

Angelward

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00020280682

Grant Gordon



Class P23

Book .G6541A

Copyright N^o _____

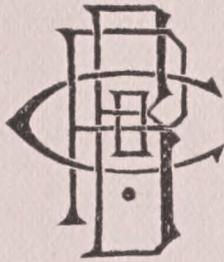
COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



“SHE CLASPED HER HANDS BEHIND HER HEAD”
(*Frontis Angelward*)

ANGELWARD

By
GRANT GORDON



BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.
835 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



07-33912

PZ3
G6591
A

LIBRARY of CONGRESS
Two Copies Received
OCT 18 1907
Copyright Entry
Oct. 18, 1907
CLASS a Xxc., No.
189981
COPY B.

Copyright, 1907.

BY

BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.

All Rights Reserved.



ANGELWARD.

CHAPTER I.

A SNOW-BIRD.

It was the twentieth day of December; the wind blew a hurricane and sent the falling snow in great swirling clouds; huge drifts ten and fifteen feet high were forming in places, and on the level it was four feet deep. This was the first great storm of the season, and this the second day of it. It was impossible to see out of the small window-panes of the manse, and no one passed, for as far as human life was concerned it appeared to have vacated this part of the country, except, where it was housed up around roaring fires, where the men sat around the great double stoves, smoking their pipes and reminiscing on former storms. "Away back in '60 there had been a' awfu' ane. Ye couldna see the tap o' th' steeple for snaw an' thet was th' year Sammy McBain died an' they couldna bury him for a week. It was a' awfu' time," and Sandy McPhail, rolling some tobacco in his palms replenished his pipe.

"Man, I ken a mair fearsome ane, when auld Jean died. Ah! it was fearsome."

"It was nane sae bad as mine; I mind it; it

was bad eneuch; but nane sae bad, and Sandy puffed away contentedly. The women moved about their duties, fired Parthian shots at the men for "bein' i' th' way;" and drawing their small plaid shawls around their shoulders, drew themselves within themselves, wishing that summer were here again. The wind howled around the houses; every once in a while giving vent to a most savage unearthly shriek as if unable to control itself any longer; it appeared as if Nature had gone mad, had lost all control of herself, for like a wild animal she tore and raved as if to extinguish herself. To the inmates of the manse she seemed as if determined on hurling the whole structure to the ground. It was now twelve o'clock at noon and a few anxious people were assembled there, not anxious over the fury of the storm, but anxious over another event; for with this storm a little stranger had entered this world and the anxiety which always attends such an advent had not yet subsided. The wee snow-bird had been dressed and was now lying warmly wrapped in blankets in an old woman's arms. It was a tiny, wailing, scarlet mass of humanity; a wee insignificant being and yet what possibilities lay latent in it? So far it did not appear to feel at one with its new environment; certainly it had not arrived when Nature was all smiling and then this was a tempestuous time in other respects, for it was the year of the Franco-Prussian war. In this quiet fishing village not much interest was displayed in the strife between two powerful nations; for it affected them alone through their purses, food

being more expensive; but it was not much that they purchased from the outside world. We are selfish animals; here no blood was being shed in defence of right and home; no brother, no father was being mourned for; but only at the most a few pence.

The woman-child born into this world on this stormy day appeared to be in a dissatisfied frame of mind. Whether it was, that by some occult influence she at once recognized it as uncongenial to her we know not; but at any rate she was not in a good humor; she did not suck her fist in perfect contentment, but she squirmed and wailed. "A crosser baby I never did see; nothing suits you. One would think that you had made a mistake. What's the matter wi' ye?"

"Not much wonder," a tall, spare spinster remarked. "It is an awful day to be born on. She'll have a rough road to hoe or I am mistaken, and on Saturday too; she'll have to work hard for her living. A girl, too; more's the pity. Boys can work, but the world is against women."

"Yes, Miss Fenwick, that's a' true; but maybe it's just as well for't t' ken't at once. Life's hard onyway ye lookit at 't; so it seems t' me; I've never had a bairn oot o' me airms sence I was big enouch t' hold ane."

"I do not know anything about them; but this one ought to be better tempered, Mrs. Black."

"It isna a'ways their ain fau't; cross mithers an' worried anes make cross babies."

"But she was not worried."

"Mair nor you'd think, maybe," there's 'em thet worrits to theirsels."

"But what had she to worry over?"

"Thet's her ain business; no oors."

"Some folks would not be satisfied if they had the world; she's one of them."

Just then a small boy with a dishevelled head and neglected appearance appeared in the doorway, as if curious and yet afraid to enter; the old woman seeing him motioned to him and said: "Come awa' i' Tiddy an' kiss th' wee angel."

Teddy was uncertain, but approached in an abashed, mystified manner, stood on tiptoe and peered rather curiously at what could be seen of the wee red face buried among the folds of a blanket, then gazing at it doubtfully for a few moments, he pointed at it, and looking disgustedly at Mrs. Black, said: "that ain't no angel; that's a kid."

"Yes, it's an angel sent richt doon frae God."

"No, Granny Black, that ain't no angel; angels live in heaven; they can't live down here. Angels have wings and that hasn't," and he made an attempt to prod the blankets.

"You'll hurt her. Kiss her an' be gude."

"No—o, she's too red," and Teddy's eyes sought the door. Then thoughtfully gazing at the blanket-bundle, he said: "How'd it"—pointing to it—"get here?"

"Why, it came in th' snaw-clouds; a wee snaw-bird."

"No—o, it 'ud freeze."

"Why ask me, thin?"

"Cause it had t' come some way and you ought

to know not to tell me lies. Grown-ups always do. I want to know."

"Teddy, I shall put you to bed for talking to Mrs. Black in this way. She did not see it come."

"She knows and I want to be told."

"Little boys should not ask questions. You will know soon enough."

"I want to know now."

"Well, Dr. Ross brought it."

"Where did he get it?"

"He sent an order to God and God sent it to him."

"H'm! he must be kep' awful busy makin' 'em," and he pointed incredulously at the small stranger.

"Go and kiss the little sister and then come away with me."

"Sister! I thought it was an angel. Sisters ain't angels unless they're dead. I don't want to kiss her."

"You are a naughty boy, Teddy, and God will take little sister away if you don't love her."

"Then He can."

"But will it not be nicer to have her to play with than to have her looking down and saying: 'O, brother Teddy is a bad, bad boy.'"

"Do angels see all we do?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, she'd better stay then, for I don't want her tellin' tales to God. All girls do. Girls is no use."

CHAPTER II.

DOLLY.

Time passed slowly away in the village by the sea shore; monotonously so at times to some. The baby was growing, was now taking notice and demanding a satisfaction for its soul. Seemingly it comes into the world with such a supply of heavenly love as to supply its ends until its outer consciousness of its new environment causes it to recognize its new abode, and then it tends to adapt itself and demands love from outside sources. This baby was now attempting to do so, but it was having rather a hard time of it, for the mother lavished her affection on Teddy; the father seemed drawn to it, but in his peculiar, Scottish, masculine manner. He rarely amused her, fancying that a woman's task; but he stopped to smile upon her and chirruped to her as she lay in her mother's arms. She in her turn smiled and cooed at him and hid her wee face in her mother's bosom.

Donalda Fenwick grew as all other children grow; she said "cute things" at times; people laughed; she was in everybody's way at all times, and she copied her elders. In this respect she appeared to be an adept; nothing appeared to escape her notice; she was similar to other children in

many respects, and yet she showed a marked individuality, which caused her farther to smile and her mother to remark impatiently, "queer child." She appeared to have a mind of her own, and what was more she used it. At times she was kept in subjection by superior forces, but Don thought her own thoughts and submitted only because she had to. Her fiery little soul often rebelled and beat its helpless wings against the hard iron pillars of "You must, you naughty child." Reason would have developed her more wisely, but parents deem it absurd to reason with a child, an irresponsible being. Still, is not the child father of the man? an unreasonable creature, which must be beaten or bread and watered into submission.

Don was of an argumentative disposition, strongly Scotch in temperament, and therefore she always demanded a reason for an action; in her own small mind she made an attempt to reason, but as yet she rather felt than knew; she was imitative, which is a trait of undevelopment, the outcome of memory and imagination handed down by heredity or from our own few small experiences and not as reason the outcome of our fuller, maturer experiences. Her likes and dislikes were strong.

To Teddy and Don the time passed slowly and for the most part happily; a few days seem ages to children; but pleasant ages. These two were good friends, but not exactly companions, for a boy of Teddy's age is prone to look condescendingly upon small girls, but when not engaged with "the other fellows" he played with her, and

she thankfully accepted this scant masculine attention. Don amused herself; her dolls were a source of great comfort; with her other individual traits she was of a theological strain of mind, many children are. It was a habit of hers to follow closely at her father's footsteps as he slowly paced up and down a small strip of green lawn, busily engaged in thinking aloud a sermon for the coming Sabbath. Don never interrupted him, but maintained a whispered silence in which she communicated her thoughts to an old, battered, knitted doll by name of Dolly Varden. Dolly had seen service, use and abuse both; for Teddy had whacked her unmercifully, much to Don's sorrow, for to her Dolly was real and living. To-day she hugged her endearingly and cooed sweet words to her, keeping an eye on her father's progress all the time as well. At last, ceasing to utter strong sentences, he relaxed his stride and Don knew that he was free, so stepping up close to him she stood by him and allowed him to tenderly pull a stray lock of brown hair. "What are you doing, Don?"

"Nursing Dolly; she's got toothache, hasn't you, Dolly? Poor dear!"

"How can she?"

"She has! she tells me."

"How, Don? Dolly cannot speak."

"Yes, she can. I know; something tells me."

"But, child, you are dreaming. You must not talk like this; it is not telling the truth. You want to go to heaven, don't you?"

"Yes; only if Dolly goes too. Ted says there ain't dolls in heaven."

"No, of course not."

"That's queer. Hasn't God any little girls?"

"Yes; but they are little angels and have wings and play on harps, and don't require dolls to make them happy. Will that not be nice?"

"Yes, but God must be a funny man not to let them have dolls. Fathers do down here. I feel as if God's good and, and yet people make Him funny. Teddy says he ain't never goin' to heaven, 'cause it's too quiet for boys."

"He does not mean that, Don."

"God's got an awful voice."

"Why! when did you hear it?"

"Last night; He roared and roared and roared till I was frightened. Mother said He was angry and had to shout to bad men. He swore, He did, and I didn't think God would."

"Why! no child, that was only thunder. You must not be afraid of it. God never swears."

"Well, it was most like old Jim; Teddy's goin' to swear. All men do."

"Why Don! I do not."

"You's a min'ster, not a man; but, Daddy, what did God roar like that for?"

"That was thunder, child."

"Wasn't it God, then?"

"No; only one way of letting people know that there is a God. He has many ways of talking to people."

"Does God know ever'—everybody?"

"Yes, child."

"Ever'—every-body in the whole world?"

"Yes, child."

"My! He must know lots. More'n Mic-

Mac, Toronto and Munnyal. God must be big. Say, Daddy, where did God come from?"

"You must wait until you are old enough to understand such things, Don, and then you will have to wait until you go to heaven to learn more of them."

"O! that's not for a long time. I can't wait. I'll have to go now, but," and here she looked down at her knitted darling, which had fallen to the ground, and sighed, "No, I can't neither, for Dolly needs me here. There'd be no one to look after her. Aunt Ann'd put her in the fire. No; I'll have to stay."

CHAPTER III.

DIGGIN'.

"Don! Don!! Donald!!! Where can that child be? Dear me! she is always out of the way when she is wanted. Never saw her equal for annoying a person," and Aunt Ann walked around the house in search of Don, who should have been washed up for the afternoon. Don liked to be washed, but not by Aunt Ann, and this time she was evidently out of hearing, intentionally or otherwise. "Dear! dear!! what a nuisance that child is!!! Contrary as ever I did see a young one. All pure Barnard. Don! Do—nal—da!! Such a heathenish name!!! Here, Teddy! have you seen anything of your sister?"

"Yes," but Teddy did not evidently wish to go into particulars.

"Where is she? Up to mischief, I warrant."

"No—only diggin' down by the spring."

"Down by the spring! I thought that I forbade her to go there. She'll be drowned yet."

"She's all right," and Teddy walked off with that air of masculine superiority which says: "O! don't bother over trifles. You women are so foolish."

"I suppose I'll have to trapeise off after her. She ought to know when to come home. I'm

mighty glad I haven't any of my own; other people's are bad enough. I'm about sick and tired of living for others." With this last remark Aunt Ann marched off like a major-general to find the delinquent and bring her to punishment, and she found her squatting on the ground under an overhanging slender birch tree, assiduously digging in the soft, damp soil near the spring, her implements consisting of an old battered, broken-handled kitchen spoon. Her progress was slow, but she patiently delved and dug; Don, in some instances, cases in which she was much interested, had limitless patience; she could have dug here for hours if only left by herself. Don was "diggin'," as Teddy had said. Occasionally a large earth worm stopped operations by crawling up through the hole she was making; she would then instinctively shudder; then again, summoning up courage, she would deal him his death-blow, for she could not allow even an ugly worm to hinder her work; he must go and she was not one bit sorry to thus dispatch him. That which crawl-eth hath no attraction for man; he loveth that which flieth; man's progress is skyward. Aunt Ann stood still and bent a disapproving gaze upon the huddled figure digging; Don, feeling the shadow of a presence, looked up. Evidently she read disapproval in the face, for she went on with her work and disregarded the angry presence. This was Don's usual method.

"What are you doing, you naughty girl? Just look at your piney, and clean this morning, too! You shall wear it all week, dirty and all." Don stopped operations for a moment, balanced her

spoon in her hand and gazed at her aunt. "Dirt's nice. Dirt makes me feel good." She always took the opposite side from her aunt.

"What are you doing?"

"Diggin'." A child's laconic answer, though always correct as far as it goes, is sometimes decidedly aggravating; it is generally so suggestive of a deeper meaning, a something, which we desire to know, but which the child intends we shall not discover. Don was keenly intuitive and therefore she knew that Aunt Ann was displeased with her, perhaps, rightly so, and that her reason for disobeying would carry no weight.

"'Diggin', yes, and spoiling your clothes. 'Diggin' for what, gold?"

"No, there ain't any gold here," and she cast a disgusted glance at the speaker. Her reason had been insulted, and she keenly felt it. Aunt Ann evidently thought her foolish.

"Well, what then?"

"Diggin' a hole," and she cast a sidelong glance at a tiny box which lay near her, "diggin' a hole to put that in," pointing to it.

"What's in it?"

"Dishes."

"And pray! what do you want to bury your dishes for? You get too many toys; if you had fewer you would take better care of them."

"I am takin' care of them. I want to hide them."

"Why! who wants them? Such nonsense, child! What put such a notion into your head?"

Against her will Aunt Ann was becoming interested. She had forgotten to scold as she had

intended, for it had been her purpose to pounce down upon the small offender and to carry her, or rather, drag her, for Don never went willingly to the slaughter of the innocents, home to be washed and dressed. Children have a subtle method of disarming anger. Evidently becoming warmed up by her subject, her caution forsook her and Don became confidential to even Aunt Ann. "Hidin' them from God!"

"Why, child! I am sure God has no use for them. Who put such nonsense in your head? You are queer, I always said so. Where did you get such an idea?"

Don looked up as if to question the advisability of proceeding any farther, but evidently seeing that her aunt was interested she answered: "Annie Lindsay says ever'—everything we have belongs to God, dishes, and dolls, and ever'—everything, and I said they don't, and they don't neither; they're mine. Daddy don't want any dolls. God don't. Why should God! Dolly Varden don't b'long to God. I'd bury her, too, only she'd die and then she'd go to God an', an' I won't let Him have her," and hereupon she hugged her battered snub-nosed darling, which she had pinned (for safety) to the front of her pinafore. While Don dug, Dolly dangled.

"I can't carry dishes all the time, and I won't let God have them; so I'll put them where He can't find them. Annie Lindsay says He has a big, big eye, and can see ever'—everything, but I don't b'lieve that."

"Yes, child, God knows and sees everything."

"Well!" and Don looked discouraged, "He

must have an awful eye, then; but He can't see into the ground; nobody can, and maybe He's lookin' somewhere's else now. I must hurry and hide them 'fore He comes. Teddy says God's at the war, away off. If God," and Don looked anxiously around herself, as if fearful of His sudden appearance before her task was accomplished, "can see down into the earth, I don't see why worms is there. He can't like them," and she shuddered as a great one came crawling up, "and He wouldn't let them live. If I was God I'd kill ever'—everyone of them."

"But, child, God does not want to kill that which he has made."

"God made worms!" and Don looked incredulously at her aunt. "No, He never; but, Aunt Ann," and here she became very serious, "does my dishes b'long to God?"

"Tut! tut, child!! Well, in a way, everything does; but He allows us to take care of them and call them our own. He will not take them away if you are good. Annie Lindsay was only teasing you."

"No, she meant it; she said onced God came and asked her for her doll, and she gave it to Him; but I wouldn't, I couldn't," and Don emphatically shook her head and hugged Dolly Varden. "No, I never could, could I, Dolly?"

CHAPTER IV.

GOD'S EYE.

"Why, Teddy! what is up? You have nearly frightened me out of my senses," and Mrs. Fenwick looked up hurriedly from the basketful of darning.

"O! O!! O!!!" gasped Teddy, who had rushed into the house, completely out of breath and with fear plainly visible on his face, "The world's comin' to end."

"Nonsense, child! who has been telling you this? Some people are always thinking of it."

"But it is; come and see;" and Teddy caught hold of his mother's arm and dragged her up from her seat, "look there," and he pointed to the sky! In the northwest, just over Mount Despair, a great fiery crimson ball hung in the sky; to make the scene more lurid the sky was of a leaden hue, and a fine mist from away out at sea was being slowly carried in by a piercing east wind. It certainly was a mysterious and awesome sight. "O! it's awful," and Teddy hid his face in his mother's skirt."

"It is strange, child, but the end of the world is not yet. Christ has not been preached to all the heathen yet."

"Has, has He to before——?"

"Yes, child, it would not be fair to them."

"Well, that's something; but, mother, what becomes of those who die before? It isn't fair to them."

"God knows best, child; we must allow Him to look after them. I expect, though, that they are lost."

"That's queer; but, mother, are you sure that the end can't come? I don't want to go yet."

"No, it can't; but why do you not want to go yet?"

"I don't want to die. There isn't any fun in heaven."

"You will not think so when you get there; but come and let us see what the people are doing."

Teddy clung closely to his mother's arm, for with all his fearlessness in ordinary, every-day circumstances, he was a child who dreaded anything of the mysterious and supernatural. He feared death, except, when occasionally life not proving quite satisfactory, he wished that he were dead. Thunder and lightning were sources of terror. He evidently had an awe-inspiring idea of God, and no wonder, for those with whom he lived regarded Him as a formidable, avenging spirit. Aunt Ann's favorite hymn was "The Judgment Day's Coming," and when she sang this with all the fervor of which she was capable, no wonder it terrorized Teddy and made him fearful of his future state. The spiritual in the child, as in primitive man, is easily appealed to and generally in the sense of fear. The animal state has in these instances not been emerged from; domes-

tication of mind is being very slowly developed; as the primitive man has spirits around him, so to Teddy there were omnipresent influences, which affected his inner mind; he could not have explained how, but nevertheless he felt their presence. At times he assumed a defiant attitude before God, but at other times, in times of danger, real or apparent, only, he succumbed to his fear of Him, to the reality of His presence. At times he was sceptical, but these were not when he was in terror. Don was usually defiant at all times, but occasionally, when her world was unusually pleasant to her, she then saw God in a new light. Nature and God were to her two distinctly different things; she did not as yet recognize God as the soul of nature.

From this portion of the village the people had gathered on "The Bank," in front of the Manse. They were just as much terrified as Teddy, and why not, for had they not just as childlike minds in this respect? Not one of them had the knowledge to account for this mystery of the sky. Years do not necessarily make mature minds, nay, some grow to be only the more superstitious. The Scotch nature is an intense one; it is highly subjective if undeveloped by reason, and it places great faith in signs and wonders. It is a dream-nature; but its dreams are awesome, fearsome and otherworldly; the awful in nature is catered to; it is no lightsome, flighty wondering of the mind, but superstitions, with an awful depth to them, which make a lasting impression on the possessor; it is a graveyard superstition; it is winter, not summer. The heavens and the earth are full of

awful portents, and this little assembly gathered here this night was terrorized, even as Teddy; they were certain such a portent boded them no good. Another such crowd had gathered in the fishing portion of the village, and someone over in the vicinity of the mountain had built a huge bon-fire, as if to frighten away the sky phenomenon. These different detachments blew fog-signals from speaking shells, as if it were necessary for them to keep in touch one with the other. A feeling of dread and wonder had seized upon the community. Two old wives, who stood together, exchanged thoughts. "It's no canny, Moggie; it's a fearsome sicht."

"It's a' that, Kristy. I've hearn tell o' sich in th' auld times. It'll bode nae gude til us."

"Im athinkin' them Nutts hae somewhat t' dae wi' 't they're a carryin' on at a great rate adrinkin' a' the time."

"Sae I hear. They aucht t' be put oot o' th' place."

"Sae they aucht. Whar's auld Donal' th' nicht?"

"I haena heerd o' him this lang time. He disna cam oot o' th' bush much th' noo. He's gittin' timider a' th' time."

"He may weel be ca'd th' wil' man, but I'm athinkin' he could give us some licht the nicht."

A young lad, who evidently did not wish anyone to imagine for an instant that he was in the least frightened by this uncommon event, jocularly remarked to his companion, "Come, Sandy, let's git another drink, while there's time. Old Jim's got some in fresh."

"It's something mair nor drinks ye want. Git down o' yer knees an' pray for yer souls. Ye'll be wantin' water soon insted o' whiskey."

"O! Bill, ye're takin' it a bit serious; its' naethin'g."

"'Naethin'!' Ye dinna ken what ye're sayin'. It's Gawd!" and the old man clasped his hands and gazed earnestly and prayerfully at the sky. The people of this settlement were not noted for their piety, but the spirit of the old Covenanters seemed to be rekindled in them on this night.

"Where's the meenister?"

"Gane t' see auld John Baird, who's deein'."

"Is't sae? Puir auld soul, its' aboot time."

"Ye canna leeve forever."

"No' i' this world at ony rate."

"There's Meestress Fen'ick an' Tiddy an' he's fair scared oot o' his senses. Here, laddie! what ails ye? Where's Don?"

Don, upon hearing Teddy's announcement of the end of the world being at hand, had hurried off to see what had caused him to make such a statement, for she was not always thoroughly sure of the reliability of his statements, as he so often concocted many cock-and-a-bull yarns with which to torment her, and therefore she was always on the alert to establish their veracity before she believed them; but when she saw the crowd assembled on The Bank she became keenly interested and knew that for once Teddy had some grounds for his strange announcement, but she took a more prosaic view of the presence of the sky-wonder, for she did not appear to be in the least frightened by it, but moved in and out of

the crowd, then all of a sudden she dashed off in the direction of the spring, as if some sudden impulse had seized her and she must obey it. Her mother, catching sight of her, called "Don! Don!! Come back." Don turned, only to say in a hurried, excited tone, "God's seein'," and then disappeared. Running down to the side of the spring she quickly began to dig a hole with a small stick, muttering to herself all the while, "It's God eye all lighted up, and He's lookin' for the dishes; He shan't have 'em. Annie said He'd get 'em if I did say they wasn't His, but He shan't. Mrs. Johnstone gave 'em to me, and they're not God's." Don dug with all her small strength and at last unearthed the small box. "There!" and she exultantly seized upon her treasure; "God didn't get 'em. He's lighted His eye all for nothing. Come Dolly," and she pulled Dolly Varden from out of the front of her pinafore, where she had been placed for safety, "Come, we'll go back. There, it's goin' out!" Sure enough the fiery ball was fading away, the mist was becoming more dense and was obscuring it from view. The wind had risen considerably and now sighed ominously among the trees; the women and men shivered and began to depart in twos and threes to their homes, discussing in awed tones the "fearsome sight." Their fear was not all dispelled, but hope was feebly beginning to assert itself and their voices were louder pitched and almost tremulous with excitement and lessening fear.

When Don returned to The Manse she found her mother anxiously looking for her. "You naughty child! Why did you run off like that?"

“God was lookin’ for my dishes and, and I went to get them.”

“Nonsense, child! God does not want your dishes. Do not allow Annie Lindsay to make you believe any such nonsense. Here it is bed time! Come, Teddy.”

CHAPTER V.

"GETTIN' MARRIED."

The phenomenon described in the preceding chapter occurred in October, and in November Mrs. Fenwick left Mic-Mac to spend the winter at her own home. Don coaxed hard to be allowed to accompany her, but to no avail. Aunt Ann was left in full charge, and that winter was one to be remembered by Don, if not objectively, subjectively; she and Aunt Ann had never been at all congenial, and now, that her mother was absent, and the former had entire charge of her, Don rebelled more than usual. Her aunt's decided preference, nay partiality for Teddy, incensed her more than ever. She sought her comfort in "Daddy," and when he was not engrossed in his theology, she did receive his attention, but Dolly Varden was her truest and surest solace, for Dolly was always at hand without any all-absorbing plans of her own. Don had infinite resources within herself, she seemed at times to commune with her inner self; she had a soul, which was grasping for light. The actions of her elders gave her food for contemplation; she drew conclusions from their actions, she imitated them in many ways, but yet, always in a manner which showed she had her own opinions on the subject;

it was not a pure imitation, but rather an individual modelling of her actions from what she knew of the lives of others; she drew lessons for her own use and did not merely copy the actions of others. All life is one vast moulding and remoulding of ourselves after the experiences of those who have gone before, and those who are now living in our midst; hence the mighty power of influence; the good and the evil develop from it; we notice the action of another, it suggests a thought to us; we apply the thought to our actions, and we consider it our own suggestion; it is our own and yet it is not. No man liveth unto himself, we are all dependent, one upon the other, for suggestion rules us. We disclaim its influence; demand an independence for ourselves, but nevertheless we are dependent. Our degree of independence depending alone upon the degree to which we develop the suggestion; we may simply assimilate it and pass it off as our own thoughts, or we may so alter it by our own conception of it as to render it quite different from what it was formerly. We must gain our knowledge from the experiences of the past; but it is our further duty to add to that experience and give forth new conceptions of old thoughts. We must modernize the ancient; we must rebuild on the charred acre of the past. Children's play is largely an imitation of the lives and occupations of their elders. Don had witnessed several marriages at the manse and she, evidently judging that matrimony was one of the pleasures of life, decided to enter upon it herself; so therefore one day Aunt Ann

noticed her put on a pair of old, soiled, tan-colored, kid gloves of her mother; walk over to the wall, stand straight up against it facing the room; look demurely at the floor, then shyly at her right, then seriously in front of her; and mutter something; then pull off a glove and clasp an imaginary hand and finally kiss the invisible owner of it. Don's pantomime having been gone through with, she walked happily away, evidently in the company of a congenial comrade.

