," interposed the school-master, who had come down somewhat officiously on hearing the noise.

"Very well," said the Englishman. "This young lady stayed in Ciudad Rodrigo longer than she should, and tried to overtake us. Her rashness has already given us much anxiety. I shall have the chief surgeon of the army come and see her."

"I want no surgeons," said the unknown; "I have no injury worth mention,—only a slight bruise on my forehead and another on my left arm."

She said this as she was going up-stairs leaning on my arm. Once up, she sank into a chair in the first room, and drew a long breath.

"I owe this gentleman my life," she said, pointing to me. "It was wonderful."

"I am very glad to see you, my dear Señor Araceli," said the Englishman to me. "We have not seen each other since last year. You remember me, don't you—there in Cadiz?"

"I remember you perfectly."

"You went with Blake's expedition, and we did not see each other because you concealed yourself after the duel in which you killed Lord Gray."

The Englishwoman looked at me with profound interest and curiosity.

"Is this the gentleman——" she began.

"The same of whom I told you a few days ago," answered Parr.

"Would that the libertine who brought misfortune to so many

families in England and Spain had always met men like you! Your conduct has been noble beyond these times."

"To give you a correct idea of that occurrence," I said, certainly with no great pride in my exploit, "it would be necessary for me to explain some of the——"

"I can assure you that before making your acquaintance, before you had rendered me the service which I have just received from you, I felt a great admiration for you."

I said all that modesty and the situation would allow.

"Well, then," said Parr to me, "this lady is to lodge here? It is out of the question where I am: there are seven of us in a single room."

"I have already said that I would place mine at her disposition, and it is fit for Sir Arthur himself," said Forfolleda: that was the school-master's name.

"In that case she will do very well here."

Sir Thomas Parr then talked at some length in English with the fair unknown, and afterwards took his departure. It caused me no little surprise that her fellow-countrymen should thus leave that beautiful woman, who doubtless had a husband or brother in the army; "but," I said to myself, "it must be the English way." To her I said,—

"I will now withdraw, madam, in order that you may rest. Command my services for the morning, or even for to-night. If you would like word sent to your husband,—or if he is in Picton's division, in some other village——"

"Officer," she said, "I have no husband: I am unmarried."

This put the finishing touch to my surprise, and I could answer her only stammeringly.

"A fine kind of creature this must be that has been hanging on my arm!" said I to myself. "The French take loose women with them, but I did not suppose that the English——"

"Yes, I am unmarried," she said, with perfect coolness. "You are astonished to see a young lady like me on a field of battle in a foreign land and away from her family. You must know that I came to Spain with my brother, who was an officer of engineers in Hill's division, and who perished in the bloody battle of Albuera. After sending the body of the poor soldier to England for burial, I was about to return to my native land; but I found myself so captivated by the history, the legends, the manners, the literature, the arts, the ruins, the popular music, the balls, and the costumes of this nation, so great in other days and again great in the present crisis, that I determined to stay here to study it all, and, having received the consent of my parents, I have done so."

"God only knows what kind of a bird you are," said I to myself: then to her, "And your parents consented, without reflecting on the great and continual peril to which they were exposing a delicate and unprotected girl in a foreign country and in the midst of an army! Madam, in God's name——"

"Ah, you are doubtless unacquainted with our English laws, which

throw such a protection around the daughters of England that no man would dare to be lacking in respect for us."

"Yes, they tell me that such is the case in England. I understand that young ladies go out alone to walk, and travel alone or in the company of some male escort."

"It might be one's lover; that would make no difference," said the English girl.

"But we are in Spain, madam,—in Spain! You do not know the country into which you have ventured."

"But I am with the allied army and am protected by English law," she said, smiling. "Sir, if you were to forget yourself and endeavor to make love to me in a less decorous way than that you followed in the case of the Dulcinea who was the cause of Lord Gray's death, Lord Wellington would have you shot, if you should refuse to marry me."

"But I would marry you, madam."

"Sir, I perceive that, perhaps without intending it, you are beginning to act improperly."

"Then I would not marry you, madam; I would not marry you. Pray allow me to withdraw."

"You may do so," she said, rising with difficulty to close the door. "I will thank you to have my travelling-case brought in the morning. It is in the convoy."

"It shall be brought. Good-night, madam."

VI.

The lock clicked as soon as I was out of the room. I withdrew to my sleeping-room, which was the corner of a dark passage-way where Tribaldos had fixed me up a rough bed on the floor. For a good part of the night I was unable to sleep, in such a whirl was my brain with the strange Englishwoman, her fall, her fainting, and her beauty.

In the morning, Señora Forfolleda told me that the little blonde lady was better, that she had asked for water and tea and food, and had plenty of money to pay for everything. As I was sallying forth to attend to my many duties, I met Sir Thomas Parr, whom I charged with the business of the travelling-case. When I returned to the Forfolleda house late in the afternoon, so tired out with the day's work that I had almost forgotten the interesting lady, I saw a great many Englishmen passing in and out, like faithful friends going to inquire after the health of their countrywoman.

I went in to pay my respects, and found the room filled with scarlet uniforms. The young Englishwoman was laughing and jesting, and was looking so fresh and pretty, even without a change of dress, that she scarcely seemed the same person I had seen the night before. Her bruised arm she carried a little stiffly. After we had exchanged greetings, and I had bowed with distant courtesy to the gentlemen present, one of them invited her to go out for a stroll. But she declared that she would not go out till the next day. Then followed a conversation

full of raillery, in the course of which she never once recognized the existence of her rescuer. As soon as night fell, lights were brought in, and after the lights a couple of teapots. This brought joy to all faces, and they immediately began to sip with such eagerness that the least capacious must have swallowed a small river of the liquor of China. Then bottles of sherry were fetched, and emptied in a twinkling, though no one relaxed his features for an instant. We drank to England and to Spain, and about nine o'clock we all withdrew. The lovely being affably bade us good-night, but did not single me out from the rest by so much as a glance or a gesture.

Persistent wakefulness tormented me as cruelly that night as the foregoing; but I had almost conquered it when the click of the lock in the well-known door made me start from my bed. The door was fully visible from my corner, and I saw the Englishwoman come out and walk along the hall. The light streamed out through the opened door so as to illuminate all that part of the house. She opened a window and looked out. As I was already dressed, it was but a moment's work to get up and walk towards her. I stepped lightly, so as not to startle her. She turned her face as I came to her side, and, to my great surprise, it did not alter a muscle at the sight of me. On the contrary, it was with the most imperturbable calmness that she said,—

"Are you walking about here? The heat in that room was intolerable."

"So it was in mine, señora," I said. "When I caught sight of you I was thinking of going for a walk to breathe the fresh night air."

"I was thinking of the same thing myself. It is a beautiful night. You were thinking of going out, then?"

"Yes, señora; but, if you will allow me, I will have the honor of attending you."

"Very well; I will go, too," she said, with vivacity, yet with perfect simplicity.

Going quickly into her room, she brought back a cloak, in which she asked me to wrap her carefully, as she could not do it herself with her injured arm. I did so, and then we went out together. She did not take my arm; we were like two friends going for a walk.

Suddenly, and without heeding a perfunctory remark of mine, the Englishwoman said,—

"I am sure that you are a nobleman, señor. To what family do you belong? Are you a Pacheco, a Varga, a Toledo, an Enriquez, an Acuña, or a Dávila?"

"Neither, señora," I replied, hiding in my cloak the smile I could not repress. "I am one of the Aracelis of Andalusia, who are descended, as you must be aware, from Hercules himself."

"From Hercules? No, I did not know that," she replied, simply. "Have you been taking part in the campaign for a long time?"

"Ever since it began, señora."

"You are brave and generous, without doubt," she said, looking fixedly at my face. "It is easy to see in your countenance that you

have in your veins the blood of those famous knights who were the astonishment and envy of Europe for centuries."

"Señora, you are too kind."

"Tell me, do you know the use of all knightly arms? Can you master a wild steed, strike a bull to the earth with a blow, play the guitar, and make verses?"

"I cannot deny that I can do some of those things."

After a slight pause, she stopped, and asked me brusquely,—

"And are you in love?"

I did not know what to say for a moment. Then I decided to let the conversation go wherever the fantasy of my fair friend chose to carry it, and replied,—

"How could it be otherwise, seeing that I am a Spaniard, and young, and a soldier?"

"I see that you are surprised at my manner of talking to you," she added. "You are astonished at the liberty I take, at these unusual inquiries of mine; perhaps you think evil of me——"

"Oh, no, señora."

"But my honor does not depend upon your thought of me. You would be stupid if you believed all this to be anything but the curiosity of an Englishwoman,—the curiosity, I might almost say, of an artist and a traveller. The customs and characters of this country are worthy of the profoundest study."

"So, then, what you want is to study me," I said to myself. "Very well; let us make up our minds to be a text-book."

"You must excuse my curiosity. It was clear, of course, that having killed Gray out of jealousy you must have been in love. And does your lady dwell in a castle in this part of the country, or in a palace in Andalusia? Is she of noble blood like you?"

When I heard this I perceived that I had to do with an excited and romantic imagination, and a spirit of mischief took possession of me. I had no thought of making fun of her, as, aside from her sentimentalism, there was nothing ridiculous about her; but my nature prompted me to follow up the joke, so to speak, and fall in with the caprices of so false but engaging an ideal fancy. So it was with a certain romantic emphasis that I answered,—

"Noble she is indeed, señora, and most beautiful. But of what avail is it for me to possess in her a miracle of perfection, as long as a cruel fate constantly separates me from her? What would you think, señora, if I were to tell you that a wicked enchanter has transformed her into a cheap actress, going about the villages with a travelling company?"

This was clearly drawing it a little too strong.

"Why, what is this, sir?" said the Englishwoman, in amazement. "Are there still enchantments in Spain?"

"Not exactly enchantments," said I, trying to take in sail, "but there are infernal practices, or at least tricks and snares of wicked men."

"But, even so, I cannot understand how your lady could be transformed into an actress."

"But such is the fact, señora. If I were to tell you all that went before this transformation, I do not doubt that you would feel a great deal of pity for me."

"Where are the enchanter and his victim?"

"In Salamanca."

"They might as well be in the other world. Salamanca is in the power of the French."

"But we shall take it."

"You say that as if it were the easiest thing in the world."

"So it is. Do not laugh at my impatience; but if the whole allied army were to disappear, and I were to remain here alone——"

"You would go alone and capture the city, you mean to say?"

"Ah, señora, a man who is in love does not know what he says. I admit that it was absurd."

"Comparatively absurd," she replied. "But now I see that you are mocking me. You have fallen in love with an actress and are trying to pass her off for a great lady."

"When we enter Salamanca I can convince you that I am in earnest."

"I have no doubt that there are pretty actresses in the country," she said, laughing. "A company crossed our road two days ago. There were seven or eight actors, and, in fact, they said they were going to Salamanca."

"You tell me nothing I did not know," I answered. "Señora, have you heard it said when Lord Wellington intends to throw our troops upon Salamanca?"

"You are impatient. I want to know another thing. Do you love your Dulcinea in a sublime and ideal manner? Have you made sacrifices for her, encountered perils and conquered obstacles?"

"In countless number; but that is nothing compared with what remains for me to do."

"What is that?"

"An action so dangerous as to be madness itself. But I shall accomplish it or die."

"Be calm. The allies will take Salamanca, and then in the easiest way——"

"When the allies take the city, my enemy and his victim will have fled away towards France. He is no fool. I must go to Salamanca beforehand."

"Before it is captured!" she exclaimed.

"Why not?"

"Sir," she said, suddenly pausing in her walk, "I perceive that you are making fun of me."

"I, señora!"

"Yes; you describe to me a knightly adventure which is pure invention and fable."

"My dear senora, you must——"

"Have the goodness to accompany me to my lodging. The odor of these pine-trees is sickening."

"Certainly, if you wish it."

I confess—why should I not?—that I was a little nettled. The elegant Englishwoman did not speak another word to me all the way back, and only gave me a hurried good-night when we reached her room, within which she quickly locked herself.

VII.

I rose very early the next morning, and, without giving a thought to the beautiful Englishwoman, as if the night had swept my brain clear of all the cobwebs spun there the day before, marched briskly from my lodgings.

"We are off for San Muñoz," I was told by Figueroa, a Portuguese officer who was a friend of mine, serving under General Picton.

"How about the duke?"

"He is going, too, but I don't know where. Graham's division is formed on Tamames. We are to form the left wing of Don Carlos España's division."

While we were going to head-quarters, I asked him about the strange English lady, and he told me,—

"That is Miss Athenais Fly. She is a daughter of Lord Fly, one of the leading nobles of Great Britain. She has followed us all the way from Albuera, painting churches, castles, and ruins, and writing down everything that happens. The duke and the other English generals treat her with the greatest consideration, and if you want to have a good time I advise you to try showing Señorita Fly the least want of respect."

Thereupon I told him of the occurrences of the preceding night, and especially of the walk which Miss Fly and I had taken together in the solitude of the night. This caused Figueroa the greatest surprise.

"It is the first time," he said, "that the dear little blonde has had anything whatever to do with a Spanish or Portuguese officer. Up to the present she has looked upon the lot of us with the loftiest scorn."

"I should have taken her for a person of decidedly free and easy manners."

"So you might, for she goes by herself, rides horseback, passes in and out of the army, talks with all sorts of men, inspects the advanced positions before battle, and visits the hospitals after. In her leisure moments she does nothing but read the old Spanish romances."

When we reached head-quarters we found Carlos España out.

"España is at head-quarters-general," we were told by General Sánchez.

"Is not Lord Wellington to march?"

"It seems he is to remain here, but we are to set out for San Muñoz within an hour."

"Let us go to the duke's lodgings," said Figueroa: "we can find out something definite there."

Lord Wellington was lodged in the public building of the town, the only house large enough to entertain decorously so distinguished a

person. The court-yard, the archway, the vestibule, and the staircase were filled with a crowd of officers of all ranks, Spanish, English, and Portuguese, who were coming and going, and forming little groups here and there, disputing and joking in as friendly intimacy as if they all belonged to a single family. Figueroa and I mounted the stairs, and, after spending more than an hour and a half in the waiting-room, España came out and said to us,—

"The general-in-chief is asking if there isn't a Spanish officer who would dare to disguise himself and get into Salamanca. He wants a man to go in there to examine the forts and the temporary works they have thrown up, to report on their artillery, and to find out how large the garrison is and what is the state of their provisions."

"I will do it," said I, with a sudden resolve, not even waiting for the general to finish what he was saying.

"You!" exclaimed España, disdainfully. "You mean to say that you would venture on such a hazardous enterprise? Remember that you must come back as well as go."

"So I supposed."

"It will be necessary to penetrate the enemy's lines: the French hold all the villages this side of the Tormes."

"I will get in the best way I can, general."

"Then you will have to get by the fortifications, beyond the forts; you will have to go into the city, visit the barracks, draw up plans——"

"All that will be pure recreation for me, general. Get in, observe, come out,—a mere diversion, I assure you. Have the kindness to present me to the duke and tell him that I am at his orders for whatever he wants."

"You will never do for the job," said Don Carlos. "We shall have to find somebody else. You do not know a word of geometry nor of the science of fortification."

"You see if I don't," I said, getting angry.

"Well, some one must go; it is absolutely necessary," he said. "The duke has not yet formed his plan of battle. He has not decided whether to assault Salamanca or to besiege it. He has not made up his mind whether to cross the Tormes to fall upon Marmont, leaving Salamanca in his rear, or whether—— You say you are ready to go?"

"To be sure I do. I will disguise myself as a peasant and will get into Salamanca pretending to sell vegetables or charcoal. General," I added, impetuously, "present me to the duke, or I will present myself to him."

"Come on, come on this minute," was España's reply, leading me into the reception-room.

VIII.

The Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo was at a large table placed in the centre of the room. With three other generals, he was studying a map of the country, and was so absorbed in tracing out the lie of the land that he did not raise his head to look at us. Don Carlos motioned to

me that we must wait, and meanwhile I cast my eyes around the room. Some other officers were at one side of the room, talking in a low voice, and among them, to my intense surprise, I saw Miss Fly chatting with a colonel of artillery, named Simpson.

At last Lord Wellington lifted his eyes from the map and glanced at us. He nodded affably, and then he fixed his gaze upon me in particular, scrutinizing me from head to foot. I, in my turn, observed him at my ease, delighted to have before me a person so much beloved by all Spaniards, and for whom I had so great an admiration. He was a tall man, with light hair and a face reddened by the sun,—not by the cause to which the bright color of the English is commonly attributed. One knows how it is proverbial in England that the only great man who never lost his dignity after dinner is the conqueror of Tippoo Sahib and Bonaparte.

Wellington was then forty-three, exactly the same age as Napoleon. The sun of India and of Spain had destroyed the whiteness of his Saxon face. His nose, as I have said before, was large and slightly reddened; but his forehead, where it was protected from the sun by his hat, was white, and as beautiful and calm as that of a Greek statue, suggesting an intellect never disturbed or febrile, an imagination under thorough control, and great power of reflection and calculation. The general's large blue eyes had a cold glance, vaguely resting upon the object under observation, and closely noting without apparent interest. His voice was full, but even and measured, and his whole mode of expressing himself, with gesture, voice, and eye, was fitted to win him respect and affection.

He looked me over, as I said, and then Don Carlos España spoke:

"General, this young man wishes to undertake the commission of which your Excellency was speaking to me a little while ago. I can vouch for his courage and loyalty; but I tried to dissuade him from the enterprise, because he is not a regularly educated officer."

This statement brought me the more shame because Miss Fly was standing by; but the fact was that I had never studied in a military academy.

"For this commission," said Wellington, in very good Spanish, "a certain amount of technical knowledge is necessary."

He turned away and fixed his eyes upon the map. I looked at España, and España looked at me. Humiliated as I was, I nevertheless took a sudden resolution, and, without stopping to commend myself to God or the devil, I said,—

"General, it is true that I have never been in an academy, but a long experience in war and battles, especially in sieges, has perhaps given me the knowledge which your Excellency requires for this commission. I know how to draw up a plan."

The Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo lifted his eyes again, and said,—

"I have no lack of skilled officers, but no Englishman could enter Salamanca, as he would immediately be discovered by his face and language. It must be a Spaniard who goes."

"General," said the fatuous España, "there are plenty of trained

officers in my division. I brought in this young man because he insisted upon getting a chance to tell your Excellency of his valor."

I gave Don Carlos an indignant glance, and then exclaimed, with great vehemence,—

"General, whatever may be the perils of this enterprise, however great may be its difficulties, I undertake to get into Salamanca and to bring back to your Excellency whatever information you may desire."

With the most imperturbable calmness Lord Wellington asked me,—

"Officer, where did you begin your military career?"

"At Trafalgar," I answered.

At the sound of this historic and glorious word, every eye in the room was fixed on me with the keenest interest.

"Then you have been a sailor?" continued the duke.

"I was present at that fight when but fourteen years of age. I was a friend of an officer on board the Trinidad, and the heavy losses suffered by the crew obliged me to do my part in the conflict."

"And when did you begin to serve in the campaign against the French?"

"On May 2, 1808, general. I escaped miraculously from the horrors of that day."

"Have you been enlisted ever since?"

"I enlisted in the regiment of Andalusian volunteers, and was present at the battle of Bailen."

"At the battle of Bailen also!" said Wellington, with surprise.

"Yes, general, on July 19, 1808. Does your Excellency wish to see my commission, which dates from that day?"

"No, I am satisfied," responded Wellington. "And what next?"

"I returned to Madrid, and took part in the engagement of December 3. I was taken prisoner."

"Did they carry you off to France?"

"No, general, for I escaped at Lerma, and brought up in Saragossa so luckily that I had part in the second siege of that immortal city."

"The whole of the siege?" said Wellington, showing increasing interest in me.

"The whole of it."

"And then what army did you join?"

"The army of the centre, and was for a long time under orders of the Duke of Parque. I was present at the battle of Tamames."

"Were you never in another siege?"

"Yes, general, the siege of Cadiz."

"Then you must have been with General Blake's expedition to Valencia?"

"I was, general, but in the second corps, under the command of O'Donnell. After that I served for four months under the Empecinado, in that guerilla warfare in which one learns so much."

"So you have been a guerilla, too?" said Wellington, smiling. "I see that you have richly earned your promotion. You shall go to Salamanca if you desire to."

"Señor, I desire to most ardently."

"Very well," added the hero of Talavera, looking alternately at me and at the map. "This is what you must do. This very day you must set out for Salamanca disguised, making a circuit so as to enter by Cabrerizos. Necessarily you will have to pass through the troops of Marmont, who are guarding the roads by Ledesma and Toro. There are many chances that you will be shot as a spy; but God protects the brave, and perhaps you will succeed in getting into the city. Once inside, you will make a sketch of the fortifications, giving the greatest possible attention to the convents which have been converted into forts, the buildings which have been torn down, the artillery which defends the approaches to the city, the condition of the intrenchments, the earth-works,—everything, absolutely everything, not forgetting the provisions which the enemy has in his storehouses."

"General," I replied, "I understand what you want, and I hope to satisfy you. When must I set out?"

"At once. We are now twelve leagues from Salamanca. After the march which I hope to make to-day, we shall pass the night at Castroverde, near Valmuza. But by going ahead on horseback you can get into the city by day after to-morrow, Tuesday. All day Tuesday you will give to the discharge of the commission I have confided to you, and on Wednesday morning you can set out on your return to head-quarters, which will surely be at Bernuy on that day. At Bernuy, then, I shall expect you on Wednesday precisely at twelve o'clock. I like to be punctual."

"Agreed, general. At twelve on Wednesday I shall be at Bernuy on my return."

"Use all precautions. Disguise yourself carefully, and when you make sketches do it as secretly as possible. Take arms with you, well concealed, but don't get into any quarrels. In a word, bring all your talent into play, with all the knowledge of men and of war which you have acquired in your many years of active military service. The quartermaster-general will give you the money you need."

"General," I said, "is that all your Excellency has to command me?"

"That is all," he replied, smiling kindly, "except to say that I worship punctuality, and consider a careful estimate and distribution of time as the origin of success in war."

"You mean that if I am not back by Wednesday at twelve I shall displease your Excellency?"

"Very greatly. You can do what I have indicated in the time assigned. Two hours for making the sketches, two for visiting the forts, under pretence of selling the soldiers something, four for traversing the whole town and taking note of the buildings which have been destroyed, two for surmounting unforeseen obstacles, and half an hour for rest. That makes ten and a half hours of daylight on Tuesday. The first half of the night is to be devoted to studying the spirit of the city, finding out what the garrison and the people think of this campaign; then you have an hour for sleep, and the rest of the night for getting out of sight and reach of the enemy. If you do not loiter on the way you can meet me at Bernuy at the hour fixed."

"I am at your orders, general," I said, preparing to withdraw.

Lord Wellington, the greatest man in Great Britain, the rival of Napoleon, the hope of Europe, victor at Talavera, at Arroyo Molinos, at Albuera and Ciudad Rodrigo, rose from his seat, and, with a grave courtesy and cordiality which flooded my inmost soul with pride and joy, gave me his hand, which I pressed between mine with gratitude.

Then I went out to arrange for my journey.

IX.

An hour later I was in the house of some laborers, bargaining for clothes, when I felt a light touch on my shoulder. I turned, and Miss Fly, for she it was, said to me,—

"Sir, I have been looking for you an hour."

"Señora, the preparations necessary for my journey have prevented me from going to place my services at your disposal."

Miss Fly did not hear my last words, for all her attention was fixed upon the peasant woman, who, on her part, while nursing a tiny baby, did not take her eyes off the Englishwoman.

"Señora," said the latter, "could you procure for me some clothes such as you have on?"

The woman did not understand Miss Fly's imperfect Spanish, and looked at her in a stupid way without answering.

"Señorita Fly," I said, "do you mean to say that you are going to dress yourself like a peasant woman?"

"Yes," she replied, smiling mischievously. "I mean to go with you."

"With me!"

"Certainly, with you. I mean to disguise myself and go with you to Salamanca," she added, coolly, taking out some money in order to make the woman understand.

"Señora," I said, "I can only believe that you have gone crazy. Go with me to Salamanca, go with me on this perilous expedition from which no one knows whether I shall come back alive!"

"Why not? Must I not go because there is danger? Sir, what reason have you for thinking I am a coward?"

"But it is impossible, señora, it is simply impossible that you should go with me," I said, with emphasis.

"Well, I must say I did not think you so rude. You are one of those who shrink from everything outside the ordinary routine of life. Can you not understand that a woman may have courage to encounter perils in order to do service to a holy cause?"

"Quite the contrary, señora. I understand that a woman like you is capable of wonderful exploits, and at this moment I have nothing but the sincerest admiration for Miss Fly; but the commission which takes me to Salamanca is one of extreme delicacy. It demands that there should be no one at my side, least of all a lady who cannot disguise herself by concealing her foreign speech and noble bearing."

"Why can't I disguise myself?"

"Very well, señora," I said, unable to restrain my laughter: "begin by taking off your riding-skirt and putting on such a roll of cloth as you see before you."

Miss Fly gazed with astonishment at the peculiar garb of the peasant woman.

"Next," I added, "take down your beautiful golden hair and tie it up into a great knot with ribbons on the top of your head, and arrange two curls like cart-wheels in front of your ears. Then put on the velvet waist, and finally cover your lovely shoulders with that garment most difficult of all to manage, the rebozo."

Athenais looked thoroughly displeased as she watched the woman bringing these treasures out of a chest.

"Then you must put on those low shoes over open-work silk stockings, and crown all with the girdle and mantilla which you see."

Miss Fly looked at me angrily enough as she realized the impossibility of disguising herself as a peasant woman.

"Very well," she declared, scornfully, "I will go without any disguise. Really, there is no need of any, as I know Colonel Desmarets, and he will let me into the city. I saved his life at Albuera. And just think, my acquaintance with him may be very useful to you."

"Señora," I said, very seriously, "the honor and pleasure which your company would give me are so great that I do not know how to express my sense of them. But I am not going to a festival, señora: I am going into danger. Besides, if this fact has no weight with such a person as you, do you care nothing for the disrepute into which you would be brought,—you, a lady of noble birth, going with a man whom nobody knows through unfrequented paths and waste places?"

"A fine idea of honor you must have!" she exclaimed, with noble pride. "Either your acts belie you, or your sentiments are far inferior to your acts. For Heaven's sake, do not drag yourself down to the level of the common herd, or you will make me hate you. I say I shall go with you to Salamanca."

With no further answer to my reasonable remarks, she started off towards head-quarters, while I went in the direction of my lodgings, in order to transform myself from an officer of the army into the most thorough peasant that was ever seen in the region about Salamanca.

X.

"Well, Señor Araceli, you're off on your campaign at last," I said to myself. "By twelve on Wednesday you must be back at Bernuy. A fine piece of work I've got myself into! If that Englishwoman persists in her freak of going with me, I am a lost man. But I won't have it; and if she won't listen to reason I shall report her to the general-in-chief, and he will put a reef in the sails of his audacious countrywoman."

I was not vain enough to imagine that Athenais had any particular fondness for me personally; but, supposing she might have, I resolved

to adopt a sure means of freeing myself from even the agreeable persecution of a lovely woman. So, without a word to a soul, I hurried out of Sancti-Spiritus and soon got ahead of the vanguard of the army, which was at that moment getting under march for San Muñoz.

But judge of my surprise when, a short time after having got free of the troops, and while I was spurring on my horse, I heard behind me the sharp rattle of wheels, the galloping of a steed, and the swishing of a whip. I turned, and saw none other than Miss Fly herself, in an indescribable sort of carriage, as decrepit as the one in which she had been run away with. She was holding the reins herself, and there was no one with her but a boy from Sancti-Spiritus. As she drew up alongside me she gave a shout of triumph.

"I have caught up with you!" she exclaimed, gleefully. "If Mrs. Mitchell had not lent me her carriage, I should have come on a gun-carriage, Señor Araceli."

I began again to expostulate with her, but she broke in,—

"What a great pleasure this gives one! This is truly life, liberty, and independence! We will go to Salamanca. I suspect that you are planning to do more there than attend to Lord Wellington's commission, but your private affairs do not concern me. Sir, you must know that I despise you."

"But what have I done to deserve it?" I asked, pulling down my horse to the gait of hers.

"What have you done? Why, to call this scheme of mine a crazy one. You have no better word to describe the delightful emotions produced by a future peril."

"I acknowledge your manly spirit, but what can you find to do in Salamanca worthy of your abilities? I am going as a spy; but there is nothing sublime about spying."

"Do you expect me to believe," she said, with a mischievous air, "that you are going to Salamanca solely for the sake of Lord Wellington's commission?"

"Most assuredly."

"One does not seek a purely patriotic service with so great eagerness. Remember what you told me about the person with whom you are in love, and who you said was imprisoned or enchanted in the city whither we are going."

A smile rose to my lips, but I repressed it, and said,—

"That is true; but I may have no time to attend to my individual concerns."

"On the contrary," said she, with the greatest archness, "you won't attend to anything else. Might one know, Señor Araceli, who is a certain countess who writes to you from Madrid?"

"How do you know that?" I asked, in amazement.

"Why, just before I left the Forfolleda house, an officer came up with a letter which he had received for you. I looked at it and saw a coat of arms. Thereupon your orderly said, 'Here's another letter from my lady the countess.'"

"And I've come off without getting that letter! I must go back this moment."

But Miss Fly detained me with a most charming gesture, saying, with inimitable emphasis,—

"Be not impetuous, youthful soldier. Here is your letter."

I took it from her and opened and read it on the spot. In it the countess simply told me that, through Marchena, she had just learned that our enemy was preparing to set out from Plasencia for Salamanca.

"It seems to contain important news," said Athenais.

"Nothing that I did not know already. The anxious mother urges me to restore to her the treasure of which she has been robbed."

"That letter is from the mother of the enchanted damsel. You invent fine stories, sir, but they do not impose upon persons of discretion."

I glanced the letter over, and then gave it to Miss Fly to read.

"I know the person who signs this," she said. "I became acquainted with the countess in Puerto de Santa María."

"In January, 1810, señora?"

"Precisely. And she told me that you were her guardian angel,—that she owed her life to you,—that she would give all the glories of her house for your courage, your noble heart, and your lofty sentiments."

"Did she really say that?"

"Yes, and she also said that she had complete confidence in you, and believed you would come out successful from the great undertaking you had in hand. She said that Ines,—so, then, her name is Ines?—with all her worth and beauty, seemed to her but a poor reward for your constancy."

Miss Fly handed me back the letter. She seemed inflamed with a kind of sweet excitement, and carried away by an irresistible enthusiasm.

"Sir," she exclaimed, with lyric exaltation, "this is most beautiful, so beautiful that it scarcely appears real. What I was suspecting, though it has only now been revealed in its completeness, is as attractive as all the inventions of the romances. It appears, then, that you are going to Salamanca to attempt——"

"The impossible."

"Rather say two impossibles," said Athenais, still more excitedly, "for Wellington's commission alone—— Why, Señor Araceli, Colonel Simpson told me that there were ninety-nine chances to one that you would be shot."

"Heaven will preserve me, señora."

"I believe it. Heaven will preserve you. You are acting nobly. I approve your conduct, and I will aid you."

"Do you still insist on that?"

"Most remarkable occurrence!" she went on, paying no attention to my inquiry. "How it captivates me! Only in Spain could be found something to inflame one's whole heart like this. A young girl a captive, a loyal knight who despises all kinds of danger and goes in search of her, boldly entering the citadel of an enemy and hoping by his unaided valor and the resources of his own wit to snatch the beloved object from the savage hands that now imprison her—— Oh, what a lovely adventure! It is as charming as a romance."

"Are you fond of romances and adventures, señora?"

"Fond of them! I am enchanted by them, I am in love with them, I am carried away captive by them! The old romances,—is there anything more beautiful or eloquent? I have read them, and I know them all. I have translated many of them into English, in prose and verse. I am passionately fond of reading them, but, ah! I seek to find their counterparts in real life, but I never find them."

About this time the horse which was painfully drawing along the carriage of the poetical Athenais fell into a violent fit of coughing, and began to show signs of giving out. She paid no attention to this until the tired beast went down on his knees.

"Most respected fair one," I said, "here you have your real life. This horse cannot go a step farther."

"What!" she exclaimed, angrily. "He can go well enough. If he won't, hitch your horse to the carriage, and we will ride in it together."

"Impossible, señora, utterly impossible!"

"What a pity! Mrs. Mitchell told me that the creature was good for nothing."

We helped the animal to his feet, and he struggled on for a few steps, only to fall again.

"It is of no use," I said. "Señora, I shall be compelled, much to my sorrow, to leave you."

"To leave me!" In the Englishwoman's eyes there was a flash of that anger which the poets attribute to the goddesses of antiquity.

"Yes, señora; I am very sorry for it. Night is falling, and I am ten leagues away from Salamanca. By twelve on Wednesday I must be back in Bernuy. It is needless to say more."

"Very well, sir," she said, her lips trembling and bitter reproach in her glance. "Proceed. I have not the slightest need of you."

"My duty will not permit me to stay longer. The army will soon overtake us—there they come already! I can see the advance guard on that hill. Simpson is in command, your friend Colonel Simpson. Therefore, with your permission—do not say, dear señora, that I am leaving you alone. There comes a horseman. It is Simpson himself."

Miss Fly looked back, half in anger, half in sadness.

"Good-by, my fair lady," I cried, putting spurs to my horse. "I can stay no longer. If I live, I will tell you all that happens to me."

XI.

I kept going all that afternoon and a part of the night, sleeping a few hours in Castrejon. There I left my horse, and, having bought a lot of vegetables, with a most starved and melancholy donkey thrown in, I took up my journey again by a path which led, so they told me, into the Vitigudino road. This I reached by noon on Monday, but I kept out of it, striking through ravines and along rough cattle-tracks until I got to the Tormes. Fording this river, I came out on the Ledesma road, and was soon in the village of Villamayor. From some

of the inhabitants whom I found playing games in a tavern I learned that the French allowed no one to enter the city without a safe-conduct given by themselves, and that even with this they would not let hucksters go where they could see the forts.

"I don't want to go back to Salamanca, young fellow," said the stout peasant who gave me this agreeable news, after inviting me to take a drink with him. "It is only by a miracle that Baltasar Ciperez —myself, I mean—is alive."

"Why, how is that?"

"I'll tell you. You see, they have ordered all the inhabitants of these villages to go and work on the fortifications. Any place that does not send men is punished by being sacked. It is well said that the devil is crafty. While the villagers are at work the soldiers are smoking and talking, and every few rods there is a sergeant stationed with a whip in his hand. He has a terribly sharp eye for any one who is lazy or who looks at the sky or talks to his neighbor. It's a true proverb that the devil never sleeps. The minute one is a little careless, down it comes, crack!"

"They are taking the measure of your shoulders."

"I have hot blood," added Ciperez, "and do not consider that I was born to be a slave. I am a peasant who has some property, and am accustomed to give orders, not to be given a whipping. You can't teach an old dog new tricks. So when the Lucifer began on me——"

"Well, if I were whipped I would do the same."

"I shut my eyes. I could see nothing but blood, and went in among the lot of them. Baltasar Ciperez whipped by a Frenchman! I struck out wildly: if I didn't hit one I would another. Well, we had it hot and heavy for a quarter of an hour. You can see what I got."

He showed me his arm, bandaged and supported in a sling.

"Is that all? Why, I should think they would have hung you!"

"No, stupid, they didn't hang me. They would have hung me, though, if a French soldier hadn't taken my part. His name is Molichard,—a good fellow, though fond of his bottle. As we were good friends and had often had a cup together, he contrived to get me out of the calaboose and off by the Zamora gate. Poor Molichard, such a tippler, and such a good fellow!"

"Señor Ciperez," I said, "I am going to Salamanca, but I have no safe-conduct. If you would furnish me with one——"

"What are you going there for?"

"To sell these vegetables."

"That's a good business. They will give you their weight in gold." The peasant looked at me somewhat suspiciously. "Do you know where the English army is?" he asked, with a piercing glance. "The lion can be told from his claw."

"It is near here, Señor Ciperez. But are you going to give me the safe-conduct?"

"You are not what you seem," said the peasant, significantly. "Hurrah for all good patriots, and death to the French,—all but Molichard!"

"No matter what I am, will you give me the safe-conduct?"

"Baltasarillo," he called, "come here."

A lively young man of twenty left the group of gamesters.

"It is my son," said Ciperez. "He's the true stuff.—Baltasarillo, give me your safe-conduct."

"Why, if I do——"

"No, you are not going to Salamanca to-morrow. You are going back with me to Escuernavacas. Didn't you say that your mother was very lonely?"

"Mother is afraid of the flies."

"You must go home, I tell you. I'll send you later with a little present for Molichard. Give me your safe-conduct."

The young man drew out the document, and his father gave it to me, saying,—

"With this paper your name is Baltasarillo Ciperez of Escuernavacas. It is all proper, for I got it myself two months ago, the last time my boy was in Salamanca."

"I will pay you for it," I said, putting my hand in my pocket after young Baltasar had stepped aside.

"Ciperez does not take money for a favor," he said, proudly. "I believe you are working for the country, eh? In spite of your dress—well, a man with no cloak is as well off as the king or the Pope. We all stand together."

"How will these villages receive the duke when he comes?"

"Receive him? Have you seen him? Is he near here?" he asked, eagerly.

"If you want to see him, go on Wednesday to Bernuy."

"Bernuy! Why, being in Bernuy is the same as being in Salamanca!" he exclaimed, with delight. "The saying is, 'Here Samson will fall,' but I say, 'Here Marmont will fall, and all his men.' Have you seen the students and the young fellows of Villamayor?"

"I have seen nothing, señor."

"We have our arms," he said, mysteriously. "Let them catch our legs to try to shoe us, and they'll see what they have hold of. When the duke sees us——" He drew me off to one side, and added,—

"It is the duke who is sending you to Salamanca, eh? I was sure of it. Don't be afraid. The man whose father is the judge can go into court boldly. All right, my friend; you must know that we are all ready in these villages, though you might not think it. The very women will go out to fight."

"Señor Ciperez," I said, "hurrah for all good patriots!"

"We're only waiting for the Englishman in order to turn out, every man of us, with muskets, hatchets, picks, swords, and whatever we could lay our hands on and have got safely stored away."

"Well, I'm off for Salamanca. Will they let me work on the fortifications?"

"It's a ticklish business. And you remember the whip? Anyhow, the villagers do not work on the forts any longer."

"Who, then?"

"The people of the city."

"What do they do with the villagers?"

"They hang them if they think they are spies. When you break the egg you can tell whether it is good or not. But I am not afraid on my own account."

"What about me, though?"

"Courage, young man! God is in heaven, and I am going right off to Valverdon, where two hundred students and more than four hundred villagers are waiting for me. Hurrah for our country and our king! By the way, if it will do you any good in Salamanca, you can say that you are in search of old iron for your father Ciperez. Good-by."

"Good-by, noble gentleman."

"I a gentleman? That will hardly go. Good-by, my boy, and good luck. You know the road? Straight ahead all the way. You will soon find the French; but straight ahead, always straight ahead. The fox knows a lot, but he who catches him must know more."

The worthy Ciperez and I gave each other a hearty grip of the hand, and then I hurried on my way.

XII.

I stopped in Cabrerizos for a short rest, late Monday night, and at daybreak next morning, when I was about to make my triumphal entry into the city, I ran upon the French. It was a detachment of dragoons acting as a convoy from Fuentesauco. Though I had no reason to think they would trouble me, I was fearful of some misfortune. But I concealed my anxiety, and went ahead shouting at my donkey and affecting to be relieving the loneliness of the road by jovial songs.

My presentiment had not deceived me, for the invaders of my country thwarted my plans, though without meaning to, in a most lamentable manner.

"Fine vegetables you have," said a corporal, reining up his horse beside my donkey. I pretended not to understand him, as he spoke in French, and did not even look at him.

"I say, stupid," he cried, in wretched Spanish, at the same time striking me across the back with the flat of his sabre, "are you taking these vegetables to Salamanca?"

"Yes, señor," I replied, putting on as stolid a look as possible.

An officer stopped, and ordered the corporal to buy my whole load. "All of them,—we'll buy them all," said the corporal, drawing out a greasy purse. "*Combien?*"

I shook my head.

"Aren't you taking these to Salamanca to sell?"

"No, señor: they are for a present."

"Go to the devil with your presents. We'll buy the lot, and then, you idiot, you can go back at once to your village."

I saw that it would only arouse suspicions if I made any opposition, and so I asked a pretty price for my vegetables, which were

scarce enough at that time and place. The soldier fell into a fury and threatened to cut me neatly in two; then he raised his offer and I lowered my figure, and finally we made a bargain of it. I took my money, and, as my donkey now had no load, there was no apparent reason for my keeping on towards the city. I pressed straight on, however, till the corporal called out,—

"I say, my fine fellow, aren't you going back home? I never saw such a stupid."

"Señor," I replied, "I am going to get a load of old iron for my donkey."

"Have you a safe-conduct?"

"Of course I have. I got one when I was in the city two months ago, on the king's birthday. But, as I have no load now, perhaps they won't let me go in; and so if the Señor Corporal will let me go with him and tell them that he bought my vegetables, why, then I can get my old iron."

"Very well, ragbag, come along beside my horse. But I don't know whether they will let you in; for orders are very strict."

When we reached the Zamora gate the sentinel stopped me roughly enough.

"Let him go in," said my corporal. "I bought his vegetables, and he's going to get a load of old iron."

The guard looked at me suspiciously, but seemed to find in my countenance that blessed stupidity which is customary in peasants who have passed their lives in the depths of the forests and the back country.

"These country clowns are very sharp," he said. "See here, Monsieur le Badaud, we have hung three spies this week."

I pretended not to understand, and he went on:

"You may go in if you have a safe-conduct."

I showed him the document, and he allowed me to pass in.

Zamora Street led me straight to a large square where all sorts of petty dealers had their stands. I looked about for an inn where I could leave my donkey, and soon found one which provided my friendly animal with straw and barley. The street upon which I stepped out was filled with a crowd of people, marching along under an escort of French soldiers, every man having a pick or a spade on his shoulder.

"They must be going to work on the fortifications," I said to myself. I drew off to one side, lest any appearance of curiosity might arouse suspicion, and walked aimlessly through the streets till I came to a convent into which some artillery was being taken. Suddenly I felt a heavy hand upon my shoulder, and heard a voice saying to me, in broken Spanish,—

"Where's your spade, laziness? You come with me to the commissary of police."

"I am from the country," I said. "I came in with my donkey——"

"Come along, and we'll find out who you are," he broke in, looking at me sharply. "If, for example, you should be a spy——"

My first instinct was to refuse to go, but this would have been

madness: so I put on an air of the greatest meekness and followed my captor. He was a lively little soldier, with black eyes and a swarthy face and a ludicrously bustling and pompous manner. He led me to an immense building, with its court-yard full of troops, and, stopping before a group of four huge soldiers in brilliant uniforms, he pointed to me with a triumphant air.

"What have you there, Tourlourou?" drawled the oldest of the four.

"A *crapaud* which I've caught this minute."

I took off my hat and humbly bowed to the various soldiers.

"A *crapaud!*" said the old officer, looking at me fiercely. "Who are you?"

"Señor," said I, "this soldier has taken me for a spy. But I am from Escuernavacas, and my donkey is in an inn kept by a woman named Fabiana, and my name is Baltasar Ciperez, at your service. If you wish to hang me, hang me; but what have I done, señores?"

The officer said, imperturbably, "Take this *canaille* away. Sergeant Molichard, have this man shut up in the calaboose."