"What are you doing, child?"

"Gettin' married."

"Nonsense!"

"Yes, I was; that's what they do."

Teddy, who viewed the affairs from a matter-of-fact point, and who considered Don as extremely foolish, said, "Why Don! you have to be grown-up and there has to be a man and a minister."

"Well! wasn't there?"

"No, where were they?"

"I saw them, I talked to them and they talked to me."

"Child! you are queer."

"No, I ain't," and Don walked off quite insulted to take comfort in the company of Dolly Varden. "No, I ain't queer. I did see them, I did talk with them; now didn't I? Aunt Ann don't know ever', everything even if she thinks she does. Now didn't I, Dolly?" A little doubt was springing up; Don's reason was questioning her intuition. Until her aunt's adverse criticism had brought her objective mind—her reason—

into play she had had no doubt as to the reality of the whole farce; but now she was in doubt. Adverse criticism is always a barrier to the operations of the subjective mind; no hypnotic exhibition is successfully performed under its sway; Don was, so to speak, in an hypnotic state; her own self being the hypnotist; her mind had suggested to her the reality of her situation and she had believed in it. The weird imaginings of the hypnotist are real to himself if not to others. Life is a delusion anyway; what is real to one is unreal to another. Such fancies as Don's rule us all at times; we may not be willing to admit the fact; but there it is nevertheless, some more than others. Don was a highly imaginative child, and left to herself as she was, she had ample opportunity and scope in which to develop along this line, and for her there may be a bright future, or mayhap a sad, sad one; if her reason shall guide her imagination, one balance the other, or if reason only for short seasons remains in abeyance and inspiration flash out, then what genius may she not display, but if on the other hand reason be cast aside and her other mind rule her alone, whither may she not be carried by impulse? It is this abandoning of reason which gives to us the insane, which gives to us our night and day dreams. Don did really have a husband and minister in her fancy; her subjective mind recognized them. Teddy, with all his fear and terror of what was the supernatural to him, had not her imaginative soul. He felt a force beyond him; but he had no knowledge that it

was a part of himself; he was purely objective; but Don recognized this force, felt at home with and therefore felt no terror of it. Don's terror arose from being misunderstood by real persons; not by coming in contact with the children of her brain. She did not fear the supernatural; God did not inspire her with awe, rather she defied Him and she would have raised her small hand in puny defiance of Him, if in the shape of man he had approached her under the name of God; she did not (as yet) love him; for he had been portrayed to her as a Spirit, which was angry at little boys and girls, and she could not rid herself of this idea; His awfulness appalled her; but never once had she thought of Him as a loving spirit, as a friend; Jesus, she had a better opinion of; for He had blessed little children; but God had always punished people. He had made two people die for telling a lie, and Aunt Ann said that once a little girl had said naughty words and He had made her dumb; but she had her doubts for Annie Lindsay did tell such fibs and said naughty words, but she lived. In the company of her inanimate, battered companion she took sweet comfort; but was Dolly inanimate to her? No, she was real to Don.

One day the news of the winter arrived and Teddy and Don were told that they had a new sister. Teddy at once disowned her. "Don's all the sister I want"; Don in her turn opened her eyes wide with wonder, looked incredulous, and then turned her attention other-

ward. "Well; you are a qucer pair! One would think you had been told some bad news."

"Bad enough; we don't want any youngster's here, squallin' and goin' on, do we Don?"

"I don't know. When's mother comin' home; I want her?" and Don contrary to all precedents began to cry. "I do want my mother, I do."

"Why, child, she is all right!"

"No, she ain't; she's sick; she'll die and then oo—oo—ooh!"

"Nonsense, she will come home in the spring."

"We'll not let that kid in, squallin'," and Teddy whispered in his sister's ear, "we'll get old Donald to take her off; he cooks babies.."

"No, he don't."

"He does; Billy says so."

"He don't know; Billy don't."

"What's this, child?"

"Teddy says old Donald cooks babies. He don't."

"There is no saying what he does not do; you had both better keep clear of him."

"I don't b'lieve there's any such a man; I never seen him."

"There is, Don, and he's awful."

"Augh! he ain't; he ain't as awful as God."

"Donalda! I shall put you in the closet if you talk like that. What do you know about God?"

"God is awful, you said yesterday, when you put me in the closet, that God was lookin' down at me, and, when I was there all alone He did

just glower at me, but I didn't get 'fraid. No," and Don looked defiant, "I ain't one bit 'fraid of Him. He didn't get my dishes."

"Such a child! What you will come to I do not know! I never heard tell of a child talking as you do. You will never go to Heaven if you talk in this way."

"Where'll I go, then?"

"Away down."

"To Hell?"

"Hush, child!"

"Will Don get burned up, Aunt Ann?"

"If she doesn't repent I am afraid she will; but it is to be hoped she will see the error of her way."

"Has every one to repent?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's queer; if I was God I'd make them good at first and then they wouldn't have to. I don't want to repent."

"So he did; but they would not remain good. You know, he made Adam and Eve good and put them in the Garden of Eden with everything lovely and all he asked them to do was not to eat apples off one tree; but like most people they did not know when they were well off, and they disobeyed him, and God had to drive them out; and people have been doing wrong ever since."

"Why, dosen't he make some more good people? They wouldn't do wrong again?"

"But God told Adam and Eve, that if they disobeyed Him, their children should be punished; and so they have been."

"That's queer. It isn't fair."

"Did they eat an awful lot of apples? They must have."

"No, only a little bite. Eve took it first and then she coaxed Adam."

"Women's always doin' what they ain't got no business to do; if she hadn't Adam'd never have. Old Mac says women's bad."

"Not as bad as he is, old sinner. I wish you would not go there Teddy; and I do wish that you would not murder the Queen's English."

"I like him, 'cept when he gets tearin' mad. Oh! he was mad at me the other day. I went in and I said 'parlez vous Francais,' and he thought I meant it. And he said 'oui mon garçon,' and I said, Oh! he was mad, I said, 'See-saw, saw-log' and he jumped, and if I hadn't have scooted he'd have killed me he was so mad," so Jim said.

"Yes, and serve you right; you ought to know better than to mock an old man. Don't you remember Elijah and what he did to the people who mocked him?"

"That man in the Sunday-Book, who sent bears out to eat them up."

"Yes, Don."

"Will they come after Teddy?"

"No, but God may punish him in some other way."

"God must have an awful time lookin' after people. Is that why he's so cross? But say, Aunt Ann," and Don toyed with the buttons on the front of her aunt's basque as if uncertain as to whether she should ask her question, "did Adam and Eve, did they have to leave all that

lovely garden, just because they took the apple; why didn't they think, God'd be angry?"

"People never will think until it is too late."

"What made them eat it?"

"A serpent came along and tempted Eve, and then she gave it to Adam."

"A snake!" and Don shuddered. "I'd have thought she'd have knowed better than do what a snake told her. I'd have run 'way, 'way from it."

"One would have thought so; but people to this day do wrong, when they know better."

"Well, I'm glad I ain't Eve, I'd hate to be blamed for eatin' that apple and makin' all that trouble"; and Don slipped down from her aunt's knee and moved slowly away as was her way, when mystified. She wished to think this all over by herself.

CHAPTER VI.

SHE MAKES ME BAD.

The robins had returned; the last vestiges of snow had disappeared and every little stream was for the time a gushing, roaring, plunging torrent; the ground was soft and like a sponge, as Don found to her distress upon two occasions; the ditch by the side of the manse sent down its share of dark amber-colored water from the savannah; in some places, where it babbled over tiny stones, little rapids were formed and white foam gathered in the small indentations along the edge. Don loved these foamy masses; she would delve her hands down into them; and once she tumbled into the water to be hauled out by an irate aunt. "Didn't I tell you not to go so near!"

"Yes, but it's so pretty."

"H'm! You are a pretty-looking object."

The grass was now delicately green, as also were the trees; all except the firs, which served as a fitting background for their less hardy fellows; small white violets were abundantly spread over the soft marshy ground; but Don did wish "they'd grow where it wasn't wet, blue ones did," and she did not see any reason why the others did not.

This afternoon an intense longing had seized upon her for her mother. Spring is a longing, growing time; new thoughts and fancies seem to spring up with the flowers. At first she felt, that she wanted something and later on she discovered, that the something was her mother. Why, she wanted her she did not know; only she was aware, that she wanted her and no one else. The love of parent for child and child for parent is firmly implanted in the human family; it may not often show itself, as in Don's case, but it is there; it is a spark of the Divine Love, which cannot be extinguished; the Divine in the human race grows by just such small degrees; sometimes its growth is almost imperceptible; if it were to burst forth in continued volcanic outbursts the Kingdom of Heaven would be ours long ago ere this; but Love is of slow growth; it has been being evolved all through the ages by just such slow degrees; for a counter force it has had Evil, but if at times the latter has seemed to overwhelm it, still Love has never been really vanquished; it has come forth from the conflict brighter and stronger than of old.

All winter Don had been writing love-notes to her mother; queer, little, square pieces of paper covered with indecipherable hieroglyphics; but the love-motive scribbled them. Such language conveys love as well as that easily read. They convey their message in an occult manner, only recognized by the recipient if she be "en rapport" with the sender; whether this mother was, one from observation could not strictly affirm; but

anyway Don herself felt a love in sending them and at her tender age felt not, that they might not be appreciated; so therefore part of their mission was accomplished. These hieroglyphic symbols of her love expressed a deep tenderness of soul; they were a spontaneous effort of her love nature; for no one asked her to write them; in fact, Aunt Ann considered it all a piece of nonsense. "Your mother can't read that," as she critically glanced at one of them. A look of pain overspread Don's face, which, however, soon passed away as she assured herself that Aunt Ann "didn't know," and neither she did. "She can read them," and so a mother ought to be able to read the thought that prompted them, and is not that the main importance of a love-letter? It is not the words alone, nor at all; but the act; poor, plain words will suffice to express the love-message, which the act has rendered eloquent. We feel and do what we cannot express by words; we with our huge vocabulary regard with contempt those who possess a scanty one; but do we express our love more fully than they? Their barbaric effluence may be just as great as our own eloquent outbursts; it is the motive, not the words, which speaks true. How inadequately at our best do we express any of our passions, aspirations or desires! We fancy, we are eloquent in love, strong in anger; but do we not all feel powerless to give voice to them? The lover of Nature, when "en rapport" with her, feels as if his very soul is bound by unbreakable chains; his intense longing soul cannot give free vent to itself; it is as if steam were

suppressed; poor human structures encompass it around about. The sighing of the pines is sweet music to our souls; music, as of a celestial choir; weird and soothing, luring us to other worlds; we lose ourselves in it for the moment; but earthly ties bind us and we are never unconscious of them for long. We are not yet free to soar to our celestial joys; our souls must still remain encased in a physical shell through which our soul can only peek. The soul is as a caged bird. In anger we cannot give full vent to our passion; we may do awful deeds under its influence; but not as awful as we wish to commit; rarely is it ever satisfied.

On this May afternoon—the springs were late in Mic-Mac—Don had been left to her own resources; Aunt Ann was busy and Teddy was off with the boys; so, therefore, yielding to this intense longing, she decided to start off in search of her mother. She hurried up the “Route Road” by the side of the manse. This road passed through the savannah and was soft and boggy in places. Don had never alone ventured far up it; for she had dim visions of bears and “things”; but on this afternoon bears or not she was led up it by her impulses. Evidently taken up with some thoughts she did not notice a coming event, until a great, big, red cow passed by her; then, on looking up, she saw that she was surrounded by Lindsay’s cows. Don detested cows; they had horns and hooked people, and they would hook her, and she did not want to die just now. “O! O!! O!!!” she gasped, “what’ll I do? There’s Ben, too! He’ll

kill me. I'll run;" and suiting action to her words she attempted to run to the ditch; but here also were cows. She saw one break and made a dash for it; but the awful Ben was there before her slowly chewing his cud and quietly gazing at her. The cows were evidently as much disturbed as Don herself was; for they moved uneasily from one side of the road to the other. She thought that they were chasing her and would in the end hook her. "O! O!! O!!!" and the poor little mite in her attempt to once more escape fell over a soft muddy clump. "O! they'll kill me. O!!" and she pulled her Holland pinafore over her face; but peered out of one corner of it; Don did not wish to die in the dark.

"What're you doin' there?" and Teddy lifted her up from the wet, mossy clump.

"O! is't you, Ted? I'm so glad. I was goin' to mother and Ben came 'long and the cows, and——"

"Silly! Mother's in Harrisburg. You can't walk there. You'll ketch it from Aunt Ann. You are a naughty girl."

"I ain't. I do want my mother. I do—oo—oo!"

"No worse than other fellows," and Teddy turned to look at a squirrel on a fence. "Say, Don! that's a fine one. I wish I could snare him."

"It's bad to snare squirrels."

"No, 'tain't; they're made for that."

"I wish they'd snare cows, then. I hate 'em."

"They can't hurt you."

"O! they do."

"Not if you stare them in the eyes. Old Mac says so."

"Sure, Ted; but no, I never could stare Ben; he's awful! He's Satan."

"He's a bull."

"He's the Devil," and Don shuddered. "He's dreadful. Oo—oo—oo!"

"Stop, Don; you're silly to-day. You'll get it from Aunt Ann if you don't. She says Mrs. Wesley always slapped her children when they cried; and she'll slap you."

"No, she won't. I'll stare her in the face."

"It's only an'mals. Come on," and Teddy conducted his sister toward the manse.

"What's up now? Another clean pinafore dirty. I'll dress you in leather, I will. Did ever any one see the like of you?"

"Leave the child alone, Ann. She has had an accident."

"All very well for you to talk, John. You don't have to keep her clean."

"Accidents happen to us all. Where have you been, Don?"

"Up the 'Route,' and Lindsay's cows came 'long."

"And were you afraid?"

"O!" and Don's eyes filled with tears; "it was awful; Ben was there."

"But did you not know that God was near?"

"No-o—he's in Heav'n."

"Yes; but here also. He is everywhere. Why did you not pray to him?"

"He wouldn't listen to me; it's only for big things."

"Was that not a big thing?"

"Ben's big. O!" and Don shuddered; "but, Daddy, does God really and truly listen to little girls?"

"Of course, child."

"Well, I will next time."

"That's a good child; now run in and get on a clean pinafore and do not worry Aunt Ann so much."

"She makes me bad."

"Nonsense, child."

"She does, Daddy."

CHAPTER VII.

PLAYING HEAVEN.

“Say, Annie, let’s play Heaven! You’ll be God and I’ll be Jesus and Nep’ll be the De—Devil. No, that won’t do; Nep’s too good. Your Ben’ll do for him; he needn’t be here; we’ll just ’magine he is. Will you?”

“Hu-hu! but how do you play it?”

“Why! we’ll call this place here Heav’n and that’s He—ell down there,” and Don pointed to a dark hill-enclosed space half way down the precipice. Annie and she were standing on “The Bank.”

“Well! and what do you do then?”

“Why! you’ll be God and I’ll be Jesus, and we’ll s’ppose there’s lots of angels round. Those flies’ll do for them. Angels has wings and, and we’ll pretend this is all gold streets and pearl gates. Awful nice, Heav’n is.”

“Is there gold streets there, gold like Ag’s brooch?”

“Don’t you know that? Why, ’course there is! You’ll sit on that stone for a throne and I’ll sit ’side you and then the De—vil’ll be away down in the hot place.”

“Then, what’ll we do? There won’t be any fun sittin’ here doin’ nothing.”

"Why! you'll make a big noise and frighten the sinners and I'll ask you not to be so cross to them; but, but first Satan'll have to be up here with us. We'll just 'magine Ben's up here, and then he'll be bad and then God, you'll send him 'way, 'way down to—to He—ell. D' y' see?"

"What for?" Evidently Annie had no knowledge of the Miltonic theory.

"Why, 'cause he's bad! Don't y' know? Made a fuss 'cause God didn't let him be God; and so God said 'here, Satan, you go 'way! We don't want you here 'sturbin' us. Go 'way down to He—ell. It's only angels and saints here.' Say, Annie! which'd you rather be?"

"Angels, 'course; 'cause they have wings."

"So 'ud I. I won'er if God 'ud let's choose; but 'course girls and boys is always angels and men and women's saints."

"Who told you?"

"Aunt Ann."

"Is't in the Bible?"

"'Course."

"Well, how'm I to send Ben 'way? He ain't here."

"'magine he is."

"I can't."

"Yes, you can. Don't you know how?" and Don looked incredulously at Annie. "Why! you just think he's here. I often s'pose. S'posin's 'maginein'. I s'pose I'm a queen, 'cause queens does as they like to. They hasn't no Aunt Anns. Just s'pose you is, and you is. S'pose Ben's Satan and he'll be Satan. Don't you see?"

"Hu-hu! but it's more fun playin' tag."

"No, 'tain't; this ain't so real. Real things isn't nice. Aunt Ann ain't so nice as a queen I talk to."

"Ain't you 'fraid God'll do something dreadful to you some day 'cause you hate your Aunt Ann?"

"No. God don't like her. He don't like old maids. Old Mac says the Bible says women ought to get married and God wrote the Bible. I'll get married."

"But, if nobody asked you?"

"I'd ask him."

"You couldn't. Men always ask. They'd say you was bold if you did."

"That's why Aunt Ann's an old maid! A man'd be 'fraid, so he would. Let's play. You'll put Satan out and he'll go 'round like a roarin' lion, and he'll make people be bad; and then God'll be so sorry that He'll send Jesus, that's me, down a little, wee, tiny baby, littler than ours, to save them."

"But you ain't a baby."

"Can't you just 'magine I'm one? You're no good at s'posin'."

"'Tain't no fun."

"Yes, 'tis. I'm always s'posin'. When Aunt Ann beats me I just s'pose I'm not Don; only a little black girl Aunt Ann says'll come in my place if I don't do what she tells me to. Aunt Ann tells lies; all grown-ups does."

"S'posin's lyin'."

"No, 'tain't; for you know you're only s'posin'. Now you'll send me down; you'll just

s'pose I'm a wee baby and I'll go down to earth and grow up."

"You'll have to be little up here first."

"Yes, and you'll send me down, when nobody's lookin', and I'll get inside a cabbage and then they'll pick it and find me. Joseph and Mary'll be my father and mother."

"But God's Jesus' father."

"Yes; but—but, well God couldn't be with him all the time; so Joseph took care of him, and I'll grow up and pat little children on the head; I'll pat you, Annie."

"But I'm God."

"You're only s'posin'. You're Annie Lindsay all the same, and then the Jews'll kill me and I'll have to hang on that tree; but," and Don looked anxiously around; "where'll the Jews be? O! we'll s'pose them, too. Teddy'd have done only he's 'way. Boys is always 'way when they're wanted. Now we'll begin."

"'Tain't no fun."

"'Tis; s'posin's such fun. If I was Bill Nutt I'd s'pose I wasn't lame. Ain't he awful? D'y' s'pose God'll take him to Heav'n and make him all straight? I'm 'fraid of lame people. I always cry, when 'Wooden Jones' comes 'long. Say, Annie, who'd you s'pose was God's mother?"

"He ain't got any. He made hisself."

"No, he didn't. All peoples has."

"God's a spur't."

"What's a spur't?"

"Don't know; but it ain't like people."

"We'll s'pose what it is. P'rhaps God did

make himself. I wish I had; then I'd have blue eyes and lovely, long hair, all curls; and I'd tell mothers not to put holland pinnies and wincey dresses on their little girls. Aunt Ann says I'm vain; but I ain't."

"Don?"

"Yes."

"Who's the De—vils mother? He ain't no spur't."

"Don't know. She couldn't have been good or he'd have been better; but boys is hard to train; they're made bad."

"What's next?"

"That's all. We've played Heav'n."

"That ain't much."

"Yes, 'tis; it lasts forever and forever till the Judgment Day."

"What's that?"

"Don't you know? Why! when everybody has to go and stand before God, and if they're good they gets a prize and goes to Heav'n, and if they ain't they gets nothing and goes 'way, 'way down to He—ell."

"Does everybody have to wait?"

"Yes, 'course."

"People don't go to Heav'n then when they're dead?"

"No."

"But they do; Laurie Dean's there now."

"So he is, and so's Nellie and Bella; it's queer, I don't know. P'rhaps the awful good ones goes at onced and those God ain't quite sure of have to wait."

"But where do they wait?"

"In their graves, 'course. Say, Annie! dyin's queer. Aunt Ann says, when good people dies, their hear angels in Heav'n singin' and that's why they always smiles. That little girl on our wall's smilin' and there's angels all 'round her; but," and Don looked thoughtful, "I believe they 'magines they're singin' and that there's angels 'round."

"It must be awful goin' down into the water, Don."

"Like bathin', no. I like bathin' when Aunt Ann don't douse me under to get me all wetted. Jesus comes and helps them 'cross; but, Annie," and Don looked troubled, "say, how do they get 'cross in winter? They'd freeze walkin' on the ice with no boots on."

"P'rhaps they stays here till summer."

"I'd like to live forever and be a queen; queens has fun. Teddy says they don't, but he doesn't know. He says people hates 'em and that kings kill 'em; one king had eight wives like Old Bluebeard; but I'd like to be a queen. There's one in Teddy's book; she's just lovely, and I kiss her ever, every time I see her. What'd you like to be?"

"School teacher."

"I wouldn't. What'd you like to be one for?"

"I'd lick the boys."

"Yes; but I'd sooner be a queen. I wouldn't have to wear wincey any more then," and Don looked down contemptuously at her frock. "Wincey's nasty."

CHAPTER VIII.

"SMESMERISIN'."

"Say, Annie!"

"What!"

"Ain't sittin' on a fence fun?"

"Guess so."

"It is. I just love to sit, and swing my legs and think lots."

"What'd you think?"

"Heaps."

"That's not what I said."

"O! I can't tell you all of them. Say!" and Don looked intently at Annie, "can you look straight at me for ever, ever so long and not laugh? You can't."

"I kin so."

"You can't. I bet you can't. Try." Annie opened her eyes wide and stared at Don, and compressed her lips.

"You're laughin." Annie shook her head.

"You are."

"I—I ain't."

"You are; you can't do it."

"I don't care. You ain't fair. You're laughing yourself, so you are."

"I ain't."

"You are, Don Fenwick. I'm goin' home; there ain't no fun doin' that."

"What?"

"Not laughin'."

"You don't like it; 'cause you're weak-minded. I can smesmerise you."

"What's that?"

"Makin' people what's 'fraid of you do as you want 'em to."

"I ain't 'fraid of you."

"You are, or you'd not be smesmerised. Ted says so."

"He doesn't know."

"He does. Ted knows lots."

"Not more'n Sol'm'n."

"Sol'm'n's in the Bible; Ted ain't. He knows more'n Madame's boy."

"He's silly."

"He knows, though; he tells Madame funny things; he sees ghosts."

"Ugh! he's the devil."

"No, he ain't. Say, Annie! would you be 'fraid of him—the—De—vil, I mean? I wouldn't."

"You would."

"No, I wouldn't; I ain't 'fraid of old Wooden Brown now."

"Well, he ain't nothin'."

"He ain't! O! he's awful!" and Don hid her face in her holland pinafore.

"You're 'fraid now."

"No, I ain't neither. Say, Annie!"

"What?"

"Ted's goin' to make chickens."

"How?"

"Out of eggs."

"They all come out of eggs."

"Well, but there isn't goin' to be any old hen settin' on 'em. He's goin' to put 'em in a box with battin' in it, and hang it up back of the double stove in the day, and take it to bed at night. He read it in a book."

"They'll die."

"No, they won't."

"There's Ted comin'; I'll ask him."

"Don Fenwick, didn't I tell you not to tell. Girls never can keep anything."

"I didn't mean to. I forgot."

"You always do."

"I didn't tell you smoked."

"You're tellin' now."

"O! I forgot," and poor Don looked crest-fallen. "I'm always doin'."

CHAPTER IX.

THINGS IS SLOW.

For some unknown reason a change seemed to have taken place in Don's religious views; she appeared to be less antagonistic to God. No one could account for it as no particular pains had been taken to teach her that God is a loving Father; for this family recognized him less in this respect than in his other more terrifying attributes.

One Sunday afternoon in the late autumn Don was sitting on the sofa with the Sunday-book on her knees; this was a book with Bible pictures; people, animals and heathen countries; and every Sunday she sought solace in its pages; for she was not allowed to look at any other picture-book. Aunt Margaret had sent for a lovely one with all sorts of lovely pictures of horses, cows and birds in it; but father would not allow that on Sundays. She in her heart rebelled; there was no harm in it; it was so pretty and made her feel happy; and then God didn't put away his real cows and horses and other things on Sunday. It is a wonder that a God, such as ruled the actions of a person like John Fenwick, did not place a black pall over the earth every Sunday; but then it is as beautiful on this day as

on any other; and yet many men desire to banish on this day all beauty from their homes and children's lives. If beauty did not lift us nearer to the Divine state, then might it be thought needful to banish it; but, who does not feel better in an atmosphere of real, true, genuine beauty; that which is indeed God Himself. There is a religion of beauty. John Fenwick was sprung from the old Covenanters and beauty suggested papacy. Don took great comfort, however, out of this Sunday-book. She sat quietly; for she was a quiet little girl at times; but evidently having meditated on a certain thought and thinking it was ripe for utterance she said: "Mother, won't it be lovely when we are all big enough, Amy and me, and we can sit around the stove and read our Bibles on Sunday afternoon?"

"Why, yes, child! What put that into your head?"

"I don't know; I only thought it."

"It is a very good thought; I hope you will always be as good and fond of your Bible."

"And won't I?"

"The dear only knows."

"Don't big people?"

"Why, yes! only some go astray."

"What does goin' astray mean? Like Old Mac?"

"You must not mention people's names."

"Well, if they're bad, why not? You always tell if people are good."

"That's different."

"Things is queer. I'm always gettin' 'em wrong. Will I always?"

"I hope not. You will have sense, when you are grown up."

"What's sense?"

"O! Don, you ask too many questions."