Up stepped a Frenchman tall as a pillar and straight as a pin, lean and tough and flexible as a piece of Indian cane, with a bronzed face, sharp eyes, black moustaches, and hands and feet of extraordinary size. When I heard his name a brilliant idea flashed through my brain, and, uttering an exclamation of surprise and joy, I ran to him, clasped him about the knees, and said, almost with tears,—

"Oh, dear Señor Molichard! At last I have found you! How I have searched for you without finding any one to tell me where you were! Oh, how happy I am now!"

"I think the fellow must be crazy," said the Frenchman, shaking me loose from his legs.

"Why, don't you know me?" I went on. "I am Baltasar Ciperez,—here's my safe-conduct,—son of Baltasar whom they call Ciperez the rich. Blessings on you, Señor Molichard! Here I am in Salamanca because my father sent me with a present for you."

"A present!" exclaimed the sergeant, in surprise.

"Yes, señor, a trifling present, for what you did for my father could not be paid for by all the yield of his garden."

"Vegetables! Where are they?"

"A corporal of dragoons took them from me on the way."

"A plague on the dragoons!" exclaimed my father's protector.

"He forced me to sell them to him," I went on; "but I can give you the money which he paid me; and then the next trip I make to Salamanca I will bring two loads instead of one for Señor Molichard. But that is not the only present I was bringing you. My father and mother both thought that you deserved something better than vegetables, and so they gave me three doubloons to buy you some Nava wine. They have it good here; but if I had brought you some from the village it would have been of a kind to turn your liver inside out."

"Señor Ciperez is a very good fellow," said the Frenchman, strutting up and down before his comrades, who were listening open-mouthed.

"The first thing I did this morning was to order the wine at Fabiana's. So let's go for it."

"Fabiana's wine cannot be any better than what they have in the Zangana cabaret. You might buy it there."

"Why, I will give you the money, and you can buy the wine where you want to."

Molichard hesitated, and consulted with his friends. Then he said,—

"I should be glad not to shut you up in the calaboose, because, of course, when Señor Ciperez sends me so handsome a present, why——"

"Oh, don't be troubled on my account, Señor Molichard," I said, with the greatest naturalness in the world. "I wouldn't have the officer quarrel with you for my sake. I'm ready to go, for I am sure that all the officers will soon be satisfied that there is nothing wrong with me."

"You wouldn't have much fun in the calaboose, my boy," said the Frenchman. "Let's see what we can do. I'll tell the officer that——".

"He's already forgotten what he ordered you," interposed Tourlourou, who had got over his anger with me in a supernatural manner.

"See here, Jean-Jean!" cried Molichard, calling to a soldier near by, in whom I recognized the corporal of dragoons who had bought my vegetables. He came up, and knew me at once.

"Well, friend," I said to him, "I believe it was you who bought the vegetables I was bringing for this gentleman. Didn't I tell you they were for a present?"

"If I had known that they were for this *chauve-souris* I wouldn't have given you a centime for them."

"Jean-Jean," said Molichard, in French, "do you like Nava wine?"

"Where is there any?"

"Look here, Jean-Jean, this youngster has presented me with a swallow. But we have got to put him in the calaboose."

"In the calaboose!"

"Yes, *mon vieux;* they have made the blunder of taking him for a spy."

"Let's all four of us go to the cabaret," said Tourlourou, "and the gentleman can go to the calaboose afterwards."

"I don't want you to get into trouble with your superiors on my account," I remarked, meekly. "Take me to the prison and shut me up."

"Who said anything about shutting anybody up?" cried Molichard, in the tone of a boon companion. "Come on to the Zangana, Monsieur Ciperez: we will be answerable for you."

XIII.

"But your chief will be angry," I said. "I'll stay here."

"A Frenchman, a soldier of Napoleon," said Tourlourou, with a gesture like Bonaparte's when he pointed at the pyramids, "cannot drink in peace while his Spanish friend is dying of thirst in a dun-

geon. Bravo, Ciperez!" he added, embracing me; "you are my choicest comrade. Embrace me! Yes, that's the way,—friends till death. Gentlemen, you see here the eagle of the Empire and the lion of Spain in conjunction."

I must say, as far as I, the lion of Spain, was concerned, that I found it no fun to be grasped that way in the claws of the eagle of the Empire. But the three servants of the Empire were meanwhile leading me out of the barracks towards a wine-room near the fortifications of San Vicente. As we were going in, I said,—

"Señor Molichard, the Nava wine is a present from my father, but all the other expenses I will bear."

It was not long before the three were deep in the best the place afforded, and little by little losing their gravity, although the corporal of dragoons appeared to have a harder head than his companions.

"Has your father a good bit of property?" asked Molichard.

"A passable amount," I said, modestly.

"To the health of Monsieur-r-r Ciperez!"

"My father and mother and all my family will come some day with a better present than this. Señor Molichard, my sister is anxious to make your acquaintance."

"A pretty girl, I have no doubt. To the health of María Ciperez! And a toothsome dowry, in addition. Well, one may conclude to settle down in Spain. We'll say, like Louis XIV., 'There are no longer Pyrenees.' Drink, Baltasarico!"

"My head is easily upset. With what I have already had, it seems as if all Salamanca was buzzing inside my skull."

Jean-Jean began to sing:

"Le crocodile en partant pour la guerre
Disait adieux à ses petits enfants.
Le malheureux
Traînait sa queue
Dans la poussière."

Tourlourou struggled to his feet, and with a majestic sweep of the hand exclaimed, "Comrades, from the top of this bottle forty centuries look down on you!"

I said to Molichard, "Señor Sergeant, I'm a poor hand at drinking, and I must go out a minute to get the air."

Then I promptly paid the bill.

"All right; let's go out," said Molichard, taking my arm.

Outside I found myself in a place which was neither a square nor a court-yard nor a street, but all these three things combined. High walls were on either hand, some half destroyed, others still standing but sustaining shattered roofs. Soldiers and peasants were busily at work carrying rubbish, digging ditches, dragging cannon, heaping up earth.

"Why, what are they doing here?" I asked, innocently.

"Fortifications, you stupid!" said the sergeant, whose respect for me seemed to diminish in proportion to the amount of my wine he had swallowed.

"Oh, yes, I see. It's for the war, isn't it? But what's the name of this place?"

"This is the fort of San Vicente, and what they are tearing down here is a Benedictine convent."

"But it seems as if they were tearing down entire streets, Señor Molichard," said I, walking on, and giving him my arm to keep him from falling.

"Well, you must have come from the idiot asylum! Don't you see that we have levelled the street so as to get a raking fire from San Vicente?"

"And is that a plaza beyond there?"

"That's a bastion."

"Two—four—six—eight cannon. That's fearful!"

"They are only playthings. The good ones are those fellows there, the four in the ravelin."

"Now let us go around by the other side."

"By San Cayetano! it seems to me that you are a little too inquisitive. *Saperlotte*, if you keep on asking questions and looking around that way you will make me believe that you are really a spy."

The sergeant looked at me with scornful impudence. Just then Tourlourou came up in a lamentable condition, rather poorly supported by Jean-Jean, who was singing a soldier's ditty.

"A spy! yes, a spy!" exclaimed Tourlourou, pointing at me. "I maintain that you are a spy. To the calaboose!"

"To tell you the truth, Señor Ciperez," said Molichard, "I do not want to disobey orders or get my buttons stripped off for your sake."

"This young man," affirmed Jean-Jean, bringing down his hand upon my shoulder with crushing force, "has the face of a rascal."

"The moment I saw him I suspected something wrong," said Molichard. "You can't trust anybody in this cursed Spain. Spies crawl out from under the very stones."

I felt that I was lost, but forced myself to preserve an air of calmness. A ray of hope came to me when I heard Jean-Jean say,—

"You are a couple of imbeciles. Leave Señor Ciperez to me. He is a friend of mine."

He threw his arm around my shoulders with affectionate familiarity, though with a pretty good grip on me at the same time.

"Let's go back to the barracks," said Molichard. "I go on guard at ten." Then he seized me by the arm, adding, "*Peste, mille pestes*, do you mean to run away?"

"He'll be searched at the barracks," observed Tourlourou.

"Be off, *goguenards!*" said Jean-Jean, energetically. "Señor Ciperez is under my protection, as a friend. Go to all the fiends, and leave him here with me."

Tourlourou laughed, but Molichard looked at me fiercely and insisted upon taking me with him. However, my improvised protector gave him so hard a buffet on the shoulder that he finally determined to go with his companion. Both made off, describing *S*'s and other letters of the alphabet.

XIV.

Jean-Jean took my arm and led me on through the dismantled parts of the city.

"Friend Ciperez," said he, "I like you. Let us take a walk together. When do you mean to leave Salamanca? I vow I'll be sorry when you do."

Such flattering words were ominous.

"I am delighted to be in your company," I said, with an air of unconcern. "Let us go wherever you wish."

I felt the Frenchman's arm holding mine like an instrument of steel. His grip of me seemed to say, "You won't get away from me, I tell you." As we went along I noticed that we were meeting fewer people all the while, and that we were getting into the outskirts of the city. My only weapon was a knife. Jean-Jean, who was a tall and most powerful man, carried an immense sabre. I glanced furtively at man and weapon, in order to estimate their power in case of a struggle. At last I stopped, determined to face the worst, and asked,—

"Where are you taking me?"

"Don't stop, my good friend," said he, with a mocking air: "we are going to take a walk by the Tormes."

"I am somewhat tired."

He paused, and, fixing his little eyes on me, said,—

"Won't you go with the man who has rescued you from the gallows?"

In a flash of intuition I read in that man's face the idea which filled his mind. Jean-Jean had concluded that I had more money with me than I had shown in the cabaret, and, whether he believed me a spy or the true Baltasar Ciperez, he was tempted by my gold. That evasive eye of his, that lonely place where he was leading me, indicated his criminal plan, which was either to kill me and throw my body into the river, or else to rob me and then have me arrested as a spy.

For a moment I felt myself a coward and conquered, all my blood rushing to my heart and leaving my body cold and trembling. But soon I had a brilliant idea. Brusquely halting Jean-Jean, I put on a severe and resolute air, and said to him, very loftily,—

"Señor Jean-Jean, this is a very good place to have a word with you alone."

The fellow stood like one thunderstruck.

"From the time I first saw you and talked with you, I took you for a man of intelligence and activity; and that is the sort of man I am now in need of."

He hesitated for a moment, and then said, wonderingly,—

"It seems, then, that——"

"You are right; I am not what I seem. I could deceive those imbeciles Tourlourou and Molichard, but not you."

"I suspected it," he said: "you are a spy."

"I am surprised that a man of your penetration should have made such a blunder. You know very well that spies are always rustics who

risk their lives for money. Have I, saying nothing of my clothes, the face and bearing of a peasant?"

"No, by my faith! You are a gentleman."

"I am. Have you ever heard of the Marquis of Rioponce?"

"No—that is—why, yes, it seems as if I had heard his name."

"Well, I am the marquis. Now, am I right in supposing that I have met a man shrewd enough to serve me, and whom I can reward in a way that he never dreamed of? You are poor, aren't you?"

"I am, indeed," he said, no longer trying to hide the avarice which was looking out of the open windows of his eyes.

"I have but little gold with me, but for the enterprise which I have in hand I have brought a goodly sum, which is concealed in the lining of my donkey's pack-saddle."

"Where did you leave the donkey?" He was devouring me with his eyes.

"That will come later."

"If you are a spy, Señor Marquis," he said, with a certain embarrassment, "you must not count upon me. I will not be a traitor to my flag."

"I have told you already I am no spy."

"*C'est drôle!* What in the fiend's name, then, brings you to Salamanca in that garb, selling vegetables?"

"What brings me? A love-affair."

I said this with such self-possession and positiveness that I saw conviction creep in alongside avarice in the eyes of the man who had meant to assassinate me.

"A love-affair!" Then a new doubt assailed him, and he added, "But why didn't you come without disguise? Why conceal yourself in this way?"

"What a question! I declare that sometimes you seem as silly as a child. If the love-affair were of the ordinary kind, you would be right; but the one I am engaged in is so difficult and dangerous that I am forced to keep myself entirely unknown."

"Has some Frenchman got your sweetheart away from you?" asked the dragoon, smiling for the first time since our conversation began.

"Well, something like that: you're not far out of the way. There is in Salamanca a person whom I love, and whom I will carry away with me, if I am able to; there is another person whom I hate, and whom I will kill if I can."

"This second person is perhaps one of our generals. No, Señor Marquis, you must not depend upon me to help you."

"No, the person is not a general; he is not even a Frenchman. He is a Spaniard."

"Well, if he is a Spaniard, *le diable m'emporte*—you can do what you want to with him."

"Ah, but he is a man of influence, although a Spaniard, and has served the French. The difficulty is tremendous."

He began to be impatient.

"In a word, señor, what is it you want me to do for you?"

"First, not to betray me, thick-head!" I exclaimed, speaking to him

haughtily, so as the better to convince him of my superior rank. "Then, to help me find out where my enemy lives."

"Don't you know?"

"No. I have never been in Salamanca before, and, as your stupid comrades were wanting to have me arrested, I have had no time to make inquiries."

"Now that you speak of my comrades," said Jean-Jean, suspiciously, "I remember something. You played the part of a peasant mighty well. If you are playing another part now——"

"Do you suspect me?" I shouted, furiously.

"None of your airs," he replied, insolently. "You know that I can have you arrested."

"If you do, I shall simply fail in my plan, but you will lose what I would give you."

"There is no occasion for quarrelling," he said, in a mollified tone. "Tell me about your love-affair."

"A wicked son of Salamanca, an irreclaimable wretch, has carried off a noble and beautiful damsel from her home."

"Carried her off! Is that the way they treat young women in this country?"

"He did it out of revenge. Vengeance is the single delight of his perverted soul. For a long time I have been diligently searching for him in vain, but at last I have learned to a certainty that they are both in Salamanca. He stays only in cities occupied by the French, since he dreads the wrath of his countrymen for his treason and wicked attempts to injure the country which gave him birth. He spends all his life going about founding Masonic lodges and sowing discord. Your people favor him, because they favor everything that divides and weakens the Spaniards. Lately he came from Plasencia, pretending to be an actor, and his companions played the part of a travelling company so perfectly that no one along the way suspected the deception."

"I know who he is," suddenly said Jean-Jean, with a smile: "it is Santorcaz."

"The very man,—Don Luis de Santorcaz."

"But do you disguise yourself after this fashion in order to approach that fellow? Who can have told you that Santorcaz is powerful among us? He may have been in Madrid, but not here. The authorities tolerate him, but do not protect him. He fell into disfavor some time ago."

"Do you know him?"

"To be sure; I was a friend of his in Madrid. Señor Marquis, or whatever you are, you can deal with him in any way you want to, including killing him, and the French government won't interfere with you in the least. How can it be that when your enemy is a man of so little influence, and you a marquis of such power, you must needs come here selling vegetables and deceiving everybody?"

Jean-Jean's reasoning was logical, and for a moment I did not know how to answer him.

"*Connu, connu!* enough of this farce! You are a spy!" he exclaimed, fiercely.

"Gently, gently, friend Jean-Jean," said I: "didn't I tell you that it was a love-affair? Haven't you noticed that Santorcaz has a young lady with him?"

"Yes; but what of that? They say she is his daughter."

"His daughter!" I exclaimed, pretending to be angry to the point of frenzy. "Does the wretch dare to say that she is his daughter? Impossible?"

"That's what people say; and it is certain that she looks like him."

"Oh, in heaven's name, my friend, in the name of all the saints and what you love most in this world, take me to that man's house, and if in my presence he dares to say that Ines is his daughter, I will tear out his tongue."

"All I know about it is that I have seen them walking about the city together. So, *mon pêtit,* you mean to say that she is your sweetheart? Very well, what then?"

"I have come to Salamanca to get possession of her and restore her to her family."

"Why didn't her family complain to King Joseph?"

"Because her family wanted nothing to do with King Joseph. You are more inquisitive than a tax-collector," I cried. "Will you help me or not?"

Jean-Jean hesitated a moment, and then said,—

"What am I to do? Am I to take you to Caliz Street, to Santorcaz's house, and go in and carry off this princess?"

"That would be very risky. I must first come to an understanding with her, in order to plan her flight prudently. Can you get in the house?"

"Not very easily. However, I know Ramoncilla, one of his servants, and could manage to get in if it were absolutely necessary."

"Very well, then. I will write a couple of words which you will see reach the hands of Ines. When once that is attended to——"

"Now I see your game, rascal," he said, suspiciously: "you want me to go away, so that you can escape."

"Do you still doubt me? Look here what I am going to write."

Resting a piece of paper against the wall, I wrote as follows, Jean-Jean reading it over my shoulder:

"Confide in the bearer of this, who is a friend of mine and of your mother, and tell him the place and hour for me to see you, for I have come to Salamanca to save you, and will not go away without you. GABRIEL."

"Is that all?" he said, taking the paper and examining it as closely as an antiquary scrutinizes an inscription.

"Let us make an end of this. You take this paper and contrive to have it delivered to Señorita Ines. If you bring it back to me with a single letter of hers added, even if it be merely scratched with a finger-nail, I will give you the six doubloons which I have here, and pay for your subsequent services with what I have at the inn."

"Yes, that would be a fine plan!" said the Frenchman, scornfully. "While I am going to Caliz Street, you, who are only plotting to get out of my sight, would run off, and——"

"We will go together, and I will wait for you at the door."

"That's the same thing. If I were to go in and leave you outside——"

"Do you doubt my word, scoundrel?" I exclaimed, with indignation and rage.

"Yes, I do. However, I have a plan to propose which will guarantee me against any of your tricks. While I am gone to Caliz Street I will leave you locked in a secure place. When I come back I will let you out and you shall give me the money."

I was choking with anger, but I saw that it would be impossible to escape from so hateful an enemy. Between arrest as a spy and a slight detention the choice was not difficult, and so I accepted his offer.

"Come on," I said, contemptuously; "take me where you please."

Without another word Jean-Jean turned, and again we picked our way through that labyrinth of ruins where the fortifications began. In silence we reached a vast door-way, like that of a convent or a college, and went towards a cloister where I saw as many as twoscore soldiers stretched out on the ground, playing games and laughing.

"This is the convent of Merced Calzada," said Jean-Jean. "They have not yet finished tearing it down, because there was so much to do on the other side. In what is left there are two hundred soldiers quartered. Good lodgings, thanks to the monks!—Charles!" he cried, addressing one of the soldiers.

"What is it?" said a flabby little soldier. "Whom have you there?"

"Where is my cousin?"

"He's somewhere about.—I say, Mutton-hoof!"

Thereupon appeared a sergeant who had considerable resemblance to my unpleasant companion. The latter said to him,—

"Mutton-hoof, give me the key to the tower."

XV.

A moment later Jean-Jean was leading me into a room which was neither dark nor damp, like the typical dungeon.

"Allow me, little Señor Marquis," he said, with mock courtesy, "to lock you in here while I am gone. If you will give me the doubloons now, I will let you go free."

"No," I replied, scornfully. "You shall not have your reward without earning it, unless you kill me, you villain. Try to do that, and I will defend myself as best I can."

"Stay here, then. I shall be back soon."

He made off, locking the heavy door on the other side. I examined the walls, and found them built solidly enough to withstand an earthquake. A delightful situation I was in! Here it was near midday, and I a prisoner without having been able to obtain any of the information which my general wanted. I had learned only a little, and had done absolutely nothing.

I sat down to rest, but mechanically looked to see what there was

above. I saw a stairway starting from the floor and going up in repeated angles and curves. A bright light, entering by the wide unglazed windows, illuminated the long tube at the bottom of which I stood. A powerful attraction summoned me upward, and I dashed up rapidly. In fact, my flight up those stairs was very much as if I were throwing myself into a well turned bottom upward.

Two steps at a time, I reached a landing. The wreck of apparatus showed that there had once been a clock in the tower. On the outer wall, a black hand which had been turning for three centuries now pointed to an hour with ironic motionlessness. Bell-ropes hung down on all sides, but there were no bells. It was but the corpse of a tower, dumb and inert like any other corpse. I went on mounting, and at the very summit two enormous eyes were looking out in amazement at the vast sky, at the city and the surrounding country. As I drew near those cavities, I gave a cry of delight. Under my eyes there was unrolled a map of the city and its environs, the river and the country round about.

I saw other towers, roofs, streets, the majestic mass of the two cathedrals, a multitude of churches which had been privileged to survive, numberless ruins where hundreds of men, like ants dragging grains of wheat, ran to and fro and commingled; I saw the Tormes, losing itself in broad curves towards the west, leaving the city on its right and skirting the green fields of Zurguen; I saw the platforms, the scarps and counterscarps, the ravelins, the curtains, the embrasures, the pierced walls, the parapets made out of columns taken from churches, the intrenchments made out of earth with which were mingled the bones of nuns and monks; I saw the cannon placed so as to enfilade the approaches, the mortars, the fosse, the ditches, the bags of earth, the heaps of balls, the parks of artillery.

"Blessed be the almighty and merciful God!" I exclaimed. "Now all I need is a pair of eyes, and luckily I have them."

The tower of the Merced convent was high enough to command a view in all directions. Almost at its foot was the College of the King. Then came San Cayetano, and farther to the west the Colegio Mayor de Cuenca, and, last of all, the Benitos. In front I saw a mass of ruined buildings. On the opposite side was what they call Teso de San Nicolas, the Mostenses, and Mount Olivet, and between these positions and the others a fosse and covered passage-ways.

From the San Vicente gate, where there was a ravelin with four revolving cannon, a fosse ran to connect with the Milagros. The entire building of San Vicente was filled with port-holes, so that fire could be directed upon both the city and the plain outside the walls. San Cayetano was formidable. Almost entirely pulled down, they had made of it a large rampart provided with batteries of all calibres, so that their fire would sweep the King's square, the bridge, and the Hospicio esplanade.

Although I was fearful that my jailer would return any minute, and therefore made my sketch with the greatest haste, it did not turn out badly. I managed to get into it, clearly though roughly, all that I saw. The geometric scale might have been faulty, but I did not

forget a single detail, and was especially careful to note the exact number of cannon. The instant my work was done, I carefully secreted the sketch on my person and hurried down to the tower entrance. Throwing myself down upon the bottom stair, I waited for Jean-Jean, intending to feign to be asleep when he arrived.

He was a long time in coming, his delay causing me no little anxiety and alarm; but finally he appeared, and I acted as if he had roused me from a long and agreeable nap. I thought I could read a good augury in his face.

"You may come with me," said Jean-Jean. "I have seen your adored one."

"And what happened?" I asked, eagerly.

"It seems to me that she loves you, Señor Marquis," he said, in a flattering tone, and smiling with the servility of one who expects money for all that he does. "When I gave her your note, she turned whiter than the paper on which it was written. You see, Santorcaz is sick and was asleep. I summoned Ramoncilla and promised her a doubloon if she would have the young lady come where I could give her the note; but that would be utterly impossible, she said. The young lady is kept under lock and key, and Santorcaz keeps the key under his pillow when he is asleep. I persisted, and offered her two doubloons. In went the girl and made signs, whereupon there appeared at a window a beautiful face, and a hand was stretched out. I climbed upon a barrel, but that was not enough, and so I put a chair on the barrel. Señor Marquis, as soon as she had read your note she said that you were to come at once, and when I told her that I should need two words of hers to make you believe me, she took a piece of charcoal and wrote what you see here. I will leave it to you to say if I have not well earned my six doubloons."

The rogue had completely changed in his bearing towards me, and addressed me with a truly French deference. I took the sheet of paper and read upon it the words "Come at once," in a handwriting which I immediately recognized. I paid Jean-Jean his money without compelling him to ask for it a second time.

We hurried away through streets and alleys, by the cathedral, and along some very narrow passage-ways, until at last Jean-Jean stopped and said,—

"This is the place. We must go in quietly, although there is no danger,—nothing to be afraid of. Ramoncilla will let us into the court-yard. After that we must trust to Providence."

We passed through the gloomy door-way, and, pushing on into a small damp court-yard, we found Ramoncilla. She solemnly motioned for us to be quiet, leaning her face upon her hand to show that her master was still sleeping. We proceeded cautiously, and Jean-Jean with a flattering smile pointed me to a narrow window opening on the court. I looked, but could see no one. Then I heard a curious noise, like the buzz of an insect near one's head, or the rustling of a thin piece of cloth. I lifted my eyes, and I saw—I saw Ines at the window, holding up the curtain with her left hand, while the forefinger of her right was pressed to her lips to command me to be silent. Her face

showed signs of great alarm, as of one impelled towards the edge of a deep precipice. She was pale as death, and her frightened eyes almost drove me crazy.

I saw a stairway on my right, and dashed towards it; but the servant and the Frenchman told me, more by signs than by words, that I could not get up that way. I held out my arms to Ines, begging her to come down, but she shook her head. I was distracted.

"How shall I get up?" I asked.

The poor girl put both hands to her face, wept, but shook her head again. Then she seemed to want to tell me that I must wait.

"I must go up," I said to the Frenchman, looking around for something to climb upon. But Jean-Jean, anxious and attentive, like a man who had received his six doubloons, had already brought out the barrel from a corner of the court-yard and placed it under the window. Yet it was still a long distance up to the window-ledge, and there was nothing to take hold of. I was straining my eyes at the wall, or, rather, the inaccessible mountain, that rose before me, when Jean-Jean, swift and smiling, climbed upon the barrel and pointed me to his broad shoulders. In an instant I was upon the staircase of flesh and blood, and grasped the window-casing with trembling hands. Then I drew myself up.

XVI.

I found myself face to face with Ines. Joy and terror were mingled in her eyes. She did not say a word. When I started to speak she put her hand hastily over my mouth. Then she wept burning tears on my breast, and finally said,—

"How is my mother?"

"She is well. Did I say well? she is half dead on account of your absence. Come to her at once. I have you at last."

I caught her in my arms in a burst of passion, and said again,—

"Come with me at once, poor little one. You are killing yourself here. How long I have been looking for you! Let us flee, my heart and life!"

If I had been told that I must die the next hour I should not have suffered so much as I did when Ines, trembling in my arms, said to me,—

"You must go away. I cannot."

I drew away from her and looked as one would at a startling mystery.

"What of my mother?" she repeated. Her sorrowful voice was scarcely audible.

"Your mother is waiting for you. Do you see this letter? It is hers."

She tore it from my hands, covered it with kisses and tears, and hid it in her bosom. Then, with the greatest rapidity, she withdrew from me, and waved me impatiently towards the court-yard. I was torn by contending emotions. First I felt a great joy, then anxiety, but finally everything else gave way to rage when I thought of that beloved being,

whom I had come to free, sending me away without any explanation whatever.

"This very minute you are going to go with me!" I said, in a loud voice, and seized her arm so roughly that she could not repress a slight cry. She flung herself at my feet, and three times—three times, I tell you—she said, in a tone that froze the blood in my veins,—

"I cannot."

"Didn't you tell me to come?" I demanded, remembering the words she had written with charcoal.

She took a large sheet of paper from the table, freshly written upon, and gave it to me, saying,—

"Take this letter, go away, and do what I tell you in it. I will see you some other day at this window."

"I will not!" I shouted, tearing the paper into fragments. "I will not go without you!"

I rushed to the window, and saw that Jean-Jean and Ramoncilla had disappeared. Ines fell on her knees again.

"The key!" I said, sharply, "bring the key to the door quickly. Get up off the floor, do you hear!"

"I cannot go," she murmured. "Go away at once."

Her large eyes were wide open with terror.

"You are crazy!" I exclaimed. "Tell me to go and kill myself, but do not tell me to go away. That man keeps you from going with me. He has made you forget your mother, and me, who am your brother, your husband, me who have traversed half of Spain to find you! Do you refuse to go with me? Tell me where that monster is, for I want to kill him: that's the very thing I have come for."

Her distress made the words stick in my throat. She pressed my hand lovingly, and said, in the faintest voice,—

"If you love me still, go away."

I burst out with fresh fury, but just at that moment a far-off voice was heard calling, "Ines! Ines!" At the same time a bell sounded.

She rose aghast, tried to smooth her hair and dry her eyes, and threw her whole soul into a look which told me to be quiet, to stay where I was, to obey her. Then she walked swiftly into a wide passage-way opening from the rear of the room.

Without an instant's hesitation I followed her. She passed into a large, well-lighted room. I was close behind her. It was her bedchamber. She did not pause, but went quickly into another room through a glass door over which white silk curtains were hung. There I stopped, and saw her go towards the rear of a great dark room, in which Santorcaz was calling. I could see the wretch, painfully lying back in a chair, with his legs stretched out on a footstool and surrounded with pillows and cushions. I could also see the white dress of Ines drawing near the arm-chair, and heard the kiss which he gave her.

"Do open the blinds," said Santorcaz. "The room is very dark: I can scarcely see you."

Ines did so, and a flood of light filled the room. My eyes took it all in, persons and surroundings, at a glance. Any one else would not

have known Santorcaz. His beard was long and almost white. His face was yellow, his burning eyes were sunken. His high forehead was seamed with wrinkles, his hands were bony, his breath came feebly. But I knew that face, for all its features were engraved upon my memory by hate.

The room contained sets of armor, some old and worn furniture, a great many books, several clothes-presses and chests, a bed whose canopy was supported by twisted columns, and a broad table covered with confused heaps of papers.

"Why were you so long in coming?" asked Santorcaz, in a gentle and affectionate voice which surprised me.

"I was reading—a book,—the one you know," said Ines, in much perturbation.

The old man took Ines's hand and pressed it to his lips affectionately. Then he said to his daughter,—

"Draw up to the table; I want to write."

I could contain myself no longer, and, throwing open the glass door, I walked into the room.

XVII.

"A man! a thief!" cried Santorcaz.

"You are the thief," I declared, advancing with determination.

"Oh, I know you, I know you!" exclaimed the old man, lifting himself up painfully and pushing aside his pillows and cushions.

Ines gave a shrill cry, and, embracing her father, said,—

"Don't harm him; he will go away."

"Fool!" he shouted, "what do you want here? How did you get in?"

"What do I want? Do you ask me that, scoundrel?" I exclaimed, putting hate into every word. "I have come to take from you what is not yours. Do not fear for your vile life, for I will not befoul myself by touching a body into which God has put a bit of merited hell before the time; but do not enrage me, or keep a moment longer what does not belong to you, reptile, or I will crush you with my heel."

Santorcaz's eyes blazed and looked poisonous.

"I was expecting you," he cried. "I am sick and feeble, but I fear you not. Insult me or kill me, but my beloved daughter, she who has in her veins the blood of a martyr to tyranny, will not leave this place with you."

"Come!" I shouted to Ines, imperiously, "come away!"

She did not move. She seemed like a statue of indecision. Santorcaz exclaimed, in triumph,—

"Footman! footman! go and tell your contemptible mistress that you couldn't do the errand."

When I heard this, a bloody mist swam before my eyes, and flames burned within my breast. I hurled myself upon that man. The thunder-bolt, when it strikes, must feel as I felt then. He threw out

his hand, caught up a pistol from the table, and pointed it at my heart; but Ines rushed between us so rapidly that if he had fired he would surely have killed her.

"Do not shoot him, father!" she screamed.

That cry of hers, and the sight of the sick old man, who now threw his weapon away and declined to defend himself, so overwhelmed me that I stood mute and motionless.

"Tell him to go away and leave us in peace," murmured the old man, embracing his daughter. "I know that you have been acquainted with this unfortunate young man for a long time."

The girl hid her face in her father's breast.

"Heartless youth," said Santorcaz, in a trembling voice, "go away. I care nothing for you, one way or the other. If my daughter wishes to forsake me and go with you, take her."

He fastened his burning eyes upon his daughter, and grasped her arm with his bony hand.

"Do you want to leave me and go away with this young man?" he asked her, loosing his grasp and pushing her gently from him.

I stepped forward to take Ines's hand.

"Come," I said. "Your mother is waiting for you. You are free, my beloved, and your interment in this house, which is the grave of a madman, is at an end."

"No, I cannot go," said Ines, running to the old man's side. He threw his arms about her neck and kissed her tenderly.

"Very well, señora," I said, angrily, feeling myself impelled to all sorts of violent deeds,—"very well; I will go. You will never see me again. You will never see your mother again."

"Well did I know that you were not capable of the infamy of forsaking me!" exclaimed the old man, weeping for joy.

Ines gave me a burning and fathomless look, in which, through her tears, she no doubt wished to tell me many things. But I understood nothing. I was choked with anger.

"Gabriel," said the old man, recovering his calmness, "you are not wanted here. You have heard already that you are to go. I suppose you must have brought a rope-ladder; but, in order to get out more easily, take the key from that table and open the door in the passage, and then go down-stairs to the court-yard. I beg you to leave the key in the door."

Seeing me hesitate, perplexed, he added, with biting and cruel irony,—

"If I can be of any help to you in Salamanca, tell me so frankly. Do you need anything? You appear to me as if you had not had anything to eat to-day, my poor fellow."

Ines looked at me with so much pity that I could not but have the same feeling for her, as it was evident that she was suffering terribly.

"Thanks!" I replied, dryly. "I need nothing. Good-by."

Snatching up the key, I hurried away from the room, the stairway, the court-yard, the horrible house; but father, daughter, room, court-yard, and house—I carried them all away within me.

XVIII.

Once in the street, I endeavored to reflect calmly upon the unexpected result I had encountered, but I found myself for a long time savage and insensate with rage. Sometimes I felt sorry that I had not throttled that man, old before his time, and at another I had for him a sort of inexplicable compassion. Ines's conduct, so little flattering to my self-love, now would fill me with sudden anger, as of an outraged lover, and now would awake in me an instinctive admiration. Finally, I began to get a clue to all my contradictory reasoning and feeling on the subject, and said to myself,—

"For a long time, and this very day when I was face to face with him, I have regarded that man as a rascal, pure and simple, and have not reflected that he is also a father."

With this thought getting the upper hand in my agitated brain, I wandered on through streets unknown to me, conscious only of my own existence and absolutely forgetful of what had brought me to Salamanca. Suddenly a face was thrust in my face. I looked at it with as much indifference as if it had been a painted head, and was a long time in arriving at the conviction that I knew those features. A pair of heavy hands fell upon my shoulders.

"Let me pass, drunkard!" I exclaimed, pushing away the intruder, who was none other than Tourlourou.

"*Satané farceur*," cried Molichard, who was, unluckily for me, in company with him, "come along to the barracks."

"*Drôle de pistolet*, come along," said Tourlourou, laughing like a fiend. "Monsieur Ciperez, Colonel Desmarets is waiting for you."

"*Ventre de biche!* running off like that when you were going to be locked up!"

"And drawing your knife to murder us!"

"Monseigneur Ciperez, you will be *coffré et niché*."

I tried to defend myself against those barbarians, but, drunk as they were, together they were more than a match for me. They led me, or, rather, dragged me, towards the barracks where in the morning I had had the honor of making Molichard's acquaintance. At the entrance Tourlourou paused and looked up the street.

"*Dame!*" he screamed, "there comes Colonel Desmarets now!"

At this announcement I gave myself up for lost, for I was certain that, after they had searched me and found the plan of the fortifications on me, a quarter of an hour would not pass before I should be dancing at the end of a rope, as the saying is. I looked around anxiously, and asked,—

"Isn't Jean-Jean here?"

The dragoon was no saint, but he was the only one upon whom I could call to save me. Colonel Desmarets was coming up behind me. I turned about, and, wonder of wonders, I saw upon his arm a lady,—a lady, I tell you, who was none other than Miss Fly, the very Athenais herself! I stared at her stupidly, but she promptly nodded to me with a vainglorious smile. Molichard and his companion in wickedness stepped up to the colonel, who was a sedate man of rather more

than middle age, and told him, with as much respect as they could muster in their intoxicated condition, that I was a spy in the employ of the English.

"You impudent liars!" exclaimed Miss Fly, in French, and with a great show of indignation, "do you dare to say that my servant is a spy? —Colonel, pay no attention to these wretches, who are so drunk that they can scarcely see. This is the very fellow who brought my baggage, and whom I have been looking for ever since I reached the city.— Tell me, you stupid, where did you leave my trunk?"

"In the Fabiana inn, señora," I replied, with great humility.

"The last place on earth! A fine walk I've led the colonel, helping me find you! Two hours tramping the streets!"

"It has really been no loss, señora," said Desmarets, gallantly: "in that way you have been able to see the most notable parts of this interesting city."

"True, but I needed things from my trunk, and this idiot, this idiot, colonel——"

"Señora," said I, pointing to my two cruel persecutors, "I was just going to look for your ladyship, when these drunken rogues took me off to a cabaret, drank at my expense, and then, when I hadn't a cent left, declared that I was a spy and wanted to hang me."

Miss Fly looked at the colonel with mingled anger and haughtiness, and Desmarets, who was evidently anxious to keep in the good graces of the beautiful Amazon, gathered up all that feminine rage to hurl it at the luckless Frenchmen.

"Into the barracks, *canaille!*" he shouted, furiously. "I will attend to you later."

Molichard and Tourlourou, in a pitiful state of agitation, mental and physical, locked arms and staggered into the building, cursing each other bitterly.

"I promise you I'll make those scoundrels smart for this," said the officer. "But, now that you have found your trunk, let me conduct you to your lodgings."

"I will thank you to do so," said Miss Fly, ordering me to follow her.

"And then," added Desmarets, "I will get an order allowing you to visit the hospital. But I do not think that a single English officer is left in it. All who were there recovered and were exchanged, not long ago, for the French who were in Fuente Guinaldo."

"Oh, merciful Heaven! then he must be dead!" exclaimed Miss Fly, with an appearance of great distress. "Unfortunate young man! He was a relative of my uncle, Viscount Marley. But will you not go with me to the hospital?"

"Señora, I regret to say that it is impossible. Marmont has ordered us to leave Salamanca this very day."

"Are you to evacuate the city?"

"So the general has ordered. We are threatened with a close investment, and, as we are short of provisions and the fortifications are in excellent condition, we are leaving here eight hundred picked men.

They will be sufficient for the defence. We are going towards Toro to await reinforcements from the north or from Madrid."

"Do you march soon?"

"Within an hour. I have no more than that amount of time to place at your service."

"Thanks. I am sorry that you cannot aid me in searching for my brave young countryman. He was wounded and taken prisoner at Arroyo Molinos. Since then we have had no news of him. It was thought that he might be in one of the hospitals of the French in this city."

"I will secure for you a safe-conduct, so that you can visit the hospital, and you will not really need my company."

"A thousand thanks. I think this is my lodgings that we are coming to."

"So it is."

We were at the entrance to the Lechuga inn, not more than twenty steps from the one where I had left my donkey. Desmarets took leave of Miss Fly, renewing his polite offers of service.

"You must see now," said Athenais, when we were starting for her room, "that you made a great mistake in not letting me come with you. I am sure you must have had no end of trouble and struggles. I could have saved you all of that, knowing the brave Desmarets as I did."

"Señora Fly, I have not yet recovered from my amazement. How did you get to Salamanca? How did you manage to get into the city? How did you contrive that that old flame of yours, that Desmarets——"

"The easiest thing in the world! Get to Salamanca? What is there surprising in that, as long as there is a road here? When you so rudely abandoned me, I determined to come alone. I wanted to see how you would execute your difficult commission, and I hoped to be able to render you some service, though you do not deserve, after your treatment of me, that I should concern myself about you."

"Oh, a thousand thanks, señora! I left you only to spare you the dangers of this expedition."

"Very well, then, Señor Peasant. When I reached the gates of the city I called to mind Colonel Desmarets, whose life I had saved at Albuera, and asked for him. He came out to meet me, and after that I had no difficulty whatever either in getting in or in finding lodgings. I told him that I was trying to find the whereabouts of an English officer, a relative of mine, and, as what I really wanted was to encounter you, I pretended that a servant of mine in charge of my trunk had disappeared at the city gate. Two hours we spent looking for him! I was in despair. I looked everywhere, and kept saying, 'Where can that creature be?'"

"How about the boy who was with you?"

"He came in when I did. You laughed at Mrs. Mitchell's carriage, but it is a splendid vehicle, and when drawn by the horse which Simpson got for me it seemed like the chariot of Apollo. Now, Señor Officer, let us hear how you have employed your time, and if you have done anything to justify the confidence of the duke."

"Señora, I have a plan of the fortifications carefully hidden on my person. I have, besides, a great mass of information which will be very useful to the general-in-chief. I have met endless perplexities and been thwarted in a thousand ways, but in the end, as far as my military commission is concerned, I have succeeded very well."

"And you have done it without me!" said she, ruefully.

"If I had time to tell you of all the tragedies and comedies in which I have been an actor for the past few hours—but I am so tired that I can scarcely speak. You must remember that I have eaten nothing for sixteen hours."

"You do indeed look half dead," she said, starting up. "I will get you something to eat."

"It is a most excellent idea," I replied; "and, since we have so miraculously come together, it is best that we establish ourselves at the same place. I will go for my donkey. I left something in the pack-saddle worth eating. I shall be gone but a minute. Ask the innkeeper for what he has on hand; only do it quickly,—as quickly as possible."

I went to the inn where I had left my donkey, and the first thing I heard was the innkeeper disputing with somebody, who, by his voice, I recognized to be the worthy Señor Jean-Jean.

"Well, young man," said the innkeeper to me as I appeared, "this French gentleman wants to take away your donkey."

"Your Excellency," broke in Jean-Jean, with much deference, although with evident embarrassment, "it is not true that I wanted to carry off your animal. I was simply inquiring after you."

I remembered the promise I had made the dragoon, and my little fiction about what I had in the pack-saddle.

"Jean-Jean," I said, "I need your help still further. The French are leaving to-day, are they not?"

"Yes, señor, but I am to stay. Twenty dragoons of us remain as an escort to the governor."

"I am glad to hear it," I said, preparing to lead the donkey away. "Now, friend Jean-Jean, I want to find out if Santorcaz is preparing to leave Salamanca to-day also. It is probable that he is."

"I will find out for you, señor."

"I am in the inn farther on: do you know it?"

"Yes, the Lechuga."

"I will look for you there. We have a great deal to do to-day, friend Jean-Jean."

"My only wish is to serve your Excellency."

"Well, you know that those who serve me get good pay."

XIX.

Miss Fly protested that the inn servant ought not to hear what we should be talking about, and so she herself served me the frugal meal. I do not know whether this was in accord with English etiquette, but it certainly was the best thing under the circumstances.

"I see from your downcast air," said she, "that, though you have succeeded in your military commission, in other matters you have not fared so well."

"That is the fact, señora," I replied, "and I admit that I am downcast and discouraged."

"Is not your princess in Salamanca?"

"She is, señora, but under such circumstances that it would be better if she were not within a hundred leagues of here. For what is the use of finding her, if it turns out that she is——"

"Enchanted," interrupted the roguish Englishwoman, "and transformed, like Dulcinea, into a coarse and ugly peasant woman,—she who was so fine a lady."

"There you're wrong again," I replied, "for my princess has lost nothing of her peerless beauty. It is her mind that has undergone a great transformation, so that she refused to accept the liberty I offered her, and preferred the company of her barbarous jailer. In short, she politely showed me the door."

"The explanation for that is very simple," said she, laughing heartily. "Your imprisoned archduchess does not love you any more. Didn't you reflect how careless it was for you to present yourself to her in those clothes? She has been so long with her captor that she has fallen in love with him. Do not laugh, sir. There are many cases on record of ladies being carried away by bandits in Italy and Bohemia and finally falling in love with them. I myself knew an English lady who was kidnapped near Rome, and who in a little while was the wife of the chief of the brigands. In Spain, where there are such poetic robbers, kidnappers so gentlemanly that they are almost the first gentlemen of the land, such things must happen often."

"Your lively imagination," I said, "perhaps deceives you in regard to certain things not in your books. But, however that may be, señora, it is a very sad business for me, because——"

"Because you love her, while she loves that Turk, that Fra Diavolo. I picture him to myself, a ferocious bandit to be sure, but beautiful as the finest types of Calabria or Andalusia, braver than the Cid, a splendid horseman, a magnificent swordsman, generous to the poor, stern with the rich and the wicked, himself wealthy as the Sultan, with unnumbered diamonds which he thinks all too few for his beloved."

"Oh, Miss Fly, I see that your head is full of your reading! My enemy is not such a person as you describe, but a sick old man."

"Well, then, Señor Araceli," said Athenais, in disgust, "do not try to deceive me by telling me that your young woman is of good family. If she has taken up with a sick old man, it must have been out of avarice, like a very sewing-woman or an actress, to which respectable classes I shall hereafter believe that your wonderful princess belongs."

"I have not deceived you in respect to her rank. As for the affection which she has for her kidnapper, there is nothing blameworthy in that, since he is her father."

"Her father!" she exclaimed, in astonishment. "Well, that is

truly something I have never met in any of my books. And you call a father a thief for simply keeping his own daughter? That is a curious thing; but Spain is unrivalled for strange occurrences. Explain all this to me."

Without feeling that I was violating a confidence, I told her, point by point, the history of the infatuation of the countess for Santorcaz, then of her breaking with him and of his carrying off Ines to revenge himself upon her. My falling in love with Ines was not omitted, nor the details of my service of the countess and my long search after Santorcaz. When I finally came to the end of my story, Miss Fly rose with a resolute air, and said to me, in a most spirited tone,—

"And can you be calm as that, sir, and relate these tragedies out of your own life as if they were only something you had read in a book last night? You are no true Spaniard, and have not in your veins that sublime fire which drives a man to struggle with impossibilities. Here you are with folded arms, and no plan of action presents itself to you; it never occurs to you to enter into that house, to snatch that unhappy woman from her prison, to put a rope about the neck of that man and drag him off to a mad-house; it never occurs to you to buy a sword and fight with half the world, if half the world opposes your purpose; to smash in the doors of the house, and set fire to it, if necessary; to take that girl and carry her off wherever you want to, without stopping to persuade her to go with you; to kill all the policemen that get in your way, and to force a passage through the whole French army, if it tries to prevent you from leaving Salamanca. I confess that I thought you capable of that."

"Señora," I cried, enthusiastically, "tell me in what book you have read such fine things. I want to read it too, and afterwards prove whether such deeds are possible or not."

"In what book, pusillanimous man?" she rejoined, with noble pride; "in the book of my heart. Do you want me to teach you more out of it?"

"Señora," I said, in confusion, "your spirit is loftier than mine."

"Let us start this instant for that house," she said, catching up a riding-whip and making as if to go out.

"Where, señora, where do you mean to go?"

"You can ask that!" exclaimed Athenais. "Sir, if I had thought you capable of asking me that question, revealing as it does a hesitating soul, I would never have come to Salamanca."

Her glowing face, her brilliant eyes, her sympathetic voice, exerted a strange power over me and awoke strange sensations within me. Scarcely knowing what I did, I leaped from my chair and shouted,—

"Let us go, let us go there!"

"Are you ready?"

At that moment we heard a noise without. It was the French army on the march. The drums were echoing through the streets. Presently their clamor was drowned by the tread of the squadrons of cavalry, and finally the rumble of the gun-carriages shook the walls as if by an earthquake.

"I hope I may be the first one to inform Lord Wellington that

the French have left Salamanca," I said to Miss Fly, in a low voice, as we watched the marching troops from our window.

Shortly after there came a light knocking at our door, and on opening it I found Jean-Jean. Hat in hand, he made various elaborate bows.

"Your Excellency, the innkeeper told me you were here, and I have come to tell you that——"

"What?"

Jean-Jean looked suspiciously at Miss Fly, but I reassured him by saying,—

"Speak freely, friend Jean-Jean."

"Well, I came to tell you," resumed the soldier, "that Señor Santorcaz is going to leave the city, so Ramoncilla tells me."

"Then he will escape us!" said Miss Fly, eagerly.

"They will not go," he rejoined, "until after midnight."

"Friend Jean-Jean, I wish you would get me a sword and a pair of pistols."

"Nothing easier, your Excellency," he answered, servilely.

"Also a cloak. Then, as soon as it is night, get ready a carriage."

"There isn't one to be found in the city."

"We have one below ourselves. Bring it, with the horse which is also below, to the gate nearest to Caliz Street."

"That is the Sancti-Spiritus gate. I must tell you that Santorcaz has with him five friends, five big fellows ready for anything."

"Five men!"

"They will not permit any trifling with them. They meet there every night, and are well armed."

"Have you a friend who would like to earn some doubloons, and who is, besides, brave and calm and discreet?"

"My cousin Mutton-hoof might do, but he is not very well. I do not know whether Charles le Téméraire would like to take a hand in such a business: I will ask him."

"We do not need your friends," said Miss Fly. "We do not want low fellows with us. We shall go entirely alone."

"You shall have your arms in a minute," declared Jean-Jean. "But have you no orders to give me about your donkey?"

"I will give him to you, pack-saddle and all, when we are once safely outside the city gates. You shall have what you deserve."

Jean-Jean looked at me with suspicion, but went away without a word. At twilight he brought me my arms, and I ordered him to wait for me in Caliz Street. That completed our preparations.

XX.

When night had wrapped the city in its shadows, Miss Fly and I set out, and through the winding streets pushed on to the scene of our adventure. But we very soon lost our way, and wandered about, trying in vain to orient ourselves by some of the larger buildings we had seen during the day.

"This is a labyrinth, Miss Fly," I said, in a bad humor. "If this keeps on, we shall spend the whole night walking up and down."

"Does that trouble you? The later the better, I say."

"Señora, Lord Wellington expects me to-morrow at twelve in Bernuy. I need say no more. Let us see if some passer-by cannot tell us our road."

It was not long before we saw an old woman slipping along by the wall, and I said to her,—

"Señora, can you tell me how to find Caliz Street?"

"Do you ask for Caliz Street, when you are already in it?" replied she, rudely. "Are you going to the Masons' house? If you are, keep right on, and don't trouble a poor old woman who wants nothing to do with the devil."

"But which is the Masons' house, señora?"

"Ask for it when you have it in your hand!" rejoined the old woman. "That big gateway right behind you there is the entrance to the dwelling of those rascals. There is where they utter their heresies; there is where they wag their wicked tongues against our beloved kings. The wretches! How I should enjoy seeing them burned in the Plaza Mayor! May Heaven soon take away from us the French who allow such filthy doings! Masons and Frenchmen, they are all alike; one is the right and the other the left claw of Satan."

She passed on, muttering to herself, and, turning to the gateway, I saw that it was indeed the entrance to Santorcaz's house.

"We must have passed it a great many times," said Miss Fly. "If I had seen it a single time I should have known it at once. You are thick-witted to-night, Araceli."

She was reaching out her hand towards the knocker.

"So soon, señora?" I said, detaining her.

"Why, what are you waiting for?"

"It is best to reconnoitre the enemy first. The house is very solidly built. Jean-Jean said there were—how many men inside?"

"Fifty, if I remember right. But even if there were a thousand——"

"You are right; even if there were a million."

We perceived a man coming towards us. It was Jean-Jean.

"Reinforcements are coming, señora," I said. "You will see how quickly I will act."

She grasped the knocker and struck it vigorously. I loosened my pistols, and then, seeing that there was no reply from within, I seized the knocker and rapped several times. Nothing was heard inside the house, though I knocked repeatedly and violently. Everything was as dark and silent as the tomb. The lizard or snake which was figured on the handle of the knocker seemed to lift its head and fasten its little green eyes on me, opening its horrible mouth to laugh.

"They won't open the door," said Jean-Jean. "But they are in there, though: I saw them go in. They are the leading French sympathizers of the city, more thorough Masons than the Grand Copt, and worse atheists than Judas. In my opinion, Señor Marquis, you

had better go away. The carriage is waiting for you at the Sancti-Spiritus gate."

"Are you afraid, Jean-Jean?"

"Besides, Señor Marquis," continued he, "I must inform you that the patrol will soon pass this way. They would be apt to take you and the señora for suspicious people. There are still those who believe that you are a spy, and the señora too."

"I a spy?" said Miss Fly, scornfully. "I am an English lady."

"You may go away, Jean-Jean, if you are afraid."

"You are acting like a madman," answered the dragoon. "These men will fly out upon us and give us an awful beating."

I thought I heard the opening of a window-shutter somewhere overhead, and I shouted,—

"In the house, there! Open the door quickly."

At that point I noticed a change coming over Jean-Jean's sallow face, and it was certainly not a change caused by fear.

"I tell you I am going to leave you, Señor Marquis. The patrol is coming. Come along to the Sancti-Spiritus gate, or I will not be responsible for the consequences."

His insistence, and his anxiety to get us outside the city, aroused a horrible suspicion in my mind. However, Miss Fly redoubled her knocking, saying,—

"We must break the door down if they won't open it."

I began to lose my patience and my calmness at the same time. I was anxious about Jean-Jean, and feared some perfidy on his part. Besides, the adventure was becoming grotesque, as no one responded to our knocking. "It must be," I said to myself, "that there isn't a soul in the house. The Masons have gone away, and this villain has brought us here only to rob us at his ease." Just then I saw some one in the corner of the street. Two figures were standing there, as if lying in wait for us. I started to speak to the dragoon, but he suddenly rushed off and joined the others.

"That wretch has betrayed us!" roared I, in anger. "Señora, we are lost! We did not count upon such treachery."

"Treachery!" exclaimed Miss Fly, in confusion. "It cannot be."

We had no time for discussion, as the three at once came towards us.

"What are you doing here?" said one of them to me. He was an artilleryman.

"I am not obliged to give an account of myself to you," I replied. "Let me pass."

"Is this the English camp-follower?" said the other, looking at Miss Fly insolently.

"Scoundrel," cried I, drawing my sword, "I will teach you how to address a lady."

"The little marquis has got out his toaster," said the first speaker. "Young people, come with us to the guard-house. You, my lady *sauterelle*, take the arm of Charles le Téméraire, that he may escort you to the public stocks."

"Araceli," said Miss Fly, "take my whip and drive them away."

"Mutton-hoof, run him through," shouted the artilleryman.

Mutton-hoof, as a sergeant of dragoons, was armed with a sabre, while the artilleryman carried only a short knife. In a flash, while Jean-Jean was hesitating whether to attack me or my companion, I thrust at Mutton-hoof with such vigor and good fortune that I stretched him on the ground. He uttered a hoarse cry as he fell. Then I set my back to the wall and waited for Jean-Jean to come on, for he had left Miss Fly as soon as he saw his companion fall. Meanwhile the artilleryman was leaning over to help the wounded man. Swift as thought, Athenais stooped and picked up Mutton-hoof's sabre. Without waiting for Jean-Jean to attack me, I threw myself upon him, but he fell back, bellowing out,—

"*Corne du diable!* Do you think I am afraid of you?"

Even as he spoke, he broke into a run down the street, and the artilleryman followed him like the wind. Both were shouting,—

"Police! police!"

"There is a police station near here, señora. We must be off. Our little romance is over."

We ran in the opposite direction, but had not gone ten steps when we heard some distance ahead the tread of many feet, and saw a file of soldiers hastening towards us.

"Our retreat is cut off, señora. We must go the other way."

We searched for a cross-street, but could find none. The patrol was approaching. We hurried back in the other direction, but there were our assailants still calling for the police.

"They will catch us," said Miss Fly, with incomparable coolness. "Never mind. Let us surrender."

At that moment, as we were passing the door-way where we had knocked so uselessly, I saw that the door was ajar and a face peeping curiously out. It was like heaven opening before us. The patrol was near, but, as the street turned at an angle there, the soldiers could not see us. I flung myself against the door, and, though the man behind it did his best to keep us out, I exerted myself so fiercely that Miss Fly and I were quickly inside. Then I shot the heavy bolts with the rapidity of lightning.

XXI.

"What are you doing?" asked a man whom I saw before me, lighting up the narrow entrance with a lantern.

"Saving myself and this lady," I replied, listening to the footsteps in the street outside the door. The patrol stopped. The soldiers must have been examining the body. They could not have seen us come in.

"Why," said the man, who was none other than Santorcaz, "either I have lost my wits or you are Araceli."

"Precisely so, Don Luis. If you mean to expose me, you can surrender me to the patrol; but conceal this lady in some safe place until she is able to leave Salamanca. They are still there," I added, "and how they do growl! They must be taking up the body. Can he be dead, or only wounded?"

"They are going away," said Athenais. "They did not see us enter. They will think it was only a quarrel between soldiers."

"Pass in, sir and madam," said Santorcaz, petulantly. "Hospitality is the first duty of the son of the people, and his home must receive all who need his protection. Señora, have no fear."

"How did you learn that I ever have any fear?" asked Miss Fly, arrogantly.

"Araceli, was it you who battered my door a moment ago?"

I hesitated an instant in answering, and Miss Fly took the word out of my mouth, saying,—

"It was I."

Santorcaz bowed to the English lady, and then stood silently waiting to hear her reasons for knocking so loudly.

"Why do you stand looking at me with your mouth open?" said Miss Fly, rudely. "Go on and light us in."

Santorcaz looked at me in amazement. Which one of us would cause him the greatest surprise, I or she? For my part, I was surprised also, and not a little, that the Mason received us so kindly. We slowly ascended the staircase. Loud voices could be heard in the interior. When we had entered a dark, bare room, Santorcaz said to us,—

"Now may I know what you want in my house?"

"We came in to escape from some wretches who wanted to assassinate us. I hope you will conceal this lady if by any chance they should pursue us into the house."

"What about yourself?" he asked, scornfully.

"I value my life," I replied, "and do not wish to fall into the hands of Jean-Jean; but I ask no favors of you, and this moment I will go out into the street if you will promise me to secure the safety of this lady."

"I am not in the habit of betraying my friends," said Santorcaz, with an air of mixed politeness and cunning. "The lady and her gallant may breathe easy. Nobody shall harm them."

Miss Fly had sunk into a leathern chair, the only article of furniture in the room, and was looking at the two or three dilapidated pictures on the walls, without paying any attention to what we were saying. A servant came in with a light.

"Is that your daughter?" asked the Englishwoman, eagerly, fixing her eyes upon the girl.

"That is Ramoncilla, my servant," replied Santorcaz.

"I am very anxious to see your daughter, sir," said Miss Fly. "She has the reputation of being very beautiful."

"Present company excepted," said Santorcaz, gallantly, "I do not think any one is more beautiful. However, returning to our subject, señora, if you and your husband desire——"

"This gentleman is not my husband," said Miss Fly, without looking at Santorcaz.

"To be sure: I meant to say your friend."

"He is not my friend, either; he is my servant," said the lady, angrily. "You are truly impertinent."

"Very well. Do you and your servant think of staying at Salamanca?"

"No; what we want to do is to leave the city without being molested. I find I cannot accomplish the object for which I came to Salamanca, and I want to go away."

"Then I will get you both out of the city before morning," said Santorcaz, "for I am making all preparations to leave at daybreak."

"Shall you take your daughter with you?" asked Miss Fly, with great interest.

"My daughter," said the Mason, proudly, "is never away from me."

"And where do you mean to go?"

"To France. I expect never to set my feet in Spain again."

"You are not very patriotic."

"No matter for that. But, señora, as you have expressed a desire to see my daughter, I will show her to you. Be kind enough to follow me."

He led us to a better furnished and better lighted room. Offering the Englishwoman a chair, he stepped out for a moment and came back leading his daughter by the hand. When the poor girl saw me, she turned pale as death, and I could scarcely repress a cry.

"My daughter, this is the lady who has just come into the house begging our hospitality for herself and for the young man who is with her."

Ines looked like one who sees ghosts. She turned first to Miss Fly and then to me, as if to convince herself that we were real persons. I smiled, and endeavored to reassure her by the language of the eyes.

"It is true, she is beautiful," said Miss Fly, gravely. "But do not take your eyes off this young man who is with me. Doubtless you will find that he resembles another whom you know. My child, he is the very one you think,—the very one."

"The truth is that the sly fellow," said Santorcaz, taking me by the arm with impertinent familiarity, "has changed a good deal. When he was an officer he was decent enough to look at, but since he has been expelled from the army for bad behavior and cowardice, and taken to following after——"

"Sir," said Miss Fly, turning angrily to Santorcaz, "if I had known that you thought of insulting the person accompanying me, I would have preferred to remain in the street. I said that he was my servant, but that is not true. This gentleman is my friend."

"Your friend," said he; "precisely; that is what I said."

"A faithful friend and a spotless gentleman, to whom I shall be grateful all my life for what he has done for me this night, risking his life in my service."

This was the signal for fresh bewilderment on the part of Ines. Her color came and went, and she devoured us with her gaze.

"Señor Santorcaz," said Miss Fly, after a pause, "do you not think of marrying your daughter?"

"Señora, up to the present my daughter has appeared to be satisfied with the company of her father. Nevertheless, in time—however,

she will never marry one of the nobility or a soldier, as she and I both hate those enemies of the people."

"We might take offence at what you say," replied Miss Fly, good-naturedly, "as I am of noble family and the gentleman here is a soldier. So then——"

"I was speaking only in general terms, señora. Anyhow, my daughter has no desire to marry."

"It is impossible, lovely as she is, that she has not had suitors by the thousand," said Miss Fly, looking at Ines. "Can it be that this beautiful girl does not know what love is?"

Ines could not conceal her anger.

"She is not in love with anybody, and never has been," said her father, positively.

"That is not so, Señor Santorcaz," said the Englishwoman. "Do not try to deceive me, for I know the entire history of your beloved daughter."

Ines grew as red as a cherry, and looked at me with scorn or terror, I could not tell which. I was silent, and judged of her feelings by my own.

"Nothing but a bit of childish silliness," said Santorcaz, manifestly displeased with what he had just heard.

"That may be," continued Miss Fly, "but now both have reached the age of discretion, and their ideas and feelings have become more settled. I do not know the character of your fascinating daughter, but I do know the generous spirit and lofty mind of the young man who is listening to us, and I assure you that I can read his heart like a book."

Ines could scarcely contain herself. Her eyes gleamed with passions which I had never seen in them before.

"For some time," went on Miss Fly, "we have been joined in a noble, frank, and pure friendship. This gentleman has indeed an elevated soul. His nature is superior to the meanness of ordinary life, and burns with desire for a grand career,—for struggle and peril. He longs to fling himself into the tumults of war, and of society, where he may hope to find a mate worthy of his great soul."

I smiled feebly, in spite of myself, but, luckily, no one saw me, unless it were Ines.

"What do you say to this?" asked Athenais of my sweetheart.

"It all seems to me very fine," answered she, "only I should think that when one has a soul so very great, he would face the perils of the patrol instead of rushing through the first door he found."

"You see, señora," said Don Luis, "that my daughter is no fool."

"Yes, but you are," answered Miss Fly, rudely.

Before she could say more, the house resounded with knocking as furious as ours had been a little while before.

"The patrol!" I exclaimed.

"No doubt," said Santorcaz; "but there is no occasion for alarm. I promised to conceal you. If Cerizy is in command of the patrol, he is a friend of mine, and all will be well.—Ines, do you take the lady to the library, and I will stow this citizen away somewhere else."

Ines and Miss Fly disappeared by an inner door, and I was led off to the room in which I had seen Santorcaz that morning. There I found five men seated about the broad table. Books were upon it, and bottles and papers, and they were reading, writing, and drinking, in the midst of much talk and laughter. I noticed also that there were all kinds of arms in the room. As we entered, the youngest of those present, a sprightly young fellow, called out,—

"They are thundering away at the door again, papa Santorcaz."

"It is the patrol," responded the Mason. "Where shall we hide this young man? Monsalud, do you know who commands the patrol to-night?"

"Cerizy," replied a tall and extraordinarily thin and brown man, with no slight resemblance to a spider.

"Then we've no occasion to trouble ourselves," said Santorcaz to me. "You may go into that room yonder and conceal yourself there, if by chance he should come up to take a glass."

I stayed some time in the room pointed out to me, while Santorcaz went down to the street door and talked with the patrol until the officer in command came up to sample the bottles.

"Good-evening, gentlemen," exclaimed the French officer as he came in with Santorcaz. "What! working? A fine life, this of yours."

"Cerizy," said Monsalud, filling a glass, "here's to France and Spain united!"

"Here's to the great Franco-Spanish empire!" said Cerizy, lifting his glass. "Here's to all good Spaniards!"

"What's the news, friend Cerizy?" asked one of the others, a grim and ugly old man.

"Oh, the duke's near by, but we shall defend ourselves well enough. Have you seen the fortifications? They have no siege-guns. In fact, the allied army is an army *pour rire*."

"Poor wretches!" cried the old man, whose name was Bartolomé Canencia. "To think of so many men about to be killed, so much blood going to be shed!"

"Señor Philosopher," said the Frenchman, "it is because they would have it so. The Spaniards ought to submit. But I cannot stay. There's a wounded sergeant of dragoons down in the street."

"Some quarrel?"

"I don't know. The assailants have made off. It is said they are spies."

"It is a fact that Salamanca is full of spies."

"I heard that it was a Spaniard and an Englishwoman, or else an Englishman and a Spanish woman, I don't know which. But I must not stay. I came in because my orders were to search the houses. Tell me, is there to be a lodge-meeting to-night?"

"A meeting! Why, we are going to leave."

"Leaving the city!" said the French officer. "And here I was hurrying as fast as I could to finish my 'Memoir on the Several Kinds of Tyranny'!"

"Read it to yourself," said Canencia. "The same luck befalls

me with my 'Treatise on Individual Liberty' and my translation of Diderot."

"But why are you off?"

"Because the English are coming into Salamanca," said Santorcaz, "and we don't want them to catch us here."

"I wouldn't give two centimes for what would be left of my neck after the allies got in," said the youngest and liveliest of them all.

"The English are not going to get into Salamanca," said the officer, testily.

Santorcaz shook his head doubtfully.

"Well, you ought to be told," said Cerizy, with increasing testiness, "since you have made up your minds to run away the moment we find ourselves in a tight place, that Masons will not be so safe at Marmont's head-quarters as they are here."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; the general-in-chief doesn't like them or secret societies of any kind. He has tolerated them because it was necessary in order to keep the Spaniards from joining the insurgents; but Marmont, you know, is something of a bigot."

"Yes, we knew that."

"But what you did not know is that urgent orders have come from Madrid to cut the French cause loose from everything that looks like Masonry or irreligion."

"I was expecting that, for Joseph is also something of a——"

"A bigot. Well, good luck to you, and don't trust too much in the general-in-chief."

"As I do not think of stopping short of France, my dear Señor Cerizy," said Santorcaz, "I am quite easy about that."

"Good-evening, Señor Santorcaz. Good-evening, gentlemen."

"Good-evening, Señor Cerizy, and good luck against the duke!"

"We shall meet again in France," said the Frenchman, as he went out. "It's a pity about the lodge, though. I was getting on so well with my paper. Señor Canencia, you lose a great deal by not hearing my 'Memoir on Tyranny.'"

While the officer was still on the stairway, Santorcaz brought me from my hiding-place and presented me to his friends, saying, in a drawling voice,—

"Gentlemen, I present to you an English spy."

I said not a word.

"You are well known, little friend," said the Mason, offering me a chair, "but we shall not quarrel. Take something to drink."

"I do not care for anything."

"Friend Ciruelo," said Santorcaz, addressing the youngest of the five, "you are to stay in Salamanca till to-morrow, for this young man is going in your place to-night."

"Yes, that's it," said Ciruelo, looking at me angrily, "and the allies will come and hang me! I am no English spy."

"Englishmen! Frenchmen!" exclaimed the philosopher Canencia, in a prophetic tone. "Oh, these men who dispute about territory, not about ideas! What do I care about exchanging tyrants? For those

who, like me, contend for philosophical principles, it's all one whether Spain is governed by red coats or blue cloaks."

"But what do you think about it?" Monsalud asked me, eying me curiously. "Will the allies take Salamanca?"

"Yes, señor, we will," I answered, coolly.

"You say *we*. Then you belong to the allied army?"

"I do."

"Then why are you here?" fiercely demanded of me another of those present, a man as big and strong as a bull.

"I am here because I came."

"This young man is trifling with us," said Ciruelo.

"Well, I maintain that the allies will not take Salamanca," said Monsalud. "They have no siege-guns."

"They will bring some."

"They do not know the kind of fortifications they will have to attack."

"The Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo knows all about them."

"I say it is an outrage that we should be showing favor to Lord Wellington's spies," said Monsalud, in a rage, rising from his seat.

"Sit down and be quiet, Monsalud," said Santorcaz. "It makes little difference to me whether Nosey gets into Salamanca or not. Let me once set my foot in my beloved France! Life is intolerable here."

"If the French would take my advice," interposed Ciruelo, with the air of one bringing forward a great idea, "before surrendering this city to the allies they would blow it up. All they would have to do would be to put six hundred pounds of powder in the cathedral, as much more in the University, a similar dose in the Estudios Minores, in San Estebán, in Santo Tomás, and in all the big buildings. Let the allies come in, and then, Fire! What a magnificent heap of ruins! In that way one would accomplish two objects,—make an end of them, and at the same time destroy one of the most awful monuments of tyranny, barbarity, and fanaticism, gentlemen——"

"Orator Ciruelo, you are a great one for revolutions," said Canencia, petulantly.

"All I say is," growled Monsalud, "that, whether the allies conquer or not, I shall not leave Spain."

"Nor I either," bellowed the bull.

"But I am going to leave Spain forever," declared Santorcaz. "The French cause is in a bad way. Within two years Ferdinand VII. will be back at Madrid."

"What nonsense!"

"If this campaign turns out badly for the French, as I believe it will——"

"Badly? Why so?"

"Marmont has not men enough."

"They will be sent to him. King Joseph is on the way with troops from New Castile."

"Then there is Esteve's division, in Segovia."

"Yes, and Bonnet's army is already near at hand."

"And Caffarelli can also be counted upon with the Army of the North."

"But they are not here yet," said Santorcaz, dejectedly. "Let us suppose, however, that those troops come up, and the French risk all their meat at one roasting——"

"Why, they will conquer."

"What do you think, Araceli?"

"That Marmont, and Bonnet, and Esteve, and Caffarelli, and King Joseph himself, will have hard work to find a corner to hide in if they once run against the allied troops," replied I, with great coolness.

"We'll see about that."

"So you will," I rejoined; "so shall we all. Do you really know the kind of army it is that has captured Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos? Do you truly know what sort of troops those Portuguese and Spanish battalions are, and the English cavalry? Imagine an immense force, an admirable discipline, a wild enthusiasm, and you will have some idea of that wave which rolls on and crushes everything before it."

The men looked at me in amazement.

"Now concede for the moment that the French are defeated, what will the Emperor do next?"

"Send more troops."

"He can't. There is the Russian campaign."

"And that is going very badly, from what they say," I observed.

"It is going very well indeed, señor," cried Monsalud, with a threatening gesture.

"All this is a long way off, and does not concern us in the least," interposed Santorcaz, with an air of disgust. "However well the Emperor may come out of his dangerous campaign, he will not be able for a long time to send troops to Spain; and it looks as if Soult was in difficulties in Andalusia and Suchet in Valencia."

"You look on the dark side of everything," said Monsalud, angrily.

"It is the war that looks dark at the present time. Anyhow, I'm off for France. Therefore, forward march, gentlemen!—Araceli, give me your arms, for we carry none in our disguise."

I gave them to him, and immediately the preparations for the journey were begun. Some hastened to pack their portmanteaus, which seemed to have more documents than clothes in them. Ramoncilla got her master's baggage ready, and soon we heard the noise of horses and carts in the court-yard. When I went into the room where Ines and Miss Fly were, I was surprised to find them in an animated conversation, though it was not very cordial, apparently, and upon Ines's face I observed an expression slightly ironic.

I tried to have a private word with her, but Santorcaz studiously, and Miss Fly perhaps inadvertently, prevented me. Ines herself appeared to take pains not to give me a single glance. Athenais had retained her riding-skirt, but had covered her head and shoulders with a Spanish cloak.

"How do I look in this?" she asked me, laughing.

"Well," I answered, coldly.

"Nothing more than well?"

"Enchanting; most beautiful."

"Your sweetheart, Señor Araceli," she said, with a mirthful air, "is pretty simple-minded."

"Somewhat so, señora."

"She will do very well for a poor man. But is it true that you love her,—a girl like her?"

"Oh, merciful Heaven!" I said to myself, "if there were only some way for me to get out of this place with her alone!"

The Englishwoman was about to repeat her question, when Santorcaz called out to us to hurry down. He and his friends had wrapped themselves in wretched old clothes.

"The two ladies in the carriage, which John will drive; three on horseback, and the rest in the carts.—Araceli, you get into the cart with Monsalud and Canencia."

"Father, do not ride on horseback," said Ines. "You are too ill."

"Ill? I was never better in my life. Come, let's be off: it is very late."

We promptly set out, cutting a rather ridiculous figure of a procession, and quietly left behind us the house and the street and Salamanca itself. It seemed as if I had been a century in that city. When I finally found myself outside its formidable gates again, it was like coming back to life.

Santorcaz had given orders that the carriage with the ladies should go in front. Then came the horsemen, and after them the carts, in one of which it was my lot to ride with the interesting persons mentioned. Although it was a great relief to me to be out in the open country and away from the perils I had encountered in the city, I was far from being without causes of the sharpest anxiety. It was necessary for me to go to head-quarters, and to separate myself again from the treasure of my life. Found only to be lost again, there was no hope of my once more finding it. I could not even follow after her, as duty would oblige me to leave her half-way on the road. I grew desperate at the thought, especially when the women riding in front were lost to my eyes in the darkness of the night. I leaped to the ground and ran after them with incredible speed, shouting to them with all my power,—

"Ines! Miss Fly! Here I am! Wait, wait!"

Santorcaz galloped up behind me and stopped me.

"Gabriel," he cried, "now I have got you out of the city. You may go away and leave us in peace. The road to Aldea Tejada is on your right."

"Bandit!" I exclaimed, in fury, "do you think I would go away if you had not taken my arms from me?"

"You are very courageous. This is a fine way of paying for the favor that I have just done you. Come, off with you! I swear to you that if you get in front of me again and if you dare to threaten me, I will treat you as you deserve."

"Wretch!" I shouted, flinging myself upon his saddle-bow and grasping his flabby legs, "I can attend to you without arms."

But the horse reared and threw me off.

"Give me what belongs to me, robber!" I exclaimed, pressing after my enemy again. "Do you imagine I am afraid of you? Get off that horse, give me back my sword, and we will see."

Santorcaz made a gesture of contempt, and the silence of the night was broken by his ironical laugh. The other horseman, who was the man like a bull, rode up to his side.

"Either you start this minute," said Santorcaz, "or we will stretch you out here in the road."

"The English lady is to go with me," I said, endeavoring to get the better of my strangling rage. "Have her brought here."

"That lady will go wherever she chooses."

"Miss Fly! Miss Fly!" I shouted.

Nobody answered me, nor could I any longer hear the noise of the carriage-wheels. I ran for a long distance at the side of the horses, my strength failing, panting, covered with sweat and tortured with rage and grief. Again I shouted,—

"Ines, Ines! Wait for me a moment! I am coming!"

My strength was almost gone. The horsemen were threatening to ride over me, and I had to use my last remnant of energy to escape them by leaping out of the road. They passed on, and the laughter of Santorcaz and his companion echoed in my ears like the screams of carnivorous birds circling about my head. All I had left was a voice, and I continued to shout after them as long as I thought I could be heard,—

"Wretches! I will yet have you in my power. Be careful, Santorcaz! I will surely come, I surely will!"

But the sound of wheels and of horses' hoofs soon passed away, and I was left alone in the road. In my desperation, I flung myself to the ground, tore up the soil, and made the sky echo with my screams and groans. She was lost to me, perhaps forever! I looked all about me, but all was darkness. Suddenly an image of the two armies of the most powerful nations of the world presented itself to my excited mind. There are the French! Here are the English! One step more, and the smoke and cries of a bloody battle will rise to the clouds; one step more, and the ground where I am standing will tremble with the weight of the dead men falling upon it.

"O God of battles," I exclaimed, "war and extermination is what I desire! May not a man be left between here and France! But, Araceli, you must go to head-quarters! Wellington is expecting you."

XXII.

Certain that the French had gone in the direction of Toro, I bore off to the south, looking for the Valmuza, a little river four or five leagues from the city. I pushed on as fast as I could in my condition of both physical and mental distress, and at about eight o'clock reached

Aldea Tejada, after fording the Tormes. Some peasants had told me before getting to the village that there were no French in it or anywhere about, and once in the village itself I learned that a great many English had been seen the night before in the region of Siete Carreras and Tornadizos.

"My friends are not far away," I said to myself, and, after taking a bite of food, hurried on.

Arriving at Tornadizos without incident, I found there the English vanguard, and several companies of Julian Sánchez's. It was then ten o'clock.

"A horse, gentlemen; lend me a horse," was my first word to them. "If you do not, you'll have to answer to the duke for it. Where is head-quarters? In Bernuy, I believe. A horse, quick!"

They gave me one at last, and I set off at full speed. At a quarter before twelve I was at head-quarters. I hurried into a uniform, and inquired for Lord Wellington's lodgings.

"The duke passed by here a moment ago," said Tribaldos. "He seemed to be walking about the village."

A little later, in fact, I met the duke in the public square, returning from his stroll. He recognized me at once.

"I have the honor," I said, "to inform your Excellency that I have been in Salamanca, and that I have brought back all the information which your Excellency desires."

"All of it?" asked Wellington, without a sign either of pleasure or of discontent.

"All, general."

"Have they decided to make a defence?"

"The French army evacuated the city yesterday afternoon, leaving only eight hundred men behind."

Wellington looked at the Portuguese general Troncoso, who was walking at his side. Without understanding the words which they exchanged in English, it seemed to me that the latter was saying,—

"Your Excellency divined it."

"This is the plan of the fortifications defending the bridge," I said, presenting my sketch.

Wellington took it and proceeded to give it the closest scrutiny. Then he asked,—

"Are you sure that there are swivel-guns in the ravelin, and eight ordinary pieces in the bastion?"

"I counted them, general. The drawing is not technical, but there is not a line in it which does not represent a part of the enemy's works."

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, in surprise; "a fosse all the way from San Vicente to the Milagro!"

"Yes, and San Vicente has also a parapet."

"San Cayetano appears to be very strongly fortified."

"Terribly so, general."

"What about these works at the head of the bridge?"

"They are connected with the forts by a zigzag stockade."

"I see," said he, complacently, retaining my sketch. "Well, you have fulfilled your commission satisfactorily, as far as now appears."

"You place me in your debt, general."

Thereupon he glanced around with that penetrating eye of his, and added,—

"They tell me that Miss Fly was rash enough to go to Salamanca also, to see the buildings. I do not see her."

"She has not returned," said one of the staff officers. They all looked at me inquiringly, in an unpleasantly suggestive manner, and I experienced a certain amount of embarrassment.

"She has not returned?" said the duke, with an intonation of alarm, and fixing his eyes on me. "Where is she?"

"General, I do not know," I replied, in considerable confusion. "Miss Fly did not go with me to Salamanca. I simply met her in the city, and afterwards—why, we separated on coming away, as it was necessary for me to be at Bernuy before twelve o'clock."

"Oh, that's it," said Lord Wellington, with the air of one who had attached too much importance to a trifling affair. "Come to my lodgings at once, to tell me all that I need to know about the works."

I had not taken two steps when an English officer stopped me. He was an oldish man, with a small face as red as his uniform, marked by an expression of intrusive vivacity, which was heightened by his sharp little nose and gold-bowed spectacles. We Spaniards used often to be surprised and not a little amused at those English artillery officers and members of the general staff who looked so much like professors or book-keepers. Colonel Simpson, for he it was, looked at me haughtily. I returned his gaze with interest, and, after we had had our fill of looking, he said,—

"Sir, where is Miss Fly?"

"Sir, how should I know? Has the duke made me the guardian of that lovely woman?"

"It was expected that Miss Fly would return with you from her visit to the architectural monuments of Salamanca."

"Well, she did not, Señor Simpson. I understood that Miss Fly was at liberty to come and go when she pleased."

"That is correct," said the Englishman, "but we are in a country where men have no respect for ladies, and something may have happened to Athenais."

"Miss Fly is mistress of her own actions," I replied. "In regard to the reason of her delay she alone can inform you, when she arrives."

"These explanations do not satisfy me, sir," said Simpson, honoring me with an angry glance which acquired a good deal of significance as it shot through his glasses. "Lord Fly charged me to care for his daughter——"

"Care for his daughter? Is this the way you do it? When she was in peril of her life at Sancti-Spiritus I did not see you anywhere about. How do they care for young ladies in England? By leaving it for Spaniards to offer them lodgings and to accompany them on their visits to abbeys and castles?"

"This young lady has always been accompanied by honorable gentlemen who have not betrayed her confidence. Miss Fly has the best of all guardians in her own self-respect, and we fear no impru-

dences on her part. What we do fear, Señor Araceli, is the outrages and crimes which are so common among the passionate natures of this land. In short, I am not satisfied with the explanations which you have given."

"I haven't a word to add to what I had the honor of saying to Lord Wellington on the subject of Miss Fly's whereabouts."

"Enough, sir," said Simpson, turning as red as a pepper. "We will speak of this again on a more fitting occasion. I have informed Don Carlos España of my suspicions, and he told me that too great reliance could not be placed upon you in such matters. Good-day, sir."

He left me brusquely, and I must say that the studious old officer had made me somewhat thoughtful. Shortly afterwards Don Carlos stepped up to me and said, with that free and somewhat coarse manner which was characteristic of him,—

"You sly rascal, where in the fiend's name have you put the Amazon? What have you done to her? I have long known the kind of fellow you are. When Colonel Simpson told me he was on nettles about the business, I said to him, 'You are entirely right, my friend. We Spaniards consider all women as our peculiar property.'"

I strove to convince him of my entire innocence in that delicate affair, but he laughed cynically. Then I told him about our getting out of Salamanca with the help of the Masons; but when I asserted that Miss Fly had gone off with them, neither España nor any of those standing by would give me the slightest credence.

I had a conference with the duke for more than an hour, but I found him so icy and severe with me that I was disconcerted and sad. He received all my information, clearly of great value to the allied army, without giving me any plain proof that my services were appreciated. Rather, he appeared to appreciate my action, but to be offended with my person. He praised my sketch, but it seemed to me that he doubted if it was really exact.

I was filled with consternation, yet at the same time with the greatest respect for that grave personality whom all we Spaniards then considered little less than divine, and did not dare to open my lips except in answer to his questions. When the hero of Talavera finally dismissed me with a bow as cold and stiff as that of a statue, I took my departure in great confusion and dejection, but also in anger, for I perceived that some serious but unfounded suspicion was resting upon me.

XXIII.

That afternoon we set out towards Salamanca. We reached the suburbs before nightfall, and then bore off so as to cross the Tormes by the fords of Canto and San Martin. The men kept saying, all up and down the line, "In the morning we shall attack the forts."

Lord Wellington ordered an assault principally for its moral effect and to try the mettle of the soldiers, who had done no fighting since Arroyo Molinos. The duke knew perfectly well that those powerful fortifications would fall only before a strong siege-train, and, in fact,

he had ordered heavy guns brought up from Almeida. While waiting for them, we passed the days in feigning assaults without any result worth mention. Worth mention, however, were the angry glances which Colonel Simpson threw at me from time to time, followed up occasionally by bitter words, which I flung back at him with as great vehemence as his own. I must admit that I was somewhat uneasy, for day after day passed by and Miss Fly continued in eclipse. I heard of minute inquiries being made; I even heard of a rigid cross-examination to which I was to be subjected, with severe penalties in case I could not give satisfactory answers. But kind Heaven, no doubt to save me from punishment which I did not deserve, brought in sight on the hills to the north of us, very early in the morning of the 20th, not the romantic and interesting Englishwoman, but Marshal Marmont and forty thousand Frenchmen.

The attack on the forts was immediately suspended, and we took up a position to receive the advance of the enemy, if that was what he intended. But it was soon evident that Marmont had no wish to throw his army upon ours, but that his idea was to make a diversion for the benefit of the besieged, and perhaps to reinforce them. Wellington, however, although his artillery had not yet come from Almeida, clung with Saxon tenacity to his purpose of taking the formidable fortresses of San Vicente and San Cayetano.

Tenacity may be a merit in war, but it may also be a fault, as it certainly was in the assault upon the forts. The Spanish division was posted in Castellanos, watching the French. They were moving now to the right, now to the left. We were holding them in check, when word was brought of the fruitless assault on San Cayetano, in which a hundred and twenty English were killed, among them the distinguished General Rowes.

"Now you see how even great men blunder," said I to my friends. "Any fool could have seen that San Vicente and San Cayetano were no chicken-coops. However, let us have all due respect for the mistakes of our superiors."

Just then Carlos España rode up, crying out,—

"There she comes! Hurrah! Now we've got her!"

"Whom?" I asked, in a burst of gladness. "Miss Fly?"

"The artillery, gentlemen, the heavy artillery from Almeida. It is now in Pericalbo, and before the day is over it will reach the parallels. In the morning it will be mounted, and then we'll see what those forts are good for."

The siege-guns, in fact, were coming into sight, and Marmont, who guessed it, marched to cross the river so as to draw off forces to the left bank of the Tormes. We saw him making for our right, in the direction of Huerta, and at once received orders to occupy Aldealengua. No sooner had the French crossed the Tormes than General Graham did the same, and in view of that movement Marmont took to his heels. He was not strong enough, especially in cavalry, to bring on a general engagement.

Well, the siege-guns did the business for San Vicente and San Cayetano. A breach was opened on the 27th, and the stores of the

fortress were destroyed by hot cannon-balls. The besieged asked for terms of surrender, but, as they were not willing to accept those which Wellington offered, he ordered an assault, and the entire garrison was captured. This event filled the whole army with delight, particularly as we saw Marmont set off in a hurry towards the north. We did not know whether he was heading for Toro or for Tordesillas, but we were soon to find out, for the Spanish division and Sánchez's guerillas were ordered to follow the French rear-guard. Meanwhile, the allied army, Salamanca being once garrisoned, marched off also towards the lines of the Douro.

On the morning of June 28 we were near San Morales, on the road from Valladolid to Tordesillas. We were told that the enemy's rear-guard had left that place only a few hours before. España and Sánchez put themselves at the head of the division with their hardy guerillas, who knew the country as if it were their own house, and gave orders for a forced march to see if we could not snatch something from the Frenchmen's convoy. Without waiting for a moment's rest, our vanguard struck off for Babilafuente, while the rest of us scoured San Morales to pick up the crumbs left by the enemy's raid. Getting what comfort we could in that way, we in turn took up our march, and after two laborious hours came within sight of Babilafuente. But what we really saw was a column of black smoke rising to mingle with the clouds.

"The French have set fire to Babilafuente!" exclaimed a guerilla.

Farther on we could perceive the red flames waving above the roofs, and a crowd of despairing women, old men, and children fleeing across the fields. From them we learned that España and Sánchez had entered the village just as the French were leaving it, after starting their fires, and that they had exchanged shots, though our men had given most of their attention to putting out the fire.