"But I want to know. How'm I to know if I don't ask?"

"You will learn in time."

"It takes too long to wait. I want to know now."

"You will have to wait."

"O dear! it's dreadful being small. Sense! I'll find out what it is. Things come when you think on them. I'll think it over when I go to bed."

"You ought to go to sleep then."

"Can't; I have heaps of things to think about. You can think better, in bed, when there's nobody lookin' at you. I think lots of things then; but, mother, the other night, when I closed my eyes, I saw lots, hundreds, thousands and more nor that of flies and beetles and awful things, and I couldn't sleep; so I had to keep 'wake; for ever, every time I closed my eyes they came and frightened me!"

"What had you been thinking of?"

"O! 'bout a tree 'way over in Smith's field, where there's lots of wasps and flies and bees Annie says it's haunted. What's haunted mean?"

"Having ghosts in it; but that is all nonsense. There are no such things as ghosts."

"There isn't! I'm glad, for Annie says lots

of places is haunted and she says Donald's a witch."

"Little girls should not talk about what they do not understand. They say he has second sight."

"What's that, mother? Second's two, has he four eyes?"

"Nonsense, child! you cannot understand these things. Wait until you are grown up."

"It's too long," and Don looked disconsolate. "Things is so slow."

CHAPTER X.

DON'S FAITH.

One hardship of Teddy's life at Mic-Mac was that his father would not allow him to attend the school, but instead taught him at home. Teddy could not see why he could not go as well as the other boys. "There was no fun at home." John Fenwick's motive was good; the standard of morality was not high among these people and the school children were steeped in many vices; still Teddy played with them; why not study with them? Teddy would in all probability have derived more good than harm from attending the school; for John Fenwick knew not how to teach; he lacked patience with the juvenile mind. Teddy detested the lesson hour. His father was dogmatic; he told Teddy a fact and expected him to at once understand it without any questionings. "Education is that which draws out of a person what is latent in him and seeks to develop it"; but he strove rather to put into Teddy's mind mental pabulum not yet sufficiently modified for his youthful assimilation. Many of his father's thoughts were as Hebrew to him, and the task was a hard one for the boy; at times Teddy would rebel, and refuse to proceed any further because he could not see any sense in what was being taught to

him. One day Teddy had refused to do any more algebra—he was only twelve years of age—this incensed his father, who ordered him to work out the problem in question or take a flogging. As Teddy could not do it, consequently he had to take the latter. He scowled on his father and muttered “when he was a man.” His very soul recoiled at the injustice of his father’s action; for how could he do it if he did not know how? But his father had explained the difficulty; yes, but some explanations only befog us more and more; Teddy could not see daylight, therefore he must physically suffer for his mental defect. We punish the mere brute for the mind’s faults. True the mind feels through the mere body; but true mind punishment is more productive of good to us; it is the old idea of Heaven and Hell: man burns everlastingly for his soul’s errors. It never occurred to John Fenwick that Teddy could not understand; but it did very clearly occur to him that Teddy was a stubborn boy, who required to have his obstinacy beaten out of him; but as well try to beat dust out of the Desert of Sahara; he was only beating obstinacy into him; injustice makes a child obstinate. He was not yet old enough to give his father the credit of doing the best for him of which he knew; but he rather could not regard him as other than an unjust, unloving parent; he hated him.

Instead of taking the boy off by himself and thus preserving his self-respect, he always punished him publicly. The mother said not a word, for she knew her husband’s disposition too well

to interfere, knowing that he would only vent his wrath at her on the boy. A little girl stood in one corner of the room, utterly subdued by the whole affair; as the first blow of the cane fell on Teddy's back she dropped down on her knees by a chair, and laying her little head on her folded hands, prayed. This was Don, and in this time of trouble she had felt the need of calling upon her Heavenly Father; intuitively she felt the uselessness of persuading this earthly one. As a vein of gold traverses the rock so a vein of faith was permeating Don's being. She silently poured forth her petition to God; asked him to be with Teddy, and also asked him not to let father strike hard. Don had faith to-day, and it soothed her; she fancied she saw God looking down and pitying Teddy, and she now recognized Him as a loving Father. Don had undergone a religious metamorphosis; one only of the many which still awaited her. Sometimes small, insignificant events bring forth changes, cause latent qualities to shine forth. No one knew just what, nor did Don herself know what caused this change in her; we develop almost imperceptibly.

"At some time or other men are masters of their own fate." Yes, but not often, and yet still, if we only understood God's laws might we not always be? Ignorance of that which governs us causes us to develop by blind chance; or as some chose to express it by Providence. God is left to work out our destiny for us; yes, but if we remained perfectly passive creatures He might; but do we? No, we kick against the

traces and from blind ignorance, so-called faith, upset His plans. No one can enter into and obey any plans the mechanism of which he is ignorant. God has placed His whole Book of Nature before us; He has given us The Talisman to it—Reason—and it is our duty to use the Key and read the Book aright. New discoveries are made; they are only due to some one's opening of a new page in the book. The puzzle of life is ours to solve; God does not wish to indulge in riddles; He rather desires us to understand clearly His laws and to obey them. Obedience from blind trust alone cannot endure; if we have Reason, we must use it; for it is given to us to unlock the mysteries of this world; if it were not so, God would not have given it to man and have raised him above the brute; what were the good! it would have been only an idle tool to hang upon the wall. No, it is man's key to God's laws and for our use. It is our bounden duty to use it; we cannot hide behind a screen of it is God's will; we suffer all sorts of plagues to devastate our lands; we say it is God's will. Is it? No, but it is man's ignorance. God allows ignorance. Yes, for if we disobey His laws, He cannot act in disobedience to His own laws and step in and deliver us. No; for then He Himself would err and that God cannot do. As we learn to recognize Him as the Creator and Keeper of True Law, then shall we have fewer conceptions of an angry, unmerciful God; a love-righteous God will then take His place, and we shall seek to work in harmony with Him.

CHAPTER XI.

The long winter had once more set in. Don and Amy enjoyed it; for they played in the huge drifts, and when it was too stormy, which meant very, very bad, they played indoors; but this winter was to be marked by an event, which was to show its effects upon Don. From afar its influence was to be carried to Don in this winter-bound small village; an Evangelist was holding meetings in Harrisburg, Mrs. Fenwick's old home. His work was chiefly among the children and from all denominations large numbers of them were being converted. Grandfather Barnard sent tracts to these two and these made a great impression upon Don; but as usual she kept her thoughts to herself, fearing to express them lest they should not be respected by her elders. She thought seriously upon the subject and at last finally decided to secretly give her heart to God as these other children were doing; but it must be done secretly, for away down deep in her mind was a thought that perhaps after all it would be only an experiment. She was not yet so thoroughly convinced as not to have any doubts. She had lost her defiant attitude towards God and was just at present in a malleable state. The thought that the way of the trans-

gressor is hard was being firmly rooted in her mind; and she thought that in order to go to Heaven, when she died, she ought to now make a start along the narrow but straight road. So far she had advanced only to the extent of seeing the advisability of a Christian life as a means of attaining a future reward; and to many this is the only incentive to a righteously lived life; it is not with them, do right because right is right; but because the doing so will save them from everlasting fire. Don considered the subject seriously and at last decided that she was converted and was on the way to Heaven. What conversion really meant she was not quite sure except leading a new life. She resolved to avoid sinning at all times. It was even a sin to steal a pin; therefore she should not do that; though she had never been thus tempted, for pins were common enough property. There was one sin which she did not care to forego—at least she called it a sin; lately she had taken a fancy to twist her front hair—she had no real bangs, for her parents disapproved of them—on a hair-pin at night and have some curls in the morning. She did admire curly hair and her own was so straight. Now Don felt that this was a piece of vanity; for the idea that she was vain had been over and over again forcibly impressed upon her by Aunt Ann; and she now felt sure that she was; but it was a pet sin and she did not wish to part with it; so, therefore, she compromised as a great many older people; she curled her hair, and then prayed to God to keep her from becoming vain. What more could she

do? The sin was in becoming vain, and if God kept her from that state, why! surely she could have curls; so Don reasoned and was there not truth in it?

With Don's religious enthusiasm there was a tendency to ascetism of a kind pleasing to herself. One beautiful starlight, moonlight evening after the early prayer-meeting, Don asked her mother to allow her to take a little walk; fortunately for Don's love of withholding her religious views, her mother did not ask her why she wished to do so; but said, "O! yes; but don't stay out long." After the rest had gone into the house, she walked quietly to the rear of the church, and looking around to make certain that no one was in sight, she kneeled down on the hard, white snow and prayed; on arising she felt better and returned to the house. She had felt herself all alone in confidence with God; there had been no one to criticise her acts; her little heart was full of adoration and why not! were not the pure surroundings, the clear, bright star-spangled, moonlighted sky; the fresh cold air; the solitude and the white snow; all that could be requisite for such an act? Her inner man was lost in the Divine Presence. Such supreme moments come to many; we are for the time being translated to the Heights; and the Divine in us strives to wing itself to be with its own. It is only an angel stranger here in us and yet what a guardian angel to us all; but for our Divine in us, what would we be but worms crawling in the dust? Our winged aspirations bear us away from earthly cares and

rest us under the great, sheltering wing of our Maker. The greater part of the time we are but poor miserable human worms,

“Not like the Gods am I, full well I know;
But like the worm that in the dust must go,
And seeking in the dust his woe and weal,
Is crushed and buried by the traveler’s heel.”

On this night Don had cast her earth man off and was displaying her angel. Such moments render a future angel state a reality to us; revelations come to us; we may not always recognize them; but nevertheless they do come; for as a comet once in a long while flashes before us, so do these divine moments. Don was now consciously upon her upward climb.

CHAPTER XII.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

The June days and early visitors had again returned, and Don and Amy had given up their winter pastimes for summer play; sea bathing and beach playing were now in vogue. Life was one long holiday save for a few uncomfortable moments, when Don was disobedient, as her elders termed it. On this particular morning she was to be seen strolling slowly along the shore road, evidently in no hurry whatever; perfectly unconscious of any need of exerting herself; she was thinking sweet thoughts; for new matter had been brought to her mind's vision; its horizon had been enlarged; reveling in this new field time had passed away unnoticed and she was only brought back to a sense of still being of this work-a-day world by her mother exclaiming as she approached the manse: "Don, what in the world has kept you? The next time that I send you to the Post Office you will come straight home. Here it is nearly eleven o'clock! What have you been doing? I have just been in the fidgets, worrying about you."

"I didn't think I was so long."

"No, you never do. Where were you?"

"At the office."

"Yes, but where else? Now, out with it."

"Well, when I got there Eva was just getting her breakfast, and Mrs. Bond gave me some toast."

"You did not require it; but that did not keep you all of this time."

"No, Eva came a piece with me and we went to the Lovers' Retreat."

"Now, Don, you know you ought not to go there alone. Dear only knows what might happen to you away off there!"

"There, there wasn't anybody there but Old Donald, and he was sitting looking at the water."

"Old Donald! nice company for you! It is a wonder he did not scare you both to death."

"He's nice. I just looked at his face and I knew I liked him."

"He hypnotized you."

"What's that?"

"Made you think him nice. He is a dangerous man; if you had annoyed him the least possible accident is that he would have hurled you two over the precipice and where would you be now?" Don looked serious for a moment and then replied, "in Heaven."

"I am not so sure of it; little girls who are disobedient do not go to Heaven."

"But, I wasn't disobedient; I did not know you would not want me to go there. O! it is so pretty," and Don's face was enthusiastically illumined. "It's lovely up there! Such a nice little place to sit; and then, you can look away out over the water, and it is so 'all alone.'"

"Yes, 'all alone,' that is the worst of it. Don't you go there again."

"But, mother, Old Donald wouldn't hurt us. He talked all lovely about God and angels and spur'ts."

"Yes, and next time he will be in a towering rage."

"Did any one ever see Donald angry?"

"Yes, he is a mad man; and not fit company for simple little girls."

"I am not simple."

"Yes, you are."

"I'm not."

"Don!"

"Simples are crazy like Madame's boy; I'm not like him."

"That is one meaning of it; you are simple in another way."

"What way? Words ought to mean only one way."

"Why! simple in that you do not know everything that grown-up people know, and you must be guided by their advice until you do."

"Well; but, Donald's not wild. He told us lovely things and we saw them too. He just looked at us like this, and told us all about Heav'n and we really went there. I saw Cousin Mamie."

"Nonsense, child! you are dreaming. Donald does not know any more than I do what Heaven is like."

"Yes, he does; he often goes there. I just love to look at him; he is so kind."

"He certainly has hypnotized you, and if you

do not take care he will carry you off to his bush. I wish that he would stay there and not come down here disturbing the people. He just keeps poor old Madame in hot water all the time; he makes her boy wild."

"I don't b'lieve it; Donald wouldn't make any one wild. He's kind."

"Don't let me hear of your going off there again, and for punishment for this time you shall not go in bathing to-day. Don't get into any more mischief." Don made no reply, but quietly walked off along the Bank, where she found Amy picking wild flowers. "Amy, do you want to go to Heaven?"

"No-o," and Amy looked startled.

"It's awful nice. Let me show you how."

"How?" and Amy looked incredulously at her.

"Why! just look up at the sky and think that you are there."

"But I'm here. That's not true. It's a story. I'll ask mother first."

"She doesn't b'lieve it. It's so, though. Don't you feel yourself there?"

"No!"

"Well, just think and think and think and you'll be there. I'm there; Aren't you? Yes, you are."

"Yes," and Amy smiled.

"Isn't it beautiful?"

"Yes; say, Don, let's live there all the time forever."

"Say! we do; we'll never live down in the earth any more, where ever—everybody's cross; and you can't do anything but you're naughty."

God won't say that all the time; at least I don't think so. Since I've been converted God's nicer. Amy, you ought to get converted."

"What's that like?"

"Bein' changed right 'round. You don't want to sin any more, and God seems diff'rent. It's nice. I used to be 'fraid of God 'cause Aunt Ann and ever, everybody said He ways always angry at little boys and girls who were enjoying themselves and not doing what grown-ups wanted them to do. Grown-ups are awful. I shan't be though, when I am. You'd better get converted, Amy."

"How d' y' do it?"

"Ask God and he does it. It's queer, but it's nice. You feel diff'rent; you feel like singin' 'cept when Aunt Ann's 'round. Donald makes you feel more converted. I love him."

"But, Don, he's wild!"

"No, he is no such thing; it's all stuff; he's nice, and good, and loves little children. I b'lieve he's Jesus in the earth, Amy."

"Jesus is in Heav'n, Don."

"But, but, well, can't He come down once in 'while to see that all's right, and He's in Donald."

"But Donald has a devil in him. Aunt Ann says so."

"She has."

"No, Don! She's nice."

"To you; but she hates me."

"Why, Don?"

"Don't know; but she does. I feel bad when I see her."

"Don, do people have devils in them?"

"Yes, o' course; Jesus used to cast them out of them."

"Real devils; livin' ones?"

"Yes.

"What're they like? Can you see 'em?"

"No, goose, you can't see them; they're spur'ts."

"What's spur'ts?"

"Things you can't see; but they're there all the same."

"But, Donnie, there's only one Devil."

"There's little Devils and they get into people. They're really all one; little bits of one big one like God's all one; three in one, don't you know? Let's go to Ted," and Don changed the subject.

"How? We can't walk."

"No, silly; think and think and we'll be there."

"Like s'pposin', Don?"

"Yes, only harder and realer. I'm there now."

"What's Teddy doin', Don?"

"Writin' in a big book. Are you there now?"

"Ye—es."

"No, you aren't sure. Think again, Amy, harder, an' harder, an' harder. Now you're there!"

"Yes."

"That's the way. I'm goin' to travel lots; I'm goin' to Hell some day."

"No, Donnie!" and Amy began to cry. "I don't want you to go anywhere I don't go and I couldn't, couldn't go there. O! it'ud be awful. O! Donnie, I'm 'fraid, take me home."

"Come on, then; but there's nothing to be 'fraid of. It's queer at first; so is bein' con-

verted. There, go in; I'm going to the beach to think."

Don climbed down the steep path to the beach, and was soon lying flat on the fine gravel, apparently hunting for clear stones, as was a habit of hers; but Don was only seemingly hunting; she was meditating; she had had a strange, new experience; she had met Donald, the wild man of Mic-Mac; the man whom all regarded with dread. He was feared by the superstitious; some regarded him as an evil spirit, while others at best declared that he possessed second sight; but to Don, Donald was not a terror-inspiring creature. At first she had been a little afraid of him; but she had always been sceptical on the point of what the people said about him. Don took nobody's opinions. The weird tales told concerning him fascinated rather than frightened her. To-day she had met him in the flesh, and yes, in the spirit also. Mind had influenced mind and they had recognized each other; they had gone together to Heaven, Donald's Heaven; but it was all the same to her. She could not as yet understand the power of suggestion; she could not realize that Donald was giving her only his idea of Heaven; but she really believed that she was there in very truth. As she lay upon the gravel thoughts passed quickly through her mind, and she was utterly oblivious to her surroundings; a wasp hovered over her, but she was unconscious of its presence. She rolled over on her back and shielded her eyes from the sun—it was one of those balmy days, not too cool nor too hot; and but for its glare the sun was not

annoying—and then said to herself, the most confidential companion she had: “I wonder where this world came from; if there was only one little piece to start with; one little rock like that out there; it must have grown; but where did it come from? where did God come from? There must have been a beginning. It’s queer; and the more one thinks the harder it seems. I can think of Mic-Mac being made and bigger places too; but how was the first place made? I wonder if Donald knows. I’ll ask him.”

“Donald Fenwick! do you want to be drowned? I never saw such a child. In a few minutes more the tide would have had you.”

“I didn’t see it coming in.”

“No, I suppose not! little girls lieing sulking on the sand don’t hear what they ought to. Here have I been screeching myself hoarse and would not have found you now if Amy had not remarked that you said you were coming down here. You do your best to annoy me and worry me into my grave. I do sometimes wonder what I have done that God treats me so. Come home and get your dinner, or what’s left of it.”

Don was thus rudely shaken out of her philosophical reveries back to a misunderstanding world. The tide had nearly reached her and might have claimed her as its prey; but more probably it would have only gently lapped her; kissing her; for it was in one of its gentle moods to-day. She arose and followed her mother. It was for Don one of those unfortunate days which come to us all, days in which every action seems to be either misinterpreted by others, or in

which we act contrary to all common sense. We do not intend to do wrong—Don did not—but we certainly have, as we often term it, bad luck; we fail to please, even ourselves, and we long for the end of the day and a change of fate. Don at noon longed already for bedtime, not knowing what other dire misfortune was in store for her.

CHAPTER XIII.

"A PRETTY LITTLE GIRL."

"Mother, may I go over to Mrs. Walker's with Annie?"

"Oh! yes, I suppose so; only do not get into the water; go around by the road."

Away the two little girls ran for Mrs. Walker's at the other side of the Bay; one moment they would rush along the road to see who could run the faster; then again they would saunter along arm-in-arm; but when they arrived at the place where the road and the shore ran close to each other, Mrs. Fenwick's injunction was forgotten and the beach was chosen; and who would ever think of walking along a dusty road when there was a cool, damp, sandy beach so close at hand to scamper over; where there were pretty little white shells all pink inside, and where the gentle tide was rippling the water on the edge of the shore; such dainty little silvery ripples that just lapped the tiny stones and just touched the toe of your boot if you went near enough; and then when you have to cross the tiny stream by skipping from one stone to another? Why! such a chance as that was not to be resisted. Mothers who made such demands had quite forgotten their own childish

days; and Don at any rate forgot her mother's command. She danced safely half-way across the stream, hopping from stone to stone, until Annie said something funny, and then she laughed and one foot slipped, and then the other one, and she stood ankle-deep in the water; but even then she did not feel repentant; but scrambled out, saying "They'll dry soon," and hurried on to keep pace with a butterfly, which had flown safely across. Why butterflies always escaped and little girls did not she did not understand! Annie Lindsay came running along and they had a race up to Mrs. Walker's front door, which stood open, and which opened directly into the family living room, kitchen, dining-room, parlor and even bedroom, for a huge four-poster curtained off stood in one corner. Mrs. Walker was busily engaged in making scones, which she was baking in the oven of great double stove, which stood in the centre of the room; so busy was she that she did not observe the children, until an old woman, who sat by the stove, knitting, exclaimed: "Och! but ye skairt me sae. Libby, dinna ye see the bit lassies?" Mrs Walker looked up from her work and seeing who they they were, said: "I never heard you come in; take seats. It's only Annie Lindsay and——"

"Annie Lindsay! did you say? Come, awa', cheeld, an' let me luke at ye. It's many a day sence I hae pu' een on ye. My! but ye've grown, an' wha's this little one? I hae na seen her afore. What's yer name, lass?"

"She's Don."

"That's no name at all, lass!"

"Yes, Granny, it is; ask her."

"Sich heathenish anes as they hae th' day; but it's mair nor that. What is't, Annie?"

"Donalda Fenwick."

"Ah! I see it. Donalda! Why! that's after Donald. A bonnie eneuch name, an' I mind weel when auld Donald was a bonnie laddie. Ye dinna ken what you'll cam tae."

"Old Donald! Wild Donald!" and Don's eyes opened wide. "Was he ever a boy?"

"Why! yes, child, an' a happy one tae. He's na sae auld as he lukit. It's sorrow hes gi'en hum th' lukes."

"Did he have trouble?"

"Tribble eneuch, ma lass! an' ane o' yer ain kind gied it ta hum; Belle McNab hes a' thet t' ans'er for i' th' nixt warld; an' it's na licht thin' t' breek a man's hert. Hae a care, ma lassies, thet ye're na gueelty o' the same sin."

"Did that make him wild?"

"I' verra troth it did. He juist greeted an' greeted his hert awa' an' took to th' woods, an' he hes been a wil' man iver sence. When Belle ran awa' wi' that worthless callant, Joe Bain, she breetket Donal's hert. Th' night afore, she an' Donal' hed been t' th' Lovers' Quarry t'gither an' they hed by th' licht o' th' moon plighted their troth t' ane anither, an' thin th' verra nixt night she wes merrit to Joe. Foolish lass! She's repinted i' sackcloth an' ashes lang ere this."

"Where is she?"

"I' her grave this many a day. She didna leevit lang after she got hum."

"Granny, is Donald wild?"

"Nae, child. At times he hes spells o't; when he thinks he sees Belle as she used t' be, a' bonnie an' a' thet. Ance i' a while he gaes t' th' Quarry i' remembrance o' auld times an' they dae say he's fair i' Heav'n."

"O! yes he is, Granny. Eva and I saw him there last week, and we went to Heav'n with him. Donald isn't cross, is he?"

"No thet I ken, child, save whin he thinks, he sees Joe Bain an' thin he's fair daft wi' rage. He disna gae t' th' Quarry thin; but rampages th' road by McAlister's bush 'long where th' twa ran awa'."

"O! I know," exclaimed Don.

"What's thet you ken, lass?"

"Why! that's the time he gets into Madame's foolish boy; Madame Labelle that washes for us. Sometimes he gets awful; he crawls under the stove, and tears his clothes, and throws things all around, and Madame blames Donald."

"Verra likit; he has a queer po'er, they say; some hes it of effectin' ithers."

"Has he second sight?"

"What d'ye ken o' second sight? Nae, I dinna ken wha' ye ca't; but it's some kind o' sicht differ' frae wha' maist o' us hes; it may be second sight for a' I ken. But, lassie," and the old woman looked inquisitively at Don, "ye didna tell me wha's ye're."

"She's the minister's."

"Is thet sae! Well, ye're a pretty, bonnie, wee lassie. Dinna mak ony man's hert sair."

"Pretty!" Don had never heard, never thought of herself in this respect; rather, she

had always thought of herself as ugly; people with freckles were, and she had lots of them. Whenever she demurred about wearing a certain frock, her mother always said: "O! who's going to look at you?" Surely if she were pretty people would look at her; she always looked at pretty people; she loved to look at Helen Ramsay, who lived at the Seignory.

"Can't you two find chairs? I'm that busy gettin' those cakes ready. Sit down and the first that comes out of the oven you'll shall have." Like country children they shyly lapsed into silence; Annie sat swinging her feet, and looking anxiously at the oven, as if longing for a scone; and no wonder, for Mrs. Walker was renowned far and wide for her scones; Don sat quietly gazing out over the blue Bay, and thinking to herself, "pretty, little girl. Well, I never heard any one say so. It must be a mistake. Granny must have second sight. Shall I ask her? No, I guess not; it might be like Aunt Ann's age; she mightn't like it. I wonder how old Aunt Ann is. O! I wish those cakes would hurry up; I'm hungry."

"Here you are! Just hot out of the oven, buttered and all with strawberry jam 'tween them; fit for a king."

The little girls shyly thanked Mrs. Walker and munched the hot delicacies in perfect childish enjoyment. Talk of feasts, ye gourmands! Ye know nothing of them. Annie contentedly swung her feet, and Don looked satisfied; she was well-nigh in Heaven, and not alone because she was eating jam and scones; but also because

Granny had said she was pretty; a term which she had never considered as applicable to herself. Ye gods! what new thoughts are in store for us! Some cynic will say, "a poor thought for a child; it will not bring her much joy. Joy! why, yes! We all love Beauty; Beauty is one of Nature's highest attributes; Beauty lightens this world's burdens; a gleam of Beauty makes the hard road of Duty easier. It is a wonderful leveler of scraggy snags. Beauty! Ah, yes! Beauty is of God. We clothe all our best thoughts in beautiful language; we clothe the conception of God in Beauty; the world is clothed in Beauty; Beauty is the Supreme, and why should Don not now recognize it in herself? "A thing of Beauty is a joy forever," so sang the poet. Beauty lives; not physical, but soul Beauty, and wherever did one find real, true, genuine Beauty but it emanated from Nature, the soul of which is God. Beauty is not skin deep; such is only a veneer, which is easily rubbed away; but true Beauty only increases as the outer coat is removed and we see the deeper into the soul. The soul's light shines from within. This old Scotch Granny evidently saw beneath the surface. Don's features were not perfect; she had no fairy curls, she had freckles and a slightly up-turned nose; but she looked wholesomely happy and she had a pair of eyes. Many would have said very ordinary eyes; they were not large and they were only greenish-gray; but they had immense pupils, which dilated and contracted with her various moods. These eyes twinkled and flashed and told her soul's story.

She often wished that they did not. Yes, this was a new thought for her, and as was her way she must cogitate over it.