We were still some two hundred yards from the village, when a woman mounted on a spirited horse passed across our field of vision. I recognized her on the instant, and my blood rushed violently to my brain. Pulling my horse to one side of the road, I shouted,—

"Miss Fly! Miss Fly! Athenais!—dear Athenais!"

But she did not hear me, and kept on in her mad gallop. I cried after her again, but the wind kept my voice from reaching her. I spurred after her, almost doubting whether it was really she or some fanciful creation of the light or the wind. But no, it was she herself, and she seemed to be looking for a path in that treacherous plain filled with ditches and swamps.

"Ho, Señora Fly!" I called. "It is I! Here!—this way!"

XXIV.

At last I drew near her, and she heard my voice and looked around.

"Thank Heaven, I've found you!" she exclaimed, reaching out her hand. "Don Carlos España told me that you were in the rear-guard."

My joy at seeing her well and free tempted me to embrace her right there in the open fields, and I might have tried to do so had she not drawn back with a startled air.

"A fine situation you have brought me into," said I.

"I imagined so," she replied, laughing. "But it was your fault. Why did you leave me in the power of those people?"

"I did not leave you in their power, a thousand curses on them! You disappeared from my sight, and Santorcaz prevented me from going after you. But how about our companions on that journey?"

"Do you mean Ines? You will find her in Babilafuente."

"In that village! Heavenly goodness! Let us fly there! But have you had any trouble? Have you been in danger? Have those brutes offered you indignities?"

"No, I have been bored, that's all. Within two hours of our leaving Salamanca we ran across the French. They at once accused the Masons of having played the spy for the allies. Santorcaz denied it, but one of the officers called him a liar and a cheat, and ordered that we should all be made prisoners. Thanks to Desmarets, I was shown every attention."

"So you were prisoners!"

"Yes, they kept us there in that horrible Babilafuente while the duke was taking Salamanca. To think that I couldn't see it done! Did the forts surrender? What a great service your visit to Salamanca must have been! What did my lord say to you?"

"Oh, don't talk of your lord to me! I would have you know, Miss Fly, that the duke, far from being pleased with me, has been on the point of calling a council of war to try me for my crimes."

"Why, how is that, my friend? What have you done?"

"What have I done? Why, nothing less, Miss Fly, than to have deceived a worthy daughter of Great Britain, taken her with me to Salamanca, there outraged her in I know not what horrible manner, and then, to crown my infamy, basely abandoned her, or hidden her, or killed her, for on this latter point Lord Wellington and Colonel Simpson are not yet agreed."

Miss Fly burst out into laughter so merry and unrestrained that I could not help laughing too. We were both riding at a smart pace towards the village.

"What you tell me, Señor Araceli," said she, with a bewitching blush, "would make a lovely story. I do not know when I have heard of anything so dramatic and so beautifully involved. What a bore life would be if it did not contain these romances!"

"You will scatter the general's doubts, Miss Fly, and restore me my honor. As far as you are concerned, I do not suppose the duke or Colonel Simpson have had the slightest question but that I am the criminal, the robber, the ogre of nursery tales, the giant of legend, the wicked Moor of romance."

"But didn't Simpson challenge you?" she asked, with surprising complacency.

"He looked at me scornfully, and used words to me which I shall never forgive."

"You will kill him, or at least wound him severely," she said, with the sweetest of smiles. "I want you to fight somebody on my account. A man like you cannot have his dignity called in question, and if any one does question it you should convince him with the sword in a twinkling."

"You yourself will be the most convincing proof, Athenais. For the present we must give our minds to rescuing those unfortunates in Babilafuente. Can Ines be in any danger? Is she well?"

"I do not know," she replied, indifferently. "The house where she was took fire."

"And you can tell me as calmly as that!"

"As soon as they told us the Spaniards had come, I set out to find their commander. Don Carlos España received me cordially, and was kind enough to give me a horse to ride back to head-quarters."

"Did Monsalud, Santorcaz, Ines, and the rest of them escape also?"

"Not all of them. The head captain of those peripatetic Masons has been confined to his bed for three days, unable to move. How could he escape?"

"This is a special providence," I said, joyfully, and quickened my pace. "This time there will be no failure. With or without his consent, Ines shall be taken from him and sent to Madrid.—But this is horrible, Miss Fly! The village is burning in every quarter."

"From here it is indeed an incomparable view. I am sorry I did not bring my sketch-book."

We dismounted in the public square, and the first thing we saw was a wretched man, manacled, and dragged along roughly by four guerillas. No sooner had they got him within sight of España than the latter clinched his fists, knitted his heavy and ferocious brows, and shouted out,—

"Why do you bring him to me? Shoot him on the spot! These traitorous dogs who work for the French are to be crushed as soon as they are caught, and that's the whole of it."

Looking more closely at the captive, I perceived it was Monsalud. He had been caught while jumping over a wall on his way to Villorio.

"General," said I to the count, "this poor fellow is a good deal of a rogue, I do not doubt, and very likely has helped the enemy; but I owe him a favor next to life itself, for without his aid I could not have got out of Salamanca."

"What's the point of this sermon?" demanded España, with fierce impatience.

"To ask your Excellency to pardon him, or give him some other punishment instead of death."

"There you come with your absurdities. To thunder with you! I will have you arrested, Araceli!" cried the count, with wild gestures. "You cannot stop this thing, meddlesome youngster! Take this insect away and shoot him at once. Somebody has to be punished, I tell you!"

In spite of all this cruel talk, España had not reached that degree of ferocity which years afterwards made his name so dreadful. He

looked first at his victim, then at me and Miss Fly, and, after relieving his rage in a fresh burst of abuse and defiance addressed to everybody in sight, he said,—

"Very well, we'll not shoot him. Give him two hundred lashes,—two hundred lashes well laid on.—Boys, I turn him over to you. Behind the church there."

"Two hundred lashes!" muttered Monsalud. "I should prefer four bullets."

Just then the hubbub increased, and a guerilla dashed up, saying,—

"All the grain-fields and threshing-floors between here and Villorio have been fired, and Villoruela and Huerta are also burning."

Don Carlos took a swift resolution.

"To Villorio, to Villorio, without stopping an instant!" he shouted, springing to his horse's back. "Señor Sánchez, here goes to catch them if we can. We must look out for the other villages."

The orders were speedily given, and a part of the guerillas with two regiments of the line made ready to go with Don Carlos.

"Araceli," he said to me, "do you stay here and wait for my orders. If the English get here to-day, then push on to Villorio; if they do not, remain here. Put out the fire as well as you can, and save all the people you are able to. And don't forget the provisions."

"Very well, general."

"And as for that rascal we have caught, be careful how you let him off a single one of his lashes. Two hundred precisely, and well laid on. Good-by. Keep good order, and—not one less than two hundred!"

XXV.

Finding myself master of the village and at the head of the troops stationed in it, I began to give orders, the first one, it is needless to say, being for the release of Monsalud. From Miss Fly I learned which was the house that gave shelter to Santorcaz. It was one of the few which had been barely touched by the flames. At the door a crowd of peasants, mostly women, were crying out vociferously that the greatest villain ever seen in Babilafuente was inside.

"The one they took off to the plaza," said an old woman, "was a saint compared with the one hiding here, who is the very captain-general of all those devils."

Three or four soldiers were there, and had begun to batter down the door, under the encouragement of the women. Certain it is that Santorcaz would have fared badly if I had not arrived.

The moment the door was broken down, I gave orders that no one should go in, and commanded the soldiers to guard the entrance and keep back the chattering women. Then I myself passed within the house, and pressed on through one room after another until I came to the dark little chamber where Santorcaz was lying on a wretched bed. Ines was clinging to him in mortal terror, like one awaiting death. At the sight of me she gave a joyful cry.

"Father!" she exclaimed, "we shall not be killed! See who is here!"

Santorcaz fastened on me a pair of eyes which were like two coals glowing in his death-like face, and said, in a hollow voice,—

"Have you come for me, Araceli? Has that human tiger who commands you sent you for me because the butchers are out of work? They have already killed Monsalud, now it is my turn."

"We have killed nobody," said I, walking forward.

"They will not kill us!" cried Ines, with a flood of tears. "Father, didn't I tell you that I thought I heard Araceli's voice? We owe him our lives."

Santorcaz looked at me intently, as if he was not sure that it was really I. His countenance was greatly altered, the eyes sunken, the beard unkempt, the forehead shiny and parchment-like.

"They remit our death-penalty," he said, disdainfully. "They pardon us when I am nailed to this bed by feebleness. Is the Count de España coming up here?"

"The Count de España has left Babilafuente."

This reply seemed to lift a great weight from the old man. He sat up with his daughter's aid, and said,—

"Has he really gone, that hangman,—gone towards Villorio? Then we can escape by way of—of—— But the English, where are they?"

"You cannot escape. All the roads are guarded."

"So I am captured!" he exclaimed. "I am your prisoner. You have caught me like a rat in a trap, and I must submit to you and perhaps go away with you."

"Yes, you are my prisoner as long as I wish."

"And you will do to me whatever you desire!"

"I will do what I should; and first of all——"

Santorcaz, when he saw me looking at his daughter, caught her in his arms, and screamed,—

"You shall not take her from me alive! Is this the way you reward me for what I did for you in Salamanca? Order your murderous soldiers to shoot us, but do not separate us!"

I looked at Ines, and saw in her face such an expression of filial affection for the old man that I could do no less than recall my hasty resolution.

"Señor Santorcaz," I said, "let us have a clear understanding. I leave you at liberty to go wherever you want to. I undertake to guarantee you perfect security until you pass beyond the limits of the allied army. But this young woman is my prisoner, and is to go nowhere except to Madrid to be with her mother."

I looked steadily at Ines as I said this, while she glanced from me to her father as if in a trance.

"You are crazy," said he. "My daughter will not leave me. Ask her, and you will see how she feels about it. That being so, Araceli, will you let us escape, or not?"

"I cannot stay to debate these matters with you. I have already told you all that is to be said. For the present you may stay in this house, and no one will dare to harm you."

"A prisoner! Caught in this way!" burst out Santorcaz, weeping with despair. "Captured by this hired ruffian!"

Ines put her hands on his shoulders to quiet him, and gathered up the bedclothes which he was throwing about.

"Caught like a rat!" the sick man went on. "It's enough to drive me crazy. Oh, those miserable French traitors! I worked for them, and this is my pay. Who says that I am ill and feeble and shall never get up again? It is a lie! I will get up, and woe to the man who stands in my way! Araceli, be careful, be careful; I may yet teach you——"

His breath failed him, and his words became unintelligible. I could hear only broken mutterings and guttural cries. I touched his hands, and they were burning.

"This man is very ill," I said to Ines, who was looking at me helplessly.

"I know it, but there is nothing in the house, no medicine, no food, nothing."

I called up my orderly from the street, and bade him give Ines everything she needed, so far as the resources of the place extended.

"My orderly will stay near you," I said to her. "The door will be secured. You must be tranquil. We shall be here all day. Good-by. I must go now to the plaza, but I will come back soon, for we have a great deal, a very great deal, to talk about."

XXVI.

When I returned I found her at the bedside of the sick man. She signed to me to be quiet, leaned over Santorcaz to make sure that he was asleep, and then led me into the adjoining room. We sat down face to face.

"Have you had any fresh word of my mother?" she asked, with emotion.

"No; but we shall soon see her."

"What! here? Such happiness is not for me."

"I will write to her this very day, telling her that I have found you. I shall tell her to come at once to Salamanca."

"Oh, Gabriel, you are doing just what I was desiring,—what I have been wanting for a long time. If you had been discreet in Salamanca, and had listened to me before——"

"Dearest," said I, affectionately, "you have many things to explain to me, which I do not understand at all."

"And haven't you to me? Indeed, you will need to be very careful in your explanations. Until you clear up your own account you need not expect a single word from me."

"For six months I have been searching for you, my life,—six months of weariness, of suffering, of anxiety, of desperation. God knows that I have fairly earned you."

"And all that time," she said, with charming mischievousness,

"has that Englishwoman been with you who calls you her knight, and who made me frantic with her questions?"

"Her questions?"

"Yes; she wanted to know everything. She cared little about me, but was immensely interested in your affairs. She tired me so with her eagerness to know all the mad and sublime achievements which you had accomplished on my behalf that I could not well help amusing myself a little at her expense."

"Well done, dear one!"

"How arrogant she is! She laughs at everything I say, and, according to her, I cannot open my mouth without saying the most stupid things. However, I made her pay for it. As she insisted upon knowing all your lover's exploits, I told her that after the battle of Bailen twenty-five armed men tried to kidnap me, but that you killed them all."

Ines smiled mournfully, and I choked down a laugh.

"I also told her that in Pardo, in order to get near me, you disguised yourself as a duke, and did it so skilfully that the whole court was deceived and presented you to the Emperor Napoleon, who shut himself up with you in his cabinet and confided to you his plan of campaign against Austria."

"So you avenged yourself," said I, with delight. "Embrace me, little one, embrace me, or I shall die."

"Yes, in that way I had my revenge. In addition I told her that at Aranjuez you used to swim the Tagus every night to see me; that once you rode eighty leagues to bring me a flower; that you fought duels with six French generals for having looked at me. Oh, my dear sir, you must not say that I did not look out for your reputation. She listened to me with her beautiful mouth wide open. What do you think? She takes you for a kind of Cid."

"How you did fool her!" I exclaimed, drawing my chair nearer to Ines. "But were you jealous? Do tell me that you were, so that I shan't stop laughing for three days running."

"Señor Araceli," she said, scowling divinely, "yes, I was jealous, and I am jealous now."

"Jealous of that crack-brained creature! My darling! Ines, embrace me!"

She snatched away her pretty little hands and slapped my face as I tried to get nearer. I seized them in the air and kissed them.

"Ines, dear, embrace me; do it, or I will eat you!"

"Are you hungry?"

"I am hungry for your love, my wife. Just think of it!—six months loving a shadow! How did you endure it?"

I did not know what I was saying. She was profoundly moved, and could not keep back her tears, fight as she would.

"Think no more of that woman," I said, "unless you want to offend me. Is it possible that you, with your nobleness of soul, with your penetration, could have supposed——"

"No, I am not crying for that, beloved," she said, looking at me with deep tenderness. "I am crying I don't know why. I think it must be for joy."

"Oh, if Miss Fly could only see us now, she would understand what a difference there is between her poetic fantasies and this inexhaustible fountain of the heart; she would——"

"Don't mention Miss Fly to me," she said, drying her eyes. "At first, I will admit, I was doubtful, I was even jealous; but when I came to know her, that vanished. Yet she is very beautiful,—more beautiful than I am."

"The idea of comparing her to you! She is a perfect tomboy."

"Well, in spite of all her good qualities, Miss Fly made me laugh, I don't know why, precisely. I thought the matter over, and I said to myself, 'It is impossible. Good heavens, that cannot be!'"

"Ines, I too have been jealous, not in the way you were, but even more terribly."

"Why so?" she asked.

"Alas, I remembered your good mother, and I said to myself as I looked at you, 'The creature doesn't love us any more.'"

"Not love you?"

"My darling, I am going to question you the way they do children. Whom do you love?"

"I love everybody."

"Do you love your enemies, your cruelest enemies?"

"I love my father," she said, firmly.

"Yes, but your father——"

"You are going to say that he is a bad man; but that is not true. You do not know him."

"Very well, dear, I believe what you say; but the circumstances under which you came into his power were not of a sort to make you fond of him."

"You are talking of what you do not understand. I could tell you things——"

"Wait; let me finish. I know what you are going to say. You have found in him a deep and noble fatherly affection."

"Yes, but something more, too."

"What?"

"Misfortune. He is the unhappiest man in the world."

"That is perfectly true. But tell me, you surely had no sympathy with his feelings of hatred and revenge?"

"What I hoped to do," she said, simply, "was to reconcile him to those whom he hated, or appeared to hate."

"Reconcile him!" I cried, in astonishment. "Oh, Ines, if you were to do that, if you were to do that by the mere force of your sweetness and goodness, I should think you the most wonderful person in the world! Ines, you do not love me! you cannot love me!"

"Why do you say that?"

"Because it is impossible; because I do not deserve you."

"Well, I must say you act as if you had lost your wits."

"But if your heart does not know how to do anything except love, perhaps it has something for me in a little corner."

"A little corner? How little?"

"How happy you make me! But I am telling you the truth,—I do wish *I* were an unfortunate man."

She answered me only by mocking laughter.

"I wish it so that you might have loved me as you have loved your father, so that you might wear yourself out for me, so that you might—— But are you still laughing? Am I talking nonsense?"

"Of the most monstrous kind."

"Tell me that you love me! tell me so!"

"That's a fine thing to say!"

"But you never did tell me so. Perhaps you will be bold enough to say that you have?"

"Far from it!" she exclaimed, with enchanting mirth.

I do not know what more I was going to say, but just then a hoarse voice was heard from the other room.

"No, you mustn't go, my dove, without embracing your husband," I cried, pressing her to my heart.

She freed herself from my arms and flew to the sick man.

XXVII.

Some one was making a great noise outside, calling out and beating at the door with a whip. It was Miss Fly. I let her in, and she smiled a gracious and somewhat coquettish smile as she caught sight of me. My attention was struck by the care with which her toilet had been made, a rather surprising thing in that place and at that time. It cannot be denied that she was fascinating. I could do no less than compliment her on her appearance, but she rejoined,—

"Señor Araceli, there was a little water left over for me after your soldiers had put out the fire, and I managed to find a comb and brush in one of the houses. But, major, is this the way you do your duty? Wouldn't you look better at the head of your troops? Only a moment ago Leith came up with his division, and was inquiring for you."

After that piece of news I could not stay. I took my leave of Ines, ordering Tribaldos to look after the house and the two prisoners. By the time I reached the plaza, where Miss Fly left me without any apparent reason, the English troops were arriving. I reported to General Leith that I had been ordered by España to await the coming of the English, and he gave orders to spend the night where we were.

"It is impossible to overtake the French," he said. "They have a great lead of us, and it would be difficult to strike them with our soldiers as tired as they are."

I was glad enough to stay, and set about making arrangements to have Santorcaz and his daughter carried to Salamanca. Luckily, my good friend Figueroa was going back there that afternoon to rejoin the garrison, and I put my prisoners in his charge. With some difficulty we found a covered cart, in which we stowed away father and daughter, sending Tribaldos along with a good supply of provisions. With the work of getting them on the way and of writing a long account of everything to the countess, the day was busily filled up for me.

At daybreak we were off in pursuit of the French. They did not stop till they had passed the Douro at Tordesillas, whence their lines stretched out to Simancas. There they were reinforced by Bonnet's division, and we stationed ourselves on the left bank, watching their movements. The question was at what point of the river the French would cross to attack the allied army. Our head-quarters were at La Seca.

Marmont, as may readily be supposed, had no idea of doing what we wanted him to, and suddenly headed for Toro. That meant left wheel for everybody, English, Spanish, Portuguese,—on the march again for the Guareña and those luckless villages of Babilafuente and Villorio.

"And this is what they call war!" I heard one of the men saying. "The English must have good legs, to like so much exercise. Marmont will not give us battle at the Guareña either, and then we will have to hunt for him at the Pisuerga or the Adaja, or perhaps on the Manzanares or the Abronigal, at the very gates of Madrid."

In fact, the only result of two weeks of marching and countermarching was to find ourselves again in the suburbs of Salamanca. But the most absurd thing was when we danced the minuet, as the Spanish soldiers called it, for it happened once that the two armies marched the whole day in parallel lines, they by the left and we by the right, only a cannon-shot apart, and yet not a single cartridge was fired. The soldiers had many sarcastic things to say of the wonderful strategy which led to this contredanse, as some called it.

I tried to get leave of absence to go to Salamanca, but could not. However, I had the comfort of learning that all was going well in Santorcaz's house. As for Miss Fly, she had honored me with conversation more than once in the course of our marches. In fact, we scarcely ever halted without my having a visit from her. She usually talked to me of some of her fancies and passions, and my remarks to her were a mixture of the most elaborate courtesy and jesting. With it all, I observed that my English companions had not freed themselves from the suspicion which Miss Fly's journey to Salamanca had awakened. Although she had finally returned to head-quarters, my reputation seemed to be considered fully as problematical as on the day I reached Bernuy. Twice, when I had occasion to talk with the duke, I was filled with grief to find him not merely contemptuous, but extremely severe and implacable with me. Colonel Simpson's spectacles shot Olympian rays at me, and in general all my acquaintances among the English showed in various ways how slight was their opinion of my worthy self.

On the morning of July 21, just after we had occupied the hill commonly called the Little Arapil, Miss Fly rode up to me unexpectedly, and said,—

"They say there is going to be a great battle."

"No doubt. The French are there towards Cavarrasa. When is it going to be?"

"To-morrow. You look as if you were glad."

"And you will be glad too, señora. Such a soul as yours needs

great spectacles in order to sustain itself at its proper height. We are going to fight the Empire, the common enemy, as they say in England, and to conquer."

Athenais did not reply to me, as I expected, with a great outburst of enthusiasm. All the poesy of her romances seemed to have got mixed up with timidity.

"Yes, there will be a great battle," she said, dejectedly, "and we shall win. But—a great many will be killed. Doesn't it occur to you that you may be killed?"

"I? What of that? What does the life of one poor soldier amount to, provided the flag is victorious?"

"You are right. But still you should not expose yourself. They say the Spanish division will not take part. If you are not under fire to-morrow, as I hope you will not be, let me know. Good-by; good-by."

"But wait a moment, Miss Fly," I said, trying to detain her. "I do not understand——"

"No, I cannot. You are very indiscreet. If you knew what they say! Good-by."

I called after her, and had taken a few steps in pursuit of her, when a carriage stopped directly before me in the middle of the road. The door was flung open, and I saw a hand, an arm, a face. Merciful heaven, it was the countess! There she was, looking at me, beckoning to me. I rushed towards her, insane with joy.

XXVIII.

Before going on, I must tell something of the place and time. In the afternoon of the 21st we crossed the Tormes, some by the bridge at Salamanca, others by the fords in the neighborhood. According to the best information we could obtain, the French had crossed the same river at Alba de Tormes, and apparently were stationed in the woods beyond Cavarrasa. Our line was not very extended, the left resting on the ford of Santa María and the right on the Little Arapil, near the Madrid road. A small English division occupied the most advanced portion of the line, in the direction of Cavarrasa.

It was on the slope of the Little Arapil that Athenais met me, afterwards riding off towards Cavarrasa, and there, too, that I first caught sight of the countess. I ran to her, as I said, and kissed her hand with the most ardent emotion. My great joy left me no power of expression beyond some half-inarticulate cries of affection, and I expected similar expressions from her. But, to my bitter surprise, I observed in her eyes a strange severity that left me like one stupefied.

"My daughter?" she asked, coldly.

"She is in Salamanca, señora. You could not have come more opportunely. Tribaldos, my orderly, will go with you. It was fortunate that we met here."

"I knew that you were here," she said, in the same cool tone, without a glance of affection or pressure of the hand. "I stopped a few

minutes in Cavarrasa, where I met Sir Thomas Parr. He told me where you were, together with other things about your conduct which have caused me as much surprise as indignation."

"About my conduct, señora!" I exclaimed, with as keen a sense of pain as if a blade of steel had pierced my heart. "I know of nothing in my conduct which could displease you."

"I made the acquaintance of Sir Thomas in Cadiz, and he is a gentleman incapable of deception," she proceeded, with a gleam of unutterable anger in her eyes. "You have betrayed an English girl; you have been guilty of outrageous wickedness and villany."

"I, señora, I? Do you think me capable of such baseness?"

"They all say so. Sir Thomas Parr is not the only one to say so. Wellesley will tell me the same, I do not doubt."

"Well, if Wellesley should say so," I cried, in desperation, "if Wellesley should say so, I would tell him——"

"That he lies?"

"No, the first gentleman of England, the first general of Europe, cannot lie. It is impossible that the duke should say anything of the kind."

"There are facts which cannot be explained away," she added, sorrowfully. "They tell me that the injured young woman is disposed to insist that you be forced to live up to the English laws regarding marriage."

When I heard this, a wild hilarity and a terrible indignation met in my soul. I shrieked with laughter, and at the same time was on the point of screaming with rage.

"Señora, I have been slandered. It is false! it is a lie!" I roared, pushing myself half-way into her carriage. "It will drive me crazy if you credit this vile calumny."

"Oh, a calumny!" she said, with an expression of real pain. "I never should have believed it of you. One has to live to see such dreadful things. But tell me, shall I soon see my daughter?"

"I say again it is false, señora! You are killing me! you will drive me to doing something desperate!"

"And no one will prevent me from taking her back with me?" she asked, eagerly, paying no attention to my frenzy. "Well, have your orderly come. I cannot stop. Didn't you tell me in your letter that everything was arranged? Is that villain dead? Is my daughter alone and expecting me? Answer me."

"I do not know, señora. I know nothing. You must not ask me about anything. As soon as you distrust me——"

"Yes, and greatly. In whom can one have confidence? Let me go. You are not the same to me that you were."

"Señora, señora, do not say that, or it will kill me."

"Very well, if you are innocent you will have time to prove it to me."

"No, no. To-morrow there is to be a great battle, and I may be killed. We may never see each other again. We are on a field of battle. To-morrow this very spot may be covered with corpses."

My passionate words evidently affected the countess. She looked

about and observed the great numbers of soldiers; then she covered her face with her hands and sank back in her carriage.

"How dreadful!" she said. "A battle! Are you afraid?"

"I am more afraid of slander."

"If you can prove your innocence, I shall feel that I have recovered a lost son."

"You shall recover him!" I exclaimed. "But is it not enough that I say so? Does not my word suffice? Did we become acquainted yesterday? Oh, if Ines had heard what you have, she would not have believed it. Her noble soul would have absolved me without a word on my part."

A voice shouted,—

"Out of the way with that carriage!"

"Good-by," said the countess. "I cannot stay here."

"Good-by, señora," I said. "If we never meet again, you must be sure that I have the same feeling for you and for another person dear to us both that I always have had. I would not have these doubts——"

The carriage passed on, forced to make room for a battery. When I had my last glimpse of the countess, she had her handkerchief at her eyes.

Absorbed with my own private sorrows, I did not at first observe the general staff coming along the road in the direction of Little Arapil. The duke and his aides dismounted, and began to scrutinize the country towards Cavarrasa. He called out to the officers of the regiment stationed nearest him, and, as I was the first to reach him, he said,—

"Ah, it is you, Señor Araceli."

"It is, general; and, if your Excellency will permit me at this time to speak of a private matter, I will beg you immediately to throw light upon the slanders which have circulated about me since my trip to Salamanca. I cannot endure ill repute brought by the gossip of malicious people."

Lord Wellington scarcely noticed me at all. After scanning the entire horizon with his glass, he said, without looking at me,—

"Señor Araceli, I can only tell you that I am determined to have Great Britain respected."

As I had never failed in respect for Great Britain or the other European Powers, those words of his, seeming to veil a threat, disconcerted me not a little, but I promptly replied,—

"Great Britain! I should like nothing better than to die for her!"

"General Pack," said Wellington vivaciously to one of his officers with him, "there is a vacancy among the aides of the 23d of the line. Put this young Spaniard in it, who is anxious to die for Great Britain."

"For the glory and honor of Great Britain," I added.

General Pack gave me a kindly glance.

"Desperation," then said Wellington, "is not the principal source of courage; but I shall be glad to see Señor Araceli to-morrow on the crest of the Big Arapil. I suspect that the French are planning to occupy it in the morning."

The duke appeared slightly uneasy. For a long time his glass explored all the woods and hills to the west. Little could be seen, as the night was coming on. The army was taking the position indicated by its commander, and I went to say good-by to my companions in the Spanish division.

"We are to go to Torres," said España to me, "to the extreme right of the line, more to observe the enemy than to attack him. The plan is admirable. The only thing lacking is to occupy the Big Arapil."

"That is planned for, general. Pack's brigade, to which I now belong, will be at dawn in the hermitage of Santa María de la Peña. After that—well, whatever the honor of Great Britain demands."

"Good-by, my dear Araceli: bear yourself like a man."

"Good-by, dear general. I salute my comrades from the crest of the Big Arapil."

XXIX.

The Arapil Grande! It was the larger of those two rocky sphinxes rising one over against the other, looking at each other and looking at us. One of the most bloody of dramas was to be unrolled on the day following,—the true preface of Waterloo. The first of these so-called Arapils, the little one, belonged to us; the second, the large one, belonged to no one the night of the 21st. It belonged to no one for the very reason that it was the prey most coveted by both sides; the leopard on one side and the eagle on the other were watching it with an eager desire to seize it, but afraid to seize it. Each dreaded meeting the other at the very moment of planting its foot upon the invaluable height.

With the first light of day the brigade set out for the Arapil Grande. The nearer we got to it the surer we were that the French were ahead of us; the hill was nearer their line, and their march was shorter. General Pack deployed his forces, and the skirmishers spread to right and left. All eyes were fixed on the hermitage, about halfway up the hill, and on the scattered houses, the only buildings in the long and bare wastes of the landscape.

Several columns marched forward without encountering an obstacle, and we came up to within a hundred yards of Santa María de la Peña. There the ground fell away a little in front of us, and we saw, first a line of heads, then of shoulders, then of full-length figures. It was the French. They did not seem to see us very clearly, as the rising sun was in their eyes. A distant murmur reached our ears, and on our side exclamations were heard among the Highlanders. That was enough to set loose the electric spark. A volley was delivered. The skirmishers bore the brunt of it, but some of them ran forward to seize the hermitage.

In front of it was a court-yard, something like a cemetery. The English pressed into it, but the French controlled the main part of the building and the additions in the rear. Consequently, before our men

could break in the door, they opened fire upon them from the bell-tower and through the skylight opening above the portico.

General Pack, who was one of the bravest and coolest gentlemen that I ever knew, harangued the Highlanders. The colonel in command of the 3d harangued his men; all the officers, in fact, harangued, including myself, who spoke Spanish. I have no doubt that the men understood me.

The 23d of the line had not entered the court-yard, but had flanked the hermitage on the left in order to see if more of the French were coming up. If not, the game was ours, for the simple reason that we outnumbered them. But we immediately saw another column of the enemy. To await it, to give it breathing-space, that is to say, to appear even for a moment to be afraid of it, would have been to give up in advance our advantage.

"At them!" shouted my colonel.

The 23d of the line fell like an avalanche upon the French column. Then began a sharp struggle, foot to foot. Our English were shaken a little, for the dash of the enemy was something terrible at the first onset; but, loading again with that imperturbable constancy which, if it is not heroism, is the next thing to it, the advantage was soon all on our side. The French withdrew in disorder, or, rather, changed their tactics, breaking up into small groups to wait for reinforcements. The losses were about equal on the two sides; but so far it was nothing, mere child's play, a harmless preface which one could almost laugh at.

Our real disadvantage consisted in not knowing the force which the French could bring against us. Before us we saw the thick forest of Cavarrasa, and no one knew what was hidden beneath that mantle of green. Were they many or few? When the intuition or genius of great captains cannot answer such questions, military science is in danger of becoming as vain and fruitless as the jargon of pedants. We gazed on the woods, but the thick foliage of the oaks told us nothing. It was an enormous mass of green, like a horrible monster squatting upon the earth, with head stretched forward and wings extended, under which perhaps were brooded innumerable warriors.

When Pack saw the second French column in retreat, he ordered the attack upon the hermitage to be redoubled. The Highlanders assaulted it at several points, and it would not have been hard to carry it had not something peculiar happened over by the forest. The monster seemed to move. One of its wings was lifted, and a swarm of men who looked, in the distance, no larger than ants, poured from beneath it. Then they grew in size as they drew near. The pygmies became giants. Their helmets gleamed. Their swords flashed in the morning light. Column after column came on in threatening array, man after man.

All our officers looked at each other without saying a word. With the speed of good tactics, General Pack, without abandoning the assault of the hermitage, sent us more men, and we waited quietly. The forest kept on vomiting soldiers.

"We shall have to fight on the defensive," said the colonel.

"So we shall. Hurrah for England!"

"*Vive l'Empereur!*" repeated the distant echoes.

"Englishmen, England is watching you!"

The cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" resounded louder and louder. The animal was getting near, and his fierce bellowing was somewhat unsettling to the nerves.

XXX.

If I had been in General Pack's place I would have risked everything on a single cast, and endeavored to throw the enemy into confusion by a sudden attack before he could attack us. But the English never attempt these strokes of mad audacity, which fail twenty times for once that they succeed. On the contrary, Pack threw his force into a defensive position; with swift and admirable judgment he noted and took advantage of every accident of the ground,—the slight hollows in the hill on that side, the isolated boulder, the solitary tree, the ruined wall.

The French drew near. We eyed each other from afar with suspicion, we sniffed the air, we listened for each other. Have you ever seen a stork stretching its neck from one side to the other, in such a way that you cannot tell whether it is listening or looking, standing on one foot and lifting up the other to make sure that it will find solid ground when it puts it down? Well, that is the way the French came towards us. Some of our men were laughing at them. Aside from this, there was the most absolute silence in the ranks. Were they soldiers lying in wait, or monks at their prayers?

But suddenly the stork put both feet on the ground. A thousand muskets sounded as one, and there came at us a human wave of bayonets, of yells, of ferocity. In its turn, there rose hoarse about me the defiant cry of the English. I had seen wonderful things done by French and Spanish soldiers in the way of assaults, but I had never seen anything comparable to the English acting on the defensive. I had never seen columns stand up to be sabred. The lifeless trunk of an oak does not receive the stroke of the axe with more constancy than did those men the bayonet. Repeatedly they repulsed the French and sent them fleeing far beyond the hermitage. There were men enough for everything,—to die, resisting, and to kill, assaulting. Several times it seemed as if we had driven them back for good, but the forest, driving out new broods from under its feathers, would again place us at a disadvantage. It is true that several companies came to reinforce us from the Little Arapil, but we remained greatly outnumbered.

The slaughter was great on both sides, though greatest on ours. We did not yield an inch, but neither could we advance, and we had to abandon the court-yard of the hermitage. But we clung to the huts and sheds, and the Highlanders acted as if they would never give them up. But this desperate equilibrium could not be maintained forever. If the French should bring up more men, or if Lord Wellington should send strong reinforcements, the question might be decided. General Pack summoned me, and said,—

"Ride to head-quarters and tell the duke of our situation."

I mounted and rode off at full speed. As I went down the slope towards the allied army, I could distinguish perfectly the masses of the French army in constant motion; but not a shot was exchanged between the two main bodies. All the interest was fixed on that scene to one side on the Arapil Grande, though it seemed but an insignificant detail, a mere caprice of the military genius which was planning a great battle.

As I passed by the various divisions of the allied army, I was struck by the quiet way in which they were awaiting orders. One would have thought that there was no battle, that there was not even going to be one. Yet the officers, standing on the gun-carriages, were watching through their glasses the course of events on Arapil Grande.

"Why do not all these troops fly to Pack's aid?" I asked myself, in amazement.

The fact was that neither Wellington nor Marmont wished to show any great desire to occupy Arapil Grande, for the very reason that both considered it the key of the battle. Marmont feigned various movements to distract Wellington; he threatened to strike for the Tormes, so as to draw away the calm eye of the English captain from the position on the Arapil; then he pretended to fall back altogether, as if declining battle. But all the while Wellington, quiet, calm, watchful, alert, stood in his place, with his eye on the manœuvres of the French, and kept in his hand the thousand reins of that army which he would not give its head before the time.

Marmont was trying to deceive Wellington; but Wellington was not only trying to deceive Marmont, he actually was deceiving him. The Frenchman was manœuvring for the purpose of confusing his enemy; but the Englishman, intent on the tactics of the other, was only waiting for the slightest mistake to be made in order to fall upon him. At the same time he affected to attach small importance to Arapil Grande, and placed a large body of troops on the right bank of the Tormes, as if he thought that the critical point in the battle. All the while he had ready an enormous force ready to go to the hill in case of necessity. But that necessity, in his judgment, had not yet arrived, nor would it arrive as long as any of the men in Santa María de la Peña were alive.

It was ten o'clock in the morning, and, apart from the brief engagement I have described, the two armies had not fired a shot. As I passed through the ranks, several officers eagerly asked me questions which, of course, I could not stop to answer. Reaching head-quarters, I found Wellington on horseback, surrounded by his staff. I hurriedly told him what had occurred, and added, emphatically,—

"It cannot be done."

"What cannot be done?" he asked, imperturbably.

"Arapil Grande cannot be occupied."

"I did not order General Pack to occupy it, for that was impossible," he replied. "The French are very near it, and since yesterday have made a thousand preparations to dispute that position with us, although they have tried to conceal it."

"Then I am to report——"

"I did not order General Pack to completely occupy the hill, but to prevent the French from establishing themselves there. They have not established themselves, have they? Are not the 23d of the line, and the 3d and the 7th Highlanders, still there?"

"A few of them are still there, general."

"With the reinforcements I have sent there are enough for the purpose, which is to act on the defensive,—only on the defensive. It will be sufficient if no Frenchman is allowed to get on this side of the hill. Even if they cannot take the hermitage, I think they must have men enough to engage the enemy for a few hours."

"No doubt, general," I said. "However quickly they may be killed, eight hundred men will give an account of themselves. We can hold our ground till mid-day."

While I was saying this, he was giving more attention to the distant lines of the enemy than to me. Suddenly he turned quickly to General Alava, who was at his side, and said,—

"Things are changing. The French are extending their lines too much. They mean to outflank me with their right."

A formidable mass of Frenchmen was marching off towards the Tormes, leaving a large gap between that section of the army and the one at Cavarrasa. One would have needed to be blind not to see that into that gap the genius of the allied army was going to thrust his terrible sword up to the hilt.

XXXI.

The general staff fell back a little, orders were given, officers rode away in all directions, a significant murmur ran through the whole army, the artillery moved forward, the horses neighed. Without waiting to see more, I flew back to the Arapil to tell of the complete change of the situation.

The thought of the general-in-chief was carried to the army in orders delivered with inconceivable rapidity. We all guessed it, by virtue of that strange solidarity which at certain moments is established between the will and the body, between the brain that thinks and the hands that execute. The plan was to throw the centre into the gap in the enemy's line, and at the same time to fling upon the Arapil the whole force of the right, which had so far remained expectant on the plain.

I had not gone far when a terrific concussion broke upon my ears. It was the artillery of the enemy's left, opening on the hill with titanic energy. Our brave right was at the same instant starting to ascend to rescue the incomparable Highlanders from their perilous position. I passed through the fifth division, commanded by General Leith, marching up the hill from the village; through the third division, under Major-General Pakenham, the cavalry of General Urban, and the dragoons of the Fourteenth Regiment, who were marching in four columns to turn the enemy's left: I could see far away

General Bradford's brigade, and Cole's, and the cavalry of Stapleton Cotton, going in another direction against the enemy's centre: also in the distance I could distinguish my comrades of the Spanish division, forming a part of the reserve commanded by General Hope.

The hermitage was not on the crest of Arapil Grande, as there were heights still above it. The hill, in fact, was irregular and terraced, although it did not seem so from a distance. Once on it, you found depressions and slopes, sometimes gentle, sometimes sharp, and the soil rather rocky. The French, from the moment when they thought it useless longer to conceal their intentions, came out at several points and occupied the commanding high ground, thus threatening from various directions the meagre forces opposed to them. Pakenham's division was the first to open fire on the enemy, marching up the slope over against the village. It was supported by Urban's Portuguese cavalry, but it did not make rapid progress, for the French had a great advantage from their superior position.

When I reached the neighborhood of the hermitage, I found that General Pack had not abandoned a foot of his line, though his brave regiments were reduced to less than half their number. But the arrival of General Leith with the fifth division completely changed the aspect of things. Though the enemy had great numbers of men on the crest above us, we were as many, and not their inferiors in courage. But no time was to be lost. We must throw regiment after regiment up that slope, disregarding the fire of the French artillery which played on us from the forest, though without doing us great damage. We must drive out the French from the hermitage, and then keep pushing upward, right up, till we planted the English flag on the highest point of the Arapil Grande.

"Reinforcements have come as soon as I have," said I to General Pack. "What have you for me to do?"

"Take command of the 23d. All its officers are killed. Keep right on upward. I see now what we have to do,—hold this position, and engage as many of the enemy's troops as possible, so as to give Cole and Bradford a better chance at the centre. This is the key of the battle. Straight on up!"

The French no longer tried to hold the hermitage, but crowned the summit. Their columns, skilfully disposed, awaited us with a confident air. They could not be attacked by cavalry, and were beyond the danger of much injury by our distant guns. It was necessary for us to march squarely up to them and drive them away as best we could with the help of Heaven.

The glory of leading the advance against those immovable French columns fell to the 23d of the line. That was a terrible stairway to mount, and on every step the soldier was astonished to find himself still alive. Nevertheless, the troops mounted it. Do you ask how? I cannot tell. It was inexplicable. I had never seen men like those Englishmen. They were ordered to do an absurd, an impossible, thing, and they did it,—or at least tried to do it.

The separate movements and the different orders given it is impossible for me to detail. As the ground was broken, we would come

to comparatively level spots. On these ledges there were scattered combats of unheard-of ferocity. The brave men of southern climes, who seldom display the passive heroism of letting themselves be killed before they will break their ranks, cannot understand that sort of imperturbable fury which entered into the valor of the English. It is easy for the lofty hill-top to fling itself with accelerating swiftness upon the plain and overwhelm it; but we were the plain undertaking to climb the hill-top and crush that!

For the first few steps we had no great difficulty. Many were killed, but on we went. Afterwards it was different. It seemed as if the French had allowed us to come a little way in order to take us at closer quarters. Still, our good order, our direct line of march, and our coolness in executing manœuvres, prevented the slaughter from being as great as it might have been. With modern arms the thing would have been impossible. We took advantage of the intervals when the French were reloading to charge forward with fixed bayonets. But they were fresh and confident, poured their volleys in at short range, and received us with the bare bayonet. Sometimes our column would succeed, with its death-like tenacity, in climbing over the heaped-up corpses of the enemy; but to do this meant threefold energy and threefold slaughter, and the result did not correspond to the terrible effort.

It was a frightful ascent. The single combats, the cries, the tumult, the boiling over of those human craters, showed how much worse than the ferocity of beasts is the mad rage of man. Hand to hand the advance was achieved, and a spot of ground large enough to plant the feet upon was struggled for with desperate and bloody strife. When England had once got her foot on a bit of earth she would not give it up. The French made dashing charges, but could not push the British down the slope. Knowing the great peril of even a momentary faltering, of a step or a look backward, it seemed as if the feet of those men took root where they were put down. Even after they were shot to death, death could not push them back.

But at last came a terrible moment, when those columns, shot through and through and decimated, felt that they were making no headway. Behind the surging lines of the French appeared others. As in the fearful forest of Macbeth, on the crest of the Arapil Grande every branch became a man. Where so many troops came from we did not know, but there was an army of them. The moment came when the English saw this immense mass on the summit rolling down upon them, brandishing a thousand bayonets and aiming thousands of muskets. Panic took possession of the English lines, not that nervous panic which impels men to flee, but a profound anguish which takes away all hope and brings resignation. It was utterly impossible to advance another step.

But it was still more impossible to retreat, unless one was willing to be bayoneted by the French and sent rolling below. To retreat down a declivity, yielding every inch of ground with as much stubbornness as the enemy had shown in opposing its conquest, is the very pitch of difficulty. General Pack bellowed with rage, and it seemed

as if the blood would burst from every pore of his infuriated face. He was a man to have fought his way to the top alone. But his hoarse orders were no longer heard. He shook his sword at the sky, as if it were the fault of Heaven that the English could advance no farther.

The time had come for one soldier to die stoically to give another a chance to take a step backward behind his body. In that way the half would be saved. The columns preserved their order with wonderful skill. The firing was terrific, and every time the lines went down a few steps it seemed as if all were over. But the confusion was but momentary; immediately the English again appeared in a compact and formidable mass, and death had to be contented with the half. In this way a part of the field was slowly yielded, until at last the French left off their attack. They had reached a point where the English cannon played on them severely, and, besides, the advance of Pakenham along the flank of the Arapil Grande drew off their attention. They concentrated their troops and waited.

Meanwhile in the other part of the battle glorious events were occurring. General Cole crushed the French centre. The cavalry of Stapleton Cotton flung itself upon the disordered files, and made one of the most brilliant, and at the same time awful, charges that ever were seen. From the position where we stood, baffled but not humiliated, we could see at a distance the wonderful display. The columns of dragoons with their swift and spirited horses wound in and out among the French infantry like immense serpents. The sabres flashed continuously, like a rain of steel dashing down and destroying as does the hurricane. The shouts of the horsemen, the gleam of their helmets, the snorting of the horses rejoicing in that feast of blood, were truly terrifying.

It was in vain that the French won some advantage on the other side. They had succeeded in taking some of the houses in the village, thinking that possession of it was highly important. They defended themselves with the utmost bravery, but Cotton's cavalry had gone like a huge dagger into the heart of the imperial army. One could see the great body split in two by the powerful blade. Everything gave way,—force, foresight, skill, valor, impetuosity. Those thousands of breastplates gave one some idea of the Roman *testudo*, but this immense tortoise, with its shell of steel, had all the litheness of a reptile with thousands of feet and with thousands of mouths to hiss and bite. Everything fell before it. A groan of despair went through the ranks of the French. Marmont hurried to restore order, but a ball took off his right arm. Bonnet made haste to take his place, but he too fell. Ferey, Thomières, Desgraviers, distinguished generals, perished, with thousands of soldiers.

XXXII.

The situation of our affairs was greatly changed by Cotton's tremendous charge. General Leith again joined us, together with General Spry. I saw that a new assault on the summit was preparing. The enemy's situation was much less favorable than before, yet he had

a powerful force still on the hill, and a safe line of retreat open by the mountains of Cavarrasa. Concentrated in their positions from the hermitage up to the crest, the French waited for us and presented an imposing front.

Leith's division and Pack's brigade again moved forward, while Spry made off to the right to support Pakenham. The firing of the skirmishers soon began, but the columns marched on in silence. We already knew the ground, our enemy, and the nature of that ascent. As before, the French seemed inclined to let us draw near in order the better to receive us with a shower of bullets; but this was only a ruse, as they suddenly fell upon Pakenham and Leith at the same time, with such impetuosity and courage that only Englishmen could have withstood them. The columns on both sides speedily lost their alignment, and irregular and broken groups faced and fell upon each other. The ground was soon guttered with blood, and the fallen bodies were the principal obstacles to an advance. At times the deadly grapple would be relaxed, but it was only to recover strength for a fresh encounter. Covered with blood, whether from my own veins or another's I did not know, I flung myself into the same delirium that I saw in others, forgetting everything and feeling as if a new soul had taken possession of me. I fell to shouting like the Highlanders, and, though I never knew a word of English, it is a fact that when I roared they understood me as I did them.

Those powerful Scotchmen had staggered the imperial lines a good deal by the time that Clinton's division came up from the reserve. As the fresh troops came into action, the French left off charging, though still holding their ground firmly. But in a little while we saw them begin to fall back, keeping up a sharp fire. After a time we saw the troops that occupied the crest of the hill slowly retreating, protected by the rear-guard, which kept up an incessant fire. I do not know if we were ordered to do it, but I do know that the English columns suddenly began to move up the slope at various points. They did so without any precipitation, and with the utmost coolness. France began to retire, and the battle was won.

Nevertheless, it was not easy to break the ranks of the French with the bayonet, for they defended themselves with energy and made a skilful retreat. Repeatedly we strove to break their good order, and to get through that living wall which protected the flight of the rest; but for a long time we could not. But the sight of all those soldiers getting off unharmed fired us with fresh zeal, and finally our tremendous pounding broke the French line. Terrible is the hour when a defeated army has to organize a retreat in front of a threatening and implacable conqueror! If it flees, he will destroy it; and if it makes a stand, he will also destroy it.

There is no hatred known to history comparable to that between the French and the English at that epoch. Guelphs and Ghibellines, Romans and Carthaginians, Arabs and Spaniards, sometimes took compassion on each other; but England and France, in the time of the Empire, hated each other like Satan. The jealous rage of these two nations, one mistress of the seas and the other of the land, burst forth

in a horrible manner on fields of battle. From Talavera to Waterloo the duels of these two rivals stretched a million of men upon the earth. Both reached the utmost pitch of ferocity in the battle of Salamanca.

With some Portuguese and English, I pushed far on into the mass of disordered and flying French infantry. I was carried along as in a whirlwind, not knowing what I did, and having no consciousness except a burning desire to kill something. In all the confusion I suddenly saw a gilded eagle on the end of a pole, around which were wrapped the dirty folds of a cloth that looked as if it might have washed the dishes of all the kings of Europe. On one of its folds I saw what had been a golden N. There was that glorious emblem of war only five yards from me. I do not know what happened, whether the flag came towards me or I went towards the flag. If I believed in miracles, I should think that my arm suddenly became five yards long, for, without knowing how, I grasped the flag-staff and tried to tear it away from the man who was holding it. I was redoubling my efforts, when a voice shouted in French,—

"Take that!"

At the same instant a pistol was discharged in my face, and I was pierced by a bayonet, though I could not tell where. Before me was a livid face, dripping with blood, eyes flashing fire, hands clinched on the flag-staff, and a mouth stretched wide as if to devour me alive. To say how much I hated that monster is impossible. We struggled together, and he fell on his knees: I then saw that one of his legs was shattered and helpless. I fought to tear away the flag from his grasp. Some one came to help me, and another ran to aid him. I was wounded again, but it only made me more savage in my rage, and I crushed the brute to the earth under my knees. With both hands I was grasping both the flag-staff and my sword, but soon I found my sword alone in my right hand. Fearful of losing the flag, I thrust out with my sword and buried it again and again in something soft and yielding, and a thread of blood spurted from somewhere straight into my face. The flag was at last mine; but from that body grovelling beneath me there sprung claws or some kind of venomous tentacles to grasp me, and a mouth buried its teeth in my arm with such force that I shrieked with pain.

I fell, closely gripped by that dragon, for dragon he seemed to me. We rolled over and over down the slope, among the dead and the wounded and the fleeing and pursuing. I could see nothing; I only felt that I had the eagle strongly clutched to my breast. That horrible mouth of the monster was still fastened on my arm, and together we rolled over and over, under a thousand trampling feet. I do not know for how long this kept on. It must have been but a short time, though it seemed to me to be something like a century. I do not know when we stopped; all I know is that the monster did not let go of me or leave off biting me; at last, as it seemed, he gave up biting my arm to bury his poisoned fangs in my very heart. I also know that the eagle was still pressed to my breast; I felt it there. It seemed as if the pole was piercing to my vitals. Finally I lost all idea of existence. The battle of Salamanca was over, at least for me!

XXXIII.

I recovered consciousness only by degrees. For a long time there was but a dawn of perception within me, very slow and very painful. It seemed as if I was being born into a new life, and I found it as irritating as the eye does the light after being blind for a long time. I saw various things, but did not know what they were; and I also heard voices, but did not know what they said. My memory appeared to be completely gone.

In front of me, and very near, I saw a face. Whose it was I could not tell. But it had two beautiful eyes which looked at me affectionately. This I seemed to make out by an inward sensation, for as for understanding, I hadn't a gleam of it. But by feeling or instinct I divined that the person in front of me embodied a tender and loving tendency towards me.

A little afterwards, when my eyes were shut, I thought a butterfly was hovering over my head. Then it alighted on my forehead. I could feel its wings brushing against the skin; they seemed strangely warm. For some time I felt them there, and then they went away, making a curious sound, a sort of gentle explosion, which made me open my eyes. But rapidly as I opened them, more rapidly did the fluttering insect make off. But the same face was there near mine, so near that I could feel its warmth.

Presently my angelic protector gave me something to drink that afforded me great comfort and invigoration. Then she laid my head back on the pillow, and said,—

"Do you feel better?"

An impulse ran from my brain to my lips, and they articulated,—

"Yes."

"You are conscious at last," added the voice. "Your face is that of a different man. I think the fever is leaving you."

I answered, "Yes," a second time. In the stupidity which overwhelmed me, that was the only thing I could say, and it was a great delight to me to use repeatedly the only treasure I had yet acquired in the immense domain of speech. The *yes* is the entire vocabulary of idiots. To say *yes* to everything, to assent to whatever exists, can be done without any reasoning or comparison, or the exercise of any judgment whatever. Some one else does the work for you. But to say *no* requires a certain degree of intelligence. In the mere twilight of reason, as I then was, for me to have given a negative answer would have been a prodigy of genius and precocity.

"You slept very well last night," said the voice of my nurse. "You will be well soon. Your hands are cold; give them to me, and I will warm them."

As she did so, a flash went through my mind, but so swiftly and dimly that I still had no certainty, only a kind of presentiment, a hope of getting back my understanding again. The tangled skein was unravelling in my brain, but so slowly, so slowly.

"Can't you speak a single word to me?" said the voice of my nurse. "Won't you even look at me? Why do you shut your eyes? I hope

you will not be displeased at what I have done. I will not conceal it from you. Perhaps you did not know that your enchanted princess and her rogue of a father were in Salamanca? Who brought them there I do not know. The unhappy man was anxious to get his liberty, and I obtained it for him with the greatest pleasure, securing for him a safe-conduct to go away and pass through any part of Spain."

As I heard this, reason, memory, feelings, speech, all came back to me. They came with a rush, with violence, like a cataract falling from the clouds. I gave a shout, sat up in bed, waved my arms, pushed roughly away the beautiful figure by my side, and broke out into wrathful cries. I looked at the lady and spoke her name, for now I knew who she was.

A hospital attendant hurried in at the sound of my cries. Both of them tried to calm me.

"The delirium is on him again," said the friar.

"I was the cause of this change," said Miss Fly, contritely.

But my own weakness overcame me, and I fell back on the bed. I was choking with indignation, which was all the greater for my not having voice or strength to give expression to it. Just as I was about to lose consciousness again, the phenomenon of the fluttering insect was repeated. Again its soft warm wings rested upon my forehead. This did not especially surprise me, for it was only what I had experienced before when I was painfully struggling back to life. But a much stranger phenomenon followed. Almost in a dead faint, I could yet perceive a long black thing moving before my face. It was not very large, though I could not tell exactly what its size was, but it had two long legs and two pointed wings, which opened and shut alternately. It was all black and hard, and very ugly. The repulsive creature closed itself up, and then it looked like a black dagger; it stretched out its legs and its wings, and then it looked like a scorpion. Slowly it drew near to me, and when it touched my forehead it sent a chill through my whole body. It stirred itself violently, waving its horrible extremities repeatedly, emitting a dry, strident noise which put my nerves on edge, and then disappeared.

XXXIV.

After a long and profound sleep, I woke in full daylight much better. Two men were at my side, Juan de Dios, the friar in attendance on the hospital, and an army physician. The latter made the most cheerful predictions about my recovery, and ordered me to take some nourishing food, if I could get anybody to give it to me. Then he went off on his rounds, and the brother sat down by me and said, in a lugubrious voice,—

"Take the advice of a poor penitent, Don Gabriel, and, instead of troubling yourself about food for the body, attend to the nourishment of the soul, of which there is great need."

"Why, how's this?" I said. "Am I going to die, Señor Juan de Dios?"

"Better death a thousand times," declared the friar, solemnly, "than a life such as yours is. At least, that would be my choice."

"I do not understand you."

"Señor Araceli, Señor Araceli," he exclaimed, in great agitation, "fix your thoughts on God, call God to your aid, drive out all worldly ideas from your mind. That we may accomplish this, my friend, let us pray, let us pray with fervor for four or five hours without stopping a moment, and then we may hope to be free from the dreadful peril which threatens us."

"Why, you want to kill me!" I said, despairingly. "The doctor tells me to eat, and here you are offering me six hours of prayer for a ration! My revered brother, for the love of Heaven bring me a chicken, a turkey, a lamb, an ox!"

"Lost! hopelessly lost!" he exclaimed, with the greatest grief, and lifting his eyes towards heaven. "Gratify the body with exciting food, when the soul is endangered! Be persuaded; let us pray together, and perhaps the evil one will flee away and abandon his wicked plans."

"Brother Juan de Dios, go away from me, or I do not know what I shall do to you. You may have cracked your brain over religion, but luckily I have not mine, and I want something to sat. Bring me something to eat, and then we will pray."

His only answer was to fall on his knees, pull out a prayer-book, and say to me,—

"Repeat after me what I read."

"This man is murdering me! he is murdering me! Help!" I cried.

Juan de Dios got up and put his hand on my breast, trembling and terrified. Said he,—

"He's coming! He's going to come again!"

"Who?" I cried, tired of the farce.

"Who?" said he, in a low voice. "Whom do you suppose, if not the enemy of mankind, the prince of the power of darkness, the foul fiend who possesses the art of transforming himself into a shape which will most easily deceive the unguarded sinner?"

I burst out into laughter, which echoed through the room.

"I am extremely glad to learn that he is coming," I said. "How do you know he is coming?"

"Because he has been here before, wretched man; because he has already laid his impious hands upon you in sign of dominion over you, and because he said he would return."

"I am delighted beyond measure to hear this. When had I the honor of such a visit? I saw nothing."

"How could you see him when you were asleep? Sleep, sleep,—that's the great danger. For that reason I keep vigil constantly."

"He came, then, when I was asleep?"

"Yes, last night. It was a fearful moment. The Englishwoman had gone away. I was alone, and was saying my prayers, when——"

"When the earth opened and a sulphurous flame shot up?"

"No, it was not the earth that opened, but the door, and then appeared—oh, a sight which is always before my sinful eyes, a form

copied after the celestial shapes of the angelic sphere. Another, also in the form of a woman, was with her, at once lovely and hateful."

"What did they do when they saw me? For my part, I worship those demons, Juan de Dios, and I'm going to send a tender message to them by you."

"By me! Unhappy victim, they will come to carry you off with their satanic arts!"

"I want to know what they did, what they said."

"They said, 'This must be the place,' and then their eyes, which can see in the darkness, perceived your devoted body, and they flung themselves upon it with howls disguised in the form of sobs."

"And I sleeping like a log! Father Juan, you are a fool. Why didn't you wake me up?"

"Then they looked around, as if to ask me something, but I had hidden under that table, and there I was trembling and dying. Señor Don Gabriel, I was dying with the desire to pray and yet was not able to pray. At last they went away: they were in possession of your soul, and wanted nothing more."

"They went away, you say?"

"Yes, they went away, saying that they were going to get permission to move you somewhere else,—to the infernal regions, no doubt."

Juan de Dios suddenly broke off. He was listening to some strange noises outside, and was white and shaking with fear.

"Here I am, dear Ines! here I am, countess!" I exclaimed, recognizing the gentle voices. "Here I am, alive and well and happy, and loving you both better than life."

Ah, how they both ran to me in pity! One embraced me on one side, and the other on the other. I almost swooned with joy as those beloved heads rested on my breast.

Juan de Dios ran away, or flew away, I don't know which. I tried to speak, but could not for my emotion. They were weeping, and could not say anything either. At last Ines lifted her eyes to my forehead and looked at it curiously.

"What are you looking at?" I asked her. "Am I so disfigured that you do not know me?"

"It isn't that."

The countess looked too.

"I see that you have lost something," said Ines, smiling.

I lifted my hand to my forehead, and, sure enough, something was missing.

"What has become of those locks of hair that I used to have here?"

She touched my head with her tiny fingers.

"Why, I do not know: perhaps they were shot off in the battle."

They both laughed.

"Dear ladies, I remember having seen a cold and black creature on my head in my dreams; now I know what it was,—a pair of scissors. I have a scratch here on my temple, and the surgeon must have seen that the hair troubled me and cut it off. He is a most observant man, and does not forget the smallest detail."

I had so many questions to ask that I did not know where to begin.

"When did the battle end?" I asked. "Where is Lord Wellington?"

"The battle ended as all battles do—when they have tired themselves out with slaughter."

"But the French were retreating when I fell."

"They retreated so far," said the countess, "that they must be still running. Wellington is at their heels. Don't you worry about that: they will get on very well without you. Perhaps they will promote you for having taken the eagle."

"So I captured an eagle?"

"Yes, a gilded eagle, with open wings and a broken beak, and with thunder-bolts in its claws. I saw it," said Ines, with great satisfaction.

"You were found," added the countess, "among the dead and wounded, clutching the corpse of a French color-bearer, whose teeth were buried in your arm."

That was precisely the part of my body where I had the most pain.

"We have been looking for you ever since the 22d," said Ines, "but till last night it was only running here and there without any result. We feared you were killed. I went to the great trench where they are burying the poor fellows. It seemed like the curse of God. If I had had the eagle that you captured, I would have flung it into the trench with the rest."

"Well said, Ines. Military glory and the dead in battle ought to be buried together. Well, my beloved, alive I am to love both of you with all my heart, and to marry one of you as soon as the other gives her consent."

The countess frowned slightly, and Ines looked at the place where my hair was missing.

"Let us get the rascal out of here," said the countess, "and then we will see about it. We certainly owe profound thanks to that English lady who found you on the battle-field and took such good care of you, so we have been told. Clearly, my young gentleman, you and I will have to talk this over."

"Isn't she here? I should be delighted to have you know her. Miss Fly is a most loyal and generous person. Juan de Dios! That fellow won't come if they hang him. He has taken the fancy of calling you demons."

"That blessed hospital attendant?" inquired the countess. "The doctor told us that he had already escaped twice from a mad-house. Let's see about getting you into a stretcher. I will go and call another nurse."

When she had gone out I said to Ines,—

"You have told me nothing about Santorcaz."

"You shall know all soon," she said, letting me devour her hands with kisses. "Come to the house quickly: try to get up."

"I cannot, my child, I am so weak. That bedevilled nurse has made up his mind to kill me with hunger, and Miss Fly was gone."

"Oh," said Ines, with a bewitching pretence of threatening me, "always that Englishwoman! I have a suspicion, a terrible suspicion, and if I was sure of it—— Can it be that I am too good, too confiding and innocent, and you a great scoundrel?"

She looked at my forehead again uneasily.

"My precious Ines!" I exclaimed, "if you have suspicions, I will dissipate them. This cannot be. Could I suspect you? Can our faith in each other be broken?"

"Not before, but now—you are concealing something from me: my mother said something unwittingly. Gabriel, do not deceive me. Miss Fly found you on the battle-field. She denied it, but it is true. They told us so."

"I deceive you! Well, that is a good joke. I couldn't do it even if I wanted to. But I ought to tell you the truth, the whole truth, my wife, and I will at once. Why do you keep on looking at my forehead?"

"Because—because Miss Fly took that lock of hair. I divined it."

"Why, yes, very likely it was she," said I, serenely.

"She did it! And you confess it!"

Tears were in her eyes. I did not know what to say. But the truth came in an impetuous wave from my heart to my lips. Painfully raising myself up in bed, I said to her,—

"I shall have many surprising things to tell you, beloved. But let us both give thanks to that generous woman who rescued me from among the dead on the Arapil Grande, in order that you might not be a widow."

"Come, we're off!" said the countess, suddenly entering the room and interrupting me. "There's a litter here in which you can go perfectly well."

XXXV.

They placed me in a light and cheerful room in the well-known house in Caliz Street, and in a good bed which was hurriedly made ready for me. Then they gave me a good meal, and I felt immensely better. My joyful heart contributed more than anything else to my rapid improvement. An external symptom of this inner joy was my disposition to laugh on the most frivolous occasions.

In the evening the countess went to write letters to all mankind, and Ines gave me my supper. We were alone, and I told her everything, absolutely everything, about Miss Fly, leaving out nothing that would prejudice me, or that would do me honor, in the eyes of my companion. She listened to me with rapt attention, and when I finished she seemed to have lost the power of speech. I do not know in what vague perplexities her soul was floating. In her face I thought I could detect anger struggling with pity, pride with the disposition to laugh. But she said not a word, and her eyes were feeding on me. For my part, I felt an inclination to make light of the clouds which obscured my sky.

"Is it possible that you are still thinking about that?" I asked.

"I am waiting for you to show me the blond lock of hair to pay for your black one. A fine fellow you are, to think I would marry you, a thorough rascal! We will take care of you, and as soon as you are well you may go off with your dear Englishwoman. I am sure I shall not ask you to stay."

She pretended to be in earnest, and came very near being so in reality.

"I shall not go off," I said, "because I love you more than the apple of my eye. I have become enamoured of you because you are a creature of other days; because your soul, señora, has an affinity for mine, and together we mount to those heights which vulgarity and baseness never attain. For your sake, señora, I will be a Bernardo del Carpio, a Cid, or a Lancelot of the Lake; I will undertake the most incredible adventures, I will kill half the world and eat the other half."

"You need not think you can make a fool of me with such nonsense," said she, laughing in spite of herself.

"Señora," I exclaimed, dramatically, "you are the loadstone of my existence! Bear me, bear me with you through the immense space of the emotions and to the altitudes of thought. If you give me up, I will weep for you in the midst of ruins; if you love me, I will be your slave, and will conquer for you ten kingdoms, so as to put one on each finger of your hands."

"Be still, be still, foolish jester!" cried Ines.

"I give you up, because you love another, a vulgar and prosaic creature, señora," said I, fixing my eyes on her forehead and moving my fingers like the opening and shutting of scissors. "But I wish something to remember you by, and so I will cut off that lock of hair which falls down on your forehead."

So saying, I caught that lovely head and gave it a thousand kisses.

"You hurt me, you savage!" she cried, laughing all the while.

The countess opened the door. She had been in the next room, and Ines, as she saw her, blushed redder than a poppy.

"It is all Gabriel's fault," she said: "he was performing some of his pranks."

"You mustn't make so much noise, for I am writing. I have yet to write to Wellington and Graham and Castaños and Azanza and Soult and O'Donnell and King Joseph."

My adorable lady had a mania for letter-writing. She wrote to everybody under the sun, and somehow managed to get an answer from every one.

The next day the countess went to call upon Miss Fly, whose acquaintance she had made in Puerto. Athenais returned the call the same day. She came elegantly dressed, fairly brilliant in her beauty and grace. Colonel Simpson escorted her, as red-faced as ever, vivacious, dandified, and scanning everything with the quadruple stare of his eyes and spectacles. I had got up, and was sitting in a chair during the call.

"So you are going to England?" said the countess.

"Yes, señora," replied Athenais, without deigning me a glance.

"I am tired of the war and of Spain, and want to be with my father and sisters. If ever I return to this country, I shall take pleasure in calling on you."

"Before that, perhaps, I shall have the pleasure of writing to you," said my lady, recalling the fact that such things as paper and pens existed. "That reminds me that I have not yet found time to write to Lord Byron, whom I met in Cadiz. Well, you will take with you pleasant memories of Spain."

"Very pleasant. I have amused myself exceedingly in this peculiar country. I have made a study of the manners of the people, and have made a great many drawings and sketches of costumes and landscapes. I imagine they will attract attention."

"You will also have some sad remembrances of the terrible war," said the countess, with feeling.

"Yes, the French have no respect for anything," observed Miss Fly, indifferently.

"In their retreat," Simpson interposed, "they destroyed all the villages on the bank of the Tormes. They could not forgive us for having killed five thousand of their men and taken seven thousand prisoners, with two eagles, six flags, and eleven cannon. A great and important battle, that! I cannot refrain from congratulating Señor Araceli," he added, honoring me with a glance, "for his fine bearing in the action. General Pack and General Leith have given me a glowing account of you. I am told that Wellington has been informed of all that can be said in your favor."

"In that case," said I, "it may dissipate the prejudice which his Excellency has had against me, for what reason I never could understand."

Athenais turned pale, but controlled herself instantly, and not only forced herself to look at me, but also burst out into a hearty laugh, or what sounded like one.

"This gentleman," she said, mirthfully, "has had the misfortune to pass for my lover in the eyes of the gossips of the camp. In Spain the reputation of ladies is at the mercy of any malicious tongue."

"Why, is it possible, señora," I said, affecting surprise and anger, —"is it possible that merely on account of my lucky meeting with you——? Certainly I knew nothing about it. They have dared to slander you? Why, it's horrible!"

"They almost suspected that I was actually married to you," said she, looking away. "It has given me great amusement, for, though, of course, I have much esteem for you——"

"I do not deserve the honor, you mean," said I. "That's as clear as water."

"It all came from some one seeing us in the city together when I passed you off for my servant," said Athenais, coquettishly. "I am sure I do not know if you dared to start the rumor in circulation yourself, out of vanity."

"I, señora? Colonel Simpson is a witness to what my feelings were about the matter."

"The rumor started," said the complaisant colonel, "among the

English officers, and began when Araceli returned from Salamanca and Miss Fly did not."

"And you yourself, my dear Sir Abraham Simpson," said Miss Fly, rather sharply, "helped along the ridiculous stories about me."

"Allow me to say, my dear Athenais, that your conduct was somewhat peculiar in that affair. Certainly you heard all about it, yet you said nothing. Your melancholy, your silence, made us believe——"

"It seems to me you know nothing about the facts," said Athenais, beginning to blush.

"Everybody was talking about it. Wellington himself was concerned about it. We asked you as delicately as possible, and you answered only in a vague way."

"You know nothing about it, and, besides, you haven't a particle of discretion."

"The fact is," Simpson went on, "you carried delicacy to an unfortunate extreme, my dear Athenais. You felt outraged by the mere idea that it should be supposed—well, of course, a lady of your rank—I mean no offence to you, sir, but—why, it would have been absurd, monstrous. England, señora, would have trembled in her foundations of granite."

"Certainly, in her foundations of granite!" I cried. "What would have become of Great Britain? It's horrible even to think of it."

Miss Fly gave me a terrible look.

"Oh, well," said the countess, "there were rumors,—I myself heard of them,—but there is no use talking about them now. It is enough that Great Britain has kept herself without a stain."

Miss Fly rose to go.

"Señora," I said to her, with the greatest deference, "I should be very sorry to have you leave Spain without giving me an opportunity to express to you the deep gratitude I feel towards you."

"For what, sir?" she asked, putting her handkerchief to her pretty mouth.

"For your goodness, for your benevolence. You must permit me to thank you—no, that is not what I want to say. I beg you to cherish no ill will towards me for having been the cause, the innocent cause, of those ridiculous rumors."

"Oh, don't mention such a stupid thing. Gossip, what difference does that make to me? You are too sensitive about such things."

"Then, señora, since you have suffered no injury on my account—"

"None, I assure you, absolutely none. You do yourself too much honor, Señor Araceli, even in asking my pardon for the vile slander, even in associating your name with mine in that way."

"Pardon, señora, a thousand times pardon! It only remains for me to say that I desire you to regard me as your humble servant, here and everywhere and at all times in my life. Am I too bold in saying that also?"

"You are. However, I appreciate your courtesy. Many thanks," she said, haughtily. "Good-by."

She took leave of the countess affectionately, and of Ines and myself very ceremoniously.

"Won't you be good enough," I asked, "to write us sometime and tell us how you are?"

"Do you care how I am?"

"Much, very much!" I exclaimed, vehemently, and in all sincerity.

"Then I will write to you. But I am very forgetful, Señor Araceli."

"I shall not forget, as long as I live, your generosity to me. It is very hard for me to forget."

"It is not for me," she said, looking at me for the last time. In that last look of hers there was so much pride and haughtiness, mingled with vexation, that I was truly pained. She went out of the room terribly and majestically beautiful.

A few moments after they had gone, the countess said to Ines,—

"My daughter, have you any objections to marrying Gabriel?"

"None whatever," she replied, with so much self-possession that I was left staring. However, I was soon over my surprise, and kissed her hand tenderly.

"Are you happy and satisfied, my daughter?"

"Happy and satisfied," she replied.

We had eyes only for each other.

XXXVI.

Those who want to know how Santorcaz died in the odor of sanctity, after becoming reconciled to the countess, and how and when I was married, with many other important details of my life for all these years since, must get some one else to tell them. I close here, to the no small delight of my tired readers, and to my own profound satisfaction in having reached the great event of my life. This was my marriage, the prime cause of the fifty years of peace which I have since enjoyed. God has given me every blessing that I have asked of Him at the same time that I have tried to find it myself. Life has been my school, and misfortune my teacher.

If you insist upon my telling you something more, you must know that circumstances prevented my taking part in the rest of the war. But the strangest thing is that from the moment I left active service I began to be promoted at an astonishing rate. Shortly after the battle of Salamanca I was given the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Then my mother-in law, by the talisman of her unceasing correspondence, had me made colonel, then brigadier, and I had not yet recovered from my surprise when, one fine morning, I found myself a full general.

"Let us stop here!" I exclaimed, in indignation. "If I don't take active steps, they will be capable of making me captain-general."

So I went on the retired list.

Having recovered Lord Wellington's regard, I received from that distinguished man many proofs of cordial esteem. One of the happiest days of my life was the one on which I learned that the Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo had won the battle of Waterloo.

THE END.

GALDÓS AND HIS NOVELS.

SPANISH critics differ about many things, but they are almost unanimous in assigning the primacy among Spanish contemporary novelists to Galdós. "The great Galdós" is a common way of speaking of him. Often he is mentioned in the same breath with Pereda, and the two are spoken of as the Dioscuri of Spanish fiction, the two pillars of Hercules which mark its extreme achievement; but in fecundity, in the grand manner, in range of theme and scene, most of all in his great series of historical romances, the headship easily belongs to Galdós.

Benito Pérez Galdós was born May 10, 1845, at Las Palmas, in the Canary Islands. His early education was had in the *Instituto* of his native town, and in 1863 he went to Madrid to study law in the University. But he developed a constantly increasing aversion for the legal profession, and, by the time he had completed his studies preparatory to its exercise, had fully determined never to enter upon it. The times were those disturbing days which preceded the revolution of 1868, a political event with which Galdós heartily sympathized and which he hailed with enthusiasm. His first book, "La Fontana de Oro," published in 1867, had a pronounced revolutionary tendency. And it was doubtless the patriotic impulse given him in that period of national excitement which led him a little later to begin the long series of historical novels, tracing the heroic struggles of Spain to free herself from the Napoleonic yoke, which have perhaps won him his greatest and most deserved fame.

He began with "Trafalgar" in 1873, feeling his way, as he has written, almost without a plan, and not suspecting how the work would grow on his hands. But the great success of the first volume speedily created a demand for others, and so the series went on until now his "Episodios Nacionales," as the collected edition is called, number twenty volumes and embrace the names which lie nearest to Spanish pride,—the names of Saragossa and Bailen and Gerona and Cadiz. Of them all none has been more popular than "La Batalla de los Arapiles," or, to give the historic battle the name by which it is known in English, "The Battle of Salamanca."

In his works of contemporary fiction Galdós is pre-eminently the novelist of Madrid. Most of his scenes are laid in the capital, and his knowledge of it is as minute and accurate as ever Dickens's was of London. He deals freely and powerfully with the strongest emotions and motives of life: with religious convictions and prejudice, as in "Doña Perfecta" and "Gloria," with the tangled course of unlawful love and jealousy and crime, as in "La Incógnita" and "Realidad." His narrative style is delightful for its firm yet light touch, and his dialogue is taken straight from the lips of men. In many of his books he shows a deep acquaintance with the minutiæ of Spanish politics, a fact which may be explained by his having been a Deputy

in the Cortes himself, sitting for Porto Rico. He is unmarried, and lives a very retired life, wrapped up in his work. Of late years he has ventured before the public as a playwright, but with so little success that he has renounced the stage and intends to confine himself to fiction.

Rollo Ogden.

WILLIAM $\times$ *SHAKESPEARE.*

HIS MARK.

THE first permanent English settlement in America was at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607. William Shakespeare died nine years later, in 1616. In August, 1620, negro slaves were first introduced into Virginia. From 1607 on, the colonization of Virginia from England proceeded steadily, and briskly, too, for that age,—it being especially noteworthy that this colonization fairly represented all England, and was not restricted to any class or sect. Moreover, the England of that day was Shakespeare's England,—the England from which he drew his characters, manners, speech, proverbs, and particularly all those traits and touches that give definite date and locality to his works. They were Shakespeare's contemporaries who came over with Captain John Smith and his successors,—the very men and women whom he knew and drew so well, some of them also knowing him, not only as a dramatist and an actor, but also personally. There is a tradition, not fully verified, nor yet wholly discredited, that among these early colonists was one of the executors of Shakespeare's will, who lived and died at Fredericksburg,—it being commonly understood and accepted that, until the late war, fragments of the tombstone of this executor could still be seen in an old cemetery of that town.

From 1620 the African settlement of the colony and its English settlement proceeded together, *pari passu*. The negro colonists, of course, as slaves and barbarians, were put at the lowest and coarsest labor, and there, working side by side with English Hodge, from him they learned such English and English folk-lore as they acquired. Later, Hodge and the negro separated, and it was not long before the latter was practically segregated, Hodge progressing more or less, with some exceptions, while Sambo, black and a slave, was rapidly hedged about by strict laws and customs that set him apart and kept him stationary. To educate him was a crime; but, illiterate and barbarous as he was, the first civilization and education he received were English, fresh from the soil of Shakespeare's England, and to this day he legibly retains Shakespeare's mark, as originally impressed upon him. Of course, even in slavery, there were freedmen, house- and town-servants, and a few other negroes, from whom this impress was partially removed by their opportunities and associations, and many more have lost it since emancipation and the free school have come; but the mass of rural negroes, with some whites who have been subjected to very similar conditions, still remind one of the great dramatist by their doings and

sayings, their proverbs, omens, signs, and peculiarities of speech. They sometimes exhibit an apparent familiarity with Shakespeare in their words and phrases; but they do not know him at all,—never heard of him.

LIPPINCOTT'S for February of this year (1895) had an article on "Lingo in Literature" which cited a few Shakespearian survivals in what may be called the *patois* of the Southern or Virginian illiterate whites and negroes: the use of *allow*, or *'low*, for think, say, or declare; of *on* for of; of *along of*, or *'long of*, for because of; *holp* for helped; *mought* for might; *swound* for swoon; *swinge* for whip, or beat; *yerking* for sudden thrusting, or snatching; and *mammock*, *ruinate*, *for to*, *God he knows*, *strucken*, and *handkercher*. Further citations in this line will be of interest. For instance, there is the word *chinks*, which negroes use so often in the sense of money. We find this word, used precisely as the negroes use it, in "Romeo and Juliet," where the Nurse, fleshly and of the earth earthy, says of Juliet,—

> I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
> Shall have the chinks.

Out, signifying "angry with each other," seems to be a household word in the Northern and Eastern States; yet it is rarely so employed at the South, except by the uneducated, unless in connection with the verb to fall. "We have fallen out" is common enough in Virginia; but "we are out," meaning the same, is mere lingo south of the Potomac,—although "we are at outs," or "we are out with each other," is considered proper. "Betsey and I are out" could never be the title and burden of any but a negro song in that section, and then it should be amended to "Me and Betsey is out." Yet we find Jessica, in "The Merchant of Venice," saying, "Launcelot and I are out," with identical significance.

Any one who ever attended a "shindig" at a negro quarter, or what is still called a "play" among white cabin-folk in the country, remembers how the fiddler is often jeered with

> "Spit in the hole, man, and tune ag'in."

In "The Taming of the Shrew," Lucentio adjures Hortensius in the very same words, except that he says "again" instead of "ag'in." And when Sir Andrew Aguecheek, in "Twelfth Night," vaunts his ability to "cut a caper" and do "the back trick," we seem to hear the old, familiar voice of the field-hand. A favorite dance-song at a "play" illustrates the use of "yerk," as follows:

> A grasshopper settin' on a sweet-'tater vine,
> Sweet-'tater vine, sweet-'tater vine,
> A ole turkey-gobbler come steppin' up behine,
> And yerked him off'n de sweet-'tater vine!

If the singers are white cabin-folks, however, they say "the," and not "de." Yet it is not uncommon to hear country-bred people of the best class fall into some of the obsolete or mispronounced words or

other peculiarities of speech of the cabin, especially when talking among themselves or with their laborers; and within the memory of persons yet living, "thar," "whar," and the like were usual pronunciations among all classes. Indeed, there is no doubt that much of our so-called negro talk is the survival of former prevailing and accepted pronunciation; and some years ago a writer in *Blackwood* very cleverly maintained that the Scottish dialect, or Scotch-English, was more truly the old English than the current speech of England itself.

We catch many glimpses of the old English Christmas revels in Shakespeare's plays; but, as these were kept up in England by domestic and menial servants, they naturally fell here into the hands of the negroes, in so far as they were brought over to Virginia, and thence carried to other States of which she was the mother in more than a territorial sense. And thus, while these revels were soon abandoned by all our white colonists, they were still more or less in vogue with the slaves until emancipation. The present writer recollects vividly John O'Cooner and his wife, as they were called,—two negro fellows, with hideous false-faces, one personating a woman, and both arrayed in ragged motley, marching around from house to house, escorted by drum and fife and bells, and followed by a throng of eager children of both colors. The O'Cooners sang, danced, and played all sorts of antics; the bell-ringers helped swell the choruses,—one of them collecting the coppers and small silver that generally were very liberally thrown from the houses; and the drummer and fifer headed the march, uniformed in scarlet coats (with multitudinous brass buttons and much profusion of brass braid), buff trousers, and hussar-hats, all befeathered. It was at once the terror, wonder, and fascination of the young; but when this writer last saw it, it was represented by a smut-faced small boy, with red lines drawn from his mouth to his ears, white semicircles under his eyes, and wearing his every-day clothes, with a few red and white rags tacked on here and there. His whole escort was another small boy, ringing a sheep-bell. Alas for the once wonderful pageant and uproar of jollity!

All the old festival and fast days of the Church of England, of whose observance Shakespeare makes no little use, became negro holidays here, and, as such, are still observed by the colored people of all the rural regions, but with little regard to religious purposes. No matter whether they be Methodists, Baptists, or of no church at all, they always keep well posted as to the recurrence of these days; and they seem to think it a degradation worse than slavery to work on any of these hallowed occasions. The rural white of the cabin, on the contrary, cares little or nothing for these holy periods of repose: his days of days are the court-days, when he invariably goes to the court-house, although he has no business in the world there.

It is only among the negroes that you can find in Dixie, for reasons already suggested, any good representative, in speech and manners, of the servant, good or bad, faithful or unfaithful, as the dramatist presents him or her. The Nurse, in "Romeo and Juliet," is very much the old mammy of the Southern household, even down to such details of language as "'versal" for universal;

All in gore-blood; I swounded at the sight;

"afore" for before, etc. But it is the general likeness of the two to each other that is most striking. Dogberry, in "Much Ado About Nothing," is the very type of the negro who attempts to use words that are beyond him. His "desartless," "any man that knows the statues," "decerns" for concerns, "aspicious" for suspicious, "suffigance" for sufficient, "non-come" for *non compos mentis*, "dissembly" for assembly, "suspect" for respect, "reformed" for informed, and more of the same sort, with his "condemned to everlasting redemption," and "comprehend all vagrom men," is the respectable and pompous old colored body-servant to the life. Elbow, in "Measure for Measure," though both he and Dogberry are rated as constables, is another example of the same kind; but these constables are really mere servants, just as many of the so-called servants are jesters and clowns. Adam, in "As You Like It," is the old "uncle" who is to-day wholly devoted to his former master and mistress and their children. Uncle, aunt, mammy, and boy were the titles adopted by the colonists in speaking to or of the negroes. In "King Lear" the Fool addresses Lear as "nuncle," and Lear calls him "boy." Those two being first employed here with special reference to the negroes, aunt and mammy logically followed.

The plays of Shakespeare are full of words and phrases and the misuse of words now classed as "dialect" of one sort or another. Among those which are most used in Southern folk-lingo the plays offer us the following; gi' for give, ha' for have, 'tend for attend, twink for twinkling, yon for yonder, worser for worse, word for recite (as of reading a letter, or the lines of a song), graff for graft, wi' for with, more worthier, more sounder (and many more double comparatives), an for if, writ for wrote and written, took for taken (and many similar misusages), nor cannot for nor can, 'leges for alleges, ne'er a (narry) for never a, a many for many a, mo and moe for more, 'rayed for arrayed, old for great (as Mrs. Quickly, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," speaks of "old abusing of God's patience and the king's English" by Dr. Caius), afeared for afraid, bin for been, buss for kiss, quality for best society, flat for certain, or for before, must or muss for a scramble or fray, etc.

"Honey" is a principal and frequent term of endearment among colored people and all cabin-folk. Othello, addressing Desdemona, before he was incited to jealousy by Iago, says,—

Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus.

Our cabin-folk, too, of both colors, very often allude, in quarrelling, to their hands and fingers as "the ten commandments." In "Henry VI.," no less a dame than the Duchess of Gloucester shrieks at Margaret of Anjou,—

Could I come near your beauty with my nails
I'ld set my ten commandments in your face.

English authorities (among them Chambers's Encyclopædia) cite "square" (or *squar'*, in lingo), meaning fair, honest, as an Americanism; yet a Senator, in "Timon of Athens," says to Alcibiades,—

> All have not offended;
> For those that were, it is not square to take,
> On those that are, revenges.

In "Titus Andronicus" is another significance of "square" that still survives in common parlance here. Chiron and Demetrius are fiercely quarrelling about Lavinia, when Aaron interferes, and says,—

> —and are you such fools
> To square for this?

Lingo says, "They squar'd off at each other,"—meaning they began to fight. In the same play, Titus says, "How frantically I square my talk,"—in the further popular sense of to order or shape.

Little of the current slang of the day reaches the more secluded haunts of lingo; and yet it has sayings that are commonly regarded as slang. "Chinks," for money, is one of these; but Shakespearian authority for that has already been cited. Stephano, in "The Tempest," gives warrant for "lays it on," in the figurative sense in which it is here used now. As for "too thin," it has a royal charter; for King Henry, in "King Henry VIII.," referring to Bishop Gardiner's flatteries, tells him "they are too thin." Brutus, in "Julius Cæsar," furnishes a precedent for "young bloods." Adriano, in "Measure for Measure," says,—

> But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
> This fool-begged patience in thee will be left,—

in which there seems to be also a play upon the words right and left. Desdemona assures Cassio as follows:

> Thy solicitor shall rather die
> Than give thy cause away.

Falstaff, in "Henry IV.," tells Colevile of the Dale, "Thou gavest thyself away gratis." As for "too too," meaning superlatively or excessively, Proteus, in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," declares that he loves Julia "too too much;" and Hamlet wishes that his "too too solid flesh would melt." In "Love's Labour's Lost," Armado says Holofernes is "too too vain, too too vain." Jessica, in "The Merchant of Venice," escaping from her father's house dressed as a boy, tells Lorenzo that her "shames" are already "too too light."

"Mistis war de britches on dis hyar plantation," used to be heard frequently enough; and in "Henry VI.," third Part, Queen Margaret (of Anjou) having expressed the wish that her husband, Henry of Lancaster, had been more resolute, the Duke of Gloucester sneeringly says,—

That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster!