Having finished their treat the two little girls, like beggars, prepared to leave, when all of a sudden Annie remembered that she had been sent on an errand; so far she had been so engrossed with her scones that she had forgotten anything more serious. "O! Mrs. Walker, Ma wants to know if you'll let her have your patten for making Janie's pinnies?"

"Why! yes, child. Are you going to get some new ones?"

"Yes, ma'am," and Annie looked shyly pleased. "Some Holland ones."

"I hate Holland pinnies and wincey dresses too," and Don looked down ruefully at hers. How could any one look pretty in them?

"They're just the thing for playing in. Yours are nice, child!"

"I hate them. I want aprons."

"Tut! tut! You are not old enough. Why will children always want to be grown up? You are having your best days now."

"Grown-ups can do as they like."

"No, child; they have to obey, too."

"What, Mrs. Walker? God?"

"Yes, and his laws. There is no such thing as being free in this world."

"O!" and Don looked wistfully out over the blue Bay with a white-sailed schooner dancing on its rippling waters. "It's queer, but I'll find a way to be free."

"All right, child, if you can; but now run

away off home; for I see a storm coming up. Good-bye. Come again."

The two scampered off at a great speed at first; but after a time evidently all thoughts of the storm vanished from their minds, and they dawdled along the shores as only children can. When they again arrived at the point where the shore and roads adjoined each other Don suggested that, instead of taking the road, they should continue along the beach; Annie agreed and they still dawdled along, forgetful of the approaching storm until a drop of rain fell, then two, three and more and more.

"Say, Don, let's run! it's pourin'," and Annie took to her heels closely followed by Don. On they rushed and down poured the pitiless rain; running on a sandy beach is hard work and so they found it. At last Annie said: "Let's get under that rock; it'll hide us from the rain." Whereupon they crawled into a hole in the sand under an overhanging boulder, like two young ground-hogs, to await the end of the storm.

"Ugh! it's cold."

"Yes, I'm freezin'. Say, let's skit. I don't b'lieve it'll ever stop. O! there's that pattren all soaked. I'll get tally-wack."

"Do you, often, Annie?"

"Yes, everybody does."

"No, they don't. I get shut up till I'm good."

"I'd get good awful soon."

"No, I wouldn't; it'd suit them too well; I like to keep them thinkin' whether I'll ever get good."

"Don't you get lonesome? I'd sooner get tally-wack."

"No, I always have God near me."

"Do you! how?" and Annie looked surprised.

"Yes; I'm converted."

"What's that?"

"Wantin' to do right."

"It's only for grown-ups."

"No, it ain't."

"I don't want to do right; wrong's more fun. Come on, let's skit!" They crawled from out of their shelter and once more ran on; at last they arrived at the top of The Bank and Annie hurried towards her home, leaving Don standing under a dripping tree. "Ugh! I'm cold, but I'll stay here for a minute. 'Pretty little girl.'" Don evidently wished to remain outside where she would be free to digest this sweet morsel. "It's queer, and yet it's nice. I wonder if mother will ever say I am; I guess I'll skit now," and she dashed across the road and darted up the manse steps and was rushing into the sitting-room when a hand seized her and her mother said in a worried, angry voice: "Donalda, what does this mean? Did I not tell you to keep out of the water, and here you are wringing wet."

"It's rainin'."

"Why did you not keep out of the rain? You could have come home earlier."

"We thought we had lots of time."

"Now, look here, no excuses. You shall never go to Mrs. Walker's again; you are not to be trusted. Get your clothes off and go to bed."

You are a most disobedient little girl; I cannot trust you."

"I never meant to."

"No, as usual. Well, in future mend your ways or I do not know what will happen to you." Don, as soon as released, changed her clothes and went to bed, where she comforted herself with the pleasant thought "I am a pretty little girl."

CHAPTER XIV.

"TRACIN'."

"Donalda Fenwick! what are you doing? You have been staring at that picture for half an hour or more. Do you intend to bore a hole through the wall?"

"Tracin'."

"Tracing what?"

"The picture. I look at it and look at it and go 'round it all with my eyes and see it all. It's hard work; it makes my head ache and I feel like screaming; but I must do it."

"Nonsense! You must not. You will go crazy if you keep on. Was there ever such a queer child?"

"Am I really queer, mother?"

"Yes, you are; at least I never knew one like you."

"What makes me queer?"

"That I do not know, I am sure. Your father and I are not full of such notions."

"Are children always like their fathers and mothers?"

"They ought to be."

"Why ought they to be? Couldn't God make them diff'rent if he wanted to?"

"O! yes, child; go off and play with Amy and

be like other children. You ask too many questions."

"Like other children." Don slowly walked towards the front door, and walking out of it, crossed the road to The Bank, where Amy sat playing with a doll. Don, taking a leap and a bound, sat down beside her. "O! Don, you ficked me. You are so rough."

"O! dear, I'm queer, and rough, and everything," and Don sighed.

"Who said you were queer, Donnie?"

"Mother."

"Why?"

"'Cause I was tracin'."

"What's tracin'? Teach me."

"No, mother says its crazy, and I had better not teach you; I'd get tally-wack."

"You don't want to be crazy, do you?" and Amy looked up at Don.

"No, but I'm not going crazy. Children don't. No, I'll trace; it's lovely; but it's hard. Say, Amy, I'll trace you."

"O! don't, Donnie; I'm 'fraid."

"Silly! it won't hurt you. I'll just sit and look at you and look at you; and then I'll shut my eyes and I'll have a picture of you in my mind."

"You can't."

"I can. Now you just look at me, and look hard, look all over me, start at my chin and look at my eyes and nose and mouth; and then shut your eyes, and you will see me."

"Will I, Donnie?"

"Yes, o' course. Try."

"And if I was away from you, Donnie, I could

shut my eyes and see you, just like having a picture?"

"Yes; now try." Amy obediently looked at Don; but evidently lacked sufficient concentration, for at last she disgustedly exclaimed: "I can't; you are crazy, Don."

"I am not; you are lazy."

"I don't want to work hard. I'd rather have your picture."

"But you can't have pictures of everything you see, and if you can trace them you can. I was tracin' that lovely one in the parlor. You'll learn some day. You're only a kid now."

"I ain't; I'm Arabella Stuart's mother, so I am," and Amy looked disgustedly at Don.

After a few moments of silence Don jumped up, saying, "Come down to the beach. There's no fun up here. The tide's out and we can wade in puddles and hunt for things. I expect to find something funny some day. Hide Arabella in that tree where Bruce Mivert can't get her. I hate him; he's a snide."

"What's that, Don? Mother said you mustn't call names."

"O! a nasty, nasty boy. He hid Annie's and my clothes when we were in bathing, and we had to sit on the sand and freeze. Fred Lindsay and him wouldn't give them to us; and Annie pounded Fred; but they wouldn't for ever so long, and o' course mother said I staid too long. I explained, but it's no use my explainin'. I hate him, and I'll push him in the water some day. Walter's nice, though. Come on."

After having hidden the sleeping Arabella

from sight, the two little girls slipped and slid down the steep path to the beach. No one was in sight. It was one of those beautiful August days, not too hot, and still deliciously warm. The tide had gone out but a short time ago, and had left the damp sand still fragrant with its briney odor. O! stop for a moment and inhale it. The children, however, did not; it was their natural air, this fragrance of the deep; but hastily pulled off their shoes and stockings and were soon picking their way over the gravel to a flat reef of rocks, which skirted the shore; there were little hollows in this reef and in these the receding tide had left little pools of water with tiny shrimpy looking animals floating about in them. Don detested them; for they were "crawley" and she had an abhorrence of anything of that nature. These smaller pools were fringed with a greenish mossy growth, and if one were not careful she might easily slip on it. The regular seaweed-clad rocks were further out in the sandy bay. Often after the ebb of the tide strange shells and sea animals or their skeletons and fragments of wood could be found in these pools; and these were treasures both to Don and Amy. Don's fertile imagination conjuring any old stick up into the resemblance of some animal. She could even in her mind reanimate anything. A wooden child could be bathed, while a wax doll could not; hence the pleasure to be derived from the former. This day they scamp-ered over the wet, slippery rocks in search of some new find, when all of a sudden Amy stopped, peered down into a pool, and exclaimed

in an awestruck, surprised voice, "Donnie, come quick! Here's the dreadfullest thing." Don, who had lingered behind to paddle with her bare feet in a nice, large pool, came hurrying along. Amy was evidently rather afraid of this queer object; but still her curiosity had gotten the better of her fear. Don peered down into the pool. Neither of them had seen the like of this strange object before; but Don's curiosity must be satisfied by action on her part; so she ran to the gravel, snatched up a stick and returned to the pool, where she at first gently, but later more vigorously, prodded the object of their curiosity.

"O! don't, Donnie; it'll bite you."

"It can't bite; it's dead."

"No, tain't. O! look, you're hurtin' it. It's bleedin'." Sure enough some sort of reddish fluid was issuing from a spot on it, where Don had injured it.

"So 'tis! What can it be?" and Don more curious than ever, stooped lower over the pool, and put her hands down into the water to touch it. "Don't, Don! it'll bite you," and Amy pulled Don back with such force that they both slipped and sat down in a neighboring pool.

"Smarty, look what you've done!" and Don looked ruefully about her; then a sense of the ludicrous dawning upon her, she laughed. They did look funny sitting there in the water; but they could not sit there for long, for the new find must be examined; so Don helped Amy up, and they re-commenced their investigation. Don was again about to handle it, when Amy again inter-

ferred. "What can it be?" and Don used the stick. "It looks like an arm with the hand off and a lot of fingers where it ought to be. I know," and she looked up with pride at Amy, "it's a mermaid's arm."

"So it is, Donnie! You know everything," and she viewed Don with wondering gaze. "How'd you know, Donnie?"

"It came into my head. It's the arm of my mermaid; the one I hear screeching out on Eagle Rock every stormy night."

"I never hear her."

"You don't know how to listen; you have to forget everything else, and just think of her, and listen, and you will hear her. I can see her too. On a cold night I just cuddle down under the blankets, O! it's so comfy, and listen to her. She screeches awful."

"Doesn't she ever come out on fine nights? I should think she'd stay down below when it's cold."

"She can't; she's a sorrowful mermaid like Don Quixote's sorrowful knight; and she has to come out when the world's all dark and gloomy. Somebody's killed her husband and children and she wails for them."

"I'm glad I'm not a mermaid. Donnie, do you really s'pose that's her arm?"

"It must be. She's torn it off wailing. Poor thing! I guess I'll bury it in the sand; she'd like it." Don put her hands down into the water and lifted the queer object out, which was only a sea anemone. As soon as she had firmly grasped it a shudder passed through her; it did

feel so queer and human; but if it was the mermaid's arm it must be tenderly treated; therefore she overcame her squeamishness and carried it to the sandy beach beyond the gravel and proceeded to dig a grave for it, Amy standing by. Don did everything quickly, always worked with a will, and she had everlasting patience in digging to hide away some treasure. She hid her best thoughts and fancies. Volcanoes have to once in a while unburden themselves; so had Don. Don dug on and Amy stood silently and intently watching her. The hole was not yet nearly large enough for its occupant; Don was beginning to feel tired; digging in wet sand is hard work; but she steadily persevered. She rested for a moment and said to Amy, "What are you looking so for?"

"I'm wonderin' 'bout that mermaid. Can I hear her next time?"

"If you want to."

"I do."

"Well, then you can."

"Tra—la—la—ha—ha!"

"There's Walter! Tra—la—la—ho—ha!" and Don responded to the signal. A small boy came tumbling safely down the hill as only small boys can. "I thought I heard you talking, Don. I've been lookin' all over for you."

"Have you, Walter?" and Don looked pleased; for even now she was beginning to feel the deliciousness of this feeling of being wanted by one of the opposite sex. To Don this summer had come this feeling that she liked Walter Mivert

differently from the way in which she cared for the other boys. "What are you doing, Don?"

"Diggin' a hole to bury that in," and she pointed to the sea wonder. "Come on and help me."

"What is it, anyway?"

"The mermaid's arm. Don't you know, the one I told you about?"

"That isn't an arm."

"Yes, it is; mermaids' arms are queer."

"But, Don, they have long, thin hands for combing out their hair."

"No, they have fingers like this for fluffing it out," and Don attempted to shake out her short, straight tresses. "Mine ain't long like hers, though. I wish it was. I'd like long curls."

"No, you wouldn't; they get all tats and tangles and you'd cry."

"Not a bit."

"Do you want me to help you?"

"O' course; but it's most done now. Why didn't you come sooner?"

"I couldn't find you."

"Did you try hard, harder nor climbing that steeple?" and she looked up at the tall spire of the church, which rose above the trees and glistened with the sun.

"I looked everywhere; I wanted you to go for Lindsay's cows."

"This is far nicer, isn't it?" and Don looked half coquettishly at her youthful lover.

"No."

"Why?"

"There's no pigeon-berries here."

"You can get them any time, but I never saw a mermaid's arm before. The hole's big enough, I'll put it in now."

"Donnie, don't; it'll bite you," and Amy shuddered. "I saw its fingers move."

"You're silly; it's dead," and Don took up the sea anemone and tenderly laid it in its grave; then filling in the sand, she smoothly moulded it in the form of a grave and gathering some small, yellow sand-flowers strewed them over the mound. "We'll come every day and 'tend to it. Say, Walter," and she threw herself down on the sand, "where would you like to be buried?"

"Don't know."

"Don't you! Think."

"No."

"Well, I do. I'd like to be buried over at Mount Despair, right out on the point, where I could hear the wind howling, and the waves beating against the shore, and the mermaid screechin'."

"No!"

"Shouldn't you! Why?"

"Too lonesome."

"That's why I should like it. It would be nice if you would be there too."

"I don't like the wind."

"Don't you?"

"I'd rather have this. Say, Don! come and float schooners. I'll make you one."

"Out of a shingle?"

"Yes."

"That'll be fun. Come."

The schooner was finished, a shingle with a

little stick stuck through it for a mast. Don stuck a piece of kelp for a sail and Walter carried it to one of the pools, and said: "There it is, Don; you float it." Amy looked on in silence for a few moments, then the corners of her mouth fell and she began to whimper "I want one, too."

"Don will let you have hers after she's through with it."

"I want one now."

"You can't have it."

"I'll tell mother," and turning her back upon them Amy slowly wended her way to tell; but they played on, forgetful of her, and were playfully chasing the schooner over the pool. when Don slipped and sat down in the water. "O! I'm soaked. I'll catch it now."

"No, you won't. I won't let anybody touch you. Here!" and Walter extended his hand. If it had been any of the other boys she would have disregarded the offer of assistance, and would have scrambled out herself unaided; but it was Walter.

"You'd better sit in the sun. Let's climb the House Rock and sit in the hole." The House Rock was a great boulder with a depression on the side of its summit which faced the sea.

"Yes, let's, and talk."

"About what?"

"O! lots of things. Say, Walter! does your mother ever say you're queer?"

"No, she doesn't bother much 'bout me. Why?"

"'Cause mother's always saying I'm queer and she never says Amy's."

"You ain't queer."

"Don't you think so, really and truly, honor bright?"

"No."

"Would you swear you didn't think me queer?"

"Yes."

"In blood?"

"Yes."

"My blood?"

"Yes; but I don't want to make you bleed. I'll swear without."

"No, that won't do. People always swear in blood if they really, really mean."

"I don't like to."

"You think I am queer then?"

"No, I don't, but——"

"You must. Here's a pin. Now you scratch my arm this way and then that way acrost, and make the blood come, and then swear"; and Don bared her pretty little plump arm and with a resolute air prepared herself for the trial of Walter's loyalty. He reluctantly took the pin and gently scratched as she had directed. "That's not hard enough! harder!! harder!!!"

"I can't, Don."

"You must or else I'll not believe you."

"I don't want to hurt you."

"I want you to, for then I'll know. Now, do it quick." Walter this time, in obedience to his loved one's command, "did it quick," and a tiny speck of blood appeared. "Now swear!"

"I don't know how."

"O! say, By Jove! I don't think Don's queer. I guess that'll do. Hurry up! it's drying and you'll have to do it again. There, it's all gone! Do it again, quick! Hurry!!" In obedience to her commands Walter reluctantly scratched again, and this time, evidently intending that it should be the last, made a deeper scratch. Don winced. "O! Don, I've hurt you," and snatching her arm he kissed it. "There, it's better now!"

"Yes; but you didn't swear."

While Don and her companion had been so intently interested they had not noticed any change in their surroundings; but as she pulled down her sleeve, which she had pushed up for the swearing-in-blood operation, which had been such a woeful failure, and had left her sad and disappointed, she shivered and then on looking at the shore she looked amazed and turned her gaze quickly to the sea, and then down at the side of the rock on which they sat.

"Why—the—ti—ide," she exclaimed in hurried gasps, and clutching Walter until he almost screamed, shivered. He in his turn also took in their situation; they had not noticed that slowly but surely the tide was creeping in and cutting them off from all means of escape to the shore. He looked at Don and then tightly clasping his arm around her with all his small stock of boyish strength said, "It's only the tide. We'll have to stay here."

"It's a big tide," and Don shuddered again and clung tightly to him; "and we'll, we'll—and I don't want to—"; but instead of finishing her sentence she shivered and looked down at the

dark waters, and hid her head on his shoulder. The children saw sufficient to frighten them. The sky had become overcast with great cold, dark, wet-looking clouds, and worse still, for they could have sought shelter from these by a rapid scramble down the side of the rock, a rapid run across the sand, over the reef, across the beach, up the precipice and then home; but the tide was slowly and surely flowing in upon them. While they had been so interested in each other it had insidiously crept in upon them, and now all escape by foot was cut off. Not a boat nor person was in sight; a gull or two hovered near; but that was all. If it had been an ordinary tide it would have been a comparatively insignificant matter, a case of patience alone, and not a fear and probable death; but it was as Don has described it, "a big tide"; one of the high tides, which by experience gained by observation they knew always covered this rock; already the water was only about a foot below the floor of their depression. Fair Luna, sitting enthroned in your starry Heavens, are you aware of the agony you are inflicting upon two earth-born children? Is there no sympathy in your fireless, dead self? Has every spark of feeling left you? Is there no little atom of heart left in your silvery mass? Are you in very truth dead? a dead sun, a dead earth, nothing but a lifeless mass of matter; the dead remains of past fire and life? Can you not pity these tiny human, living mites and raise your inert arm and wave your wand over these cold dark waters and raise them in a wall, a wall that shall protect and not

destroy these little Israelites? Revert your power and save these little ones; perform a miracle and save them; but cold, proud, dead Luna turned a deaf ear and slowly but surely the dark, cold, wet waters crept landward, leaving other shores dry and safe for other thoughtless youth. No, Luna is not cruel; she would if she could; but she cannot; she too is the servant of Nature. Would she willingly be a cold, lifeless moon instead of being a burning sun or living earth? No; she too is the thing of circumstance. As she is now, as she was once, so we are now, and so we shall be. We are here; then we are there. It is birth, life, and death—birth, life, and death—with all things.

Walter's face was as white as Don's; but he was a boy and not a girl, and he must act. If Don had been alone or with another girl she would have acted, but she was with Walter and he must do his part, and she be passive. Holding her still more closely to him he said: "I'll holler." Above the surging of the on-coming tide, for it was a rough, dark tide, he raised his shrill voice, but to no avail. The wind in defiance seemed to carry it out to sea. Not a soul was to be seen; but faintly from the road in front of the manse came the sound of voices, whose owners little dreamed of the peril of these two. With his impatience in not accomplishing his object, as the dog which begs admittance on a cold night and not gaining it barks more impatiently, and at last his bark sinks into an exhausted, gasping wail, so Walter's shouting at last died away in an exhausted, panting moan, which was hardly dis-

tinguishable from the moaning of the sea. Don in the meantime shuddered; she could not scream; it was not her nature to do so. Slowly the tide crept up; with each succeeding wave a little more spray wet their clothes. Minutes seemed hours and never before to them did a tide flow so quickly. Don saw them every minute engulfed; she saw them dragged from their spot of safety and carried away in the arms of Neptune down to the mermaids' haunts. This direful picture floated before her mind's eye until it seemed a reality. It was awful; but she was so glad that she was not all alone; misery loves company; and if she had to go to the mermaids she was glad that Walter was also there. When Walter was exhausted, he turned to her and with all of a boy's conviction that a girl is intended for his helpmate, when circumstances compel him to seek her assistance, which is only upon his being in dire straits, and said: "Don, you holler now, till I get my breath." Don knew full well that shouting was not one of her accomplishments; so she suggested that they sing "Pull for the Shore, Sailor." Walter did not quite approve, but he said "go ahead." Don in a shrill treble started, but was unable to carry it through. Therefore she re-started it in a lower key and managed to sing the first line; then a black object coming down the hill attracted her attention and turning a hopeful face to Walter, she exclaimed: "Nep!" Walter having now regained his breath, whistled; Nep stood still on top of a rock on the beach and looked for the spot whence the sound

came; then seeing the children he wagged his tail, ran out into the water for a short distance, took a few strokes, then turned towards the shore, and after giving them a look, bounded up the hill. "He's gone," moaned Don. "Naughty Nep!"

"He's gone for help."

"Yes," and Don attempted to look reassured; a painful attempt. "Let's sing," she suggested, and once again the strains of "Pull for the Shore, Sailor," were lost in the surging of the seas, which was rising higher and higher; now it was flowing into the hollow in which they crouched. Walter drew Don and himself towards the higher part, away from the water; but soon the water would pass over the rock. Don shivered and shuddered and between whiles attempted to sing. In the meantime Nep had bounded up to the manse, overthrowing Amy as he dashed through the small porch into the sitting-room where Mr. Fenwick and his wife sat; he reading as usual, she sewing. "Why, Nep! What do you mean?" exclaimed the latter as she heard Amy's cry and saw Nep standing wet before her. Nep's only answer was to snatch her sewing out of her hand and then to run towards the door. John Fenwick looked up and said, "go out, Nep"; then as if observing a strange, anxious expression in the dog's eyes, he said, "What's up, old fellow?" Mrs. Fenwick had rushed out of the door as if to seek a cause for the dog's conduct; her husband arose and followed her and Nep bounded ahead of them down the path. "Don's

in trouble," and Mrs. Fenwick quickened her pace.

"Why don't you look after her?"

"How can I have my eye on her all the time?"

The parents hurried after the dog, and on reaching the beach looked at first in vain for a sign of the children; at last Mrs. Fenwick heard a faint sound and then on looking towards the rock, clasped her hands in an agony of fright and turning to her husband exclaimed; "John, they're drowning. Save them!" Her husband saw their danger, but he was thinking. There was no man in sight, nor was there a boat; and what must be done, must be done at once. Without answering his wife, he rushed up the hill and across the road to the house there, but no one was to be seen; he was rushing frantically out again when he saw Bill Lindsay coming singing down the road. Bill was a great, stalwart fellow—he told him hurriedly of his plight. Bill threw down his hay fork and ran down to the beach, and stripping off his superfluous clothing, plunged into the water, made for the children, who now clung frantically to the topmost peak of the rock, their head and shoulders barely above the water. It was a wonder that they had clung as long as they had; but the depression in which they stood was what had prevented them from being washed away. Bill struggled with the tide, which one moment sent him back towards the shore and the next drove him outwards and downwards. Mrs. Fenwick stood with white, strained, clenched hands; never for one moment did her gaze leave the rock and the swimmer.

He reached it at last; yes, he had his hand on it; no, he had slipped! Where was he? There he was! He had Don in one hand and he was telling Walter to get on his back. Could he manage it? Yes, he had them. Could he swim with his load? There, he had gone under! They were lost. Mrs. Fenwick shuddered at the thought and strained her gaze more intently. No, there he was! Could he hold out any longer? Nep rushed out to meet him as soon as his dog instinct assured him that he could stem the tide; he caught Walter in his mouth and dragged him from Bill's back. Mr. Fenwick rushed into the water—he was no swimmer—and seized Don from the exhausted Bill, and Nep deposited his burden at the foot of the rock on which Mrs. Fenwick stood. Her father carried Don to her mother and picked up Walter, who shivered and shook and said in a shaky voice, "I thought we was goners." Don, when once assured of her safe deliverance from the maw of the deep, began to cry. Her mother looked at her and instead of throwing her arms around her as she herself thought she would have done a few moments previous, said crossly; but it was not a crossness engendered from bad temper; but rather caused by her highly strung unnerved temperament; she was worried, she always was and she often sought to blame others for her worries, "What took you out there?" Nothing could so effectually have stopped Don's crying; she at once saw that there was no sympathy for her, and therefore she did not ask for it. "We were playing and the tide came in."

“And did you not know that it would come?”

“No.”

“Well you are old enough to know, and you have seen tides enough, I am sure. I don't know what Walter's mother will say to you, leading him into mischief and danger; if I were you I should be afraid to face her; and here is Bill all wet; and all for a naughty little girl”—Don was always blamed. Walter looked on in wondering silence; but when Don in obedience to her mother ran up the hill, or rather tried to, she was exhausted and disheartened, he hurried to her and said “don't mind Don; I'll swear next time.”

On arriving at the house, she asked to be allowed to go to bed and her mother, thinking her safe there, granted her the permission. When once the reaction had set in she cuddled down and thought over their dreadful experience; she closed her eyes to shut out the awfulness of it; but whenever she did so, the mental picture increased in vividness and she opened them again to make sure that she was in bed at the manse, and not being dragged away down into a hole in the bottom of the sea. She could hear the surging of the waves and, yes, the wailing of the mermaid. O! it was awful, and she shuddered; then she sang softly to herself, “Pull for the Shore, Sailor”; but Aunt Ann heard her and said, “if I were you I would be ashamed to sing. Naughty little girls ought to repent in tears.”

“I'm not naughty,” and she cuddled down closer into her pillow. “O, dear!” she sighed, “everything I do is bad. I wonder if nobody

else ever does have things happen. Aunt Ann broke a glass dish, but she didn't get told she was naughty. I must be made bad and queer; but Walter says I ain't; but," and she sighed again, "he didn't swear in blood."

CHAPTER XV.

MEDICAL EXPERIENCES.

Since the events recorded in the last chapter some years have intervened and Don is now a young woman. These years had for the most part been happily spent, clouded at times by misunderstandings. She still thought her own thoughts; wove her own romances, and lived her own life. Walter Mivert had early departed from it; for he had left Mic-Mac and all that remained of their companionship was a faintly fragrant memory of happy days passed together. These memories left no sad regrets, only sweet shadowy thoughts, prophetic of some more to follow.