The cabin-folk are more familiar with the proverbs and proverbial expressions with which Shakespeare abounds than any other class of our people, and they use these more frequently than any other class, even, perhaps, in England. But probably enough has already been cited to justify, in some sort, the title of this brief paper, and, further, to show how even our illiterates possess much in common with Shakespeare, although they do not know it.

William Cecil Elam.

ROBIN.

ROBIN, robin, here again,
In the tree-top rocking,
With the old insistent strain
At my heart a-knocking!

Only one,—the door's ajar;
Two,—and it is swinging:
In troop all the birds of spring,
Singing, gayly singing.

Yet the door was bolted fast,
Locked, I thought, securely,
Barricaded with a grave:
"No admittance," surely.

Ah, perhaps that gentle heart
In God's-acre lying
To that same endearing call
Cannot help replying.

Robin, robin, when I too
'Neath the grass am sleeping,
With thy dear insistent note
Set my pulses leaping;

Slip the death-bolt; calling clear,
"Spring eternal's dawning!"
With thy matchless overture
Lead the birds of morning.

Ella Gilbert Ives.

"AS A DAY IN JUNE."

"BY the way, Nan, did McWilliams get you that picture at your limit?"

Mrs. Horace Hubbard hesitated a moment before answering, and the color which fluttered so easily into her cheeks flushed them now while she vainly tried to subdue it and look calmly across the daintily appointed table into her husband's face.

The shaded candle-lamps gave a most becoming and illusive light, but the hazel eyes of Mr. Horace Hubbard, famous among his friends for their marvellous keenness of vision, detected the sudden pinkness and the unsteady gaze of his wife, and he laughed softly as he waited.

"I wish you would not laugh so. I withdrew the order." She tried to counteract the effect of her momentary wavering by the dignity of her tone, but, conscious of failing, she smiled back at him a little shamefacedly. "And in its stead"—she had quite recovered her composure now—"I gave an unlimited order for another."

This statement, though it surprised her husband, did not startle him. Unruffled, he went on with his dinner, which was nearly at an end. It had been a very good one, ordered with care by Mrs. Hubbard, who was an artist in many ways, and the salad they had come to had "an epigrammatic crispness to finish off this poem of a dinner," Mr. Hubbard had said, just before his question about the picture.

It would have taken a great deal to disturb him that evening, it was such a relief to be at home again. He had been off for a couple of weeks with a party over the railroad of which he was a director, and the restfulness of his own house and the presence of his wife, who had managed to keep herself always interesting to him, brought him that content which is very near to happiness.

"I thought, my dear," he said, his handsome eyes twinkling just as when he had rung door-bells as a youngster,—"I thought that Cazin was the one thing in the world you needed to give you a happy home; and now, just like a woman, you change your mind."

"Well, what would you have me, at thirty?" she asked. "A bigot?"

He knew she was only avoiding the main subject, and sipped his Burgundy meditatively while the salad was taken away.

"Did you get the other,—the one for which you gave the unlimited order?"

Mrs. Hubbard smiled brightly at him. "Yes, and it really is lovely; not quite like the Cazin, but I would rather have it."

He looked at her, puzzled. There was some mystery here, which time would solve, but which his wife did not seem disposed to clear quite yet. She looked so charming, however, in her pale-blue evening gown—he had always preferred her in blue—that he was willing to wait; in fact, he rather enjoyed it, for the opportunity it gave him to rally her about one of her few weaknesses.

"I thought you had put on that gown in honor of my coming home," he said, as if he were hurt; "but I suppose it is the picture. Or perhaps you want me to go somewhere."

"No, I want to stay at home to-night. The Dudley-Billings asked us there to a card-party, but I declined. I thought you would rather I did."

"Nan," he cried, "I don't care what you have paid for the picture, if you have saved me that."

Mrs. Hubbard laughed gayly. "I really did not want to go myself; so you need not thank me for refusing."

"You're improving," her husband answered, and looked so admiringly at her that the pink color came flying back. He would have gone over and kissed her, if the little English butler, whom she was training to be an old family servant some day, had not entered just then with the dessert.

"Whom is the picture by?" Hubbard asked, meekly,—"if I am not too curious." He was as curious as most men about the affairs of his wife, although he never bullied her into telling him of them.

"It is a very good Inness." He gave a sigh of relief. "One painted some years ago," she went on, "but in his best manner, I think."

"I am glad it's an Inness. I was afraid, my dear, that you had been sacrificing your desires to help some struggling young artist, and would insist not only on buying the picture, but on hanging it too, no matter how bad you really believed it in your heart."

"You were afraid of no such thing, Horace: you never knew me to encourage bad work in your life."

"Well, perhaps not; but I am gratified that at last you are getting broad enough to break loose from French prejudices and take what is just as good in an American way."

"I have not changed my mind at all about the merits of the two men," Mrs. Hubbard rejoined. "I suppose I shall have to find another Cazin some day to fill the aching void the loss of this one has left." She rested an elbow on the table, her head on her hand, and gazed a moment dreamily into the memory of the twilight Cazin she had relinquished. "But the Inness is certainly charming," she finished, cheerfully, and went on with her ice.

"Well, if you still preferred the Cazin, why in the name of common sense didn't you get it?" her husband asked. "Did McWilliams persuade you into buying the Inness?—Though I cannot imagine you being persuaded to do anything after you have once made up your mind." He did not say this critically, but wonderingly, for he had been married ten years and knew his wife's characteristics remarkably well, though he still regarded them with tenderness.

"Edward," said Mrs. Hubbard, dismissing the embryo seneschal, "we will take our coffee down-stairs to-night." Then, rising, she went over to her husband's chair, and, standing behind him, put her hands affectionately on the hair that was not as luxuriant as it once had been.

"If you have finished your dessert," she said, "let us go down to the den. I had it placed there, and when you see it I will tell you

about it, and—oh, Horace, I hope you will think I did right." There was a little catch in her voice that made him serious at once.

"Of course you have done right," he said, turning and putting his arm around her; "and if all the critics on both sides of the ocean should say, 'Mrs. Hubbard, you have made the mistake of your life in not purchasing that hay-rick in the twilight by Cazin,' my opinion only of the critics would be lowered, my dear."

"You are always such a comfort," she said, gratefully. Wiping off with the back of her jewelled little hand a tear that had trickled out of one eye, she scratched her cheek with the sharp end of a diamond and turquoise ring, and stopped their exit to ask her husband if it had left a mark. Then they went down to the den in the front basement, while Hubbard wondered secretly why the new treasure had been put in that sequestered spot.

It was a very inviting room, made gay by some gas-logs at a moment's notice; with chairs to lounge in, and two or three divans covered with soft-toned rugs and luxurious with all the down silk pillows that were not quite smart enough for the freshly done-over drawing-room and had taken on a pleasing pliancy from use.

Books of all descriptions crowded several plain Chippendale cases, —essays, histories, poems, books on science, on philosophy, and novels; not the rare editions that were kept in state in the library proper, but the books they loaned to intimate friends, and marked if they liked, and doubled over and read without covers.

A large round table in the middle of the room was centred by a generous lamp, a joy to read by, and upon it still more books,—the latest arrivals,—magazines, and tobacco in every form. At one side of the room was a rack of pipes with the names of a few choice spirits written thereon and ready for them whenever they should come. On the walls, which were something between a cream and a pink in tone, hung a motley array of pictures, water-colors, etchings, prints and photographs; for every one of them, for one reason or another, they had a special fondness.

In front of the close white sash-curtains at the windows were other straight heavy curtains of gray satin with a charming border of pinkish flowers on a gold ground. These curtains were among Mrs. Hubbard's earliest recollections of her childhood's home: she had clung to them through years of plushes, Turkish mixtures, and brocades, while they seemed to repay her regard by keeping a marvellous silvery sheen to the end of their usefulness.

Nothing had ever been bought purposely for this room; like the curtains, everything seemed to have drifted there, and whatever was found to add to its comfort stayed, like the friends that were once admitted. Upon an easel, Nan's own working one, rested the new Inness, easily the most striking bit of color in the room, and carefully placed for a good light.

"Here it is: do you like it?"

Mr. Hubbard was ever slow in expressing an opinion, but slow too in changing it, so this had its advantageous side. Nan waited impatiently for him to speak.

"Don't you like it?" she cried, beginning to be hurt.

It was a picture about sixteen by twenty-four, which gave the impression of a perfect June day,—the foreground of green meadow-land, broken a little to one side by a brook, a dark mass of the artist's living trees at the back, and overhead a deep-blue breezy sky.

It was delightful in color, done in rather a low key for an Inness, and to artist and layman alike bringing near the joy of a beautiful stretch of country on a day like those we remember.

"Yes, I like it," he said, decidedly. "And now are you quite ready to tell me why you changed your mind?" But she was not ready even then, until Edward had placed the coffee on a low table between their two easy-chairs, and Hubbard's cigar was lighted.

"I noticed the picture the first day I went to see the collection," she began; "but I was so in love with the Cazin I suppose I did not say anything about it. The last morning before the sale I went down once more. I was there so early there was scarcely any one in the rooms, and I wandered about as happy as I could be—with you away, of course." Hubbard raised his eyebrows sceptically, and she went on. "Among the few people there, though, I noticed an old man I had seen at so many other exhibitions that I never could tell whether I had really ever met him or just thought I knew him from having seen him so often.

"He was very shabby, but clean; a big man, with rather heavy features and perfectly white hair, and he kept up a nervous bobbing of his head all the time, but seemed to be unconscious of it. I had often wondered who he was, and somehow or other always associated him with my father, though I did not know why. He seemed to know a good deal about pictures, always picking out two or three of the best to hover around, and I thought he might be a dealer, except that he looked too poor. He interested me so much that I had often been tempted to speak to him: you see, I have not quite got over the Bohemian tendencies I used to indulge when I painted instead of buying pictures."

"When you painted what, Nan?"

"Canvasses, of course; you don't suppose I ever thought I painted a picture, do you? But don't interrupt.

"That morning I was watching my old friend, speculating about him as usual, when I noticed him suddenly discover that,"—she waved her hand toward the Inness,—"and the poor old fellow looked as if he had been struck by some one. He sat down on the bench nearest it, his white head shaking more than ever, and rubbed his hands piteously together. I could not stand it any longer, and flew down and asked McWilliams who he was.

"The moment he said the name of 'Heathly' I remembered where I had met him. When I was a little girl, papa had taken me to his house to see his pictures; for he had a superb collection then himself.

"'That's old Heathly,' McWilliams said; 'I always let him in here when he's sober, though he never has even the price of an admission nowadays; but all the dealers know him, and don't mind having

him around for the sake of the prices he used to pay for what he happened to take a fancy to.'

"When I went back he was sitting just where I had left him, with the tears running down his cheeks.

"I went right up to him. 'Mr. Heathly,' I said, 'of course you don't remember me, but I used to be Nan Murray; you must remember my father, John Murray.' He looked at me a little bewildered at first, and then seemed to collect himself. 'John Murray! Are you his daughter?' he said, and tried to smile: you never saw anything so pitiful in your life, Horace, as that smile.

"'Yes,' I said, and kept hold of the hand he had put out, and patted it a moment, I think. I was so sorry for him. 'I went to your house ever so long ago, and remember seeing such quantities of pictures there.' I stopped then, afraid I had been saying the wrong thing, but he looked a little comforted, and I saw it was a relief to him to talk, and so sat down beside him.

"'That was one of my pictures,' he said, pointing to it. 'I haven't seen it for six or seven years. It was Corinna's favorite of all we had. Do you remember my wife?' he asked, straightening up and speaking with more dignity. 'She is dead, you know.'

"'No; I don't think I ever saw her. But what a beautiful picture it is!'

"'Yes, isn't it? I wish I could have kept just that one,' he said, his chin quivering pitifully for a moment, and then he regained his self-possession. 'I failed in '87,' he went on, 'lost every dollar, and that had to go with the rest; but, thank God, it came when she could not feel it.'

"'I am so sorry! Was it necessary to give them all up?' I asked. I knew what it must have meant to a man who cared like that.

"'Everything. First she went, then the money, then my pictures, and then—my friends. You are like your father,' he said. 'I see him once in a while even now. He has a heart; he does not forget.'

"I said I was glad he thought me like him, and drew him on to talking more and more until he told me most of his life. He started a poor boy, and married when he was still poor but was beginning to get on a little. They were New England people, with some education, I suppose, and ambitious to improve themselves as they grew richer. They never had any children, and they both loved pictures. He did, at least, and I believe that must have been why she did, as she followed him in everything then, as she had worked for him while they were poor. He finally went into Wall Street. Everything he touched turned out well, and they were as happy as could be, when she died, eight years ago. That seemed to have broken his nerve, for he began to lose his head from that time. He told me that after she had gone the pictures were his greatest comfort; he used to spend hours among them, and they somehow brought her nearer. They had selected them together, but this one of all had been her favorite, because it reminded her of the view they had from their first real home in Montclair.

"They never knew whether it really was done there or not, but, as Inness sketched around that country a great deal, they thought it probably was.

"Then his money began to go, and he seemed to lose his grip on managing his business, till finally the smash came and he gave up everything. It broke his heart, I think. 'I can't seem to pull up and make a fresh start,' he said: 'I guess I'm too old; for I have had a couple of chances, too.' He blushed when he said this, and I thought of what McWilliams had told me about his drinking.

"Then he went back to the picture. 'It's a wonderful bit,' he said. 'Do you see the way that brook winds clear back to the trees? —though you don't notice it at first,—and the shadows on the grass are so transparent they seem to come and go while you look. When I came across it suddenly to-day it brought her right to me. If I could only have it back again, the rest wouldn't seem so hard: it would help me to remember better.' I said good-by to the Cazin that minute, Horace." Mrs. Hubbard stopped with a little sob at the thought of old Heathly's hopeless anguish, and Hubbard pushed the low table between them away, and she moved nearer and leaned her head against his arm while she finished;

"I asked him to let me give him the picture then; I knew it would not bring more than the Cazin, and that I could,—although I was almost afraid to offer it to him; but I put it on the ground of old friendship.

"'It would not do any good, my child,' he said. 'I could not keep it.' And he blushed again. 'I should be glad to keep track of it, though, so I could see it once in a while.'

"Do you wonder I told McWilliams to get it for me? I could not do anything else; could I, dear?—with you away, too. After I had arranged about it I told him he could come whenever he liked to look at it, and stay as long as he liked, and need never ask to see any one, but that Edward would show him right in here. He could not thank me, but I knew."

She rose and went over to the picture, looking at its sunshine through

> A happy mist like that which kept the heart of Eden green.

"Has he been here yet?" Hubbard asked, busying himself with lighting a fresh cigar.

"Yes; he came to-day, and asked for me first. You would have thought he had made a new fortune, to see how happy he was."

"He has won the best woman in the world for a friend," said Hubbard. Then there came a familiar knock on the window, and, while Mrs. Hubbard fled to cool off her bedimmed eyes, Hubbard himself let in one of the chosen spirits of the pipes.

"Glad to see you, Dick," he said. "Come in. Mrs. Hubbard will be down in a minute. She has just been explaining to me the fine points of this new Inness. What is your opinion of it?"

May D. Hatch.

IMPROVING THE COMMON ROADS.

I HAD the privilege several years ago of discussing this question in some of its aspects in the pages of this magazine. At that time a movement had just begun which had for its object the betterment of the condition of the roads and their general improvement until the internal highways of the country should be equal to those enjoyed by the most advanced nations of Europe, instead of being worse than those in any other civilized country in the world. I pointed out in that article how it happened that the common roads in America were so disgracefully bad, and dwelt somewhat on the desirableness, from economic and social stand-points, of securing a quick and radical improvement. Since then there has been conducted in this country an earnest and zealous campaign of education in regard to road-matters, and to-day there are hundreds where there were formerly only tens actively alive to the immense importance of this subject. Burdens we bear without knowing why they are imposed upon us or how we can relieve ourselves from them seem too hopeless to fret over. And such have been the burdens imposed by bad roads. The great majority of the people who habitually use the roads never saw any better, and very many of them did not believe they could be any better. Indeed, some men who in the ordinary affairs of life have displayed intelligence have maintained that our roads were good. They have argued that, because they were as good as those our fathers and grandfathers used, they were as good as need be. With such there is no need to argue, —they are not worthy of it; for no argument, however plain, could get close enough to their minds to be convincing. We must count that they will be in opposition, and in our work for improving the roads make due allowance.

And in this work much has been done of a very gratifying character. In fourteen States the laws have been so amended that in each of them comprehensive road-improvement is now possible; and in several of these much excellent practical work has been done under these new and more liberal laws. Under the old laws, which prevailed pretty generally all over the United States, vast sums of money, or the equivalent thereof, were spent every year in ill-timed and unskilful efforts to keep the roads in order. Whether the system of working out taxes on the road prevailed or not, the result was pretty nearly always the same,—the money and time expended were worse than wasted. When a man who does not know the first principles of road-construction or road-maintenance is made responsible for the repair of the highways in his neighborhood, his failure to do otherwise than harm is inevitable.

In the colonial days in this country it was seen by men of wisdom, like Franklin and Washington, that the administration of the common roads should be taken away from the purely local authorities: first, because they were incompetent, and second, because they were influenced

and moved by local considerations. From then till the railway came into being and put an end to road-improvement in the United States for nearly two generations, this fight against local control was kept up; and when it was on the eve of being won, the expansion of railways took away, for a long while, all interest in the subject. Now that this interest has been renewed, because we have learned that the common roads are more important on account of the railways than they were even before, we are again confronted with the necessity to take the road-administration away from the purely local powers; in these new laws this has been done to a great extent, and where the laws have been put in operation it has been found that the changes work admirably.

Let us look at the new laws for a moment. For this purpose we will take the recent Road Acts in New Jersey, a conservative State, but in this matter of road-improvement the most advanced of any. Ten years ago the generality of roads in New Jersey were neither better nor worse than elsewhere in the older States. But they were shockingly bad,—streaks of mud and mire in winter and spring, while the rest of the year they were fetlock-deep in dust or sand. According to the old order, each township attended to its own roads, and each township was divided into road-districts. Over each of these road-districts there was a road-overseer, and to him was given what money the Township Committee allotted to his district for road-maintenance. As a general thing, the road-overseers had precious little money to spend, as the more thrifty land-owners—and the thriftiness of the Jersey farmers has long been proverbial—preferred to take advantage of that provision of the law which enabled them to work out their road-tax by supplying laborers when the overseer should require them. Then, again, the overseer allowed one dollar and fifty cents a day for labor which could always be hired for from one dollar to one dollar and twenty-five cents per day. The consequence of this was that a lot of incapable men under incompetent supervision would work several days every spring and fall, with the result of making the roads very much worse than they found them. They would scrape off the hard material, which should have been bonded into the roadway, and pile in loose earth from the ditches, which should have been spread on the fields to make them fertile. This method of working the roads made them almost impassable till the kindly rains washed this soft material back into the ditches.

New Jersey has in it all the year round an immense suburban population, and in summer the urban folk from New York, Philadelphia, and Newark are scattered all over the State, from Sussex to Cape May and from Long Branch to the Delaware Water Gap. Now, these people are not only very fond of driving, but they took naturally to the bicycle, and they became not only road-inspectors but road-improvers. The inspectors preached the doctrine of good roads while abusing those that were bad, and the road-improvers who had means did practical work in the betterment of private and public roads too. These two influences combined to stir up a popular sentiment in favor of better roads; but, as nothing very considerable could be done under

the old laws, these laws were amended. As they are to-day, they are the best that exist on the statute-books of any State; but practical experience has shown that in some regards they might be improved.

After the abolishment of the "working out" feature of the road law, the most important act was that known as the State Aid Law. Under this law, when a county determines to build new roads, the State from a general fund contributes one-third of the cost. This recognized the principle that all the people were interested in the common roads, and that the cost of their construction should not rest entirely upon the people of the locality through which they ran. But there was a feature of this road law even more important than that of State aid; for without this feature the law would have been a dead letter, so far as most counties were concerned, on account of the opposition of the dull and stubborn and the slow conservatism of the agricultural mind. This provision of the law stipulated that when two-thirds of the property-owners on a section of road not less than one mile in length agreed to pay ten per cent. of the cost of regrading, ditching, and macadamizing that section of road, then the County Board of Chosen Freeholders should do the work, and pay from the county funds fifty-seven per cent. of the cost, from the tax-payers along the improved road ten per cent., and from the State thirty-three per cent.

Now, this law did not merely permit the freeholders to so improve and to pay for such sections of road, but it made such action mandatory upon the Board. They were obliged to do it. And this is the way it worked. In one neighborhood a few enterprising men would enter into an obligation to pay the ten per cent.; then the county would have to pay for its lawful proportion. Residents in remote parts of the county would hear of this, and they too would want good roads, and they would take advantage of this provision of the law, so that in a little while the freeholders would see that if some general plan of road-improvement were not adopted, the county would have here and there short stretches of good roads connected by bad roads. With such conditions confronting the county government, comprehensive action was sure to result. In this way several counties have already secured excellent roads, and in several other counties large schemes of road-work are under way or under discussion.

There is another gratifying result in road-improvement. When even a small section of good road is laid down in any neighborhood, the people of that neighborhood forthwith demand that all the roads shall be made equally good. This means that, now that the work has started, it is inevitable that it will spread over the whole country. There is a notable instance, and this is taken from New Jersey for the reasons already mentioned, and because the writer has had better opportunities of judging of the progress there than elsewhere. Moorestown, in Chester Township of Burlington County, is about ten miles from Philadelphia. It is a Quaker neighborhood, and the Friends are a notably conservative body of men. The section is admirably adapted to the growth of vegetables and small fruits, and the excellent markets in Philadelphia are to a great extent supplied from there. The soil is sandy. Till within three years past, the country roads have been as

bad as roads could be. In summer and autumn they were more than six inches deep in a heavy dust, through which wagons were drawn with painful weariness; in winter and spring many of them were almost impassable, and the farmer who sent a loaded wagon away entered upon as hazardous a venture as the merchant who despatched ships to unknown seas. When the team would return was only a matter of conjecture; if the load weighed two tons, four horses were needed to drag it through the sand and mire, and even then the wagons often stuck. The conservative people of Moorestown several years ago lost patience with some of these bad and dangerous pieces of road, and the township of Chester appropriated fifteen hundred dollars to macadamize several such places. The township of Cinnaminson adjoining did likewise, and during the summer several little stretches of good stone road were laid. For the first time in their lives, many of the people of the neighborhood saw a good piece of road. It is true there were turnpikes in the county coated with gravel, and one or two with a rubble-stone pavement on them; but these were not good roads at all, except when compared with the sandy roads before mentioned. Now there was an immediate demand for stone roads in all the chief highways of the township. Under the law of 1888 the township voted to issue bonds for forty thousand dollars and to spend this money for the macadamized roads. This was done the next year, and for this sum the township secured twelve miles of roadway nine feet wide. This was at a cost of a trifle over three thousand three hundred dollars a mile. It is true that the grading to be done was not heavy, but then, again, the stone had to be brought a great distance. Where the grading is heavier and good stone near at hand, this cost need not be exceeded, though it is safer, perhaps, for those who may be inspired by the good example of Moorestown to estimate that a good road twelve feet wide will cost five thousand dollars per mile. It is true that twelve feet of width is not always necessary. Ten feet does very well in most country neighborhoods, and in the Moorestown section the narrow nine feet of pavement answers every purpose.

Now, what has been the effect of this road-improvement in the neighborhood of Moorestown? The improvements have been too recently made to answer this question with entire definiteness, but that there has been an appreciation in the value of all property is certain. For years past, I am told by men of affairs of the locality, it had been most difficult to settle estates owning farming lands where there was a necessity to sell. No purchasers were forthcoming at anything like adequate prices, and the lands had to be held by the executors. Now there is no such difficulty, as lands are in demand, and in every direction, even in these dull times, are to be seen the evidences of a spirit of improvement. Here there will be a splendid mansion in process of building; across the way the shabby old house that has done service for a hundred years and more is being burnished up and put in repair; lawns, even to farm-houses, are rolled and shaved with the lawn-mower; while the hideous front fences which deform the ordinary village are being taken down as fast as intelligence can overcome the obstinacy of prejudice.

But this is not all that has been done in Moorestown. In 1891 the State Legislature passed the State Aid Law before mentioned, appropriating seventy-five thousand dollars annually for good roads, and under this law Chester Township has secured the improvement of five miles of road, and the adjoining (Cinnaminson) township seven miles; so that in the immediate neighborhood of Moorestown, in addition to the turnpikes, there are twenty-four miles of admirable stone roadway. When the township improves a road under the law of 1888, the township must maintain it; under the State Aid Law of 1891, the maintenance is at the cost of the county. There is one danger from which these roads may suffer. They are so good that they may be permitted to fall into disrepair, because, even when put out of order, they are still so much better than the old-time roads that the people would be content with them. This would be a very great pity, for a well-constructed macadamized road, well maintained, will last forever. And the maintenance of a good road ought not to cost more than two per cent. of its first cost; indeed, many engineers of experience say it should not exceed one per cent. Whether it be one or two per cent., the money should be spent promptly and regularly; for it is true in road-repairing, as in many other things, that a stitch in time saves nine. At any rate, the cost of repair would not amount to nearly so much as the money now ordinarily spent in working the roads.

Camden County, which adjoins Burlington, has also taken advantage of the State Aid Law, and nearly fourteen miles of Telford pavement have been laid. These Camden County roads are excellent, though not as good as macadam, and they probably cost more money than they should have done; but neither tax-payers nor assessed property-owners grumble. Here is a résumé of the cost of the Camden County Telford roads:

Church Road, 14 feet wide, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles long	$30,690.42
White Horse Road, 14 feet wide, $7\frac{7}{8}$ miles long	76,337.17
Gloucester Road, 14 feet wide, $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles long	16,943.75
Total	$123,971.34

State's proportion	$40,747.11	
County's proportion	70,827.10	
Property-owners' proportion	12,397.13	$123,971.34

The same result could probably have been obtained for very much less money; but Camden County was blessed with a boss,—a man who owned a race-track at Gloucester and also served in the Legislature at Trenton.

Reference has been made to the uncertainty that a farmer felt when he sent off a load to market as to when his team would return with the usual load of manure. Now the time of return can be depended on with entire confidence, while two horses and one man do more than three times as much work as it used to take four horses and two men to accomplish. There is a plain mathematical problem which those who have any doubts as to the benefits to be derived from better roads

would do well to ponder over. One farmer in the neighborhood of which I have been writing told me that he now got twice as much manure every year for one hundred dollars less money. In the old times a wagon weighing nineteen hundred pounds, with four horses and two men, could take two and a half tons of produce to market and bring back the same weight of manure in a day—if the team had good luck and escaped getting mired. Now one man with two horses, in a wagon weighing twenty-three hundred pounds, carries four tons forth and back, and makes the journey twice. This statement is made upon the authority of a prominent farmer in Camden County, who has had experience under previous and present conditions.

Here is another instance. The wheelwrights in Burlington County are now kept busy building larger wagons. Formerly four-horse wagons were built to carry fifty five-eighths-bushel baskets. Now they are building two-horse wagons with a capacity varying from ninety to one hundred and twenty-five baskets of the same size. These are facts that even dull people can comprehend, and therefore there is no room, after these practical demonstrations of the benefits to be derived from better roads, for any sensible opposition. The social advantages of good roads are felt at once when improvements have been made, and there are no more zealous advocates of road-betterment in Burlington County than the city men residing there, who personally have only a secondary interest in the economic advantages. With a good hard stone road to drive over, a man who starts out on pleasure bent has a feeling of assurance that he will get back home in decent season; therefore he goes where he pleases. With the old roads, the uncertainty of getting back made him stay at home.

In other parts of the same State, even greater changes have been produced by making good roads. In this regard Essex County was the pioneer, and the near-by county of Union followed suit. These may properly be called new suburban counties; for the good roads have brought towns and villages so close together that it is hard to tell where one leaves off and the other begins. Before the era of good roads these two counties were filled with farms that did not pay. Now all manner of land is in demand, and brings what seem to be city prices. The farms have been changed into vegetable gardens, and on every hand are indications of great prosperity where before were shiftlessness and decay. No one need ask a man from either of these counties twice as to the value of good roads, as any such will answer promptly and emphatically that they are the greatest boon that can be given a countryside. Nor does any one complain of the increased tax-rate, for every man of intelligence knows that his land has been greatly enhanced in productive capacity and selling value.

Now comes another instance, also taken from New Jersey, and there are lessons of very wide application in it, for the same problems will be met with in nearly every hilly neighborhood in the United States. I allude to the road-improvements in Morris County, famous for its picturesque scenery and its health-giving altitudes. The freeholders of Morris County were driven to adopt some general road-

improvement plan by the property-owners who applied for State and county aid. They were unwilling to go into any scheme, but were forced into it by the necessities of the situation. The County Engineer consulted with an eminent authority on road-making, and after some preliminary surveys he was advised that money spent in macadamizing many of the present roads would be thrown away unless the locations were changed or the grades altered. This eminent authority, General Roy Stone, Engineer of the Road Bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture, said,—

"Any costly resurfacing of the existing roads will fasten them where they are for generations. Your chief difficulty is not with your road surfaces, but with their high grades, most of which are too long to be reduced by cutting and filling on the present lines. Your roads were laid out, as is the custom in this country, without any attention to the general topography, and generally by following the settlers' paths from cabin to cabin or by running along their farm lines, regardless of grades or direction; and most of them still remain where they were laid and where untold labor has been wasted in trying to improve them.

"No hilly region was ever better provided with natural roadways. Low summits divide the waters of all your great intervales, and all your high plateaus have gently sloping valleys leading up to them. But your roads climb the steep hill-sides, or where they follow the valleys in the main, they cross all the foot-hills they come to instead of skirting them. It would have been worth many millions to you to have had them systematically and skilfully laid out in the beginning.

"Your hill townships would have been rich and prosperous to-day, and your towns would have shared in their prosperity. All your leading roads would have been kept down to the limit prescribed for hilly regions in other countries; that is, to a four-per-cent. grade, or four feet rise in one hundred, instead of ten, twelve, or fifteen per cent., as you have them now. And if this had been done, one-half the cost of all the hauling that has ever been done to and from your farms and forests, mines and manufactories, mills and stores, would have been saved."

Then, after discussing some of the details of the problem, General Stone continued his words of advice:

"For the whole county, seventy-five to one hundred miles of new road will be needed, which, if well built, will take one-third of your whole fund. But it will be money well spent, and will give you a splendid system of highways upon which to begin your surface-improvement. But, as the Spaniards say, 'You cannot make omelets without breaking eggs,' and you cannot correct the mistakes of four or five generations without hurting somebody. You will encounter violent opposition to many of the necessary changes, and your great danger will be in yielding to local influences before there is time for the public to come to your support. But if you go slowly at first, if you fix your limit, and do not allow yourselves to be rushed into any departure from it until you are sure that the whole county will justify you, all will be safe.

"Many of those who fancy they will be hurt by the changes will find themselves benefited instead; and if you simply mark out your new lines, and postpone action on them till the people are familiar with their advantages, you will find your way made easy in nine cases out of ten. If, on the other hand, you make no limit, and throw the whole burden of locating the roads upon the local freeholders in each case, unless they are more than human, your whole system of roads will be sacrificed to neighborhood influences, and you will have a beggarly piece of patchwork, with the old hills and hollows, crooks and turns, perpetuated, and nothing to show for your county debt and extra taxation but a wasted opportunity and a bar to good roads for all time to come."

Notwithstanding this very pointed advice from one who could speak from professional experience, the freeholders have not had the "backbone" to carry out the plan he made for them except here and there. Neighborhood demands—demands made in ignorance and insisted on with stubbornness—have been too great for them to withstand, and the most splendid opportunity that road-improvers have yet had in this country is likely to be more than half thrown away. And the men who make such errors will not have to wait for the condemnation of posterity to receive their just rebuke. This movement is going ahead so rapidly that in ten years from now the people in every neighborhood in the United States will know what a good road is, and will not be satisfied with anything less. But there are problems to be met by re-locations in other than hilly countries; in such places too the opposition is likely to be long and bitter, and in many instances to prevail. In the original surveys by the national government of the public lands, nothing whatever was done in the way of laying out a scientific system of roads; hence the farmers have been left to lay out the roads for themselves. Generally, I may say universally, they have done this by following farm lines. In hilly sections of the country this has resulted, as in Morris County, New Jersey, in going over all the hills that came in the way. But in the prairie countries the farms are square, and the roads run around them instead of diagonally through them, as they frequently should to get from point to point by the shortest route. In hilly countries this method of location has entailed what might be called the hill tax; in the prairie country it might be called the square-cornered tax. Now, both these taxes should be avoided, and I have thus called attention to them because those who are to carry on the movement for better roads should know of the difficulties they must encounter and overcome if they would succeed.

But the road-improvers and the makers of road-laws need to be on their guard, for it has been demonstrated time and again in the near neighborhood of large cities that so soon as country roads in populous neighborhoods or between prosperous villages have been graded and paved, the builders of trolley railroads pounce upon them and divert them almost completely from the purpose for which they were intended. The extension of trolley-lines into the country should be encouraged in all proper ways, but the public authorities, the law-makers and the

people, should insist that these trolleys should be located in proper places. Such proper places are not upon paved roadbeds, nor yet in the spaces between the pavements and the ditches. The pavement of a macadamized roadway is meant to drive on; it is injured very seriously by having a horse-car-track on it; for driving purposes it is ruined by having a trolley-track upon it,—ruined as completely as though an ordinary railroad-track were placed over the pavement. Nor should the spaces between the pavement and the ditches be used for railway-tracks, for these spaces are admirable driving-roads more than half the time, and the rest of the time are needed for drainage purposes in taking the rainfall from the pavement to the ditches. A railway-track of any kind would interrupt this drainage, which is of the greatest possible importance, as the macadam pavement is, after all, as much in the nature of a roof as anything else. The inventor of this system of road-building maintained that if a roadbed were made dry by drainage, and kept dry by an impervious covering, it would carry any load that could be placed upon it. And the experience of four generations has proved that MacAdam was right in his theory. But if we break this roof for a railway-track, or if we interrupt the surface-flow of water by a railway-track on the side, then the whole purpose of the road-construction has been defeated. It is desirable, however, that trolley-lines should be located near to the roads, for then they are easily accessible. The natural place for them is on the roadside beyond the ditches. This location involves the expense of grading for the railway roadbed, and hence the builders of trolleys endeavor to secure permission to put their lines on the roadbed, where everything has been prepared in advance. This is as wrong as it can be, for such locations not only ruin the roadway but make it dangerous to life. There should be incorporated in every road-law a stipulation that no permission be given to place a railroad in the roadway without referring the question to the popular vote of the township, and requiring that the railroad should then pay a rental of not less than ten per cent. per annum on the first cost of the roadway. Such a provision of the law would compel the promoters of trolley-roads to seek other locations for their lines, and would leave the common roads for the uninterrupted use for which they were originally intended.

From what has been said it will be seen that, while the road-improvers have made encouraging progress, their path has been hedged about with difficulties, and that even after the work is done it is not secure from destructive encroachments. But these facts should neither discourage nor deter any one animated by manly public spirit. Everything in this world that is worth having has to be fought for, and all our vigilance is needed to keep that which we have won. So if we would have good roads we should be willing to fight against ignorance and stupidity, and if we would enjoy those that we get we should be prepared to battle manfully against official corruption and corporate cupidity.

John Gilmer Speed.

BESET IN ARAVAIPA CAÑON.

IN the summer of 1852—this being the second overland journey for two of us—Jack Crawford, Tom Foster, and I, with four pack-mules, were making our way by easy stages to California, and indulging, as we went along, in frequent side excursions for the purpose of prospecting and hunting.

During one of these desultory wanderings we lay over for a few days at the old Spanish town of Tucson, in Arizona, then containing less than twelve hundred inhabitants. Here we fell in with a tall, lank Missourian, named Joe Byers, who posed as a mighty hunter and warrior, professing to have slain Indians, grizzlies, and "painters" (as he called pumas) innumerable.

This being precisely the kind of man we wanted to supply the place of a deceased mate, we accepted Joe's offer to buy in with us, and were ourselves beautifully sold; for the fellow proved to be a rank tenderfoot and cowardly as a coyote. But he possessed one accomplishment useful at times: he could run like a deer, those long legs, when once set in motion, carrying him over the ground at a pace which a jack-rabbit might have envied.

Although yet young men, we three original mates were old prospectors and knew a little something about Indians, Crawford in particular, he having crossed and recrossed the Great Plains no less than four times. When Jack could be induced to talk of his adventures at all, it was always in a modest, matter-of-fact way, without a shadow of boasting, though he bore numerous scars from arrow- and spear-wounds. But Joe Byers more than made up for this reticence. He was eternally bragging of what great things he had done, and would again do, on occasion.

"Sho!" said he, in one of these spurts, "talk 'bout Injens! why, one well-armed white man what kin shoot 's a match fur fifty uv the red cusses; an' ez fur grizzlies, painters, an' sich like varmints, they ain't no more 'count than so many suckin' pigs."

"Oh, shut up, Joe," exclaimed Tom Foster: "maybe you'll have a chance to do something besides blowing, one of these days."

"Jist wish I could," our new mate rejoined; "but thar ain't no sich luck fur me, I reckon." A reasonable supposition, for we had been together on the road two weeks now and had not seen an enemy, though in the heart of a hostile country.

Our past and present immunity, however, was doubtless due not only to our own caution, but also to the unsleeping vigilance of old Whitey, the hoary leader of the mule quartet. Wind or no wind, rain or shine, in daylight or darkness, no Indian, grizzly, cinnamon bear, cougar, or gray wolf could sneak, however stealthily, within two hundred yards of this sagacious beast unnoticed. By some strange instinct, or by the sense of smell, the wise old fellow always detected the approach of danger, and would then lift up his voice and bray in

such sort that, at the appalling sound, four-footed beasts of prey would incontinently flee, and the red-skinned bipeds postpone to a more auspicious time the pleasing operation of taking our scalps. So all the hunting for big game had to be done beyond the reach of our zealous sentinel's challenge.

At that time breech-loading repeating guns had not come into use, but each one of us was armed with a good muzzle-loading rifle and the largest size Colt's revolver, the chambers of the latter having to be loaded with loose powder and ball and separately capped, as metallic, rim-fire cartridges were then unknown. In skilled hands these heavy pistols, carrying pointed bullets, were, up to one hundred yards, quite as effective as rifles; and as the four of us had always twenty-eight shots in hand, we were in a position, unless taken totally unawares, to stand off a strong force of Indians, few of whom in those early days possessed fire-arms: at least these far Western tribes did not.

With the exception of Joe, however, we were not particularly anxious for a fight; but he was constantly wishing "to come acrost a good, big band uv redskins or a grizzly b'ar or two," in order to show his courage, which some of us had cruelly begun to doubt. This laudable ambition was duly gratified in both respects.

One morning, when about one hundred and twenty-five miles from Tucson, we came to a profound defile called Aravaipa Cañon, said to be eighteen miles in length, ranging from sixty feet to a hundred yards in width, and enclosed on both sides by perpendicular walls of rock from one thousand to three thousand feet high; so that, having once entered, nothing but a bird could escape from it except by turning back or going through. Along the bottom of this great cañon runs a tiny stream, forming in places deep pools, crowded with fish, and it is intersected by several lateral cañons, deep as itself, but only a few feet wide, from whose darkened depths one gazing upward may see stars at midday.

Unless it may have been through a mischievous desire to test the Missourian's grit, I cannot imagine why our usually prudent leader, Jack Crawford, proposed an exploration of this fearful place. Still less can I account for the fact that Tom and I agreed to the move,—a crazy one indeed to make in an enemy's country, though we had no reason to suppose that a single Indian was just then in the neighborhood.

On entering the cañon, we three old hands went first; then came the mules, in reverse of their usual order, old Whitey taking, on this occasion, the post of honor in the rear, while Joe, strangely thoughtful now, preferred, for reasons best known to himself, sticking close to his long-eared friend. A great part of the floor along which we travelled was thickly strewn with loose boulders and pieces of detached rock, but for long we saw no living thing, and, save for the gentle murmur of the trickling rill and the occasional plash of a trout, heard no sounds except those made by our own party.

Oppressed in spite of ourselves by the gloomy solitude, we went slowly on, scarce daring to break the awful silence by so much as a whisper, while closely scanning the rocks on all sides in search of pos-

sible outcropping veins of mineral. We had gone, perhaps, eight miles, when suddenly old Whitey uttered a tremendous bray, which, echoing from side to side of the confined space, rang out like the trump of doom.

We were instantly on the alert, all depression gone; but where was the danger? before or behind? A query quickly answered, for the reverberations had not died away before Joe Byers, with eyes starting from his head and legs going like a pair of runaway Brobdingnagian tongs, came tearing past the mules and breathlessly exclaimed, "Fellers, thar's two grizzlies 'way back on the trail a-lumberin' straight fur us!"

Although we were by this time almost convulsed with laughter at the collapsed hero's ridiculous appearance, Tom Foster managed to say, "Well, why in thunder didn't you shoot the brutes? You know 'sich varmints ain't no more 'count than so many suckin' pigs.' But, hello! where's your rifle?"

"I—I—sot it down, so's to run faster. Them b'ars is ez big ez three-year-old steers, an' I thought I'd better let you fellers have a chance at 'em," stammered Joe, whose knobby knees were fairly knocking together. But his news was very welcome, and we really felt obliged by his generous forbearance.

Old Whitey, having done his duty, had stopped trumpeting as we walked back past him and his trembling mates in hopes of getting a shot at the bears; but not a bear could we see. Evidently astounded by the unearthly racket, they had retreated into a side cañon, passed a minute or two before.

"Come on, Joe," said Crawford. "Pick up your gun, and we'll give you a fair share of the fight."

"Much obleeged, Jack; but I raally b'lieve I'd orter stay by the mewels. The critters might stampede, you know," Joe considerately replied.

"I don't know but what you'll be as useful there as anywhere," Jack good-naturedly rejoined, and we moved briskly ahead.

On coming to the lateral cañon, we saw that at about a hundred yards from its mouth it was completely blocked by a mass of fallen rocks, perceiving which, Crawford said, "We'll have a fight, sure enough, boys. A grizzly will generally get out of a man's way if he can, but these brutes are trapped, and it's just a question of killing or being killed if we attack them. They're hiding among those rocks now, and when we advance close enough they'll charge like buffalo bulls, only ten times worse. What do you say? shall we go on, or turn back?"

"Why, go on, of course," we both answered. "We've all tackled grizzlies before, and we're alive yet."

It so happened that one of us three was, and had been from early boyhood, a singularly expert rifle-shot, and this man now said, "I'll undertake to dispose of whichever bear comes out on the left. You two take the one on the right. Fire together, straight at his head; and if you miss the brain, draw your revolvers quick as lightning. We ought to drop both brutes at the first fire, though, as we won't shoot until they're within fifteen yards."

Then we went slowly on, abreast, the cañon being so narrow that the outside men could almost touch its walls by stretching out a hand.

With rifles held ready for instant use, we drew nearer and nearer to the barrier, but could see nothing of the bears, whose tawny brownish fur was almost exactly the color of the rocks.

"Look out, boys," Jack cautioned. "The old villains are laying for us. We must scare them up somehow, for it'll never do to run right on top of them."

"H-sh, Jack. Look there!" whispered Foster, as he pointed to a crack-like opening between two big boulders, beyond which, in a little clear space, we now saw the shaggy monsters lying side by side, with their fierce, bloodshot eyes keenly watching us. But they gave us no time to fire, even had the aperture been wide enough to admit of doing so effectively. With that curious instinct common to wild creatures, they instantly knew that they had been seen, and with wondrous celerity both brutes rolled over out of our line of vision, and the next moment dashed around the intervening rocks and, with open mouths and horrible boar-like gruntings, came at us from either flank.

The one that emerged on the left had a short shrift indeed, a heavy, steel-pointed bullet piercing his brain before he had advanced three yards from cover; but the one on the right, happening to jerk up his head just as his adversaries pulled trigger, received both shots in his lower jaw, shattering it to fragments.

Though thus rendered incapable of biting, the enraged monster never faltered, but, rising on his haunches, struck so quickly with his terrible paws at the two men that, agile as they were, one had his hunting-smock ripped from collar to waist-band and his breast severely scratched by the descending claws.

But by this time the undismayed hunters had disengaged their revolvers, and as the furious beast came down on all-fours again, both muzzles were pressed against the butt of his ear, two reports rang out as one, and he sank to the ground, stone dead; for, when shot directly through the brain, a grizzly bear is as easily killed as a rabbit, though I've known one to destroy three men after an ounce bullet had pierced his own heart.

"Whew!" exclaimed Jack Crawford, "that was a pretty close call; but it's all right now, and we've got the two biggest grizzlies I've ever seen."

It took us quite an hour to remove the enormous pelts in good shape, and then they were so heavy that we did not care to carry them farther than the mouth of the side cañon, from which point to the spot where we had left the mules was about three hundred yards.

Joe had so heroically subordinated his fighting propensities and curiosity to his sense of responsibility that he had never come to see how we fared, and now we yelled to him to bring two of the mules along for the skins.

On coming up and seeing the trophies, the fellow coolly said, "Waal, fellers, you done fust-rate. I couldn't hev did no better myself; but the mewels had to be looked arter, an' so I missed the fun.

You mustn't 'spect me to stay out, though, if we git a chance at the redskins."

"Well, I'll be blowed!" Tom Foster ejaculated.

Then we went back and prepared dinner, to which a dozen nice trout, caught from one of the pools, made a welcome addition, while the pack-animals were regaled by that almost forgotten luxury, a feed of corn, a small reserve stock of which we had still on hand.

Having yet ten miles to go, and being anxious to get through before night, we set out as soon as the meal was finished, the mules, led by old Whitey, being this time in front, and we following in the rear.

As the hams of the grizzly bear, except those from a very young animal, are not good eating, we had left the whole of the two carcasses for the vultures, scores of which—a tell-tale sign for chance on-lookers—had begun to descend from the apparently tenantless sky even before we had completed the skinning.

As we trudged merrily on, Joe entertained us by blood-curdling reminiscences of sundry Indian fights, wherein, according to his own account, he had performed prodigies of valor. "Why," said he, "onct, up in the Blackfeet country, I was cornered in a *coulée* by nineteen warriors, an', arter fightin' 'most all day, I wiped out every mother's son uv 'em. But these Injens down here doesn't 'mount to shucks, an' I reckon they're mighty skeered uv white men."

"They might well be scared of us, anyhow, if they knew *you* were along, Joe," Foster dryly observed.

"They'll find that out purty quick ef any uv em's fools 'nuff to tackle us," replied Joe, complacently.

After travelling steadily for two hours, we had come within a few hundred yards of an abrupt bend in the cañon, when once more old Whitey pricked up his ears, stuck his tail out stiff as a ramrod, and sent forth a bray compared to which his previous effort had been a mere piano trill.

"To the front, boys!" cried Crawford, "but keep well under cover as soon as you can be seen from the bend. It's Indians this time, sure! mounted Apaches, likely. The red devils have seen those hovering vultures, or maybe heard our firing, and have spurred round into the lower end of the cañon to cut us off. We'll have to drive them before us or else leave our bones in this gulch; for a retreat would be certain death."

Hurrying along, openly at first, and then, as we came near the supposed ambuscade, gliding from boulder to boulder, we finally reached a position whence, ourselves perfectly concealed, we could command a view of the cañon beyond the bend, when Jack's surmise was fully confirmed; for, though not an enemy was to be seen, we had little difficulty in detecting, some hundreds of yards away and partially hidden by rocks and bushes, twenty-two Indian ponies!

"Well, Joe, this won't be quite so good as your Blackfeet fight, as there's only five and a half Apaches to one of us, but it'll do to keep your hand in," Jack pleasantly remarked, turning to address the doughty Missourian. But no Joe was there. He'd totally vanished.

One of us went back to the mules, but not a trace of him could be found.

"A good riddance," Foster savagely muttered, "if the miserable hound had only left his arms and ammunition behind. Where do you suppose he's gone, Jack?"

"The Lord only knows, and I guess only the devil cares. He's likely lying in a trout-hole," laughed Crawford.

During this by-play, none of us had exposed himself to the possibility of being seen by the savages, who we well knew were crouching among the scrubby bushes and loose stones not far off, as climbing up either of the vertical walls to gain a coigne of vantage was utterly out of the question.

The fellows, therefore, could have no idea of our numbers,—perhaps did not even know the significance of old Whitey's alarm, and were patiently waiting for us to run into the trap; but, finding that we did not show ourselves, they, of course, soon suspected that we had somehow become aware of their contiguity.

For ten minutes or so this mutual watchfulness continued; then Crawford whispered, "I am going to try to draw the reds out, boys. If I succeed, each of you fire a wild pistol-shot. Knowing nothing of revolvers, they'll think there are only two of us, with empty guns, and will perhaps charge, hoping to wipe us out before we can reload. If they're fools enough to do that, we'll pour in our remaining nineteen shots; though they'll probably run before we've fired half of them."

Jack now took off his blue flannel jumper and overall trousers, fixed them artistically together, and stuffed them out with the coarse grass growing everywhere around us. Then he held the dummy beyond the edge of a boulder in such a way as to look as if the bulge of his own body were protruding.

The old, old ruse succeeded admirably, for instantly there came from the cover, about thirty yards away, a hurtling shower of arrows; and as soon as Tom and I had fired our decoy shots a squad of hideously painted Apaches sprang up and, with uplifted tomahawks and terrific yells, rushed toward us. But not for far. "Now, boys!" shouted Jack, and at the crack of our rifles the three foremost braves went headlong down. For a few seconds the others stood bewildered, and then, as one after another dropped under the storm of revolver bullets, fired so rapidly as to seem like the work of a dozen enemies, the surviving warriors darted off to their ponies and scurried away with the whole herd except two animals, which, to our surprise, they left behind.

After a moment's reflection, while we were hurriedly reloading our weapons, Crawford thoughtfully said, "Boys, there's some mystery about this. Eleven reds are lying here, and nine have skedaddled, making twenty in all. Where are the other two, for whom the ponies are left?"

A startling but quickly answered inquiry, for Jack had barely ceased speaking when from far in the rear there came a series of affrighted screams. "The hell-hounds have outwitted us, after all!"

he exclaimed, and, running at top speed toward the spot whence the sounds had come, we caught sight of the whilom beliigerent Joe struggling frantically in the grasp of the two missing braves! In another second it would have been all up with the poor fellow, as we did not dare to fire while the three were thus interlocked. But at our mighty view-halloo the savages glanced back, relaxed their hold, turned about, shot two random arrows at us, and then, with erratic leaps, dashed away toward cover,—a cover never reached; for, despite their aim-distracting contortions, both fell to our rifles before they had gone twelve yards; while Joe, sobbing like a baby, sank in a heap to the ground.

"Well, young man, how do you like the style of the Indians in these parts that 'don't 'mount to shucks,' and how in the deuce did they ever catch a fellow that can run like an antelope?" Foster rather heartlessly inquired.

"'Tain't no use kickin' a feller what's down, Tom," Joe sheepishly replied. "I war a-settin' up to my chin in the crik, when, jist arter you chaps fired, the fust thing I knowed them two varmints yanked me out by the ha'r, an' ef I hadn't fended them off purty good I'd 'a' bin a gone sucker 'fore you come up, fur I'd dropped my rifle, an', uv course, the revolver in my belt war soakin' wet."

We accounted for Joe's capture by supposing that the Indians must have sent out two scouts to ascertain our strength, and that, despite our vigilance, these men must have crept past us along the bed of the creek, and, coming upon our cowardly comrade just as they heard the sounds of battle, were determined, however the fight might have gone, to secure at least one scalp, or, more likely, as they had not at once killed their captive, to take in a prisoner for future torture.

"There's one comfort, Joe," one of us consolingly observed: "you won't, from this out, have to peril your soul by telling about those wonderful Indian fights of yours."

"Well, there's no great harm done," Jack cheerfully remarked. "Not one of us has a scratch, and we're richer by two war-ponies; but the quicker we get out of this place the better, for the Apaches will collect a strong force by to-morrow morning and come back to remove their dead. They consider that a solemn duty; and we must be far away before then."

Fortunately, we were now within two miles of the end of the cañon, and so came out upon the open plain by sundown, not a little pleased to escape skin-whole, or at least with only a few bear-claw marks, from an enterprise so rashly undertaken.

After getting supper, we travelled rapidly all night, the two saddle-ponies being a great help, and by daybreak next morning were far beyond the Apache country.

Never once after his pitiful taking down did Joe vex us by apocryphal tales of his prowess; before California was reached he had become a quite modest fellow, and once, in the Sierras of Nevada,—then a part of Utah,—he actually helped us to repel an attack of Pah-Utes without flinching.

William Thomson.

THOREAU.

THERE are two of the many essays on Thoreau that are probably more read than all the others put together, and because of their authorship—Emerson and Lowell—have greater weight in the minds of readers than would any expression of opinion from any other source as to Thoreau as a man of letters or as a naturalist. But the world is not always wise in bowing down to greatness, for greatness is very sure, in the long run, to overestimate itself. Neither Emerson nor Lowell was fitted to the task they undertook, though they doubtless thought they were. It is true that Emerson's article prefacing Thoreau's volume "Excursions" is a biographical sketch merely, but in it are phrases that are open to criticism. As an instance, take Emerson's estimate of Thoreau's ambition, or what he calls a lack of it. Now, so great is the influence carried with every word of Emerson that probably not one reader in a hundred but regrets that Thoreau preferred to be "captain of a huckleberry party" to leader of a political one, and that he held "pounding beans" to be better than "the pounding of empires." There is the error. What we sadly need is an infusion of intellect into the lower strata of man's activities. There will always be brains and to spare in the courts of professional life,—great leaders who will reach the artificial element that crowds the cities and happily leaves undisturbed the simple folk who live nearer to Nature. Thoreau would have been lost, or at best but one of many, had he overcome his repugnance to mere formality and met his neighbors in a dress-suit. We cannot imagine him acting any one of the innumerable white lies of modern society. In such slavish toggery he would have excited as much of ridicule as he now commands of admiration. In his lifelong battle for sincerity and simplicity, he knew the field upon which he was to fight; knew it better than any antagonist he met, and left it a conqueror.

As we glance over modern biography, we find there are countless examples of youth born in the ranks of the lowly who have aspired to better things and seized knowledge as a cable by which to draw themselves upward, and spent their remaining days at a higher level and in an atmosphere that was but a source of wonderment to their ancestors. This sounds very noble; it is noble; but in Thoreau's case there was an inversion of this order, and the intellectuality that Emerson deplored as dissipated was put to the very highest of uses, that of making the lower or simpler things of life shine out in their proper light. By thoughtfully pursuing the occupations he chose, he raised them to the rank of professions, and clothed with dignity labor that before was drudgery. The quickest way to send the world to perdition would be to make all men lead professional lives, and the positive curse under which we now rest is that the absurdity is taught by parents to infants, and by teachers to scholars, that the true or best life is that of the pre-eminently learned, and that no dignity or honor or worthy

reward of any kind comes to him who lives closest to Nature, and so most remote from the centres of civilization. Pounding beans, which Emerson sneers at, would not be degrading or belittling or unworthy a man of brains, if here and there a man of mental force would show that his brain and brawn need not come into conflict. If, over the land, Thoreaus would demonstrate that a day of toil in the fields can be followed by an evening of rational, intellectual enjoyment, the world would quickly advance beyond the present stage of agitation and unrest, that needs a standing army to preserve even the semblance of order. If the philanthropists would attack the problem of intellectualizing work, the workman would be benefited indirectly more than any efforts directed at "the masses" will avail. No work that the world calls for should be looked upon by a favored few as beneath manhood. More mischief lurks in a sneer than about a cannon's mouth. Thoreau stands for two conditions which neither Emerson nor Lowell nor any great man of letters or of science or of political economy has ever dreamed of displaying upon his banner: Simplicity and Sincerity. This was an ambition far higher, far better fitted to secure the welfare of man and the permanency of his own fame (if he ever thought of the latter), than anything that Emerson ever thought of. Of course we must always bear in mind that Thoreau died before the youth of old age had commenced, and it is obviously unfair to pass too critically upon his writings. But two of the eleven volumes that complete his works were issued in his lifetime, and what he might have done with the mass that has since been printed, what omitted and what elaborated, cannot even be conjectured. That the best results should be realized, Thoreau should be read first, and what his critics have to say be considered subsequently; and it is to be regretted that, laudatory as is the biographical sketch by Emerson, it should have contained a single stricture. That stricture was not called for.

Lowell's essay on Thoreau, in the former's volume entitled "My Study Windows," though he claims his "most fruitful studies" to have been "in the open air," is eminently unjust. There was not the slightest trace of sympathy between the two men. Lowell is the reporter of the flower-garden; Thoreau, of the forest. Lowell can ride in a well-appointed boat down a safe stream, and report the graceful weeping willows that adorn its banks; Thoreau can sit cross-legged in a cranky canoe and tell in matchless language of the wild life that lives in dangerous rapids and lurks in the fastnesses of the untrodden wilderness. Lowell is tame, Thoreau is savage. The former tells us of a zoological garden; the latter of life in the haunts that Nature had provided. This being true, there lurked no cunning in Lowell's pen to tell the world who and what Thoreau really was. He simply gives us his own impressions, and they are erroneous. The well-known instance of Lowell, as editor, omitting from a manuscript of Thoreau's what he considered an objectionable passage, shows how widely apart these two men stood, and the act was an assumption on Lowell's part without excuse. What right, indeed, had he tacitly to assert that heaven lacked a feature Thoreau thought might be there? Neither of them knew, of course, one whit about the matter, but it is difficult

to see why the bare-handed, sunburnt out-of-door Thoreau's opinion is not as worthy of consideration as that of his in-door, kid-gloved critic. It was a trivial matter, perhaps, but nevertheless a straw showing the direction of Lowell's thoughts,—that Thoreau, because of his being a champion of simplicity and a foe to half that which Lowell cherished as making life worth living, could be snubbed successfully. But the world is growing wiser. There is more freedom of thought than there was forty years ago, and perhaps no better evidence of true advance than the increase in numbers of those who now ponder as seriously over Thoreau's suggestive pages as they were once entertained by the polished periods of Lowell.

Extremes are necessary to effect great changes. No man ever yet drove a nail home, using only the exact force needed. There will always be an over-expenditure of enthusiasm. Thoreau always said more than he meant, knowing that, if he did not, his meaning would not reach home. He did not expect or wish a Walden hut to be built on the shore of every frog-pond. It was enough that his own experience should be an object-lesson for succeeding generations. We can carry a hermitage with us wherever we go, and meditate therein to our advantage. There are few men of culture but have or long to have their "den" where they are comparatively free from interruption. This is the meaning of Walden. He knew, well enough, that to be heard we must speak loudly to the deaf, and he shouted his best phrases where others have whispered and been unheeded. There is a roughness that is excusable on occasion. We do not ask the drowning man if his arm is sore when we firmly grasp it to save his life. If the reader is surprised at times at Thoreau's earnestness and plainness of speech, he must remember that he was a man with a purpose and held his moments at their full value. There was no time to study what others had decided as the best methods of recording thought; and yet who has given us better specimens of pure literature than he? There is no other writer of our country who leaves the mind in a more thoughtful state, when we close the volume, than he does. This is just the difference between Thoreau and his critic, Lowell. The latter keeps us in a pleasant frame of mind so long as we read, but Thoreau lingers long after we have laid aside his books.

A word more concerning Thoreau as a naturalist. He was busied with the wild life about Concord when "Science" was still occupied with the hunt for new species and content with a mere description of form and color. Evolution was but little discussed, and in New England much disregarded, because of the efforts of Agassiz to make it appear untrue. Thoreau made no practice of haunting museums, objects in alcohol or stuffed with tow not appealing strongly to him; but he did care to know, and was successful in ascertaining, the habits of the animals he saw. It is true he was anxious to know the scientific name of a plant that he had found, and, learning it, felt his interest grow; but this does not seem to have been a need as to animal life. It was enough to know that a given fish was a chub or a perch. The bream built a nest, scooping a hollow in the sand. That this New England "bream" was a percoid, and not a cyprinoid as is the English bream,

and that it had a dozen Latin names given by as many authors from Linné down, did not interest him. He knew the birds as creatures to be met in various places, each with habits of its own and its seasons of going and coming. This, rather than anatomy, was to him a matter of interest and importance. To-day such facts are found to have a bearing on philosophical zoology quite equal in importance to anatomical structure. Thoreau did not add greatly to our knowledge of wild life, but he did that which is of equal merit, showed how delightful was the pursuit of such knowledge, and, in a measure, how it might be obtained.

For many readers, perhaps for most, there is too little natural history in his books, too much of other matter. As we read, we feel at times a wish that he would sooner reach his conclusions on philosophical or political questions, because we are sure they will be followed by some bright reference to a bird or beast, simply phrased, yet so cunningly that the creature stands before us. Anybody can say or write, "I see a fox," but in Thoreau's books these same words are so framed in other matter that the animal leaps into view, and we see it dart over the snow, daintily carrying its splendid brush, perhaps looking partly over its shoulder at us, and leaving footprints that dot the author's pages, though he is eloquent over Greek poets, addresses a mountain, or weaves into splendid imagery the smoke that at sunrise he sees curling from his neighbor's chimney.

Thoreau had no predecessor and can have no successor. He was the product of conditions that can never again arise, for to expect another Concord with its galaxy of intellectual giants is utterly vain. He was one whose influence will last as long as our language shall remain.

Charles C. Abbott.

THE REFERENDUM AND THE SENATE.

THAT oft-said threat of the English Radicals, to "end or mend" the House of Lords, is by no means a revolutionary cry. It is merely evolutionary. In the same way our own anger against the United States Senate is a sign of sturdy political growth. For, in truth, both institutions are slowly outliving their usefulness. They are almost ready to be carted off as old lumber to the garret of historical curiosities. Nor will it be necessary to hustle the Lords and Senators away violently; they will go of their own accord, as soon as English and American voters have learned to express their will directly and systematically by means of the Referendum. In that day the people will constitute a second House to pass judgment upon bills framed by their representatives.

There was a time, not so long ago, when we were very proud of our Senate. As a rule, the States of the Union seemed to make a merit of sending their best men, culled from local politics by a system of natural selection. Of course, scholars have always recognized that the Senate is essentially a survival from English political practice; that it

was a compromise adopted during the internal quarrels which attended the birth of our Federal Constitution. Still, the bicameral system served so happily the purpose of representing the people by population and by State that one readily forgave it for not being indigenous.

But to-day the case is different. The Senate has become not only a clog in the wheels of legislation, it is a veritable agent of national corruption as well. Most of us are reluctantly losing our respect for an assembly which acts alternately as a tool of special legislation, as an obstruction to popular demands, and as a "Rich Man's Club." At present the Senate does little else than multiply the chances for spoils-hunting, and in a general way add to the alarming array of political crimes annually perpetrated upon the long-suffering American public.

It must be understood that the objection to the prevailing millionaire senator is not his wealth in itself, but his lack of statesmanship, of expert knowledge, of enthusiasm for the public good. How can a man who has made his fortune by special privilege be expected to legislate impartially? The same popular odium attaches to poor men who are pushed into the Senate from the lobby to look after certain interests, as the phrase is. Their conduct is outlined for them at the start; their policy is mortgaged, and they simply pay the interest on their borrowed capital by voting as they are told.

The science of legislation is really very simple in a genuine democracy. The sole object of political machinery, in itself considered, ought to be to ascertain and execute the popular will. Under our present system there are endless ways of blocking or diverting this popular will,—and the party boss knows them all.

The true American system of self-government may be described as the town meeting. That was the training-school for the patriots of the Revolution. It is to-day the kernel of our political institutions. What more natural than that the voters should come together periodically to make their own laws? No better method could be imagined for freemen living in small communities. It was Thomas Jefferson who exclaimed, "Those wards, called townships, in New England, are the vital principle of their government, and have proved themselves the wisest invention ever devised by the wit of man for the perfect exercise of self-government and for its preservation." The citizens of Boston clung to the town meeting system until 1822, when the registered voters numbered between seven and eight thousand. The town of Brookline, though populous and rich, still refuses to be turned into a municipality, for fear of losing its direct and pure democracy. The town meeting, starting from New England, has advanced south and west, and is everywhere displacing or supplementing the representative county system.

Now, the distinctive feature of this American town meeting system is that in it every voter has the right to pass judgment upon the laws which are to govern him. He does not merely elect a representative; he says "yes" or "no" to certain measures. That is what the Swiss call the Referendum. Furthermore, any ten voters of a town have the right to propose legislation, by having an article inserted into the warrant. That is what the Swiss call the Initiative.

Unfortunately, as soon as one of our towns adopts a city charter, its voters are considered incompetent to originate measures and pass judgment upon them. The usual combination of mayor, aldermen, councilmen, and party rings is forced upon the new-made citizens. Self-government has given way to a so-called representative system. In adopting the high-sounding title of city, the voters have sacrificed their birthright, which is to make their own laws.

And, yet, is this sacrifice necessary? Is there not some way of preserving the directness of the town meeting even under our representative system in the city, the State, and the Union?

The Swiss seem to have solved this problem for themselves by extending the use of the Referendum and the Initiative to municipal, cantonal, and federal matters. They have thus established everywhere a bond between voters and legislators, between constituencies and representatives. The people at large have been drawn into partnership in the national workshop, so that the ideal of politics without politicians has been almost realized.

Side by side with this peculiar feature in Swiss government may be noticed another,—*i.e.*, the absence of second Houses in the Cantons. There we find but one legislative body, called generally the Grand Council. The bicameral system is not at home in Switzerland, for the obvious reason that, where the Referendum is in existence, the people at large play the part of a second House far better than any representatives can do.

But in their central government the Swiss have adopted the bicameral system. The Federal Assembly consists of a National Council, representing Switzerland by population, and of a Council of States, chosen from the Cantons. It is interesting to know that the Council of States is an avowed imitation of our own Senate. Swiss scholars of international politics like Bluntschli, Rüttimann, and James Fazy long ago advocated the bicameral system unremittingly, and when, after the war of the Sonderbund in 1848, it was found necessary to adopt a new Federal Constitution, their advice prevailed. The English House of Lords could not well be taken as a model, since it is based upon class distinctions, so that Swiss constitution-makers naturally turned to the United States. The resemblance of the Council of States to our Senate is sufficiently close to excite comment, but its usefulness is problematical. Whenever the two Houses disagree, the question at issue is, after all, submitted to the people through the Referendum. No dead-lock in legislation can, therefore, arise. In theory both Houses are said to be of equal political importance; in practice, however, the National Council has far more influence. Its members are elected for three years, while those of the Council of States have terms varying from one year to three, according to the custom of the Cantons which they represent. When the two Houses meet in joint session, as for instance to elect a President of the Swiss Republic, the larger House, of course, always has the majority.

It is claimed by constitutional writers that the bicameral systems of Switzerland and the United States typify the double sovereignty of the people,—*i.e.*, by population and by State. It is a question whether

this surprising fiction is worth maintaining. There is a wide-spread belief in Switzerland that the Council of States is a sort of fifth wheel in the government coach. It seems entirely probable that this second House will ere long be allowed to fall away as superfluous.

The same prophecy can be extended to this country, should the Referendum ever take root in our Federal government, as now seems likely. The Senate will die out, it will disappear in the evolution of governmental machinery towards pure democracy, as surely as the whale, since it became a sea animal, has lost the use of its rudimentary legs.

There will be no friction, no violent abolishing. It will be like the dropping of an over-ripe apple.

The final cure for political corruption, of course, must be sought in social and economic reforms. Politics are little else than a superficial manifestation of deep-lying conditions in society. At the same time the safest machinery to use in bringing about these reforms is that of pure democracy. Call the whole people into political action. Restore real self-government.

At present men who are needed in politics abstain for various reasons. Some are hopelessly discouraged by the impossibility of making their voices heard, or even of being properly represented. Others justly fear the tyranny of party organizations. Rather than enter into the company of bar-room politicians, the majority of well-to-do voters who have certain interests at stake resort to bribery and to the regular payment of blackmail.

But the Referendum tends to throw the element of personal intrigue out of politics. It makes bribery profitless and blackmail shameful. It produces a business government instead of a grab-bag. Nor must the practical politicians be allowed to cry, "Theory! theory!" for the Swiss people, who have perfected direct legislation, are the most practical people in the world, the least doctrinaire, the most free from political gush.

W. D. McCrackan.

INTERWOVEN STRAINS.

"AND so," said this girl with the rose-leaf lips, "you have got to the last chapter of your book! How splendid! Tell me, isn't it a delightful sensation, now that you can see the end?"

He sat quite silent for an instant or two. His eyes met hers quickly, and passed on to the window-view beyond. "Yes," he said, staring out so absently as to betray his earnestness, "there is only one chapter left. But I am in doubt about the ending. And that is one thing I wanted to ask you about."

"Ask me? I—how shall I advise so—h'm—so eminent an author? Still—if I can. But you must tell me the story first."

"Of course. It is very simple, but it has—I believe it has—the

true ring about it. That is because most of the sentiment in it is genuine."

"How delightful, and how—unique! But how am I to help you?"

"Oh, haven't you known? This will only be your finishing touch; you have helped me always, from the very beginning. You have been such a bright light before me; I have seen things more clearly because of you. I didn't mean to tell you of it, but—well, there is still that last chapter. Here is the main point at issue, if you will listen a moment.

"There is an author, poor, talented. Not in actual want, mind you; he makes enough for one man easily enough, especially when that one man happens to be a bohemian sort of bachelor; but, as comparative phrases go, he's poor. He's very well satisfied with himself and his work,—at least as well satisfied as any man can be who is forced to realize that only his worst work is marketable,—and he's quite content in his loneliness, with its perpetual air of healthy pessimism, and its occasional flashes of light-heartedness. You can imagine that sort of man, can't you?"

For the time of a heart-throb her eyes rested upon him before she answered, "Yes, I think I get the idea."

"Well, this author did a very foolish thing. Deliberately, and in a mood of what he thought was second-sight, he proceeded to declare himself in love with a certain girl. To understand him, you must try to picture to yourself the girl. She was—h'm—she was——"

He hesitated. Her face was expressive only of curiosity, of a mild and somewhat passive interest.

"Oh," she put in, lightly, "of course there are some beautiful descriptive passages about her. But never mind; I will just think of an ideal woman."

"Yes, an ideal woman. You are right. The only unromantic thing about her was her poverty. She had even less money than the author. And you know that only the rich can afford a romance. And yet this author longed to marry her. She was, though she never knew that, lifting him out of pessimism. Cynicism—and perhaps, too, some cleverness—were silenced when her eyes spoke to him. Do you get the situation?"

"Quite clearly."

"He had never spoken to her of love. But her influence was upon him; it showed in his work. She was a clever girl, pretty as a pastelle, and as fragile, and eager of praise. His writings became tinged with a new beauty, a new air of fineness: that was the effect of his love for her.

"Well, now, in the last chapter he is to propose to her. Advise me, will you, whether she should accept him or not? He is unable to offer her luxury, remember; and she is so pretty, so fair, and so fond of the fair things in life, as to be, perhaps, somewhat eager for them, always. Now,—you are a woman,—what should be the true ending, the artistic end? Of course I can see that marriage bells would please the public; but I'm not so anxious about the dear public. If

they married, they might become, both of them, horribly commonplace; all the cleverness might go out of his work, and all the fairness out of her face. Though all that, as conventional fiction orders it, need not be told; the 'I will' can be made the last word. On the other hand, if she refuses him, h'm——"

"You are putting the thing most clearly," she put in, tapping the floor gently with the heel of her boot; "most clearly. If she refuses him—will you let me conjecture what you intended?—if she refuses him, he is stung into a sort of fierceness, the kind of temper that produces the highest grade of literary expression. He does the best work of his life under the stimulus of hurt pride and wounded vanity, or even of despair. As for her,—it would be very pathetic, this!—she loves him, but she is afraid of losing her creature comforts, and so she says 'No,' and afterwards marries Moneybag, wrinkled and heavy. Always she regrets that young author; all her life is poisoned by the sight of the luxuries she has bought at the price of her love. Oh, I think that is much the more artistic answer."

There was complete silence. The room hardly seemed to feel their presence. Then he sighed, quite lightly, as if he were saying, "Heigh ho!" and pulled at his cuffs. "Yes," he assented, "that does seem the truer art. I knew you would give me the right advice. Women are so much finer in some things——"

"Will you take another hint?" she interrupted. "It is about the moment—in your last chapter—when the girl refuses him. Don't do what all the men before you have done; don't—h'm—juggle with your ingredients; in a word, don't let the curtain down immediately after the 'No.' It doesn't come down so in real life; but novelists nearly always seize a climax here, and shut out the public from everything else. Don't have the man promptly leave the room, the house, in anguish, in bitterness, in—oh, in anything under an hour. In the first place, no man with manners ever would. But in stories the men 'pass into darkness,' and then—Curtain! Now, your author—he should, oh, just take his refusal gracefully and—change the subject."

"How clever you are! I shall never be able to tell you how much I admire you; no, never! Your advice is delightful. And I think, no, I am sure, I shall follow it. And now—shall we change the subject?"

J. Percival Pollard.

CONTENT.

AMONG the meadows of Life's sad unease,
In labor still renewing her soul's youth,
With trust, for patience, and with love, for peace,
Singing she goes with the calm face of Ruth.

Madison Cawein.

THE TYRANNY OF THE PICTORIAL.

CERTAIN aspects of the illustration of newspapers and periodicals are interesting just now as indicative of modern tendencies and as marking the difference between the standard of what is worth publishing to-day and the standard that prevailed a decade or two ago. The editor of a prominent weekly says that his paper wants no literary matter beyond a very small amount,—about enough to fill three columns. What he does want and gives all his energies to secure is illustrations; the reading matter to carry them is easy enough to get, probably without calling upon outside help. In other words, the purely pictorial element is the controlling end and be-all of this enterprising publisher.

While this may be an extreme instance of the craze for pictures, it cannot be denied that the same spirit, if in a less degree, actuates the entire secular weekly press and, in larger measure than ever before, the daily press. It has also invaded the large and important field of trade publication, so that to-day no trade paper that claims to be up to date is without the inevitable half-tone.

Of the latter feature of the reign of the pictorial I do not desire to say more, but rather to call attention to the almost unlimited field that has been opened in the literary and journalistic world to the man who is skilled as a draughtsman and who can put into his drawings the quality which stamps them as art. Precious few of these young fellows have this quality, it is true, and more's the pity of it, for if there is any department of American publication that should be improved, it is that of illustration. The trouble is not that there are too many artists, but that there are too few good ones. There are almost as many men drawing pictures, good, bad, and indifferent, as there are writers. And it is far easier for an artist of ability, as newspaper artists go, to get profitable work, than it is for the equally good writer.

In fact, it behooves the writer either to learn to draw, or to hire an artist to draw for him, and invariably to submit with his articles some sort of illustration which will enable the editor, who is really nowadays half an editor and the other half "art" manager, to find some excuse for publishing the articles at all. That is to say, reading matter unaccompanied by pictures is far less in demand than when pictures come with it, and it should also be remembered that the pictures, however crude, may be redrawn or touched up to answer the requirements. So well understood are the pictorial necessities of modern publication that original photographs obtained personally either from travel in foreign lands or in out-of-the-way nooks and crannies of our own country, or sent to friends in America by travellers abroad, are hawked about the big daily and weekly newspaper offices and sold on their merits. The descriptive matter to go with them is then produced by some skilful writer, with the assistance of the library or the newspaper "graveyard."

At least one of the magazines published in New York is almost wholly produced, as to its text, by three or four of its office-men, who work over pen-names now more or less familiar from repetition on the title-page, and who "write around" the pictures; that is, they supply the reading-matter for somebody's photographs. Very few of the readers of this magazine are clever enough to detect this little trick in magazine-making: they fancy that whatever is published in a magazine, on calendered paper, with an illuminated cover and with half-tones judiciously sprinkled in to make the best showing, is necessarily high-class reading-matter. And, while we may deplore this Cheap-John literature masquerading in the guise of the best and highest, we cannot but admire the business intuition of those publishers who recognize the selling value of mere pictures. Of course this subordination of what is literary to what is pictorial is particularly hard on the man dependent on his pen, now more numerous than ever before; but he is rapidly learning to take his medicine uncomplainingly, and he either has a camera or is facile enough with pen or pencil to produce a rough sketch which some professional sketch-artist can make over into a genuine masterpiece and affix his own name to with fitting artistic indistinctness.

Coincident with this ascendency of the art pictorial is the peculiar character of the illustration itself. If the average picture-paper is a criterion of the public taste, the race has developed a predominant curiosity regarding the female adorned and unadorned. Woman is the *summum bonum* and the *sine qua non* of the art of the modern illustrator. The clever ones do her adequate justice and show her to us in satisfactory poses and correct costumes, although we tire of their weekly or monthly iteration of the same subject with a new joke or dialogue as its only excuse for existence. But the other fellows, the young men who lack the touch of individuality, who are incapable of special characterization, and who have to bear always in mind the limitations of color-printing processes, give us the American female, one and the same, month by month and season by season, with a change of costume now and then in deference to fashion's decree. The color is laid on thick in those spots and combinations which yield the most striking effect when displayed on the news-stand. And there are those who imagine that a colored picture is necessarily more artistic because of its original paint, and who discourse learnedly of the improvement in modern illustration because the cheapening of color-printing has brought illuminated covers and special colored editions within the means of even the humblest publisher. For advertising purposes, doubtless the colored front page does admirable service, but even its advocates will not claim that it is in any sense a triumph for art. No, it is merely mechanical excellence, and the trick lies in adapting the artist's colors and in imitating them so far as is possible with the colored inks of commerce.

But as long as certain publishers insist on putting forth the painted and decorated woman in all manner of impossible costumes with impossible backgrounds, the artists who want to make money can do so by catering to this manufactured taste. The exhibition of the portraits

of women given recently in New York proved by its astonishing financial success that the glorification of feminine beauty is a pronounced tendency of the day, whether it is the beauty of the gold frame and canvas, or the gorgeously brilliant creature who makes crushing replies to empty-headed society youths in the columns of the comic weekly.

And not only in the publications which go in for color, but elsewhere and everywhere in the field of periodical publication nowadays, woman is the one great subject for illustration,—prima donnas and ballet-dancers, actresses and society heiresses, queens and famous adventuresses, business women and society women who are philanthropic, women who can cook and women who love out-door sports, women politicians and women who conduct out-of-the-way industries, and so on through an interminable chapter. The portrait of the "up-to-date" girl, in one phase or another of her many-sided, multi-fadded life, meets the eye on magazine poster, menu-card, calendar, advertising pamphlet, and railroad guide. As a sure attention-riveter the advertisement artist long ago employed her smiling face and well-gowned figure, daintily slippered and with a more or less lavish exposure of neck and shoulders, so that the advertising pages of the magazine on your table show this wonderful nineteenth-century girl appealing to you in favor of a new brand of ready-made soup, the only piano that always keeps in tune, an absolutely pure baking powder, the latest improved bicycle, or a sure cure for superfluous flesh.

The English illustrated papers and many of the English magazines are no less sensible of this public interest in pictures of women, and yet it is probably not true that either here or in England is this interest the result of the present-day woman's movement, so called. If it were, we should see on the news-stands a different sort of woman, the intellectual and practical woman, the women who are doctrinaires and reformers and all that, instead of the women who are merely beautiful, or *chic*, or otherwise physically charming. We do not find there any of the modern Roman matrons who want to uplift the race by uplifting themselves, for in all but a very few instances they would not lend themselves efficiently to the highest color effects. Nor could the unemancipated woman fill the bill pictorially for a model tooth-wash advertisement with anything like the rollicking good-nature of the white-skinned, roguish-eyed, joyous creature whose portrait is familiar to us all. Our only conclusion, therefore, is that the demand for the pictorialized woman who crowds out so much good reading-matter from our weekly and monthly publications is born of our worship of female loveliness of the purely physical sort. We are daft—or at least many of us are daft—over rounded arms, snowy shoulders, lips like wine, radiant cheeks, and all the other sensuous allurements of a perfect woman; and as long as we are thus entranced and will buy these things in picture-papers, so long will capital and brains go into partnership to supply the demand.

With all this space in our publications pre-empted by the pictorial, the gentry who live by selling what they write must take metaphorically to the woods, for the reading public has suddenly become picture-

mad. The highest thought, the deepest truth, the most exquisite bit of sustained description, poetry, dialogue, love, tragedy, humor, realism of any kind, all are subjected by the weeklies and monthlies to the tyranny of the pictorial, until everything a writer writes, and too often, alas, that which he doesn't write, is seized upon and illustrated as if in the endeavor to help him make himself understood.

And does the illustrator really help the writer? Not necessarily. Often he takes most outrageous license with the truth as written. He is essentially an exaggerator, a perverter of the facts. He sins on the side of his picture, never on that of the manuscript. He makes effects; he does not inform. If his picture is not an attractive one, we are apt not to read what accompanies it, and in such a case he does the writer an absolute injury. If the picture *is* an attractive one, the reader's curiosity is often satisfied by the picture alone, and he doesn't care to read what has been written. And it is very frequently true that the pictorial attractiveness of a publication is such that the mere contemplation of its pictures suffices, and the purchaser tosses it aside without reading a line.

Let it not be supposed that I would do away entirely with the illustrator. Far from it. What I object to is over-illustration, the picture-on-every-other-page idea. Let us have things proportioned to their true value. Let the reading-matter have the most of the space. The written word is the first and the highest expression of thought, and it ever will be. To illustrate the perfect literary production does not necessarily improve it artistically. To assume that it does improve it implies that the writer has produced an unfinished work. Are the works of the best modern literary artists improved by illustration? Can an artist with his brush or pen add anything to the well-developed characterizations of our successful novelists? In other words, is not the literary art of a master amply sufficient to portray to the appreciative, intelligent reader all in his book that is charming or thrilling or pathetic or humorous? I believe that it is, and also that it is a literary crime for the average illustrator to inject an unsympathetic personality into the pages of a great work of fiction, of whose creative forces he can know no more than the reader. Some of this sort of illustration is amazingly clever, but most of it is just the opposite. To distinguish the pictorial opportunity in a book-manuscript is a work requiring rare discretion, and too many of our illustrators, with the approval of the publishers, take their cue for a picture from some such inadequate and puerile suggestion as that conveyed in the familiar climax of love-stories: "And she fell on his breast and wept tears of unutterable joy."

Sidney Fairfield.

Books of the Month.

Josiah's Alarm and Abel Perry's Funeral. By Josiah Allen's Wife.

There is a tang of the real thing about Josiah Allen's Wife which few or none of the dialect story-tellers ever succeed in acquiring.

In the two stories contained in this handy and attractive little volume the author is seen at her very best. *Josiah's Alarm* is a sample of her humorous vein, and *Abel Perry's Funeral* is a little masterpiece of pathos and good sense. In the first story the fun centres around a new furnace which Josiah puts into his "suller," said to be of such a heat-giving quality that it will make winter-grass sprout in the door-yard outside. The ridiculous reality dawns on Josiah after a hard winter, and the model furnace is superseded by a real heater. *Abel Perry's Funeral* is more deftly done, and shows in the amusing vein usual with the author the "show and sham" of certain funerals.

There is a source of deep interest in this work which has given it a wide and worthy fame, and the J. B. Lippincott Company have simply fulfilled a public demand in preparing this tasty pocket volume with illustrations full of the native flavor from the pen of a rising artist,—Frank P. Sauerwen.

Captain Dreams and other Stories. Edited by Captain Charles King.

It was the good fortune of the Messrs. Lippincott to secure, about a year ago, a capital book of short stories by Captain King and his brother officers, and some others, entitled *An Initial Experience*. This venture proved so successful that it has suggested another book of the same order, and we now have a volume of seven tales, all of which deal with military life, from as breezy a group of story-tellers as it has been our luck to encounter. This volume is entitled *Captain Dreams and other Stories*, after the opening story by Captain Charles King, and it has been edited by no less a hand than that of the always entertaining captain himself.

"Captain Dreams" is a forgetful fellow whose real name is De Remer. His adventure is a diverting one which nearly ends in jail, but the mystery is cleared up in time to save the wool-gathering captain, and the reader who has followed him through his night off in town will enjoy a hearty laugh at his simplicity. Captain King's habitual wit and animation are well condensed in this capital short story. The rest of the tales are as follows: *The Ebb-Tide*, by Lieutenant A. H. Sydenham, *White Lilies*, by Alice King Hamilton, *A Strange Wound*, by Lieutenant W. H. Hamilton, *The Story of Alcatraz*, by Lieutenant A. H. Sydenham, *The Other Fellow*, by R. Monckton-Dene, and *Buttons*, by Captain J. G. Leefe.

Distaff and Spindle. Sonnets by Mary Ashley Townsend.

Some years ago there appeared at intervals two volumes of poems which won from public and critic alike a kindly reception. These were called respectively *Xariffa's Poems*, and *Down the Bayou and other Poems*, and it was announced that the writer was a lady of New Orleans and named Mary Ashley Townsend. This author has long been held in regard by a circle of readers who enjoy poetry which is direct and sweet in utterance, true in substance, and native in tone,

and now that the J. B. Lippincott Company publishes another book from the same pen there is sure to be a demand for it among those to whom Mary Ashley Townsend has endeared herself by her unaffected talent.

Distaff and Spindle is an unusually handsome volume, with a broad, open page, clear old-style type, rarely fine paper, and a specially designed title-page and cover which give it a distinction quite in keeping with its contents.

It is difficult to convey the quiet charm of Mrs. Townsend's poetry by description, and we therefore indulge ourselves and are sure to please the reader by quoting a representative sonnet from the sixty-nine which compose the book:

XIV.

'Twas but a bamboo hut with thatch of palm,
Yet well we knew it sheltered its full share
Of human life, and courage, and despair,
Through all that night of tropic dew and balm!
Whilst sang the eternal stars their infinite psalm
Above the lowly roof, we saw the flare
Of one frail candle in the door-way there
Where watched the watchers humble, reverent, calm.
None sobbed nor spoke, but waited as to hear
A coming silence stop beside the bed,
And touch its pillow with a sign devout;
At last, as drew the moonless morning near,
By wails of women we knew all, and said,
"They watch no more, and lo! the light is out."

The Dragon of Wantley. His Tale. By Owen Wister. Illustrated by John Stewardson.

Those bracing stories of the Wild West which have appeared for a year past over the name Owen Wister have brought a new order of repute to one already well known as a graceful and witty poet, a finished composer of music, and a writer of tales deliciously facetious. But Mr. Owen Wister has never before or since done anything so clever, laughable, and delightful as his early story, *The Dragon of Wantley*. This was issued by the Lippincotts a short time ago; and, a new edition being demanded, they now bring forth the diverting skit in a reduced size and in paper covers, which changes render the book pocketable and companionable without in the least sacrificing the humorous effect of Mr. John Stewardson's charming black and white illustrations,—a very essential feature of the tale.