This period of one's life, if she have not been too early launched on the sea of life, is as a rule an uneventful one; a period of emergence from childhood to adult life, a stage in which childish things are cast off and the more mature are being considered and adapted to one's being, whereby one is especially prepared for the keener, more intense life to come; the life, which is to leave its mark of battles fought and lost or won; the stage of childhood, the blossom stage, is a non-scarring time as compared with the adult stage; the period of maturation and

fruitage. A child has its worries, but they are of momentary duration; it does not lay them to heart and carry them around all day with it into its joyous moments, nor does it nurse them at night; it forgets them; but it is not so in adult life, when they cannot be lightly tossed aside; for, even in the midst of his joys (?) the man feels their presence or sees their lurking shadow ever beside him. Life should be a working time; but work should be a happy performing; not a dark, joyless drudgering, as it too often is; a sunny, singing, uplifting acting of one's part; and not a gloomy, sighing, depressing task-performing. This intervening period is the absorbing and developing stage; its length depending upon circumstances; for Don it had been of some length; for after her preliminary education, which some thought should have been sufficient for her, she had entered upon a course in medicine, thereby horrifying many and causing some to question her sanity. It is just those who have been reared as Don was, amid Nature, who make our best students, our foremost men and women, our pioneers; they are Nature's children; while the city-bred boy or girl, spoonfed and crammed in the public schools, is a hot-house product unfitted for the fierce struggle of life. One has thought his own thoughts; the other has not. Don stood now on the verge of her adult life; the stage of sweet sixteen had been left behind; but not as yet had she entered upon that of the sterner realities of life. The former is the time of sweet, dreamy fancies with here and there a tempestuous love wave, which for

the moment deluges its victim; but the next leaves her high and dry; love plunges are not as yet serious affairs; only little splutterings and sputterings in the Sea of Love. At present and for some time previous Don had left her youthful love fancies behind her, and she was now in love only with her vocation. The young thing requires love, and so does the more mature woman; but the intermediate creature can live on happily with Ambition in its stead; and she now was happy in her new vocation. Like all enthusiastic youth she was full of projects for the future. It was what she was going to do—to herself though, for Don never boasted—not what they would do; this is the age of Self; when we feel strong alone in our own strength; when we regard contemptuously the days of our childhood as nonsensical and empty; and pitiably those of old age yet to come, the coming nightmare. A career or the preparation for it narrows our vision for other fields and we are selfish beings for the time. The bird hatching her young thinks only of them; the young man or woman preparing for a career thinks only of it and ever hatches out new thoughts; it is an incubating time.

Shortly after receiving her degree Don received a letter from a doctor in a distant village asking her to assist him for the summer. She was delighted; for such an opportunity seldom comes unsought to the newly fledged M. D., especially woman. She was slightly acquainted with him and knew his wife's relatives. The village was very small, but prettily situated on

an inland lake studded with small islands and a number of people from the nearest city spent the summer months there. On the first day of July she took the train and arrived after a two hours' ride. It was a beautiful bright day; the heat had not yet been so extreme as to parch the grass and foliage; all Nature was smiling and youthful. At once she was kindly welcomed by Dr. Guthrie and his wife. Having been told that they were not happily married, she felt inclined to at once disbelieve such a statement, for they appeared to be all in all to each other, each seeming to anticipate the needs and wishes of the other.

The Doctor's practice extended over a large area and there was considerable driving. Don was to attend to the office and village practice principally and to go to interesting distant cases with him. She was in that condition in which all newly fledged doctors find themselves; she had the knowledge, but its mode of application was not as yet clear to her; everything appeared to form an indistinct part of a jumble in her mind; it required to be sifted and separated before she could faithfully and intelligently apply it, and this was an excellent opportunity to get it straightened out under the supervision of an older, experienced physician. Dr. Guthrie was a clever man and an able physician; a man who had studied man as man is and strove to understand him. He taught Don many things which she had not learned at college; for there as yet the philosophical and psychological aspects of man receive very little attention. Once in a

while there may be a professor who has a leaning in this direction, and he may cause his students to think rather than to merely imbibe. The world as a whole is too prone to take for granted; hence the slow growth of knowledge. Mind and matter are inextricably co-related; and but few recognize this. Dr. Guthrie did, but he too had become rather disgusted with mankind in general, and he declared that all he practised his profession for was the Almighty Dollar, and he frequently remarked to Don, "You will soon see that there is nothing else in it."

"No, never! Why! you do see something beyond that?"

"O! only as a side issue. You cannot improve the masses; you can only polish them up for another evil day, and all for the dollars you earn by it. You may fancy to yourself that you are becoming altruistic; but you are not; you are still selfishly working for your own good."

"Why, then, have the thoughts you have if you cannot apply them?"

"A comfort to one's self at times; but the public does not appreciate them. Imagine, if you can, me telling old Jim Blair that there is nothing the matter with him; that all he requires to do is to keep himself clean, eat plain food and earn it first! Why! he would think me insane. He wishes to be coddled and fed on drugs. The whole human race is insane on this line; but if we wish to earn our livelihood by this profession we must cater to them. Medicine is fakery, pure and simple. I often have

half a mind to give it up and go to farming or selling tea-pots in the market. The people one meets are enough to disgust any man, let alone a woman. When one gets a glimpse behind the scenes as we do and sees there the lives these so-called Christians live, well! it is enough to cause him to say, 'I'd rather go to Hell than to their Heaven!'"

"But one has only to work his own salvation; he is not denounced for another's sins."

"It is precious hard to think Heavenly thoughts when you are living among such as we encounter every day; it is a fright; the depths to which some of these people will sink and yet pretend to be Christians; these sanctified Horn-erites and Jumpers and Free Methodists around here are enough to disgust any one; they have not even humanity enough in them to feed and care for their brute beasts. Devilised brutes! You will soon sicken of medicine. The scientific aspect of it is fascinating; despite what the laity thinks, the dissecting and operating rooms have no horror; but it is the awful slough of sin-sodden humanity into which you step when you practice, that is full of horrors. It is a living maelstrom of evil; it saps your life and worse still your faith. Do I want the God of these people, a dispenser of evil? No, rather would I shake my puny fist in his face than accept as an act of a kind Providence the death of my child! God does not send disease and death; people court it by disobeying the laws of life. It is God's will. All rot!" and Dr. Guthrie strode over to the window; then turning and

looking at Don, he said: "You are by far too nice a girl to be in medicine. You have entered it in ignorance; but take my advice and quit it."

"No, never! I like it so far, and I do not intend to allow the wickedness of the world to sour me. I shall do my part and——"

"All very well said, and brave; but you will change your mind. Anyway you will not practice for long; you will marry."

"I am not so sure. I am not thinking of such a thing at present."

"No, I know you are not; you are taken up with this fad; but as soon as the novelty is over, then you will change your mind. You will marry; you may marry a doctor and assist him."

"No, thank you! Do all the odds and ends for him and let him get all the fame! I want some for myself."

"At present you do, but you will change your mind; all women at some time or other are contented to work for a man's glory. There is Louise, she thinks of nothing but my comfort; women are all the same."

"I am different."

"You may think so, but——"

"I shall never slave for a man. I should never want to marry a man who knew less than I do; but I should be very unhappy if I thought I were very inferior to him; I shall remain single."

"No, you won't; you will marry; your time will come."

"You do not seem to think all married life bliss; why, then, are you so certain that I, who

know something of its hardships, shall enter upon it?"

"You will overlook them at the time. You will not practice long. Matrimony is a lottery, anyway; one can never tell how it will turn off; there are few prizes and many blanks; but I must be off to see old Jane. Poor old soul! she is better than the most of them; but it makes me sick to hear her talking of the love of God, and its being His will, that she is bed-ridden. What a conception of a God! A merciless tyrant! It shows the hardened, merciless, unjust character of man, who can tolerate such a conception of a God. Where is God is Love, in it? A fig for the wisdom of this sin-sodden world! O! make up a bottle full for Hank Scott. Make it good and stout; anything palatable will not suit him. How man imagines punishment of his physical will cure him! Talk of heathenism! We are heathens, pure and simple; and before we go abroad preaching to these so-called pagans, let us first get a true conception of what Christianity is; we think that because we have gotten this far we are all right, and that it is our duty to bring them to our plane of thought; but we require to go on ourselves, for we are relatively speaking as paganish as they. Religion begins at home. There is some excuse for a really ignorant heathen; but none whatever for a puffed-up, self-satisfied, so-called Christian. Our conception of God is no farther advanced than theirs, considering our advantages. We think that they will go to eternal damnation; not a bit of it! They are striving after a religious

life as much as we are; only in their own way. The Christian's God is an awful Being. Did God make one part of the world and man the remainder? No! Nothing but conscious sins shall be damned, and the poor Hindoo, worshipping his gods many, is not sinning to his knowledge; he is serving to the highest of which his soul is conscious. What a Christian conception to damn such! As well beat an idiot because he is such; if the parents had been beaten perhaps there would be more sense in it. God sends such an affliction! How kind of Him! He would need to have broad shoulders to bear all this blame. Man has been given reason to guide him; but he has turned into non-reason; he does not wish to be a reasoning animal; it forces him to forsake some pet sins. Well, I must get me off to old Jane with her thankful heart to a God delighting in chastening those whom he loves. Man attempts, and succeeds wonderfully, in cheating himself into comfort. What fools we mortals do be!"

Don had just completed dispensing the prescriptions, when the office bell was rung most vigorously, and a young man, fashionably attired, entered the office, and looking hastily around as if in search of some one, said: "I met Dr. Guthrie at the Post Office and he told me to come down and consult Dr. Fenwick, as he, Dr. Guthrie, had to answer another call."

"I am Dr. Fenwick," and she opened the door of the consulting room. He followed her, and then, hesitating for a moment, turned to her and

said: "Will you kindly tell Dr. Fenwick that I wish to see him?"

"But I am Dr. Fenwick."

"O! I beg your pardon; but—" and he looked amusedly at her as if uncertain, that she were telling him the truth. "I expected to see a man. By Jove! This is a joke on me. How funny! Why! I never met a woman physician before; Dr. Guthrie might have prepared me. The Devil! I'll have it out with him yet. Well, I have an awfully sore throat; caught cold driving. Will you look at it? Shall I kneel, or shall I sit, or what?"

"Take this chair; this will be in a good light." Don with difficulty kept herself from appearing amused. "Now, you won't hurt me?" and he looked appealingly at her as she approached with her tongue depressor. "Why, no! Surely you are not afraid of me?"

"O, no! only one never is sure what pain a woman may inflict, when a man is in her power." The necessary examination having been made with the unnecessary, perhaps, amount of gagging on the part of the patient, Don stood ready to give her diagnosis. He looked eagerly at her and said: "You do not think that I am going to have diphtheria or anything like that, do you?"

"O, no! you have only a very much inflamed throat."

"Thank you. By Jove! I had a scare. I am staying here only until to-night and I do not want to be laid up."

"I shall give you some medicine, and I am sure you will not suffer any serious inconvenience."

"O! I know that I shall get relief at once; but by Jove! This is funny. Won't the chaps stare when I tell them. I never dreamed of such a surprise in store for me. You must be brave to engage in such a profession. Ugh! I couldn't. Haven't the nerve. Don't poison any one who displeases you. What a temptation it must be! I'd do it. Good-bye."

"Obey directions and you will recover."

"O! without a doubt. I should be shockingly ungrateful if I did not."

"Another experience," and Don smiled as she tidied the dispensary. "I must go down to Burns'. I expect that I shall have another there, for the Doctor said, "Use a little tact."

It was a fine morning and she crossed the fields and knocked at the kitchen door of a farmhouse. A tall, haughty woman answered the knock, and standing in the half-opened doorway looked at Don as much as to say "and who are you?" Overlooking her manner Don said: "Dr. Guthrie is from home and I have been sent to answer the call."

"I should think that he ought to come himself, when he is sent for."

"He had an earlier call. Will you kindly take me to the patient?"

"She's there," and she pointed to a bedroom opening off the sitting-room. Don followed the directions and found Mrs. Burns lying in bed, wrapped in numerous blankets and quilts, and groaning. The daughter-in-law followed (impelled by curiosity). "O! but I'm powerful bad,"

and the poor creature groaned as she attempted to remove some of her coverings.

"Lie still, Mrs. Burns. I shall take these coverings off. Does the pain hurt you so badly?"

"It's dreadful," and she wrung her hands. "I'm dyin'."

"Not a bit of it; not for many a year yet. How did you get into this state? What have you been doing?"

"Nothin'."

"Out in the rain or out in the evenings at the camp-meeting?"

"No; well, I was out last night; but that wouldn't hurt me; goin' to meetin' never hurt no one."

"I say, she's got the wan'er in' sciaticy; that's what she's got. It'll go all over her 'fore she's rid of it. She'd better have the Doctor down. O' course she kin do as she's a mind to; but if it was me, I'd be better satisfied. He knows her constitution."

"That is for Mrs. Burns to decide; but I am certain that I understand her case. I shall report to Dr. Guthrie and he may come down on his return."

"He'd better. Are you one of them nurses from the city?"

"No," and Don did not consider it necessary to enter into an explanation; but left the house and walked quickly to the office. "Impudent creature! They are all alike; no faith in their own sex."

CHAPTER XVI.

WARNING.

"Off for the evening, Dr. Fenwick?"

"Mr. Russell asked me to go canoeing."

"Ah, yes! Well, don't give your heart away to an old bachelor."

"I am not disposing of hearts at present. I am beating with clubs; they mean knowledge."

"It will be with spades you will be digging yet. Well, go along and have a good time. All I regret is that I did not flirt more when I had the opportunity. One should enjoy his youth; but don't you waste any affection on Jack, though; he's dead; no heart whatever."

"I do not agree with you; there is more than one dream of."

"Have a care."

"No danger," and she tripped down to the gate, where a man of about thirty-five was awaiting her. His every movement was quick and decisive, and upon hearing his first utterance one could at once judge of his vocation—he was a lawyer. He was rustivating here and he and Don had become acquainted; he admired the independent, bright, clever woman, who possessed attributes which the maidens of the hotel lacked. Their tastes in some respects were similar, both

being fond of the water. After they had passed out of sight Dr. Guthrie fell to thinking. "Jack's a confirmed bachelor; but who can tell. He has waited long and may now make a good choice," and then disgustedly added: "Young fools do not know what love means."

"Why, Teddy! they are the only ones who do. You and I did," and Mrs. Guthrie, who had just come from the house, looked affectionately at her husband.

"Yes, yes; but some don't," and he stooped to pick up a newspaper.

In the meantime Don and Mr. Russell leisurely strolled towards the lake. Once in a while, as if some impulse had taken possession of her, she hurried forward for a few yards and then awaited her companion.

"What mood this evening? You change them like those maidens at the hotel their dresses."

"I am in a hurry to reach the lake and you are slow."

"Pardon me! Why did you not tell me so?"

"You should read my thoughts and actions."

"I am not a mind-reader."

"Lawyers ought to be."

"Lawyers do not desire always to be lawyers. I am not one at present. You women are always playing the part of detectives."

"They should make good lawyers."

"As far as guessing goes, yes; but I hope that I shall never see the day when they shall plead before the Bar."

"Why?"

"Here, allow me to assist you! As usual, so

independent. You are an independent chit if ever there was one."

"It comes natural."

"Apparently."

"But why?"

"As to my objection?"

"Yes."

"Well," and as he paddled his canoe out from the shore he looked intently at the fleecy, flecked sky and then at Don.

"Well, why not? You are sky-gazing. I want an answer."

"And you shall have it. Well, for one thing we men should have to give up."

"Why so?" and she looked up quickly from the daisy she was plucking to pieces and over which she had been saying to herself, "One, he loves me; two, he loves me not; three, he would if he could; four, but he can't."

"Do not become excited, Doctorine."

"No; but why should you men have to give up? Could you not endure the poor logic of us women?"

"O! not at all; but why? There would be no pleading for us to do. Now tell me, in all sincerity, how could I ever get up there and pull some fair maiden's arguments all to pieces? Why! I could not; the thing is impossible. No man could. It would be cruel."

"Nonsense; man is not so tender-hearted as all that. I know a few of them."

"And judge all of us by those few? That is woman's logic. Why, if I were to rag a woman as I do a man, she would dissolve in tears."

"Never! Women who are trained and have a purpose do not cry at every little puff of adverse wind. I do not."

"You do as bad; just now, when you said 'why so?' you looked at me in such a way that, well, I had not an answer ready. Woman has that way. No, we do not want her in law."

"No, nor anywhere else, but just where she is, a slave to man and his pleasures. It is the same in medicine; but we are going to get into all of the professions."

"I do not doubt it; you all have pluck enough for that; but do not rush into it too precipitately, for every advancement carries with it its increased responsibilities."

"We do not fear assuming our share.' "

"No; but it may mean a loss of happiness. You are aggressive. I did not think you half so much so."

"No, people never do know me as I really am. I am sick and tired of being designated as sweet, which is synonymous with inane, incapable and all the other ins. A woman must be lantern-jawed, raw-boned, big as a house, have a manly stride before she can know anything; otherwise she lacks professional dignity and strength."

"Sentiment rules."

"It makes me boil."

"Don't; you do not look pretty in that state," and he looked teasingly at her.

"What is the use of looking pretty? I want to look professional."

"It will be many a day before you look that." Don flashed one of those soul thoughts of hers

which would ever betray her. He remained silent, looking curiously at her, and then said: "You are not going to get angry, are you?" "Didn't I tell you a woman couldn't stand opposition. It does not do to rag her."

"I am not angry, but I do hate to everlastingly hear of the inequality of the sexes. Women can be doctors and lawyers; they have shown the world that they can."

"I grant you all this; but is it for woman's and the world's advantage?"

"I think so; she purifies the professions."

"Yes; she has a great and good influence; but may she not lose this very influence in her contact with this sordid world; may she not exert it to a better advantage in her home?"

"Some may; others prefer going out into the world. A woman of brains and aspirations detests to settle down into a stay-at-home-maid-of-all-work."

"You go to extremes. Do you believe in a woman marrying and then practising medicine?"

"No; but she may marry a doctor. They then will have something in common."

"May they not then have too much? Do you not think that, perhaps, when a man has the leisure to enjoy his wife's society, he would rather throw medicine aside and just have a nice, loving time with a sweet, gentle, not-too-brainy little wife? I have a friend who has just such a wife, and he is very clever, a judge; but all he expects when at home is to be cuddled up and made happy."

"If a man has plenty of pussy-cat about him,

perhaps so ; but not if he is really an intellectual, soulful man. Then he desires something else than purring and patting ; at least I should think so," and Don vigorously plucked the remaining petals off the daisy.

"So you may attempt to make yourself think ; but now be honest, 'fess right up that much and all as you love your profession, that just now it is a recreation to pull even those petals off that daisy and say gently to yourself, 'he loves me, he loves me not,' and so on? I have forgotten the rest. The romance has been taken out of me. Now, is it not?"

"Only a little something to do, when the brain requires a rest. It is all foolishness."

"Just so! and that is why the doctor desires to come home to all foolishness ; it rests him."

"Well, I can assure you, no man need think he is coming home to 'all foolishness' in my case. I shall play the fool to no man."

"He will have to play it to you in your moments of recreation."

"Well," and she smiled, "has it then to be played by one? I should despise the man who knew less than me.' "

"I should not want to be he."

"No danger," and she looked sternly at the distant fields.

"No, I suppose not. Well, go ahead in your profession. I do admit that women have a field in medicine, but not in law ; but I fancy that before many years you too will have changed your occupation and will consider it a pleasure to play

the fool, as you express it, to some man. Does not Mrs. Guthrie enjoying playing this role?"

"All women are not Mrs. Guthries. Not that I wish to cast any reflection upon her; she is kindness itself to me; but all the same Dr. Guthrie has made a mistake. They appear to be everything to each other; but they cannot have a thought in common."

"There it is again! You see your argument is no good; the in-common is not necessary."

"I cannot agree with you; you must admit that even if they do agree, he will never be the man he ought to have been; he shall live and die here; whereas, if he had waited longer, married a more intellectual and refined woman, he would never spend his life here as an ordinary country practitioner. If he were ever master of his fate, he has failed to make use of the opportunity. As Oliver Wendell Holmes says, 'One of those miserable matrimonial mesalliances, where a young man, who does not know himself as yet, flings his magnificent future into the checked apron lap of some fresh-faced, half-bred country girl, no more fit to be mated with him than her father's horse to go in double-harness with Flora Temple.'"

"I agree with you; he has wasted his opportunity. It is a shame. He is a bright fellow, but he is going to seed. He enjoys our company; but, Doctorine, will you take a little friendly advice from an old man-of-the-world? Do not make yourself too pleasant company to him."

"I do not see why you should think it neces-

sary, Mr. Russell, to make any such remark," and Don's eyes flashed; "just because I pity him."

"I sincerely beg your pardon if I have hurt your feelings; only, little Doctor, I know the world and I know Dr. Guthrie. He means well, but men are vulnerable, and under the present circumstances I would advise you to be careful, not that for a moment do I consider you otherwise; only in a good-hearted, innocent way you may be thrown too much in his company. I was almost sorry when I heard that you were coming; but do not take for impertinence what is intended only as a little advice."

Don remained silent. What business had he in advising her? Surely she was capable of looking after herself. Why did he so misjudge her? Did he fancy her a man-hunter? They floated on in silence for a short time, which seemed very long to each; neither appeared to be able to break the discomfiting silence. Don dabbled her right hand in the water and appeared to be much occupied in the operation, while Mr. Russell gently paddled the canoe and seemed intent on studying the moonlight on the water. At last she looked at him; he smiled and said: "Isn't that a ripe, juicy moon? Why! what is that unearthly howling over there? Do you not hear it?"

"Hornerites; they are holding a camp-meeting over there by Burnses. Have you never gone?"

"No; have you?"

"Once."

"Will you go again? I have a curiosity to

attend a service which calls for such enthusiasm. There is not much of it in the other churches to-day."

"Yes, I shall go; but once will satisfy you."

"More than do so, I expect. What a number of sects for such a small village!"

"The people ought to be very good; but——"

"And are they not?"

"Not particularly so, if one may judge by the amount of boating on Sundays."

"You think it wrong?"

"I am rather undecided on the point; most people do, though."

"A diplomatic answer. You are non-committal. Do tell me, Doctorine, what harm can there possibly be in a person coming out on Sunday and quietly paddling around this lake?"

"I cannot say that there is any; but still one feels as if it is not quite right."

"It does me more good than dressing up and sitting in a hot church, and one has to dress. Imagine the amazement if I should walk in in these knickerbockers, only!"

"Do not pay any attention to it."

"Must; one hates to be conspicuous. No, I would rather take my chances out here of going to Heaven."

"One must settle that for himself. I am thinking upon the subject. There is too much church-slavery and not sufficient of the Christ-spirit. What simple nonsense, that howling over there!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CAMP-MEETING.

"Off again, Dr. Fenwick! I tell you, the Bachelor is in favor. Have a care; these old lads are selfish ones."

"Never a fear. I am safe from Cupid's darts. We are going to the Hornerite meeting."

"Going to have him converted first, eh? Well, it will not hurt him." Don walked down to the gate, where she found Mr. Russell awaiting her. "Are you in a serious mood?" he flippantly asked. "I am not."

"I believe that the tent is crowded. People come from all around, for miles and miles. There is a seat up at the front," and Don hurried up the aisle, followed by Mr. Russell. "I thought we might as well be in the thick of it, and I saw your courage failing."

At one end of the large tent there was a large, slightly raised platform; the ground was covered with straw and boards laid on frames served as seats. It was a strange audience; old men and women, middle-aged men and women, young swains and their lasses, young men gathered in knots by themselves, giggling young women by themselves, young boys and girls and here and there a baby. The costumes were varied; here

a slovenly man and woman, true children of toil, too wearied to dress themselves up; here spruce young men and women. It was a motley crowd. The leader, a red-haired, coarse-featured man, stood on the platform and intently scanned the audience; a hush fell and he opened the service by announcing a hymn. Then he invited (in the most peremptory tones) all those who were seeking for "The Power" to come out to the front. "If you was a lot of thrashers hungry after victuals you'd come right out without no urging. You ought to be just as hungry after the Heavenly feeds. Come 'long. Now don't wait; this is the 'pointed time. Come right 'long. Yes, that's it: One, two, three, four. Are there no more? Yes, there's more comin'! That's right. Come right up. There's room and to spare for sin-sick souls. Just kneel 'round here and if there ain't room here, get behind these here in the front. No matter s' long's you're near the penitent bench. Now, my friends, pray with all your might for the Glory, and it'll come. It'll descend like the dove. There, it's comin'. Pray louder, altogether. This sound will rend the clouds and go right up to the great, white throne. That's it, sister! You've got it. It's comin' down all 'round you people in the seats. Yes, you, sister," as a young girl looked frightenedly around her. "You're sinners indeed or you'd be up here. God have pity on them. That's it, sister," as the above-mentioned young woman came tremblingly towards those kneeling around the platform. "God's sendin' you, and the Devil's pullin' you back. Here you are

safe from his clutches. Praise the Lord; there's one gone over! The Power's descendin' in strength. Pray harder."

"Goodness! Bedlam let loose," and Mr. Russell put his hands over his ears for a moment.

"What think you of it?"

"Awful! Prophets of Baal!"

"There is a prostration!"

A young man had fallen backwards in the straw, and at intervals, in a harsh, rasping voice was shouting "Glory! Glory!! Glory!!! I see 'em!" A woman was praying in a shrill treble that almost pierced one's tympanic membranes. "Lord! Lord!! Lord!!! come down. O! I'm so happy."

"I should think so; who is that odd creature over there?"

"Old Min. She goes up because the rest do; she has no religion about her."

"What a costume; Aunt Sally's rag-bag!"

"You may well say so. She is as vain as a peacock."

"How much more of this?"

"It has just begun. Does it begin to pall?"

"A bit."

"Look!" and Don directed his attention to the far end of the platform, where an old woman had indignantly arisen from her knees and was shaking her fist at the leader. "Ye're a liar. I came last night and you said if I wanted The Power I'd hev to take the trimmin's off my bunnet; and so I did. It's all a lie."

"My dear, deluded sister, I did say so; but you haven't took all them off; here's a bit of lace.

You must not go half way and expect the Lord to grant you full sanctification."