It would deprive the reader of half the pleasure of reading this uncommonly bright tale were we to anticipate even a part of the plot. Suffice it to say that there is the prettiest and freshest of love episodes, and that the Baron of Wantley, the Monks of Oyster-le-Main, Elaine, and Geoffrey, and little Whelpdale the Buttons, and old Popham the Butler,—that all these and a score more are the most laughable and lovable characters that we have encountered in fiction this many a day.

In Mr. John Stewardson, Mr. Wister has had an artistic collaborator born. The humorous pen-and-ink work which illustrates the text and adds to the fun of almost every page opens an entirely new vein in art.

A LOST NOVEL.—A good many years ago an historical novel by Mr. Hoffman was announced as soon to appear under the title of "The Red Spur of Ramapo." But the book never was published, and the cause of its non-appearance may well be set down among the calamities which befall authors.

Mr. Hoffman had been employed more than six months upon his romance. He had taken unusual care in its composition, and an eminent book-publisher had contracted with him for the copyright. The novel was nearly completed, the public was talking about it, and romance-readers were anticipating a treat. The author, as he wrote it, placed the manuscript sheets in a large portfolio by the side of his writing-table, so that none of them should be lost. One day on looking into his literary sub-treasury he discovered, to his astonishment and dismay, that only a few sheets of "The Red Spur of Ramapo" were to be found.

Not many men could have acted so calmly as did the author of "Greyslaer" on this occasion and as the great Newton is reported to have done on a similar one.

He called the chambermaid who had been intrusted with the care of his room, and said,—

"Mary, have you ever taken any papers from this place?"

"Sure it's mesilf that has, sorr," she replied, with perfect frankness.

"For what purpose did you take them?" inquired the author, with a sinking heart.

"Sure, sorr, to kindle the foire," replied the guileless Mary, "an' many's the toime Oi've thought how good ye was to put 'em there for me."

"And how long have you been in the habit of taking papers from this place?" groaned the poor author.

"Oi couldn't say jist how long, sorr," returned Mary, seeing at last that something was amiss, "but Oi niver misthrusted there was any good to 'em, for they was all scribbled over, sorr."

And, with sobs and wild protestations of sorrow, the destroyer of "The Red Spur of Ramapo" fled from the room, leaving the afflicted author to console himself for his loss as best he might.—*Youth's Companion.*

A MIND-WRECKING TASK.—"It is impossible!" she exclaimed. "I am foiled." And she threw the pen despairingly from her.

"What is the matter?" asked her mother.

"I was writing to Herbert, and tried to spell his college yell."—*Washington Star.*

THE CLEANLY DUTCH.—Not only the pavements of the main thoroughfares, but all the side streets, are thoroughly well washed and cleansed daily. When you walk out in the early morning, you might eat your breakfast anywhere with perfect comfort on the side-walks. We had to look for more than a quarter of an hour to find a bit of paper in the streets, and the windows in the back streets, even of houses to let, are rubbed bright and polished to a point which must be the despair of the passing English housewife.

Why are Dutch housemaids so incomparably more diligent and clean than English? Can it be their Puritan bringing-up? I remember a story current at home of an excellent housewife who maintained her conviction that her maid-of-all-work had "found salvation." Being asked the ground of her belief, she replied that the girl had taken to sweeping under all the rugs.—*London Spectator.*

IT REMINDED HIM.—The *Kansas City Mail* tells a story of a Congressman who, having submitted himself to the manipulation of a venerable colored barber in Washington, was told, "Do you know, sah, you remind me so much of Dan'l Webster?"

"Indeed!" he said. "Shape of my head, I suppose?"

This staggered the aged colored man somewhat. He had not expected a question in reply, and had merely laid the foundation for his complimentary bluff, never thinking that there would be a call for an explanatory superstructure. "No, sah," he stammered, in reply; "not yo' head, sah; it's yo' breff."

THE CROW WAS LOADED.—Dick was driving a tunnel on a ledge back of his cabin, and was in the habit of leaving a stick of giant powder on a rock in a sunny place at the mouth of the tunnel to thaw out. On several occasions when he went to get his powder it had mysteriously disappeared, and Dick concluded to watch proceedings and wait for the thief.

He laid the stick of powder in its usual place, and had waited but a short time when he saw a raven sail out of a tree and swoop down upon the explosive. The bird tore at the tough paper cover until it could get at the powder, then began greedily to devour it. Giant powder is made up of nitroglycerin, sawdust, and grease, and a whole stick of it makes a very hearty breakfast for a raven. The stick had nearly disappeared when Dick thought it time to avenge his loss, and was in the act of raising his rifle, when the raven gave a defiant caw and arose in the air with the remainder of the stick of powder grasped in its claws. When up some distance, the powder slipped from the bird's grasp and came tumbling to the ground. Dick saw the powder drop, and dodged behind a boulder, fearing it would explode when it struck the rocks. However, it did not. The raven perched in a tree, and Dick drew a bead and let drive. Immediately following the report of the gun Dick was not a little startled at receiving quite a shock and hearing a second and louder report, while the air was filled with small bits of raven meat and feathers.

After the smoke of battle had cleared away, all that Dick could find of that raven were the bill and claws and a bunch of black feathers. The shock of the bullet passing through the bird's body had exploded the powder it had devoured.—*Juneau (Alaska) News.*

MUSKRATS AS HOUSEHOLD PETS.—Mrs. Sarah Howard, of Houlton, has two queer pets,—a couple of muskrats that come up the drain into her cellar and thence even into the kitchen. They have now got so tame that they eat out of the cat's saucer and show no fear of that individual, who on her part does not deign to notice them, though her kittens sometimes cuff the rats. One day they got straw and pieces of the broom and made a nest under the cupboard. They will come close to one's chair and smell one's hand when reached down to them. When eating milk, they sit beside the saucer, thrust both paws into the milk, and then lap it from their paws, sometimes taking a half-hour to consume a small saucer of milk.—*Lewiston Journal.*

VAIN PURSUIT.—"Cholley pursued a number of studies at college, didn't he?"

"Yes. He pursued 'em, but I don't think he ever caught up with any."—*Chicago Record.*

BANK OF ENGLAND SAFEGUARDS.—"The safeguards adopted by the Bank of England to prevent that institution being robbed are about as thorough and complete as human ingenuity and mechanism can devise," says Mervin O. Todd, of Manchester, England. "Its outer doors are so finely balanced that a clerk by pressing a knob under his desk can close them instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. The bullion department is nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of machinery, and in some of the banks the bullion department is connected with the manager's sleeping-apartments, so that an entrance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm near this person's head. If a dishonest official during the day or night should take even one from a pile of a thousand sovereigns, the whole pile would instantly sink, and a pool of water take its place, besides letting every one in the office know of the theft."

A SURPRISE IN SEIDLITZ.—On the first consignment of seidlitz powders in the capital of Delhi the monarch became deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing draught. A box was brought to the king in full court, and the interpreter explained to his majesty how it should be used.

Into a goblet he put the twelve blue papers, and having added water the king drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance expressed no signs of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders lay the luxury, and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved and eagerly swallowed by his majesty.

With a wild shriek that will be remembered while Delhi is numbered among the kingdoms, the monarch rose, staggered, exploded, and in his full agonies screamed, "Hold me down!" then, rushing from the throne, fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long-continued effervescence of the compound, spirting like ten thousand pennyworth of imperial pop and believing himself in the agonies of death.—*London Tit-Bits.*

LABOR-TROUBLES FORTY YEARS AGO.—The 3d of October, 1857, was known in business circles as "blue day." It was perhaps not so disastrous as "black Friday," but it was bad enough. One of the many incidents of that memorable occasion may be thus related. The firm of Chickering & Sons employed in their establishment over three hundred persons, and their weekly pay-roll was very large. Owing to non-remittances from all parts of the country of money due, this firm did not pay their men, having business paper maturing which required all their available funds.

Their workmen, understanding the situation, and deeply sympathizing with their employers, with creditable promptness, and without a dissenting voice, passed resolutions expressing to Messrs. Chickering their regrets at such a financial crisis, and stating their willingness and ability to wait for their pay until a more favorable time, and also intimating in the kindliest manner that if a loan of six or eight thousand dollars would be useful at that moment, they would be happy to tender that sum as a willing contribution from their savings. Could you find a parallel case to this to-day? I fear not. The breach between the laborer and his employer has widened, and—well, it is enough to make one sigh for a return of the good old times of cordial relations and sympathetic regard between employer and employee; but that was before the days when corporations covered nearly all the industries.

A PRIVATE MINE.—A Mexican grandee, whose name is Don Alcazar de Chilicoloro, owns a famous mine of inexhaustible riches in the state of Chihuahua. It contains a high-grade silver ore, and is so rich that whenever the don and his señora run short of money they simply direct the head peon to gather together his delegation of twelve or thirteen serfs and their equally patient and uncomplaining fellow-serfs the burros. Then the don mounts the head burro, and the procession takes the trail for the family mine, as it is called. The mine has been in the possession of the don and his ancestors for the past three centuries. It is nothing but a rude tunnel in the mountain-side. The entrance to the tunnel is securely barricaded with heavy timber doors, which are securely locked with three old Spanish locks, the keys to which are always in the possession of the don. When the mine is reached, the don unlocks the doors. He then directs his body-servant to swing his hammock beneath the branches of a massive tree standing at the entrance to the mine, which was a well-grown sapling when the first don of the family discovered the mine, three hundred years ago.

The peons are then set to work getting out the rich silver ore, which they put into baskets slung upon the backs of the burros. It is but the work of five or six hours to get out ore that will be worth several thousands of dollars. The ore is free-milling ore, and it is no trouble to work it. While the ore is being taken out of the mine and put into the baskets, the don is lying in his hammock leisurely smoking cigarettes. When the baskets are full, the don manages to pull himself together long enough to lock up the mine and seal the entrances, and the cavalcade then starts back and goes straight to Chihuahua, twelve miles away. As soon as they arrive there the don sells the contents of the baskets, for which he receives from twelve thousand to eighteen thousand dollars in cash in Mexican money. He gives his peons a liberal tip besides their meagre wages, which they divide, like the conscientious peons they are, between the church and the pulque-merchant, reserving a modicum to keep themselves and their families partly clothed and fed until the don holds the next of his grand rallies, which occur four or five times a year. The don owns a magnificent hacienda, and has a lovely wife and two beautiful daughters, who have all the pride of the true Castilians. The hacienda contains over six thousand acres, and is on one of the principal highways leading out of Chihuahua, upon which, like most of the land-owners of the country, he pays little or no taxes.—*Kansas City Journal.*

THE GERMAN COURT KITCHEN.—On state occasions the *menu* is prepared a week in advance and submitted to the emperor, the details being ordinarily arranged by the empress. The cooking is done upon iron stoves, the roasting-room containing huge stoves of special construction let into the walls and a huge turnspit worked by machinery. The department of the pastry *chef* is considered of great importance. The pastry and sweets have all sorts of elaborate designs round the edges of the dishes, made of dough gilded or silvered over and not intended to be eaten. All kinds of ornamentations in the shape of figures, hunting scenes, and castles are to be seen on the dishes, most of them being modelled of dough or fat and colored and gilded. The emperor pays so much a cover for every dinner, so that strict carefulness has to be observed. For ordinary meals the rate is about six shillings a cover, without wine.—*Zur Guten Stunde.*

In each of the years 1835, 1842, and 1843 was organized one of three of the life insurance companies now in existence in the United States. In 1845 two more of the companies still doing business were started upon successful careers. They are all "old-line" companies, and, with others of like character whose organization followed at intervals of two or more years, practically monopolized the business up to about twenty years ago. There then began the organization of the great Fraternal Orders and the Assessment Associations, of which the progressive class of the latter have evoluted to what are termed natural premium companies or associations.

The growth and prosperity of the "old-line" companies have, not without reason, been looked upon and referred to as one of the marvellous instances of what American pluck and enterprise can accomplish. What, then, will adequately qualify the history and accomplishment of the Assessment and the Natural Premium Associations? Look at the following comparison.

As a result of say sixty years' work, ending December 31, 1894, the "old-line" companies report insurance in force amounting to $4,763,610,389; the combined figures of Natural Premium Associations and of such assessment organizations as make annual reports show as a result of only twenty years' labor $3,392,673,519. When it is also taken into consideration that a large proportion of the above total for "old-line" companies includes "endowment" or other forms of investment business which is not strictly life insurance, the significance of these facts would seem to be that the up-to-date methods of the "new-line" advocates meet the need and approval of rapidly increasing numbers who seek to secure to their families financial welfare through life insurance.

One of the stanch and conservative companies doing business on the natural premium plan—and it is the oldest of prominence, having been organized in 1874—is the Northwestern Masonic Aid Association, of Chicago. Its "Low-Rate, Absolute-Security Plan" is the result of experience and study on scientific lines; it has over forty-eight thousand policies in force, representing over $141,000,000 of insurance, and has demonstrated its reliability by the payment of death-claims of more than $15,000,000. Non-Masons are eligible, and a large number of "outsiders" have taken advantage of the opportunity to secure the protection of its liberal and attractive policies. The association issues a neat little booklet descriptive and explanatory, which can be had for the asking.

Hottest Place on Earth.—I don't believe there is any difference of opinion among naval men that Panama can claim the most emphatic amount of execration for hot weather without any exception whatever. The thermometer goes higher in other places than down on the Isthmus, but I doubt if the conditions are more intolerable anywhere. In the rainy season the water will come down in a perfect flood, and then the clouds will clear away and the sun beat down mercilessly. There is no evaporation whatever, and the perspiration just stands out on a man, and he has to go armed with a towel with which to continually swab himself. In fact, the sensible man never stirs without equipping himself with a Turkish bath towel, and he needs it all the time. When you go to bed at night down there, you finally fall asleep from exhaustion pure and simple, and when you awake you will find your form silhouetted on the sheet with a big wet spot of perspiration. It is simply frightful.—*Washington Star.*

No Hurried Orders.—A competent manager is not satisfied with settling what is to be done to-day alone: she makes everything clear as far as luncheon to-morrow. Thus assisted, the cook is never kept in suspense till the day is far spent, as is too often the case for even luncheon orders, with "nothing in the house." While talking to my "Mr. Judkins" the other day on the subject of cooking meat, a breathless woman hurried into the shop and ordered a piece of beef for boiling to be sent up at once for lunch.

The joint was despatched almost immediately, and as the messenger hurried off with it the good butcher observed, "There you are, sir," raising his eyes to the clock; "eleven gone: well, it'll be arf-past nearly before that meat's put on the fire. It'll be boiled ever so much too farst, and come to table as 'ard as a brick. To-morrow probably the lady herself will call and complain of my supplying her with such tough, inferior meat. Believe me, sir, that it isn't so much the fault of the cooks as these hurried orders. The quantities of good meat that's spoilt in this way you'd scarcely believe, and us butchers are blamed for it."

This is only too true. Much of the dissatisfaction that is now expressed in regard to the indifferent treatment of food should be attributed to incompetent management rather than to incompetent cooks.—*Nineteenth Century.*

Tough Luck.—Cashier.—"I hear that you lost a whole lot of money in one of those mushroom boom towns out West."

Rasher.—"It wasn't even a mushroom town. It was just plain toadstool."
—*Indianapolis Journal.*

The Properties of Cocaine.—Travellers in Peru and countries where coca grows chew the leaves of this plant for the purpose of allaying the sense of hunger and the feeling of exhaustion that accompanies it. At first the leaves were thought to possess food elements, but now it is known that the cocaine they contain merely allays the irritability of the nerves that produce the sense of hunger.

Cocaine is an alkaloid made from the coca leaf, which has the effect of completely destroying the sensibility of nerves. The discovery of this active principle of the coca leaf explained fully and satisfactorily the effect produced by chewing the leaves. An infusion of the leaf might be used with good results in allaying the gnawing appetite that follows some forms of fever, or in cases where the sense of hunger is due to a diseased condition of the stomach.

Cocaine should never be used except on the prescription of a trustworthy physician, because it is dangerous. The cocaine habit is more readily formed than either the morphine or the liquor habit, and is far more rapid in its work of destruction.—*Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.*

The Deacon's Doubt.—Some one came past Deacon Podberry's the other night about ten o'clock, and was surprised to find that good man carefully examining his wood-pile.

"What are you looking for?" asked the passer-by.

"Just examining this load of wood to see if it was all right," answered the good man. "I bought it from Brother Brown yesterday, and to-night in prayer-meeting he called himself so many kinds of a miserable sinner that I thought maybe it was the quality of this load of wood that was weighing on his mind."
—*Indianapolis Journal.*

It is meanly selfish to be so absorbed in the heaven to which you are going that you forget what is to become of your wife and children after you are dead.—*Talmage.*

Dogs in War.—A very interesting history might be written of the part played by living creatures, other than human beings, in war. As far as we are aware, no convention or conference has pronounced either for or against this means of injuring an enemy. Where dogs are used as sentinels, or pigeons in carrying despatches, the injury done by the dumb creatures is not direct. The service rendered to their own side may be no less great than that of the geese which saved the Capitol or of the dog which foiled Aurungzeb in his siege of Golconda and was rewarded with a golden collar; but in neither of these cases is the attack confided to bird or animal.

But dogs have been used, and by ourselves, to attack an enemy. The Celts used them, the Gauls used them, Columbus used them, Queen Elizabeth is said to have given Essex six hundred fighting dogs for purposes of war, and late in the eighteenth century one hundred bloodhounds were landed in Jamaica by our government to attack the Maroons. Fortunately, it was destined that the disgrace of using them should be spared us, for the enemy, hearing of the dogs, surrendered without a blow.

Effectively as dogs may be trained to destroy human beings, it has been well said in this connection that, in the words of Pascal, "Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connoist pas."—*Saturday Review.*

Religions in British Burmah.—The detailed results of the census of Burmah were expected with unusual interest, because of the addition of Upper Burmah to the empire during the decade. Mr. Eales has reported a total population of 8,098,014, of whom some 3,000,000 are in the conquered territory and one-third of a million are in the Shan states. In Lower Burmah this is the third census, and it was so popular with the Burmans and Karens that they complained if they thought themselves overlooked by the enumerator, and in many cases they carved the census numbers in wood and hung them up on the houses. The population of Lower Burmah, doubled since Lord Dalhousie's time, increased one-fourth in the last decade, and yet it contains only forty-five per square mile of fertile soil. The whole province is now of the size of Great Britain and two Irelands.

A curious and altogether new fact comes out for the first time: the Buddhism of the Burmans is all on the surface, the mass of the 7,000,000 of our subjects who profess that belief being still Shamanists, or devil-worshippers,—Animists. Like Brahmanism, nominal Buddhism absorbs the aboriginal cults with an easy tolerance, but is itself adulterated thereby. Like Hume's philosophical scepticism, Buddhist latitudinarianism "is almost wide enough to include an honest disavowal of itself."—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

Prudent Restraint.—Feminine Auditor (at the amateur theatricals).—"I beg pardon, but, do you know, it seems to me the gentleman who has the leading part does his love-making in a very tame and spiritless manner."

Wife of Leading Actor (intently watching the performance).—"He won't put any more spirit in it while I've got my eye on him, madam, let me tell you."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Leading Question.—Miss Pinkerly.—"Isn't it a pity that all the good-looking people can't be bright, and all the bright people good-looking?"

Young Tutter.—"Yes, indeed, it is, Miss Pinkerly. But tell me, if you had your choice, which would you be?"—*Life.*

IT WORKED.—Fond Parent (on suburban train).—"Does mother's little Tessie want a nice banana?"

Tessie.—"Bet I do!"

Fond Parent.—"Then cry, pet, real hard. There's a dear little girl on the other side of the aisle with a paper sack full of them, and she'll give you one to quiet you."—*Chicago Tribune.*

LOUISIANA'S 1,500,000-ACRE FARM.—The largest farm in this country, and probably in the world, is situated in the southwestern part of Louisiana. It extends one hundred miles north and south and twenty-five miles east and west. It was purchased in 1883 by a syndicate of Northern capitalists, by whom it is still operated. At the time of its purchase its one million five hundred thousand acres was a vast pasture for the cattle belonging to a few dealers in that country. Now it is divided into pasture stations or ranches existing every six miles. The fencing is said to have cost about fifty thousand dollars. The land is best adapted for rice, sugar, corn, and cotton. A tract say half a mile wide is taken, and an engine is placed on each side. The engines are portable, and operate a cable attached to four ploughs. By this arrangement thirty acres are gone over in a day with the labor of only three men. There is not a single draught-horse on the entire place, if we except those used by the herders of cattle, of which there are sixteen thousand head on the place. The Southern Pacific Railway runs for thirty-six miles through the farm. The company have three steamboats operating on the estate, of which three hundred miles are navigable. It has also an ice-house, bank, shipyard, and rice-mill.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

ONLY ONE COULD DO IT.—"Last Sunday," said the clergyman to his congregation, "some one put a button in the collection-bag. I won't mention names. I will merely say that only one individual in the congregation could have done so, and I will expect the same member after the service to replace the button with a coin of the realm."

After church a well-to-do but close-fisted individual sought an interview with the clergyman in the vestry.

"I—er," he began, hesitatingly, "must apologize for the—er—button incident, which I can assure you was an accident. I happened to have the button in my waistcoat-pocket, together with a shilling, and took out the former by mistake. However, sir, here is the shilling."

"Thank you," said the clergyman, taking the shilling and gravely handing him the button.

"By the bye, sir," said the man, "I cannot understand how you should have known that it was I who—er—committed the—er—much to be regretted mistake."

"I didn't know," replied the clergyman.

"Didn't know! But you said, sir, that only one individual in the congregation could have done so."

"Just so. You see, sir, it is scarcely possible that two individuals could have put one button in the bag, is it, now?" said the clergyman, with a bland smile.

It was so much easier for the button contributor to say "good-day" than to answer this puzzling question that he made his bow at once.—*Christian Advocate.*

ABLE SWORDSMEN.—Elephants are completely disabled by one blow from the Arab's two-handed sword, which almost severs the hind leg, biting deep into the bone. This feat is varied by slashing off the trunk, leaving it dangling only by a piece of skin. A Ghoorka was seen by the late Laurence Oliphant to behead a buffalo with a single blow of his kookerie. And Sir Samuel Baker, a man powerful enough to wield during his African exploration the "Baby," an elephant-rifle weighing twenty-two pounds, once clove a wild boar with his big hunting-knife almost in halves as it was making a final rush, catching it just behind the shoulder, where the hide and bristles are at least a span thick. Sir Walter Scott relates how the Earl of Angus, with his huge sweeping brand, challenged an opponent to fight, and at a blow chopped asunder his thigh-bone, killing him on the spot. There is a story current in Australia that a Lieutenant Anderson, in 1852, during an encounter with bush-rangers, cut clean the gun-barrel of his adversary with his sword. And at Kassassin it is related that one of Arabi Pasha's soldiers was severed in two during the midnight charge. But, in the opinion of experts, this is very improbable, even had the new regulation sabre then been in use.—*London Globe.*

HEADS THAT TITLES TURN.—In London society float about many funny stories of people whose heads are turned by the acquisition of a small title bestowed by royalty in the progress of some official function. One is told of the wife of a city magnate who bought a country place and was finally knighted. The lady was of very humble origin, and her elevation was too much for her. The clergyman of the village—a scion of noble family—called upon the new knight to congratulate him, and was kept waiting in the drawing-room for some twenty minutes. Then the door was flung open by a powdered flunky, who, ushering in the fat and florid mistress of the house, bawled out at the top of his voice, "The Lady Jones!"

Not long ago the wife of another new-made knight was greatly aggrieved at receiving on the very day this dignity was conferred a letter naturally enough addressed to "Mrs. So-and-so." She proceeded to indite a scathing answer to her innocent correspondent,—an epistle written throughout in the third person, and beginning, "Lady So-and-so begs to point out that a mistake has been made in the address of the letter sent to her. Lady So-and-so requests that in future," etc.—*London Letter.*

DO SCORPIONS COMMIT SUICIDE?—It has been stated that a scorpion will poison itself if placed in such a position that it cannot escape death. This is said to be especially true if the reptile is surrounded by fire, with no visible means of reaching safety.

A British officer lately passed through this city on his way home from India. He said that while in the Punjab a servant brought in a scorpion one morning, which had probably strayed too far from its home during the night. The reptile was put in a glass case for safe-keeping. After a time the officer thought of experimenting with it. He took a strong sun-glass and focussed the rays on the back of the scorpion. As the heat began to tell on the animal it ran around its cage, giving every sign of terror. Finally as the heat was intensified it raised its tail and plunged the stinger into its back where the sun's rays had been centred. In less than half a minute it was dead. Other experiments with actual fire had brought about the same results, according to this officer.—*Philadelphia Call.*

In 1862.—Representative Bundy, of Ohio, was an elector for Abraham Lincoln. "The following reminiscences about 'Old Abe,'" said Mr. Bundy, "have never been in print. I had come on to Washington to secure the release of a Union recruiting officer who had been unjustly charged with having made false vouchers of enlistments and had been sent to Baltimore and placed in jail at Fort McHenry. Before me in the line of those waiting to see the President was a man with some alleged letters of loyalty from an ex-governor of Maryland. As he handed them to Mr. Lincoln another man caught what had been said, and interrupted the conversation to tell Lincoln that the papers must have been forged, as the Maryland ex-governor had been dead for several years. The man who had brought in the letter collapsed, and Lincoln, with that peculiar pity which he could show even to those who least deserved it, replied, quickly, 'Oh, never mind, sir; never mind, sir. It is far more interesting. I would rather get a letter from a dead man than from a live man, any day.'

"The next to have a conversation with the President was a Wall Street broker and adventurer who wanted to be made assistant secretary of the treasury, so as to relieve the government, as he declared, by floating an issue of bonds. His plan was to borrow for the government a certain amount of money on a pledge of $100,000,000 of United States bonds, which were to be issued as collateral for the payment of the loan. The plan of the schemer was very evidently to break the price of the bonds and then get possession of them at a price less than the market, for his margin was very narrow.

"Mr. Lincoln listened patiently until the man was through, and then as he eyed him closely he said, solemnly, 'My friend, that is a mighty good plan to get bonds for less than they are worth, and very well thought out; but,' as he shook his head, 'don't ask me to help you in it.'"

At last it was Mr. Bundy's turn. He told Mr. Lincoln, by way of introduction, that he had been a Lincoln elector, and that what he wanted to ask of him was simply an act of justice to the falsely imprisoned recruiting officer. Mr. Lincoln heard the story, and then said, "My friend, when are you going to start for home?" It was Saturday night, and Mr. Bundy told the President that, as he did not travel Sunday, he should not start until early Monday morning.

Mr. Lincoln paused a moment, and then said, "Well, sir, unless you start for Ohio at once your friend will beat you home."—*Washington Times.*

No Sympathy.—"Higgsby suffers horribly from hay-fever."

"Serves him right. He married a grass-widow."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Employer was Absent.—A photographer left his office in charge of a newly engaged boy the other day, and as a result lost a customer.

Her beauty was of the doubtful sort, and the boy's eye was better than his judgment.

"Is the photographer in?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," said the boy, "but he'll be in soon."

"I want some pictures taken," the customer went on, "but I always have very hard luck. I hope Mr. —— will be able to suit me."

"Oh, Mr. —— will suit you, I am sure, ma'am. By the time the pictures are finished up they won't look like you a bit."

No Dudes Need Apply.—An Eastern man who had lived in the Southwest about a year was mentioned as good timber for a Congressional candidate, and the chairman of the committee had a talk with one of the old wheel-horses on the subject.

"What do you think of Mr. Harvard as a candidate?" was asked.

"That chap ez wears a plug hat?" inquired the old man, not quite sure he knew the proposed candidate.

"Yes."

"An' shines his boots?"

"Yes."

"An' don't drink liquor?"

"Yes."

"Ner chaw terbacker?"

"Yes."

"Says 'those,' an' 'came,' an' 'knew'?"

"Yes."

"Wears a hard-biled shirt?"

"Yes."

"Ner don't play poker?"

"He's the one."

The old wheel-horse strode up and down to soothe his perturbed spirit.

"Well," he said, at last, "well, he's a nice sort of man ter run fer Congress from this deestrick, isn't he?" And they had to find a more available man.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Sect of "Non-Sleepers."—During that epoch of extraordinary religious enthusiasm, 412 to 430 A.D., one Alexandrianus, a native of Asia Minor, founded a peculiar sect known as "non-sleepers." They lived in communities of seventy (the custom having some reference to the seventy disciples), and whenever a young non-sleeper put in its appearance the oldest man or woman in the camp would leave to join some other community that had recently lost one of its members by death or otherwise. In this way their communities never exceeded the allotment of seventy, and were rarely short a member more than a few weeks or months at a time.

They were called "non-sleepers" from the fact that at least seven in each community were always to be found wide awake and constantly chanting the "sleep song." In summer these chanters were divided into three relays of seven each, and during the winter months into four or five, according to the length of the nights. This peculiar sect of non-sleeping, singing fanatics was finally exterminated by the Armenian barbarians under the leadership of Omeer Dightee.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Looking-Glasses in Coffins.—One of the ancient customs connected with Swedish funerals was to place a small looking-glass in the coffin of an unmarried female, so that when the last trump should sound she might be able to arrange her tresses. It was the practice for Scandinavian maidens to wear their hair flowing loosely, while the matrons wore it bound about the head and generally covered with some form of cap. Hence the unmarried woman was imagined as awakening at the judgment-day with more untidy locks than her wedded sisters and more in need of a glass.—*Westminster Review.*

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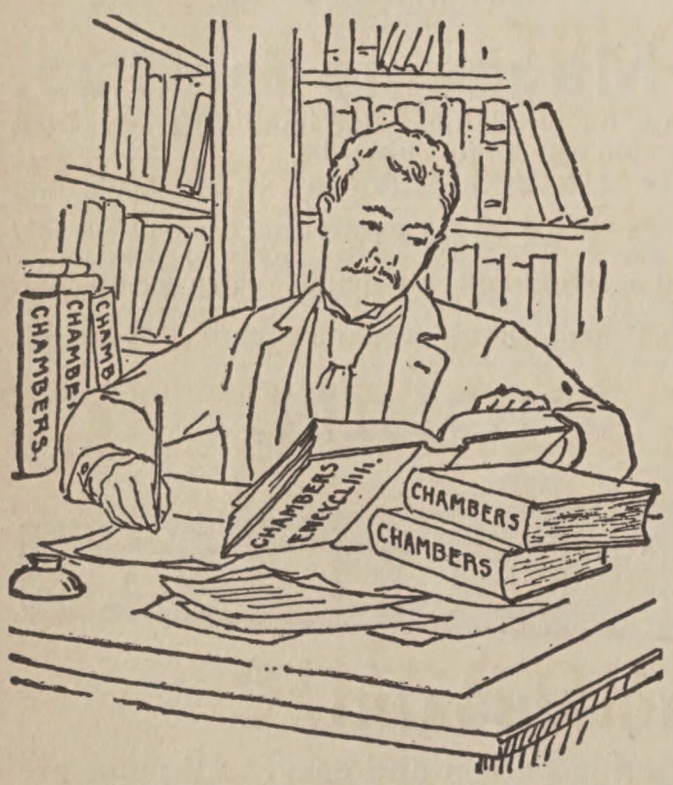

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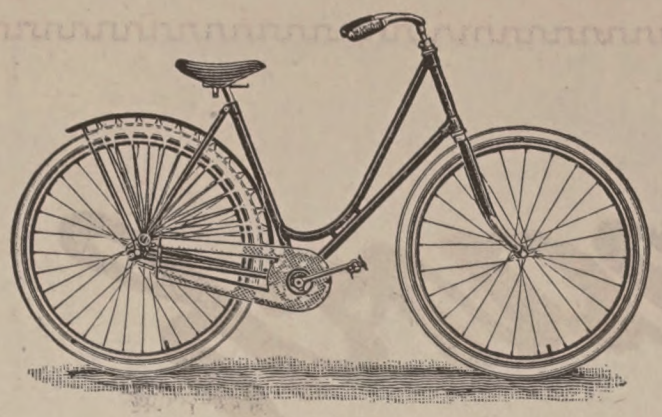

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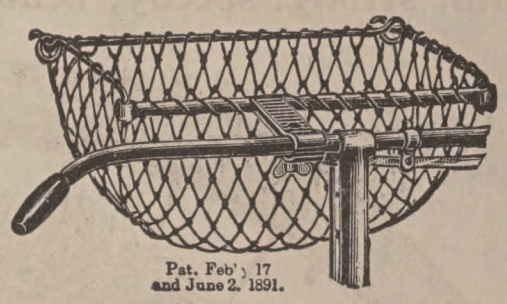

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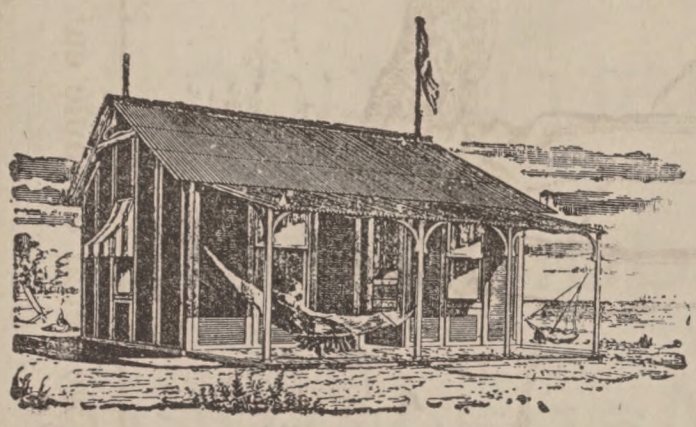

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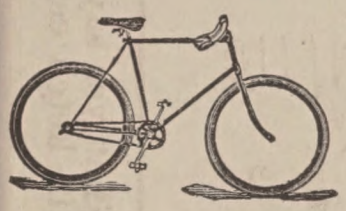

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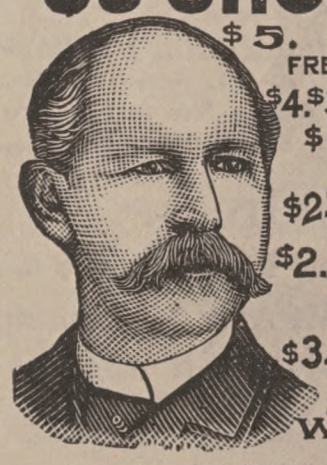

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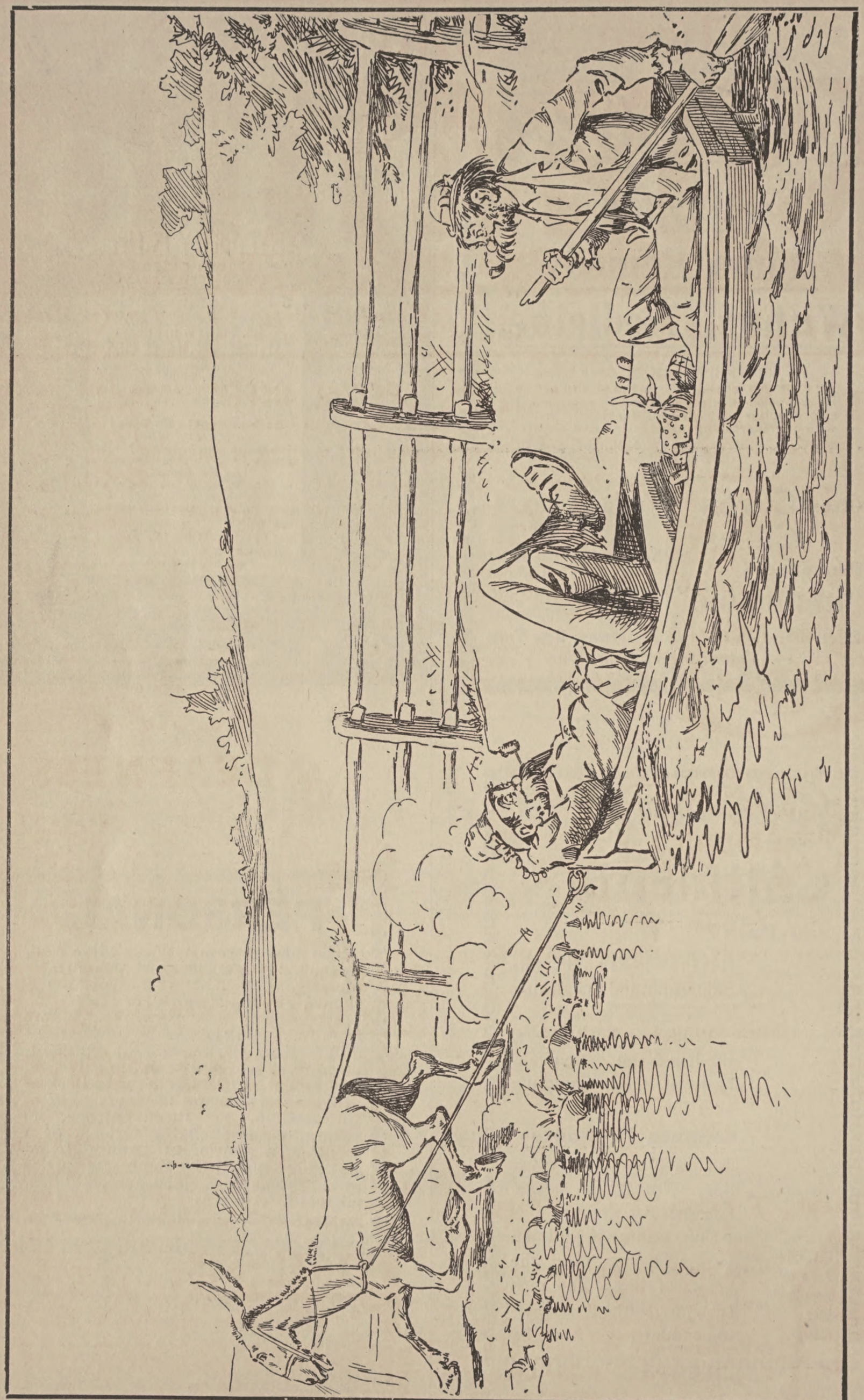
THEY GOT OUT AND WALKED.—Continued.

Weary Waddles.—"See?"
Whipor Willie.—"Yes: bring eem along, till we hitch eem up wid dis rope."

THEY GOT OUT AND WALKED.—Continued.



Weary Waddles.—"Talk about your Wigilant! she ain't in it wid dis, is——"

Weary Waddles. } —"Gosh! look at de bridge! Yea! Yea! Yea! Yea!"
Whipor Willie. }

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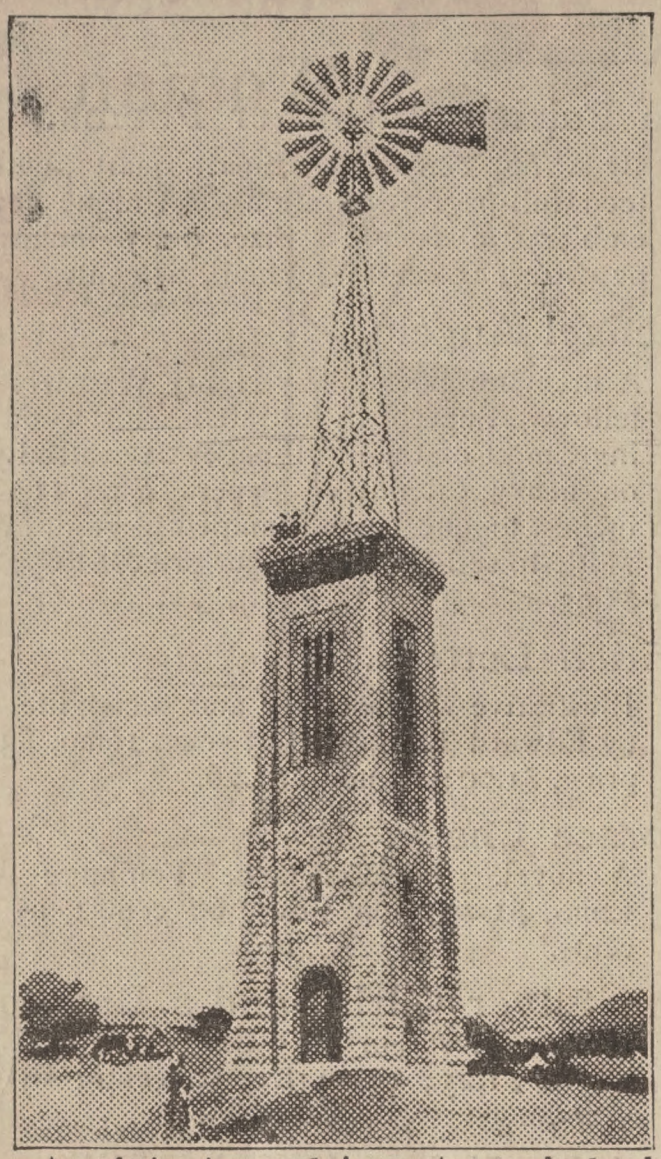

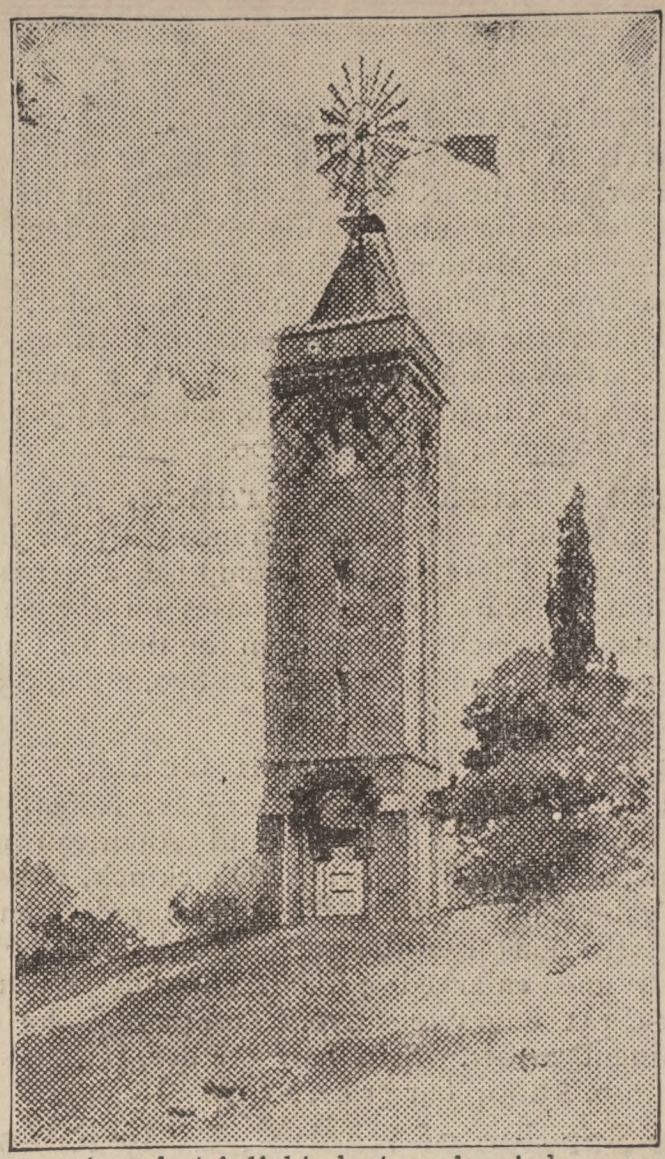

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