"Mph! would you skin me? No, I'll have none of your lyin' nonsense. I'll go back to my own church and wear my bunnet as it's made. Ye're a rascal and that's all. The Lord wouldn't ask anybody to do no sich a thing as wear a bunnet without a bit of trimmin'. What did he trim the earth for? Shure, and there could be no pride in wearin' this ould thing, that I've had for tin years, summer and winter! There's not much pride left in a withered up ould body like me. No, ye're a sell; there's no religion 'bout ye and yer fallin' down. Why don't ye git down yerself?"

"Be quiet, sister. Women should be silent in public."

"Tut! and ye allows that Mary Ann Coates to holler herself black in the face. It's only when a woman doesn't agree with ye that you try to shet her up. Why don't ye holler yerself?"

"The Lord's annointed do not need to; they are above sin."

"Be ye?" and she looked piercingly at him. "There's them no far off above ye. I'm off," and she tied on her bonnet and marched out of the tent.

"It's a pity there are not more like her. Well, Doctorine, what say you to leaving also?"

"Had sufficient? Yes. let us."

"It is awful sacrilege; hypnotism pure and simple. Come, we can sneak out." They arose and were just leaving the tent as quietly as they

could with having to stumble over the feet of some of the kneeling penitents, when the leader espying them, called out after them in a loud voice, so that all eyes were upon them at once: "Young man, young woman, you are going straight to Hell!" Mr. Russell turned and gave him one piercing glance; so piercing that a young girl near the door exclaimed in a frightened voice: "Gosh! but that ought to scare him. The old beggar's met his equal." Remarking that "the Lord will have vengeance," the leader turned his attention to his clamoring seekers.

"What say you to a paddle?"

"It is just what I should most enjoy after that howling. It will be a treat to get right out with Nature as she ought to be. It is such a glorious night." A canoe floated gently on the calm water of the little lake and a man and a woman oblivious to all else than their present environment, enjoyed the delights of the hour; it was a silent enjoyment; scarcely a word was spoken; each seemed to be so completely happy that conversation was not necessary. There are those who express their delight (?) by vociferous phrases, loud ejaculations, and energetic gesticulations; but there are others whose silence is eloquent of their enjoyment; words to these are hollow, inadequate terms; the soul enjoys what the tongue cannot give expression to. The man who, in holy, enraptured praise, lifts his soul to God, amid lovely natural environments, cannot find words to express his delight; if he attempt to do so, he feels the utter paucity of them. Our best talkers are seldom our best thinkers; there

is a glibness of tongue with a vacancy of thought. These two enjoyed a golden silence. Nature was the one tie between them; for in many respects they were far apart, perhaps apparently more so than in reality; he was a man of the world; Don was not; but out here they were one. Once she had fancied a social life pleasant, but she now knew that one cannot be a butterfly and be famous; and at present she coveted fame above all other things. You may say no woman desires fame; she does, however. Don built many castles in the air, and who does not, unless she be a self-satisfied ape? No great fame was ever won without them; but many build in fancy and not in reality. Provided that there is energy of purpose behind the day-dream, these airy imaginings are not useless; they wing man on to the angel state; without them he would still forever and forever grovel in the dust as the worm. Man is too often content to be only as a worm, when otherwise he might be as the bird that soars aloft. Everything in our advancement has its use and place; when it appears in the wrong direction it is not the fault of the thing itself; but of its misapplication. There should be no such thing as Evil, neither is there; it is only Good misapplied. Good is true, constant and real. Evil is untrue, inconstant and unreal and the result of our contorted ideas of Good. There should be no Hell; there is in truth none; there are only grades of Heaven. Good will live, Evil will not; Good is increasing, Evil is decreasing; Good is positive, Evil is negative.

The frogs piped all along the banks of the lake a chorus of Nature; once in a while a bullfrog would bring his deep bass notes to relieve the sweet monotony of the chorus; the moon sailed on overhead serenely shedding her dead, cold, silvery light on the earth; she shed it munificently on the little lake, making a silvery pathway up to Heaven; a poor whip-poor-will, as if in challenge to the bullfrog, sang out his doleful song, "whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!! A black snake, with its saucy black head just above the water, swam close to the canoe, and Don, who had been gently dabbling her hands in the water, started and said "O!"

"It takes a snake to bring us to speech."

"Ugh! I detest them," and she shuddered. "They are so suggestive of all that is vile. When I see one I always feel as if some horrible thing will happen. The dislike appears to be an inherited trait in the human race."

"From old Adam and Eve down? Say, Doctorine, do you believe the old myth?"

"I hardly know; I am hopelessly tangled in religious matters. I hope to get straightened out some day."

"I am the same, but believe that I will not. Imagine two people being set down in a Garden of Eden and an old serpent tempting them. I should not thank a creator for making me such a jelly-fish. It is allegory and as that I will accept it, but not literally. You believe in Evolution?"

"Yes."

"It should settle your doubts."

"I am looking to it to do so. I intend to delve right down into it; but it is so difficult to eradicate old theories which one has been taught to accept as facts; they are ingrained in one's very being. I suppose, unless one can have the whole truth, it is safer for her to be hedged in by customary beliefs; they may serve as a safeguard."

"A case of a little freedom being a bad thing. Is it not better to have a little fresh air than none whatever? Is it not advisable to break down your yard fence if it keeps out a little sunlight?"

"Yes; I suppose so."

"Public opinion certainly has its place; it is necessary for the masses, who have no desire to think for themselves, but like a drove of sheep must be herded and penned together; but others may prefer to think. Often it may prove a barrier to their worldly success; for we must face unjust criticism; but it harms no one so much as he who criticises. Pioneers always have their sorrows; but we can endure them. Many would laugh at me being one, and perhaps rightly so; for I do not set much of an example. I am too selfish for that; but I attempt to set an example of freedom of thought and action."

"Do you not think that you might have a better influence if you would conform a little more to certain customs, and yet at the same time retain sufficient freedom?"

"Impossible! How, now, could I?"

"Why! go to church for one thing."

"No; I should be thinking of everything but the service; I should be criticising the preacher."

"You should make allowance for him; he is only human and attempting to do his best; by your going others who would listen might go."

"If I thought so I might. I do not think that the majority of the clergymen are doing their best; most of them are only making an easy living; it is a profession in which a man has more time to devote to study; while you doctors and we lawyers are struggling along with the world trying to cure diseased bodies and to set wrongs right, the average clergyman is enjoying his favorite studies, which are not always theology. He does not enter into life as we are compelled to; he does not see the sights, smell the odors nor touch the polluted as we do. There are more real preachers out of the pulpits than in them. When I was attending the University I knew quite a number of the Divinity students, and I saw what they were after, seven hundred and fifty, a manse and leisure in which to study for themselves."

"And a wife?"

"Yes; they seek a companion and shut themselves off from the world and enjoy sentiment. All romance and sentiment, except such as I enjoy out here away from man, has been taken out of my life; I have seen too much of the unromantic side; I often feel as if there is no soundness in life; you will soon come to the same conclusion and for this reason I dislike to think of you facing the world; it makes one hard to come in contact with its grossness and selfishness; if you float along with the crowd, as most women do, you may not ever be conscious

of its ills; but in your profession your eyes will be opened and your heart will be nearly broken at times.' "

"'If ignorance be bliss, 'twere folly to be wise'; but if one may rise to higher planes through having a knowledge of the world as it is, then?"

"If you can; if the heart is not eaten out of you ere you get there."

"Is it not worth the venture?"

"That is the question! I often wonder I have lost faith in humanity. Do you know why I seek your companionship? Just because, as yet, you are untainted by the world; you have high, bright hopes, and it is a pleasure to a man, who is sickened with men and women as they are, to know you; but you will either fall in with them or else become as I am, disgusted with them—a poor, unhappy soul."

"Is not disgust a good thing?"

"In its place; but not when it constitutes your whole life. Everything but this palls on me; there is no sweetness in life. If there were no water and canoes I should give up the ghost."

"You are not totally stranded, then?"

"No; but it is after all a small comfort when one thinks of what one might have. Excuse me for saying it, Doctorine, but I have little faith in humanity as it is to-day; I dare not think of taking a wife; how do I know that she would be any better than many others?"

"That is rather hard; might there not be a woman like your ideal?"

"True, and a hundred times too good for me;

but how am I to know that I have been fortunate enough to get that one? The race is so enslaved in falsehood, that one is not sure of anything, until he meets it face to face in everyday life, and then he is disappointed; but there is no escape. I meet a young woman, beautiful, charming; she talks sensibly and then, when it is too late, I find her mean, selfish, dishonest and false to me; what am I to do? Exist with her? No, never!"

"Yes; but may not she also be disappointed in you; we are none of us angels?"

"True, horribly true! but one cannot bear to have his delusions dispelled; he would rather hold on to them even if they are a few flimsy rags of fancy. No, I could not endure it; so, Doctorine, I shall remain a bachelor. Ten years hence I shall be pleased to hear your opinion on this world; but, little Doctor girl, I hate to think of your awakening."

"Evidently I shall either according to your theory survive with the world, and be false to all that is good, or become disgusted with the world and live alone. May I not strive to arise along the latter pathway?"

"You may, but will you? I am speaking plainly. One may be brave for himself and he may struggle on; but he has a horror of another and that other a woman, attempting to rise above the breakers."

"But I am here! What am I to do? I must do something; I am not a stone."

"Happier if you were. Well, yes; but if happiness is what you long for, then swim and at

last sink with the crowd; you will then not know what you are missing. Marry a man of wealth and average activity, without any lofty aspirations, let him pet and fondle you, do not attempt to rise above a woman's ordinary sphere and you may die happy; leave evolution and theology alone and medicine; do not strive after knowledge and you may be happy; expect little of others and of yourself and you may live without cares; but once aspire and you must inevitably be miserable; woman cannot endure the criticism of the world."

"She can and she will. I shall never be content to exist with the masses."

"Then you shall never know happiness. If this canoe could be your home, this lake your environment," and he hesitated for an instant and looked sorrowfully at her, then resumed; "but this is not; this is rather a glimpse of Heaven; but only for an instant; life is like that howling throng over there. Ignorance is bliss."

"It is getting late. I think I had better return; but I hate to leave this spot."

"Yes, there it is! Your soul, the only true, knowing part of one, recognizes this as its environment; but life is not this. Think over an old Bachelor's advice."

"Yes, but," and she raised a pair of dancing, smiling eyes, full of youthful hopes for future happiness, to meet those of a man who knew the world from his standpoint of a lawyer disgusted with humanity. Happiness was to him a delusion, an unattainable will-o'-the-wisp. This evening he had snatched a few brief moments, but

even these were made bitter by the thought of the world with which he was disgusted. After he had assisted her from the canoe he held her hand for a moment and looked down tenderly into her bright, upturned face; he pressed her hand in a way no one had ever done before; she felt queer and looked down wistfully at their clasped hands; then he relaxed his grasp of her hand and said in his usual tone, "Little Doctor, I must say good-bye to-night. I leave early to-morrow morning."

"Why! this is unexpected," and she looked intently at him. "Do you mean it?"

"Yes; Peters wants me back in the office. He has had no vacation as yet, and it is not fair. I am a selfish brute,"

They walked on in silence, each busy with his own thoughts, for new ideas had sprung into growth to-night.

* * * *

"Come in, Russell, I have not seen anything of you since Miss Doctor arrived. You are neglecting your old friends. It is pleasant out here on the veranda. Here I have been all alone this evening. Mrs. Guthrie is in town."

"You are not at home when I call. You doctors are uncatchables. Yes, I shall take a rest for a few minutes. This is a glorious evening."

"Yes, indeed. Life is worth living at night if not during the day. Have a smoke? What! no? This is new. Any one been at work converting you?" and he looked in Don's direction, where she sat in a hammock a few feet from them. "Well, and how did you enjoy the Hornets? Did

the Doctor here get you up to the front? She is half one herself."

"Not a bit of it; we turned and fled after a short siege of it."

"Brave souls! So you did not remain for the fun? I should have thought you would have had sand enough for that. Why! they had a glorious time; half of them prostrated and the rest next door to it."

"Were you there?"

"Me! not a bit of it; but Bill Blair came rushing into the office like one possessed. I said, look here, young man, the Judgment Day is far off yet, take your time. What's up? 'O! O!! O!!!' I said, speak out. Then he glared at me and sank down in a chair and said, 'I'm clean tuckered. Come on up to the tent and see after the folks.' I said what folks up at the tent? No, you don't; if people are fools, I am not going to run around after them. By this time he had gotten his senses collected and he continued: 'Why, Lil Hart, Jim's girl, went up and got prostrated, and Liz, that's her sister, went near crazy thinkin' Lil's dead, and Jim, he run out of the tent to fetch you, and he took a spell and fell under one of the horses and near got kicked. It's awful!' Yes, I said, it is awful. What fools you people will make of yourselves, tearing off to these circuses every night. I am ashamed of you all. If you would stay at home such men as he would stay away from the place; you encourage him. 'Well, you're right.' Of course I am. 'Will you come up and look after Lil?' No, I will not, I said. She will come out

all right; but you tell her to come here to-morrow and get some wholesome advice."

"Ugh! it is awful. I shall never go again."

"That is what you always say. I believe that you are hypnotized like the rest."

"Indeed I am not."

"The Doctor here thinks that she cannot be hypnotized."

"Has she ever tried to be?"

"No, indeed, Mr. Russell, and I don't ever intend to be a subject. It is too uncanny for me."

"Guthrie, what do you think of this, anyway? Is it not hypnotism pure and simple?"

"Yes, but only an exaggerated form of all the religions of the day. They all depend upon it. People gather together in a church, the thought is suggested by their environment that they are there to worship a God and they do so. The more devout they are the more do they come under the influence. Your giddy, inattentive lads and lassies do not enter into the worshipful spirit of the hour. Down at these meetings the thought is suggested of receiving 'the Glory'; what it is I know not, nor do they, of being ready for the Kingdom of Heaven; and, some more responsive than the rest, immediately enter into the hypnotic state. It may not be all oral suggestion; the leader furnishes one thought; this thought in the mind of the subject generates other thoughts, and apparently the person is being acted upon by some supernatural influence, when it is only a mere man who has thrown out the suggestion. All religions are based on this principle; the higher the reasoning powers of the adherents the

less of this apparent supernatural wonderism and mystery; the more real, the less grotesque; God becomes more human and less spirit. It is all as plain as a pike-staff. A high force of morality is not engendered in these people; but instead a mere hallucinatory religion; that is why they fail to live good, honest lives. Science, pure and undefiled, and not this jugglery, is what they require; teach them to obey natural law and thereby do right for right's sake and not to save their hides from eternal Hell-fire; teach them to put faith in Law; not in a Personal Deity. God is the soul of Nature, not a personified spirit; but they cannot grasp such a conception; until they can, perhaps this keeps them out of worse mischief. They need more of the Sermon on the Mount and less of creeds; but until there is a scientifically educated clergy, so long shall there be error from the pulpits. Our clergy do not know Natural Law themselves, do not obey it; blind leaders of the blind; they are stuck to theology and metaphysics, dead, lifeless, inanimated, decayed dogmas and theories, which they try to palm off on a developing public as adequate truths. If a clergyman does attempt to advance he is accused of heresy. Any man is to be pitied in that profession; he is trammelled at every step; he dares not be natural. Imagine a thinking, up-to-date man comforting parents who are grieving for a dead child, dead by faulty drainage, by saying 'it is the will of God.' He is as ignorant in doing so as an Indian, who attributes such a calamity to an evil spirit; nay, more so; for the latter attributes it to a

right source, evil or disobedience to law; while your Christian accuses a loving God of such an act. It is blasphemy. God cannot do wrong. I could wish these Hornerites in Labrador; they do more mischief than one would ever imagine. They get hold of a hysterical woman and she is of no more use. I have some in my practice and I speak from experience."

"Well, the Doctorine and I have returned sane. We found the lake preferable; but I must hie me home. I keep good hours here. Good-bye; I leave early in the morning."

"Why! what's up?" and he glanced from Mr. Russell to the hammock, which Don had just vacated. "You haven't up an—and been re——"

"Me! Oh, dear, no! Mr. Peters is growling for a vacation. I have remained a week longer than usual."

"But this is sudden!"

"Well, yes, in a way; I intended having another week of it; but my conscience began pricking me to-day."

"So—so!" and the Doctor looked knowingly at him. "Are you not going to say good-bye to Miss Doctor?"

"I have."

"I see," and he whistled softly. "Well, good-bye, old fellow. Come back again. These things pass over. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," and Mr. Russell walked down the road thinking to himself.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Doctor and Mrs. Guthrie had gone to the city and Don had been left in charge; and now she stood awaiting the former, who was to return for tea. Alice, the hired girl, was preparing the meal and Don stood by the screen door watching a humming bird sipping nectar from some blossoms. She was in a good humor; the day had passed away most satisfactorily, and now, as she stood at the door, she presented a pretty, fascinating picture of clever, healthy young womanhood. She felt, as well, as looked well and she knew it; a recent cold bath had left its usual good effects and a pretty pink blouse only heightened its effects; her eyes were bright and she was in high good humor; that state, which so often comes before depression; the sunshine before a storm. As she stood there the Doctor drove up, gave his horse to the boy and hurried to the house. He looked at the fair young woman. "How are you? Never saw you looking better. Has all gone well to-day?"

"Yes," and she regarded him with one of those bewitching smiles, which seem to be given to women who tempt men, and unconsciously, too.

"No calls? I am glad. Alice, I'm starving. Let us have tea." And then standing by Don he said: "Going to the hop to-night?"

"No."

"That is well."

They had their tea and all passed off merrily; but something kept saying to Don, "Take care." She heeded it not, and after the meal was over they repaired to the sitting-room, where she played on the piano and the Doctor read the paper. At last, tired of the piano, she walked across to a low easy chair and picking up a Medical Journal commenced to read it; he laid down his paper and wheeled his chair close up to hers. "What is interesting you?"

"O! an article on typhoid. It is not worth much, though."

"Read it to me."

"If you care to hear it,' and she read aloud in her musical voice. The article finished, she laid down the journal and straightened herself preparatory to rising. "Where are you going? There is no office work to-night, is there?"

"No; but I think I shall retire. I enjoy these delightful quiet nights out here. One can sleep so well."

"Don't! I do not often have the leisure to talk to you."

"Why! we have had a good many conversations."

"No, only snatches. It is early. Do grant me this favor this once. I do not ask many of you. Do not give all your spare time to a Bachelor."

"I do not,' and she flushed.

"Well, no, perhaps not; but I do enjoy having some one with whom to talk."

"You are not living in a desert."

"Almost; one does not meet with many congenial spirits. Say, girlie! you look well to-night, never better," and he strove to take her hand; she snatched it away and looked indignant at him.

"Don't, pet."

"I shall retire," and she arose and walked quickly towards the hall door.

"Don't, Don!" and he followed her. "You are not offended, are you? I did not mean to annoy you. Just give me one kiss," and he stooped to take it; but she glided out of the door and up to her room, where, throwing herself on her bed, she groaned, "O! I never thought he would do that. I know, I know, I should not have been so agreeable; but I did fancy him too much of a man for this despicable conduct; I did think he could enjoy a woman's company without abusing it; one never knows. I shall be like ice. I hate to allow a man to think that I can believe him capable of taking such an advantage; but one must treat them, everyone, as if they are Devils. All he came home for this evening was to have my company; for I heard Mrs. Guthrie persuading him to remain in the city. He does not love her. What homes there are! Make-believes! What is that noise? I must be nervous. No, there it is again! Some one is crying. She is screaming. It must be Alice," and hastily arising Don rushed towards Alice's room, which was in the rear of the house. "She must be ill." Opening the door she found Alice with her head buried in her pillow, sob-

bing as if her heart would break. "Why, Alice! what is the matter?"

"O! O!! O!!! I'm so wicked."

"What makes you think so?"

"The man at the tent told me all about my sins, and O! O!! I'm dreadful."

"Nonsense! stop crying; it will not make you any less a sinner. If you have sinned, cease to do so, and that is all any one can expect of you."

"O! but I'm too bad to get forgiv'n. He said nobody that liked good clothes couldn't get the Power, and, and, I do like 'em."

"Tut! Clothes are made to be worn."

"O! I'm 'fraid I'll go to Hell."

"Not if you do right. Here! stop crying and go to sleep."

"I can't; I was trying to and I seen the Devil a-swoopin' down on me with his great big black wings and his teeth all ready to bite, and then I looked and I saw Jesus on his cross, lookin' so sad at me, and it made me feel bad——"

"But, did not Satan then vanish?"

"Yes."

"Let that be a sign that if you cease to do wrong and do right you shall be good. Come, do not worry over this."

"I can't sleep here; every time I shet my eyes I see him glowerin' at me."

"Get into my bed."

"But you like to sleep alone?"

"For one night I can afford to share my bed. Come, you had better not go to any more of those meetings."

Before very long Alice was sound asleep; impressionable, emotional natures once they are aware that they are in safe hands forget their terror; but Don herself lay awake for a long time thinking, condemning herself with all a pure woman's horror for the turn her own affairs had taken; at last she fell asleep, only a short time afterwards to awaken with a start. "What's that?"

"Lie down; it is only me. I have got to go out, and I want you to answer the bell. I have a call to the hotel," and Dr. Guthrie whispered this close to her ear; then she felt his moustache on her face, and he kissed her. She snatched away her right hand, which he had held, and pushed him from her. He passed out of the room. Alice turned slowly in bed and stupidly asked, "What's that?"

"Only the Doctor; he has got to go to the hotel."

"O! I thought it was burglars," and she turned over and was soon sound asleep; but not so with Don. With strained ears she listened for every sound and inwardly groaned, "O! O!! what shall I do? I will go home to-morrow. I will never sleep another wink in this house. The Brute! I never thought so-called decent men as bad as this. I do not wish for his caresses. I will go home to-morrow. I can make some excuse. I do not believe he has gone out; it is a lie; there is no truth in him." The hours passed slowly, long, agonizing hours in which she blamed him, then herself. She heard three, four, five and six strike; and then she fell into a troubled sleep.

When she awoke she found that Alice had gone down stairs; it was eight o'clock; she would be late for breakfast, but so much the better; she would then escape meeting him, and she shuddered. Dressing quickly she hurried down, as she knew that Alice disliked late breakfasts; but when she entered the dining-room she saw him standing at the door, looking out at his flower-beds. He had not breakfasted yet, but evidently had waited for her. He turned and said, "Good-morning." She replied in a cold tone, and Alice looked up as if to ask the reason of this; but receiving no clue, said, "Breakfast's ready, and late 'nough, too."

"I am sorry, Alice, but I overslept myself. You should not have waited."

"Doc wouldn't eat his'n till you come."

They took their places. Don addressed a few remarks to Alice and toyed with the food; the Doctor looked at her for some time in silence and then said: "Are you not well this morning? Did Alice frighten you last night?"

"No; never felt better."

"You appear to have lost your appetite."

"No."

"I guess I did frighten her. My!"

"No, Alice. I am quite well," then they again lapsed into silence. It was one of those uncomfortable meals which we all experience where there is friction under the surface. When they arose Don excused herself and went out on her morning calls. On her return she found the Doctor in the office, evidently awaiting her return; but she took no notice of his presence, and

after setting down her grip was passing out of the room, when he said, "How are the patients?"

"Doing well."

"Wait a moment. I wish to speak to you. What is the matter? You are not yourself."

"Such a question is superfluous."

"Do wait," as she was leaving.

"Is there any dispensing? if not——"

"No; but why this coldness?"

"If you don't know, you ought to."

"Why! surely you are not annoyed at me for——"

"Why should I not be?"

"Girls are not usually."

"Maybe not, the kind you know; but I am. I shall leave to-morrow."

"Never! Do not be so hasty."

"I cannot remain here; you are not the man I thought you to be; our agreement is cancelled. I never can have any respect for you."

"Don't! don't!! say that," and he looked imploringly at her. "You do not know what a pleasure it has been to have you here."

"I should not be a source of pleasure to you."

"Nonsense! Cannot a man enjoy a woman's company? Do not be so tight-laced. I would not do anything to harm a hair of your head. Why cannot we be friends?"

"Never!"

"Do not say that; you will change your mind. Do not save all your affection for an old Bachelor, who will not appreciate it; let me have some. If you repress all of your feelings you

will soon have none; if you desire to be affectionate you must cultivate affection."

"To waste on some worthless rogue," and she looked indignantly at him. He in his turn regarded her fiercely for a moment—her words cut deeply—then attempting to smile, he said: "Let us be friends."

"No, never! I am leaving to-morrow."

"People will wonder why."

"I cannot prevent that. I cannot remain here, when you have deliberately lied to me."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that you did not have a call last night; you deliberately made that an excuse for coming to my room."

"I did go out."

"You did not."

"But I did. You are going too far."

"I listened and I did not hear you, and I always do if you go out."

"There is no use in attempting to prove to an angry woman what she will not believe."

"You cannot prove what is not true."

"Take this chair and listen to me."

"No," and she walked over to the window and sat down by a small table and began to write. He followed her and stood beside her; she did not deign to notice his presence. "Will you forgive me? I must go in five minutes. Let us be friends again."

"Never! I once considered you to be a man; but now I do not."

"Don't! don't!! Perhaps some day you may know what a longing for affection is."

"You," but she checked herself.

"What was that?"

"It is better unsaid."

"Do forgive me; I have to go to town; I must start in five minutes. Forgive me, do not let us part in this way; you will be sorry." She did not reply; but sat as she felt, like a marble statue. Perhaps it would have been easier to have said "Yes, I forgive you," but she would not; she intended to make this man feel the effects of her disgust. She had been to blame, this she knew; but he was the greater sinner and he should suffer. She had fascinated him; she had felt pleased at her influence over him; but she had not dreamed that he would so easily succumb to it; but now he should be influenced by her in another way; then she had attracted him, now she would repel him. "No," she would not forgive him, and she set her teeth more firmly; the die had to be cast now or never; he must know from this out that she was not to be tampered with. Henceforth she would do her part and he his. They remained in perfect silence; at last he bent down close to her; she could feel his hot, quick breathing, and said: "Don, do forgive me and I shall never err again. I did not think that I should offend you; you are so different from most women. Come! let us be friends and shake hands over it." She clasped her hands and sat more erect than ever; she was motionless; no feeling portrayed itself. He stooped and kissed the clasped hands, and then passed quickly out of the room. She did not move until she heard him leave the house; then

relaxing her whole body she let her head fall forward on her unclasped hands, and heaving a great sigh moaned, "Wretch! how could he? I should have struck him, but I couldn't. I am glad that he is gone; but I should not have allowed him to go in this way. I should have compelled him to get down on his knees and sue for pardon; but I could not. I am inert, dead. Am I? No, O! horribly alive," and a tear trickled down her cheek. "O! this is awful. What would any one who knows me think of me? I had thought it would be glorious to have a man in my power and to bring him down on his very knees to me, but it is not so. They do not really sue for pardon. This one is sorry that I am offended at him, but he is not sorry that he has sinned; he is hurt at my coldness; but not repentant for his act. They totally disregard a woman's opinions. Women are slaves, helpless, abject slaves. Talk of their power over men! It is all nonsense. Here I falsely imagine that I am strong in resisting his entreaties; but he comes off conqueror, thinking that I have or shall forgive him. I hate him," Here another tear trickled down her cheek. "I must not weep or Alice will wonder. I suppose that I shall have to remain; for if I go home mother will fancy that something is wrong. She has the greatest faculty for conjecturing and rightly so. No, I shall remain and fight it out." She busied herself about the office and the day passed quietly by until four o'clock, when a tall, slender squaw walked in and stood silently regarding her. Don had heard of her, but this was the first time she

had seen her. After a few moments of silent gazing she threw down a large basket and taking a seat she said, "I am the Princess Veroka." Don knew her history. When quite young an Englishman had adopted her and had taken her to England to be educated and brought up as his protégé; but on arriving at her majority, this child of the wilds had pleaded so earnestly to be allowed to return to her old home and the haunts of her fathers that he had reluctantly permitted her to do so, and now at the age of forty she was living the life she loved. She had quite a reputation in the neighborhood for her medical skill, and many incurables fell to her lot. She and the Doctor were friends, for there was much in her shrewd mind of which others never dreamed. After fanning herself, for the day was hot, she said: "You Doctor woman? I thought so. I come talk you. I tell Dr. Guthrie lots things. Him smart man; but no smarter, him think. Him have nobody 'pose him, only me; and me only woman, and only old women trust me; they know though, yes, they know; they feel lots. Me a woman, me know; you a woman, you know some day; you young now. At school you learn like the men, and what you can't get a reason for you say it all nonsense; but you soon get over that; you a woman and you feel why. Man's man; woman's woman. You lots to learn and lots of trouble 'head of you. I see it. Las' night I was thinkin' of you. You had trouble last night," and she looked knowingly at Don, who in her turn said in a somewhat embarrassed tone, "How do you know?"

"I feel. I not tell any one; but I know; spirits tell me; they tell you, too, some day You have heart-breaks," and she caught hold of Don's hand. "You love men and you think they love you; but you find that they don't in the way you want them to love you; you not tell any one; you too brave. Some day you love a man and he'll be taken from you; you feel bad; but just then you find one to help and you take him and you marry him not 'cause you love him much, but 'cause you know he needs you; and the world needs you. Another man, one you knew when you little girl, come into your life and make trouble for you. You love him 'fore you knew him; you not love him for long; him queer, mad."

"O!" and Don drew her hand away.

"You needn't be 'fraid; it all come right in the end. Come, see me to-morrow afternoon; stay for tea, and I'll tell you things. Come!" and before Don could answer her she had glided quietly out of the office and was hurrying towards the gate; but on reaching it she turned and said: "I'll expect you. Come!"

* * * * *

"I'll go"; and Don fell to musing over her recent experiences; "for maybe she will tell me something. Those people know more than one cares to give them credit for."

CHAPTER XIX.

“There!” and Donalda Fenwick, who had crossed the first field in the rear of Dr. Guthrie’s residence, threw a stick up into the air. “There, stick, with you go all my disagreeables.” What a day it has been! My feelings have indeed been kept in cold storage; I have been an iceberg itself and how I hate it; but it is all I can do. I hate that man; no, I despise him; I detest him; but that is all behind me for a few hours; I am off to Veroka’s to learn what she has to tell me,” and she again slackened her pace and walked meditatively towards the lake.

Veroka lived in a lonely spot on the shore of Mud Lake. Needless to say few frequented the spot, save those who sought her medically, and a few lovers, who made bold by curiosity as to their future, summed up courage to approach the haunts of witchcraft. At any hour of the day or night she might be encountered, and none but the brave dare risk meeting her. At midnight of a moonlight night, when the shadow of every tree might be a ghost, she loved to roam abroad, and often her canoe might be seen floating gently on the calm water, and a weird song ascending from it would be the only evidence of its being occupied. Veroka then communed with Nature; she felt no fear; she was one with it and

for her man had no terrors; for he feared her. On taking a turn in the road, Don saw the Indian woman standing on a huge boulder, evidently awaiting her. "I knew you come. Hard to find my wigwam; so I come meet you. Live in wigwam like my fadder; Indian in me. Can't drive Indian out. Live in England ten years; no good, can't stay; come back here. Come 'way; but first, how you like my dress?" and she looked down self-consciously at her clothing. The gown of flimsy red caught at her waist by a many colored silken sash suited her tall figure and contrasted well with her swarthy complexion and wealth of black hair, which hung down her back in two long braids. A bright red silk handkerchief folded into a turban covered her head; and her feet were encased in a pair of bright red beaded slippers. With all the grace of a child of Nature, and the stateliness of an English woman of rank, she stood silently and expectantly awaiting Don's reply, and with all an Indian's love of flattery, evidently demanding a favorable comment.

"I am so charmed that I forgot to express my admiration. It is most becoming."

"Yes, I think so; I knew that you would like it. Not much like what I wore yesterday. People stare if I wear this. Call me Devil, 'cause I know things. I want tell you some things; but come into my home. How you like it?"

"It is lovely," and Don stood and gazed with surprise at the interior of the wigwam. She had expected to find a dirty, smoky, weather-stained

hovel; but here, instead, was a fairy bower in the woods. The ground was covered with pine and cedar branches and fur rugs; the walls were hung with birch bark and bead work ornaments; old relics of Indian warfare, clubs, scalping knives, with here and there some sign of English culture. Nature and civilization blended in this home of this child of Nature, whom civilization had partially claimed. A huge mirror in a gilded frame stood in one corner; and as she stood near it the acute observer could see that she turned to admire herself; pillows lay around in abundance, denoting a love of comfort in the owner; a hanging lamp with a gorgeous shade was suspended from the top of the wigwam, and a guitar lay on a bamboo table. Just outside the door a gaily colored, modern hammock swung between two pine trees. "That my bed in fine weather. Fresh air all the time. I love this life. Couldn't live English."

"I do not wonder; this is delightful."

"You come stay with me some time, when you practice."

"Thank you; I should love to."

"Yes, do; but come, sit down; take that chair. I sit Indian on ground."

"So shall I."

"That pretty of you! You know what is what! You love Nature!"

"Indeed I do."

"Yes; and so do that man in the canoe. I see you. He sad lonely man; but he brave. If he only really knew life he be happier; but people don't know. You like canoe?"

"Above all things."

"We go, sunset. I love the water then, and when the moon big; when sun dip, dip red, and moon sail, sail away on, that grand! grand!! My!" and she clasped her hands in an Indian's ecstasy of silent delight; then suddenly springing up she said: "Now I make you cup of tea. I learn in England. I love English tea. I use spirit lamp. Funny see Indian use lamp." She served Don with a delicious cup of tea and bread and butter; and then squatting in front of her said: "I happy; I like you. Not often I find people I like; they laugh at me, say me queer. I don't live like them; can't live like Indian neither. Have to be both and nobody then understand me; they never can; if you want be somebody you have to do as you think best. I could be married in England; but, O, no! Indian couldn't be slave white man. Men and women slaves! They do wrong, 'cause they don't know better; they try their own way; me the Great Nature's way; they don't want to know, for they think they can't have pleasure. The Indian, when he real Indian, when white man not made him bad, do as Nature tell him. You say Nature tell him awful things? No, not awful for him. He scalp other Indian long ago. It right for him then. It cruel, but no crueller than white man, he cheat his brother. All as you look at it. Veroka study; when she go England everything queer; she think, and think, and then she know. Indian know more nor white man; Indian obey Nature, white man nothing but himself; him know only one Great Spirit and that

himself. White man make slave of his wife. You say Indian make his squaw do work for him, him lazy dog? He do that and it not right; but he not so bad white man; work don't kill. Indian go off huntin'; him work, too; only different work; but him take care of his squaw. She have lot papoose; but him don't abuse her. You see some day what I mean. Indian woman not suffer like white. You know reason some day. You not find that in books; but in Nature all around you. Why, there no deformed Indians born?"

"I suppose that they kill them or they die of neglect."

"There never are any; Indian good to his squaw. Cripple made 'fore he born. No Indian born cripple. No, never! He give a chance. He grow and born like little rabbit, bird; natural. You do what Nature tells you and you make no mistake."

"But it is so hard to know just what Nature does want us to do."

"Yes, hard for white man, 'cause he have wandered away so far from Nature. Him make it hard. Come, let's go on water! 'Fraid birch bark canoe?"

"Not with you for a captain."

"Thank you," and Veroka smiled. "We'll forget man out here; we'll live. Can't live with white man nor kind of poor Indian, half white. We'll live with Nature." The canoe was gently steered out into the middle of the lake, and then Veroka rested on her paddle and looked at Don. "Isn't this Happy Hunting Ground? This near

Great Spirit. When I out here I forget bad world. I live with spirits; I talk with them. Great Spirit near me. I hear lot of things. You will some day. It take long time, maybe; for you won't stop to think; but some day you will ask 'why!' Nature will answer you, and you will be happy. Now just sit and enjoy Nature." The squaw gently paddled her canoe out again into midstream, and then resting her paddle gazed at the sky, a silent rapture illuminating her dark face. It was what Don considered a Heavenly smile. "I wonder if it is all imagination or if it is real. We are told that those who are departing from this world see the glories of Heaven and that they oftentimes smile. I wonder if there is anything in it. There is a Heaven and Future Life; but where and what is it?" So Don soliloquized as they drifted slowly down towards her landing. The canoe gently stopped and Veroka said: "You want to land? I want to keep you, but——"

"Thank you, I think I must."

"Very well. Thank you for coming to see an old squaw."

"I am the favored one."

"That sweet of you; but, no, it is me."

CHAPTER XX.

"Dr. Fenwick, is your trunk down stairs?"

"No, Mrs. Guthrie; but James can carry it down."

"James has gone to the office, but I shall fetch it," and Dr. Guthrie ran up the front stair to where the trunk stood ready in the upper hall. Don followed in order to carry down some small parcels. He was just lifting the trunk as he appeared at her door. He stopped and looking most pleadingly at her, said: "Don, do kiss me once before you go, and I shall then know that you have forgiven me and that we are friends again."

"No," and she looked indignantly at him. "How dare you ask me?"

"Is this the way in which you repay a man's kindness?"

"I thank you for all you have done for me; our relationship is purely a business one, and therefore kindness is not to be thought of; you strive to appeal to a woman's weakest point, Love and Gratitude; but you shall do so in vain in this case."

"Your ideas will change as mine have; you will find the world different from what you anticipated, and you will then long for sympathy."

"Not in an illegitimate way, no," and Don ran

down the stairs, saying to herself, "I'll never set foot in this house again." Having said good-bye to Mrs. Guthrie, having kissed the baby, she stepped into the stage and then coldly shook hands with the Doctor. She leaned back in her seat, scanned the faces of her fellow-passengers, and then, as was her wont, fell to meditating. "I've had a lesson. Now I have some idea of what temptations some girls have and all for what is called Love. It is not. Love must be true to right, and this is not, it is only a make-believe, a sham. I shall be wiser again. I erred in being attractive to him. I should have been cold; but one does like to be natural; I suppose from this out I shall have to be unnatural, fierce, a cold woman if I am to be safe. It is awful to think of any one being compelled to assume such a role. What a world! Virtue lost! Mr. Russell is right; but I shall not worry over it; life is too short for worry," and with this comforting philosophical conclusion she cast the thought aside and opened her book.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Norseman plowed through the Atlantic. The ocean was moderately calm with just the ordinary Atlantic swell, even if it were March, when one expects gales. The moon was high in the Heavens and shed her gentle light on the vast expanse of water, forming a golden streak leading to the horizon; each billow was crested with moonlit jets of spray; it was a glorious night; a soft southwest wind blew steadily, softly; but so steadily did it blow that it played many pranks with those who encountered it. It passed over them as a great, slowly rolling billow, refreshing but not discomfiting. It played bewitching little pranks with some stray locks of a young woman's hair, as if to tease her; now it blew them into her eyes, again into her mouth, and then back from her head. It seemed bound to demand her attention, which appeared to be rivetted on the words of her companion, a man of forty or thereabouts, with whom she was evidently having an after-dinner promenade. It would be difficult to tell whether the maiden was really enjoying his conversation, but she evidently was interested and appeared to listen intently to every word; every once in a while she gave her head a toss and compressed her lips. A stronger breeze raised her jaunty cap from

her head and blew her golf cape open; they stopped for a moment and she pinned the former more firmly and drew the latter more closely around her; while he pulled his cap down over his eyes and braced himself against the wind. Just then it blew out the fire in his pipe. "Jove, what a wind!"

"Delightful!"

"All right for you, but I have had to light this pipe ten times to-night."

"Moral: the wind does not approve of smoking."

"Rather, that you don't. Am I annoying you?"

"O! no; I am indifferent; I do consider it a foolish habit."

"You don't know anything about it. It is one of man's comforts. You will know that, when you get a man."

"No."

"Will you then not allow him to smoke?"

"I shall not have one."

"Tut! tut!! This is only talk. You do not really mean it. Why, life is not worth living if unmarried! Now, as I was saying before this digression, I have a little sermon for you, and as this is our last evening, I shall deliver it. Will you listen?"

"Why! yes; we have not had one since we embarked. It is great fun to be preached at; only not along the matrimonial line. No, don't! pray don't take that for a text! Anything else. I have had that dinned into me; don't be long, either."

"O, no! it will be short: but it is the matrimonial theme. Come, now! we know each other pretty well, and I feel that I must give you some fatherly advice. It is all very brave and progressive of you to have a profession and to desire to practice it; but it will not bring you happiness."

"Happiness is not the chief end of man, now, is it? You ought to know your catechism."

"I am afraid that I do not place much faith in such dogmas. I think for myself. I am out of the clutches of the clergy."

"Shocking blasphemy!"

"Not at all; you will think the same. There is too much religiosity now and too little religion. What is religion anyway? Every man has his own definition. To my mind it is obedience to Nature and her forces; not attendance at church, and so forth. I seldom attend, for it sickens me; but I do not consider myself a heathen. Even my own minister says, when he visits our home, as he quite frequently does, for he is a man broad enough to see beyond his creed, 'I do enjoy coming down here and having a big swear.' That may sound bad; but no, it is not. In our home he feels a freedom which he cannot experience elsewhere; and he enjoys it."

"Continue; this is fine."

"Yes; but I am about to change the subject. I shall return to my theme proper. I have been digressing, and I see that your object is to engage me in a tirade against the church and to cause me to forget matrimony in the interest of a Scotch lassie. No, you must not attempt to jolly me in this way, for I have my theme too

much at heart. No, where were we? O! yes, it will not bring you happiness; there will be something lacking; you will feel that you require somebody with whom to share your joys and sorrows."

"I have always stood alone, and I rather enjoy it."

"That is all very well, when you are young and prosperous; but just wait until you are out in the world, all alone, battling for yourself; then it will be different."

"It is selfish to ask others to bear our burdens."

"Not a bit; it is only self asking for its right. Now, I have told you of my life; it has not been all sunshine; in fact, there have been many, many very dark days, so dark that I sometimes could scarcely see a ray of light; and yet I can honestly tell you I would not give up an hour of my married life; the bright days, if few, have more than repaid in happiness the gloomy ones. No, man and woman should marry; there is no completion of life without it."

"But what awful wrecks so many make of it!"

"True, all too true; but they are striving for happiness, and all life is a struggle after it. If every one were to say, 'O! marriage is a failure, I shall not try it,' what would become of evolution? The world would cease to be. It is our duty; but our duty to marry wisely. My trials have come through illness and financial difficulties; but they have not blighted my happiness. It is something when failure in business comes to know that you have a brave little wife to stand

by you, and to comfort you, and help you to make sacrifices. My wife has been such a help to me, and I cannot tell you how I love her for it all. Adversity draws us nearer; we are intended for each other. It is better to have two hearts, beating in unison, than one alone. Now, lassie, tak ma adveece and marry the first good man who asks you; do not treat him haughtily; life will be a hundred times happier with him than without him. You ought to be married now and I think it is your own fault that you are not."

"That is rather hard on me."

"Is it not true?"

"No, it is not; that is, if I should really be well married. No woman wants any Tom. Dick or Harry."

"No! no!! I should not think so; but I cannot see what the men have been thinking of; they must be blind."

"You are partial; a sea-vayoge blinds you to imperfections which on land others plainly see."

"This may not be a wise plan to form one's estimate of character, but I know I am not over-estimating you. No, there is a wee bittie of blame to be laid at the lassie's door."

"You are hard on me," and Don stifled back a little sigh, and a faint moisture gathered in her eyes; but her companion did not hear the sigh for the flapping of the sail, nor did he see the embryo tears for the twilight.

"Not a bit hard on you; only I don't want to see you make the mistake of throwing away your future happiness all for the mere bauble of ambi-

tion and the idea of a mission. Woman's mission is to be a wife and mother. You are all the better for your education; but make a good use of it and aid some good man Heavenward. You will be a happier woman with him and your bairns than all alone with ambition. You may comfort yourself that you have a mission. All right, only do not let it be a mistaken one. Now, will you think over what I have said?"

"Certainly, I shall not cast aside as worthless such a sermon; but 'I hae ma doots' as to following its advice."

"I shall hope to hear of its bearing fruit." Will you let me know?"

"O! yes; but do not expect much."

"I shall give you time; but it must come. You cannot remain as you are unless you wilfully disregard reason. All true preachers have to await results; but they come at last."

"You are hard."

"Not a wee bittie; but I am verra much afraid that a wee lassie has frightened the male man away."

"Poor man!"

"No; but a man does not care to be snubbed; he has too much self-respect for that; if you are defensive he may never learn to know your worth and charms. You have been natural to me because you know me as a married man; but towards an unmarried man you may assume the conventional manner and then not appear as your own true self."

"One is compelled to; if not, every man imagines that she is running after him. I fear

that some on board think me very unconventional."

"Maybe; but don't heed them; as long as one does right, she need not fear criticism, even if her way is not that of the world. For my part I cannot see why a man and a woman cannot be friends. I have enjoyed your company and feel the better for it. My wife and I have such perfect confidence in each other that we never stop to consider the impropriety of having friends of the opposite sexes. It is all on account of unfaithfulness that distrust arises; unfaithful souls alone need feel jealous."

"That is the way it ought to be, but it is seldom the case; marriages are not all true love-bonds."

"No, unfortunately not; but rather, as Dr. Smythe says, too often cases of legal prostitution. It may seem a bit harsh to say so, but it is nevertheless the case."

"It is the truth. No, I am satisfied as I am. I know my life, and if I made this change it would be all uncertainty. Is this not a glorious night? I wish that this voyage were not so nearly over; I have enjoyed every moment of it."

"It has indeed been pleasant, and I thank you for making it so for me."

"It is very good of you to say so."

"No, not at all; it is the truth. I rather dreaded it, for I am a home man."

"I was looking forward to it as a rest after all my hospital-walking and sight-seeing. I have worked hard this last six months. This whole trip seems like a dream; I had no idea of it, until I returned from the country and was just on the

eve of hanging out my shingle, when my uncle said: 'Wait a little while; I want you to go to London.' I stared at him as if he had said to Timbuctoo. 'I mean it; it will do you good. I have been observing your course and I am satisfied with you. Start off as soon as you like. The funds are ready.' I was dumbfounded, for I had always thought that he did not approve of my course. It was so good of him."

"He sees that there is something in you. Have you decided on a location?"

"Yes, Tecumseh, a small city, where there has never been a woman physician. I wish to make my own path. There will be prejudice to fight; but I want to be the first one to fight it, and not to be compelled to walk after some one who may have been a failure. I expect to have a fight."

"And if I mistake not, will make a good fight; you have it in you."

"I hope so. I intended, when I graduated, to practice at home; but I have changed my mind; one does better among strangers. I am going off alone to fight my own way."

"Bravely said, but do not be too brave. If that good man runs across your path, do not fight too long alone; but, well, I have sermonised enough and too much. You are not annoyed at the blethering auld Scoty, are you?"

"O! no; you have only stated your views, and I am free to accept or disregard them; that is all."

"Most women would view such as an interference; but you are different."

"The effects of my education. Woman looks

with a broader vision when her eyes have been opened."

"Yes; what say you to a turn to the bow."

"I should like it of all things; I do like to sit there and see and feel the vessel plunge. I just love the water;" and Donald Fenwick stood beside her companion and gazed out over the miles and miles of gently heaving Atlantic. "Do you not experience a strange sensation away out here, away from everybody? One seems to be just a tiny speck floating all alone away from any other world and perfectly regardless of what others are doing. What do we know of what is going on? Nothing. The world's past is only a memory, its present is not ours and the future is away off; and yet to-morrow we shall be of the world again and this experience will be as a dream. Life seems to be a succession of dreams. This is a strange feeling, this being away from one's kith and kin. I wonder if those sailing in the Heavenly ether are as unconscious of us as we of our friends. Do you know anything about wireless telegraphy or mental telepathy?"

"No, I have not dabbled in the occult; it savors of the uncanny, and I think that there is plenty of practical work to be done here below without us soaring into the spirit realms, though, mind you, I do not deny that there may be truth in it; but I do not feel drawn to it. I dinna ken onything about it, ava."

CHAPTER XXII.

The sign of Dr. Donalda Fenwick creaked and groaned and nearly turned somersaults in the fierce wind which howled around the street and house corners and shrieked down the chimneys and whistled through the keyholes. It was an angry wind; it appeared to have gone mad; when a lull occurred it moaned as if not satisfied with the fury it had just expended; it was a night when one might imagine banshees abroad; it was a night when sad, disheartened spirits might roam the earth. This awful wind seemed pregnant with evil, and those who were so fortunate as to be within doors, shuddered and said, "What a night! We shall hear news of this." The sign, as before, creaked and groaned as if in agony; inside her office the physician lay on a couch and pretended to read; it was only a pretense, for on a night like this she always fell into a romantic and fanciful mood; then she appeared to allow her subjective mind full play, and she wove weird fancies; she had not yet given up her childish taste for stories. Often the thought came to her, "literature is your field"; but then again she would cast it aside. "No, I cannot write to suit the public; my thoughts are not their thoughts. I would shock them with truth, and I cannot write any thing but the truth. How the wind blows! I rather



DR. DON AND MRS RUSSELL
ON LAKE SHORE.

(Angelward face chap. 22)

like it, though; it is weird and suits my mood to-night. No one will be in and I enjoy the hour. That sign creaks and groans as if its burden of carrying my name in this gale were too much to ask of it. You shall have to creak and groan for many a night before I am through with you. Dear me, how the times flies! Here have I been six months! I cannot realize it. Patience is a virtue, I suppose, but it is slow work. It is a dreary life. This place is an intellectual Sahara; the women have not a thought above afternoon teas and gossip, and the men are impossible. O! for the old college days. I sometimes feel as if I cannot endure it; but I must. If I had only one congenial spirit, but there is not one so far. There's the bell! Ye gods! have I got to go out to-night, and to Land's End, too?" She opened the door and with a fierce gust of wind admitted a young woman of about twenty years of age, rather short and stout, who walked with rather a hesitating step, and sat on the edge of a chair. She looked wonderingly around the office, and working nervously with her handkerchief, said in a shrill, would-be-bold voice, but one which betrayed her emotion: "You do most anything, don't you, Miss? I have come on some particular business." She looked intently at the Doctor, who had already made her diagnosis, for even in the short time she had been practising she had learned to know what such statements meant; she merely replied, "It depends altogether on what 'most anything' refers to. I am not a carpenter or tailor." The girl looked at her in a half-puzzled manner, as if not knowing just how to

take her remark. "No, I suppose not. Well, I have some very personal business with you. You will not mention it?"

"Certainly not," and Don felt indignant. "A patient's secrets are always sacred in my mind."

"Some tell them. Well," and she hesitated for a few moments; then, as if finding courage: "I know I have done wrong, but I thought you might help me. I am young," and a tear stole down her cheek, "and it will make such a fuss, and I can't get married."

"I am sorry that your request is such that I cannot grant it; I have only one answer, and that is no. You have erred and I am sorry for you; but all you can now do is to bear the result of your error and refrain from again committing it."

"Won't you help me?" and she looked pleadingly at Don. "You are hard-hearted. I thought that a woman would help a woman."

"I am not unkind. I wish to prevent you from committing murder and myself from being your accomplice."

"It isn't murder."

"Yes, it is. Murder is the attacking of life with the intent to kill; this would be nothing else but murder. No, I cannot; but, come, think it over, and you will realize the truth of what I say."

"I know I have done wrong, but I must get help. I will pay you well for it."

"Money will not tempt me. Do you want to make a Judas of me? Judas betrayed Christ, the Son of God, for silver, and you wish to make me betray your child, the son of God, for money."

"Son of God?"

"Every child is."

"Son of the Devil!"

"Because you have erred and have given it a better claim on the latter fatherhood you may think so, but it is nevertheless the son of God. God is the Creator and not the Devil; he is only a perverter. Why did you not think before you erred?"

"O! I don't know. It's easy to go bad; but won't you?"

"Can you still ask me when I tell you of the enormity of the crime?"

"You help the rich."

"No."

"All doctors do."

"No."

"I can get plenty in this place."

"I do not think so. I should very much dislike to mention the name of one who would stoop so low. Why did you not go to them?"

"I thought you would."

"The same old story, people cannot regard a woman as a regularly qualified, honest physician, but must consider her as some quack who sells her honor for a few dirty dollars. Take my advice and bear the result of your error."

"No, never!" and the girl indignantly rose from her seat. "You are hard! hard!! I'll shoot myself!"

"That will not save you; how can you face your God?"

"I'm going to the Devil, anyhow."

"Not unless you allow yourself to go. We all have the power to prevent such."

"It is born in us."

"True, but we must fight against it."

"I don't see what we were made for. I wish that I had never been born."

"Do not talk in that way. You are worried to-night. Think it over and do right. I feel sorry for you, but I cannot accede to your request."

"I don't want your pity if you will not help me. Well, I suppose it's no use," and the girl hurriedly left the office.

"Another of those cases," and Don peered out of the window into the dark, gloomy, windy night. "There is no end to them; and there he is," as she saw the form of a man stealthily step up to the girl's side, and then they passed away into the deeper darkness of the street. "A fit night for such confidences," and, turning from the window, the Doctor threw herself on a couch. "Horrors! what is the world coming to? It sickens, disgusts and horrifies one. Talk of criminal classes! It appears to me that the whole world is one. Who would think it possible that that young thing is a would-be murderer? She is, and to be the mother of another, for like breeds like. Now, by her very thought that unborn babe is being branded a murderer. What horrors they think secrecy will hide, but Nature prevents that! She will out with the truth every time. Education alone will correct this evil; but, O Lord! how long? It is frightful to think of the agony that this world's suffers. We shudder at a Vesuvius eruption and a San Francisco earth-

quake, but we sit and calmly gaze on the quiet, eddying maelstrom of evil which engulfs us all in time. People are enslaven in sexuality, born in slavery, wed in slavery, dead in slavery. They do not recognize Natural Law. Instinct were better than Reason such as civilized man now prides himself upon; but the falling masses are slowly rising on the dead bones of those who have gone before. All life is the deep ditch of Waterloo. From the Hell of ignorance to the Heaven of knowledge is one vast climbing, rugged path, along which many corpses lie. Has then life been in vain? Had they better never been born? No, there is a purpose in it all. They are factors in the Great Result. This girl does not feel sorrow for her sin—she hates its result, which will notify the public of her error. Kill it and it shall not be made public. It is false sorrow; selfish sorrow; the world is selfish; but one should not blame this girl too harshly, for is she not the victim of prenatal influences? O! it is awful the depths to which the Human family will sink. The great crime of the day is ignorance of Natural Law. Ignorance is criminal. O! it makes me shudder,” and Dr. Fenwick clasped her hands until she almost drove the blood out of them and groaned from the very depths of her soul. “One is so powerless to lessen this evil. She cannot attack it, it is so interwoven with all of our domestic ties. Little did I think when I graduated of the problems awaiting me! Then the glamor of curing disease was all that I thought of; brilliant operations, brilliant drug effects and not the regeneration of man’s moral nature. If science

were only preached from our pulpits. Our present religion is as much based upon mythology as that of any so-called pagan. Years from now we shall be designated as heathens by our enlightened successors." So, on, in this strain Dr. Fenwick reasoned on this cold, dark, sad night. She was intense; every fibre of her being cried out against the ignorance which fetters mankind; then suddenly arising she walked over to the secretary and sitting down resolutely took up a pen. "I will write my thoughts. I must. It does one good to spout."

CHAUTER XXIII.

"How are you, Dr. Fenwick?"

"Very well, thank you, Dr. Pearson."

"That is well. I thought that it was about time I was paying you a pastoral visit; but, by-the-bye, I have not seen you at church lately."

"No, I have been attending St. Andrews. Do you not remember that I told you that Knox is too far?"

"Yes, but I thought all the same that you would remain with us. We want you, a good daughter of a good Presbyterian minister; they can get along without you."

"Yes, I suppose; but I have decided to attend there."

"I am sorry to hear it; you would have met better people with us, the flower of Tecumseh."

"Yes," and a better preacher, thought Don to herself; "but I don't think that one need make her church a stepping-stone to success. I prefer to have my religion free from such motives."

"True; but when you can it is just as well to let one aid the other. Are you very lonely here?"

"Not at all. I don't object to being alone."

"You must be brave. What are you reading? Haeckel! Why, he is heterodox!" and he looked pettishly disgusted. "I did not expect to see the daughter of your father reading that," and he

tossed the volume down. "This will never do; you are leaving the faith of your fathers."

"But they did the same."

"Why, no; they fought to retain it!"

"No, but farther back."

"O! well, there always has to be a beginning; but you are slipping away too far; you are on dangerous ground. Put away such books, now will you not? This is the mischief of medicine; it creates infidels. I did hope that the women would remain faithful to the old truth."

"Not unfaithful to new truth. We must make progress. We climb by doubts."

"No need of doubts if you have faith in Christ. If your faith is founded on a rock it cannot fail you."

"But then it must be a dead faith, as dead as the rock itself. I must have a living, growing faith, one which continues to develop and unfold itself. I know, that you will consider me heterodox."

"O! no, only a little misled; but take my advice and leave science alone in connection with religion."

"I cannot promise that; true religion is only obedience to scientific knowledge."

"You do not for one moment wish me to believe that I am descended from a monkey? Ugh! you cannot prove that from the Bible. It is a slur on the Creator, a down-right libel. Faugh! I could not admit such a thing; it belittles God and man."

"No, there can be no disgrace in having ascended from a monkey. Yes, I believe it. Instead of

belittling the Creator it shows his miraculous plan. Life must be upward."

"Sorry I cannot agree with you."

"We must acknowledge a beginning and evolution explains this."

"You cannot go back to the very first; you cannot say who created God, now can you?" and Dr. Pearson looked down delightedly at Don, whom he considered to be floored by this argument.

"The human mind cannot comprehend that; infinity is too wonderful; but truths which the orthodox churches deny can be understood by those who will."

"Tut! tut!! you are infatuated with science. This is the result of educating women."

"Men think so."

"Well, yes; those of them who are weak. I don't like to hear you talking in this way. What do you believe? I suppose that you deny the story of Adam and Eve."

"Literally but not figuratively; it is Hebraic allegory. Evolution easily explains it."

"How? I am curious to hear how far you have been led astray."

"You will not understand me."

"Go on."

"The first man and woman were mere removes above the brutes; they possessed a little more reason, but by trusting to this alone and by casting instinct aside, they fell. The woman, through her inquisitive and acquisitive nature, fell first. As a baby in his first attempts to walk stumbles, so does man in his upward climb. What was a happy Eden to the first man would not now satisfy us. It was an Eden because he obeyed Na-

ture in his purely animal nature; but as soon as the spiritual in him clambered for sway, it no longer satisfied him. God did not drive him out; he voluntarily walked or rather stumbled out into the wilderness of new thoughts."

"Do you believe in a future world?"

"Not in your sense of one. I believe in Immortality of Influence; of purpose but not of human beings."

"I suppose that you deny Providence and Christ and his miracles then?"

"Not when Providence is interpreted as Natural Law. When we are saved from an accident it is in obedience to Natural Law; when we fall a victim it is in disobedience to it. There is no Personal Providence in the shape of a Personal Spirit who controls all our acts."

"Awful! Child! what are you thinking of? You require conversion and you will not receive it at St. Andrews. I thought once in grace always in for a Presbyterian; but, but——"

"Ah! well, you will come all right. Come up on Sabbath and hear a good sermon. You have given me matter for one. I did not think that our young people had gone so far astray. I shall give you good old-fashioned gospel. You have not dabbled in Spiritualism, have you?"

"Not as yet. I have not seen sufficient of it. We must understand ere we accept."

"Ah! there is hope for you," and taking her hand he said tenderly: "Good-bye; keep your good Presbyterian heart."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The pretty rooms of Mrs. Lawrence's home were tastefully decorated with cut flowers and palms, and illuminated by delicately shaded electric lights; prettily gowned women thronged them, with here and there a man whom leisure permitted to spend the last hours of the day in the company of these fair women; those who were compelled to work would arrive in the early evening after business hours. This was one of the many crushes for which Mrs. Lawrence, the society leader of Tecumseh, was famous. Possessing the happy faculty of knowing just how to entertain, she always gave pleasure to her guests and to herself, a result not by any means always attainable. Not being exclusive she sought out congenial people, and many a stranger coming to the city was seized upon by her and at once made to feel at home; it made no difference whether it were man or woman, the latter received the same amount of attention as the former, who too often is utterly spoiled by the amount of lionizing which he receives, especially if he be a single man. Without being what one would call an intellectual woman, she, however, possessed the faculty of recognizing ability in others and always made such welcome to her home. She had called on Dr. Fenwick very shortly

after her arrival and had already shown her many of those little, delicate courtesies which mean so much to recipient and giver. This evening Don had not arrived until late, like the other workers, and intended leaving early. As she stood talking to her hostess, an elderly lady rose from her chair at the opposite side of the room, and walking over to where they stood, said: "Clara, is this the lady Doctor? Do introduce me."

"I was just about to take Dr. Fenwick to you, Mrs. Allen. Will you chaperon her and introduce her? The men are coming now and they require so much attention, the poor dear things, and Mr. Lawrence is so hopelessly in the clutches of Grandma Davis he will not be of any assistance to me. The dear old thing only promised to come on the condition that he would pay all his attention to her. Is it not wonderful how well she is? Now do be good to Dr. Fenwick."

"With pleasure; but I really expected to meet an elderly person and not a young girl like this," and she looked at Don as one would at a small child. "Why, my dear, you are a mere child!"

Don detested this reference to her age, but she merely replied: "I am older than I look, quite ancient, in fact."

"O, dear, no! It will be years before you are that. It does seem strange for a young girl like you being a doctress. Will you come and sit by me? I cannot stand for very long; too old and stout. Have you met Mr. Risdon? One of Mrs. Lawrence's pets. Our old bachelor. Entertaining; you will like him. He always takes up with

new fads, and I am sure that he will be interested in you."

"No, I have not met Mr. Risdon. We have appeared to fight shy of each other. Ugh!" thought Don, "I am interesting to a withered old man of the world as a new fad!"

"Miss Doctor Fenwick, Mr. Risdon. Is that correct? I never know how to address a lady doctor."

"That is immaterial."

"Not by any means, Dr. Fenwick. If I were you I should go for them hammer and tongs. I should be awfully annoyed if I did not receive my proper title."

"Why, no! What does it signify? Professionally I do prefer it, but socially I never think of it."

"You are magnanimous."

"O, no!"

"I see that Mrs. Allen has left us to gossip. Well, now, do you care for these functions?"

"I do for those Mrs. Lawrence gives. It all depends upon the hostess."

"Yes, quite; but they are boring after all, and yet one can put in some idle hours which otherwise would cause me much annoyance. Do you not find the time very long? I do. I am always on the outlook for some novelty. Life is blasé, here especially."

"The world is large, could you not find a more congenial location?"

"Perhaps, but after all it is much the same; there is always one's little world, our environment never seems to enlarge."

"Yes, but there is much more to see in a larger place."

"True, but one settles down to see but little after all. No, I suppose I am as comfortable here as elsewhere. How came you to settle here? if I may be so rude as to ask. It is a prerogative of old cizitens to ask questions of newcomers. I suppose you have already been bored by the usual number."

"Yes; well, for several reasons."

"It must be terribly slow starting, and lonely, also!"

"Mrs. Lawrence has not allowed me to suffer, and moreover I think that if a person has any resources within herself she need not suffer. I generally find myself good company, though it sounds rather egotistical to say so."

"Not at all. Of course you are good company for yourself and for others, too."

"I mean that any one may be."

"Yes, I understand; but all are not congenial to themselves; but you could not but be good company; but do you really like Madame?"

"Of course I do; I should not accept Mrs. Lawrence's invitations if I did not."

"You do not mean to say that you are so conscientious as that? Do you not rather welcome them as a means of introduction?"

"How dare you?" and Don flashed an indignant glance at Mr. Risdon, whom she regarded as a boor. "The impudence of him; he does not carry out his so-called role of gentleman."

"Pardon me, Doctor; I did not mean that; but most strangers do."

"And you judge one by all; before you know her. I do not think that we are sufficiently well acquainted for you to criticise my motives"

"No, certainly not; but every one humors me; however, we shall change the subject. Do you really care for medicine?"

"Certainly; if not I should give it up."

"But no one ever has sufficient courage to do that."

"I have."

"I believe you. By Jove! Mettle here. I like it, though. Who would think it? Pink and white, too. You are brave. Did not the dissecting room offend you? Ugh! I could not endure it."

"The place of most interest."

"Really! you do amuse me. My Governor wanted me to study, but I preferred to take a quiet place in the world; the role of country gentleman suits me."

"I love the country; I spent my childhood there."

"Why not live there now?"

"Business prevents."

"O! never mind that. Come and join me!"

Don started, and then looking amusedly at him, said: "Do you really mean it?"

"Why yes; I always mean what I say."

"I hae ma doots."

"No, really; I do mean it."

"Thank you, no, then."

"Refused again. Every time I have had the courage to ask a woman, she has refused me point blank. What is a fellow to do?"

"That is sad. You certainly must always ask the wrong one."

"How is a man to know?"

"I have a friend who says woman always proposes."

"Certainly; you proposed to me and then rejected me. The ways of women are past finding out. Well, a crusty old bachelor is not fit company for a young girl, and women are required in medicine. If I were a woman I should call one in. Ugh! fancy having some of these men clowns when one could have a gentle-handed, silver-voiced, ministering angel! What has the world been thinking of so long?"

"You are sarcastic."

O! no; pray do not take offence; to reject a man is surely sufficient revenge for one evening; but, Miss Doctor, look here! in all truth I say let the old maids have medicine; it is not for young girls."

"Why so?"

"They cannot be spoiled. It is a pity to spend your years toiling. I think pretty young girls ought to be like pretty flowers, for pleasure and admiration; they ought to have lovely surroundings; the day of toil will come soon enough."

"I don't agree with you."

"No, I suppose not."

"They would be useless appendages."

"That is all we should expect of them. 'Fess right up. Is not medicine a dreadful life?"

"No."

"Do you not detest half the people you meet?"

"No."

"You are great-hearted. I never was a philanthropist. Madame occasionally drags me into one of her numerous schemes."

"No more am I, but it does one good to go right out into the world and take a hold in the tug of war."

"But for one so young it is too much."

"If I waited until I were old I should be then useless; one must be brought right up in the fray and she then knows the trend of civilization. When old she cannot adapt herself."

"But when young may she not be too adaptable? I should very much dislike to think of you adapting yourself to some people and their needs."

"Rather to their needs than to themselves, to their striving, struggling souls. I should not necessarily lose my individuality."

"I see that you are not to be frightened by a pessimistic old bachelor. I cannot urge you to commit matrimony, for I do not think much of it myself. I suppose you, too, have had it dinned into your ears until you are sick and tired of it. I can see no happiness in it. Misery loves company and the poor fools who have been entrapped are only too anxious to have company. It is all sacrifice one one side or the other; generally on the woman's."

"Yours is an extreme view. You also would have your share."

"Yes; but if I preferred not to do it? There is always a lot of squaw patience about it. Man is a selfish brute; he will have his slaves, then better hire them. No, the whole world is wrong

and there is no use attempting to right it; but to put an end to our worries, shall we partake of some refreshments?"

"Thank you," and Don passed to the refreshment-room with Mr. Risdon.

"Ralph is fortunate this evening. What a pity that he does not marry! I introduced them on purpose."

"A hopeless case, Mrs. Allen."

"Never say die, Mrs. Brown. It is disgusting for a rich man to remain single."

"Always match-making."

"No, but one has her duty; and it is one of mine. I have brought a number together. It is all nonsense for a young girl like that to be toiling, when she ought to have a home of her own. I wonder what her parents are thinking of."

"Parents do not always have the say; now May will not marry, do what I may to urge her; duty to her parents, her father's age and the necessity of getting a home for herself; it is the same answer, 'No I will not marry for a home.' I am almost heartbroken, for she is getting on."

"I should force her. We obeyed our parents when we were young."

"Yes, but still you pleased yourself," and Mrs. Brown smiled knowingly at Mrs. Allen.

"Well, yes; but I married before I was twenty, and it is one and the same thing whether they do the choosing or you so long as it is done by some one. Now all they think about is having a good time, or else they have missions. Woman's mission is to marry and have children;

but even if they marry they will not have children. Do you not think so, Dr. Burton?"

"What was that statement, Mrs. Allen? I did not hear it; but as usual it is correct, I have no doubt."

"Thank you, Dr. Burton. I merely said that it is woman's duty to marry."

"Quite true. It is indeed sad the way in which they are taking the bread out of the young men's mouths."

"Poor things! let them till the soil and hew down the forests."

"Now, Nancy! we all know your views; but you ought to be married."

"Me married! Am I not tied hand and foot as it is? What! bind me more? I do declare, some people are never satisfied. Get married! No, not I! When I get rid of the Old Parties I am going out into the world."

"Shame, Nancy!"

"No, it is no fun being tied up with two snarling old aunts, who ought to be respectable and depart, or at least have a paid nurse and allow me to go free. They hate me and I hate them; but all because we are related, the same blood in our veins, we must live together and continue to hate one another. Blood ties! Blood is thicker than water! Too thick to flow freely, congealed by hate, frozen stiff, maybe!"

"Nan Webster, you are incorrigible; you do not mean one word of this. What could you do?"

"Scrub out tenements, join the Salvation Army, anything."

"There it is, the cry of the age! Yes, anything but home ties."

"I hate ties. Yes, marry some old stick like Ralph Risdon, because he is a man and rich; cater to him and his brats! No, thank you, I shall marry for love; but where can you find it?"

"Ralph is not the only man."

"No; but a fair sample of the average affair in trowsers. No, thank you!"

"Nancy, dreadful!"

"Can't help it;" and the tall, handsome brunette glided off to talk to Don.

"Nancy is dreadful; she talks shockingly."

"Yes, indeed Mrs. Allen; I sometimes fear a little wrong," and Dr. Burton pointed to his head. "It is a hard life for the girl; but it might be worse. There's my lady confrere with Ralph! He might take a fancy to her. I must try my best. He ought to be married."

"That is what I say; we may accomplish it."

CHAPTER XXV.

"Hello, Dr. Fenwick! I have run in for a chat. Are you busy? I need not ask, for you are so industrious."

"Not too busy to enjoy your company, Miss Webster."

"That is awfully good of you; you are a darling. It is such a comfort to meet some one with brains; they have been left out of the anatomy of the girls here. This is the deadest, most brainless place on the face of the globe. You must find it so. I am just dying to leave it. I feel wicked just half the time."

"We all have hard duties; you may be all the better for yours some day. We all climb up higher by them."

"I slip then, for I never willingly do my duty. It is precious hard, when you are snarled at from dawn till dark and from candle-light till sunrise."

"I do sympathise with you."

"I knew that you would. Most people think that I grumble from sheer ugliness. Well, I came in to talk to you and to forget the Old Parties. How cosy you are! I should so love to live alone. You are never lonely?"

"No."

"Of course not. I wish I could go out into

the world and fight; I should have been a man."

"Do you not think that a woman can have action?"

"She ought to, but she is so tied. She must be passive and sit demurely at home until a man comes and offers himself."

"That day is passing; may she not be as brave in her passivity as man in his aggressiveness?"

"A patient, all-enduring slave."

"No, not that; that is an extreme view and one that naturally presents itself. Man and woman are complements, the one made for the other; he aggressive, she passive, but both of equal value."

"All true in theory; but man is a domineering brute. I hate them!"

"No, only a bit mistaken; man and woman are only evolving; it is a case of steady development, sometimes more in one sex than in the other; but on the whole slow and sure for both. We must not expect perfection, but we too often look for it. Primitive woman's aggressive position, in which she maintained the family while her husband followed his own devices, developed altruism in her and selfishness in him, both necessary factors at that time; Nature has now turned the tables to a certain extent and man has been compelled to develop altruism and to provide for his family; this has made woman dependent upon him, passive, her true nature, and thus a condition is formed in which their natures blend. Readjustments are necessary and even woman is perhaps assuming a little more of the

aggressive spirit simply to prevent man from possessing it to a baneful extent; it is only the equalization of Nature. It will not always be woman's mission to venture out into the professional and business life of the world; her kingdom is the home; but at the present her purifying, softening presence is needed. Why are women required in medicine? Simply because all men are not fit to attend them. If all were pure it would be otherwise; but women patients are not all that they should be. It is necessary for women to enter upon business life so that woman may learn how to attend to domestic economics. After woman has made this sacrifice, the sexes will the better understand each other and will tread the rough path of life, hand in hand, making rough places smooth by their mutual love; they will then understand each other's motives. Woman's mission is a grand and noble one; she moulds the world, she forms man.

“Let the whole field of reality be laid open to woman as well as to man, and then that which is peculiar in her mental modification instead of being, as it is now, a source of discord and repulsion between the sexes, will be found to be a necessary complement to the truth and beauty of life; then shall we have that marriage of minds which alone can blend all the hues of thought and feeling in one lovely rainbow of promise for the harvest of happiness.’ These are the words of George Eliot, one of our grandest women.”

"George Eliot! Why!" and Nancy looked aghast.

"Yes, she was human but grand. She recognized the need of law; nothing results without a cause. Have you studied evolution?"

"Monkey business and all that? No."

"Do; it will help you to understand the world as it is; you will then see cause and effect."

"It will make me more discontened; I shall see larger fields afar off, but which are barbed-wired around, six feet high."

CHAPTER XXVI.

“I suppose that I had better run into the Post Office, although I do not expect that there will be anything for me. O, here is a letter! From whom, I wonder,” and Dr. Fenwick withdrew it from her box and glanced at the office marks on it. “From Erie! I know no one there. Some business affair, fit rubbish for the fire.” Still she could not reconcile it to this category, and all the way home kept wondering, who had written it. Some letters we at once decide are business, others have a different effect on us. Is there any magnetism about them? Can our minds really read these missives before our eyes have beheld their contents? Does the mind of the sender influence that of the receiver? Is there a communication between mind and mind until the letter is received? In these days of spiritualism and psychological phenomena one cannot banish such thoughts. Do magnetic forces from the mind and hand of the sender so permeate the letter that the hand and mind of the receiver receives the message before the envelope is opened? Don had a queer feeling about this letter, and as soon as she entered her office she snatched a hair pin from her hair and opened it. It ran as follows

ERIE, Jan. 10th, 1901.

Dear Doctor:—

I have just finished reading a very able article in the ———, written by yourself. I am very much interested in the same subject; in fact, so much so that a few years ago I published a small book on the subject. I wrote in few and plain words so that the lesser educated classes could understand its contents. The sale has been very disappointing. The subject is unpopular. Have you read it? If not I shall indeed be pleased to send you a copy and I shall deem it a great favor if you will give me your candid opinion. One feels so helpless to eradicate such evils. You have been very brave to write as you have, for you will be severely criticised. From my inmost soul I am glad you have done so. I rejoice that I have met a physician who thinks as I do. One loses faith in humanity when he comes in contact with it as we do; the world is so selfish and people exist on such a worldly plane. The spiritual is too far beyond them. I often feel like tearing myself away from them.

Congratulating you on your splendidly brave article, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

E. HARTZ.

“Very kind of a brother physician. I am glad there is at least one who agrees with me, but there are more. This subject is forcing itself on the attention of the public, novelists are attacking it; they, too, recognize the need of re-

form. No one is ever so very far in advance of his age; the masses are always coming on fast in the rear. Well, I shall allow him to send his book—only an act of courtesy. I shall write, thanking him.”

TECUMSEH, Jan. 11th, 1901.

Dear Doctor:—

Thank you very much for your kind, appreciative letter. I shall be very much pleased to read your book, and I shall endeavor to give you a candid criticism. I am considered very critical, but I shall endeavor to be candid and impartial. I am indeed glad that I, too, have found one who thinks as I do; but I fancy there are many more than one.

Yes, this world is selfish and its worldliness does dishearten one; but I do not believe in being pessimistic. The human race is only evolving; one should not expect wonders of it. An optimistic view helps one to fight the battles of life. I find rose-colored spectacles necessary at times, replacing them only at times with clear crystal when one wishes to penetrate some mystery which cannot be clearly seen through by the former. The dark goggles I don only when forced to shut out some awful unavoidable evil from my sight, that which I am powerless to avert and do not wish to see in all its enormity as I should through my clear crystals, nor to behold in a pleasing light as through the rose-colored. A man may easily go armed with three pairs of pince nez, but to a woman in her pocketless condition three pairs are two too many

and so she generally wears the first and looks on life as a pleasing panorama with herself as a small, inconsequential object in the living picture. Only once in a while does she arise and claim a pocket and wear her three pairs.

I do not know that I can allow myself to consider my writing as a brave act, for I did not take that into consideration when I wrote. I wrote simply because I had to. Call it inspiration or what you will. It rid my mind, anyway, of some intense, harrowing thoughts. It does one good to spout occasionally, a sort of safety-valve action.

I have found the people extremely kind, but they are not at all intellectually inclined, and one feels lonely at times. They often say, "Are you not lonely?" I cannot say for your company, for oftentimes the all-aloneness I feel could not be relieved by the be-withedness of them. One may be most lonely in a crowd; still it does one good at times, it gives her time to think. As long as one makes such a state her servant, and does not allow it to become her master, she may derive untold benefit from it. All true souls are 'lone souls at times. One cannot very well tear herself away from this earth, her work is here; but she may at times feel inclined to put on wings and seek a more congenial clime. I do not think that one should lose faith in mankind. To those who see farther ahead the ignorance of the masses is indeed appalling; but, when we contrast their present state with what they have emerged from, should we not keep up heart? Disgust is good at times, it urges us on; on the

whole the trend is "angelward." I cannot believe in a backward course. By a constant withdrawal one may become so hypersensitive and useless as to be fastidious other-world-slaves instead of this-world-helps. This is our battlefield at present and the laurels are for the true and brave.

I shall look forward with pleasure to reading and *criticising* your book. Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

DONALDA FENWICK.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Ah! Dr. Fenwick, may I waste some of your very precious time! I am tired of wasting my own."

"I do not know, Mr. Risdon, that I shall consider it wasted. What an unhappy state you must be in! I wonder if I have a pill for such an ill."

"I am afraid that I am chronically affected. I must have been born lazy. What a spite the Creator must have against some of us."

"I certainly agree with you that many are born lazy, but I do not blame the Creator, if by him you mean God. He would not. They are not the natural outcome of Nature, but the unnatural freaks of Nature."

"It does seem rather rough on Him. Well, I guess I am a freak; but freaks are common."

"Common enough to seem natural and the non-freaks to be unnatural. Do you recollect Ruskin's definition of human nature?"

"Yes, but he is ideal."

"Right."

"Yes, but, Doctor, to come to the fine point, how many of us believe in a Creator? It is a pleasing myth, the Santa Claus style; but that is all. We are all mere infants in fact. Mere toys amuse us. Life is only a great playhouse.

He who plays best is winner, he who toils most receives most kicks and blows. There is no justice. It is all topsy-turvey scramble after nothing at all. We are here and we are not. He who sits on the fence and watches the game comes out as well in the end. There is no explanation for our origin. We are here, we are away, spontaneous growth, if you like."

"Have you studied evolution?"

"Why, no, Doctor! I have never really studied anything but my own comfort, and that has not cost me much labor; born in the bone to look out for number one. It takes too much effort to study, does it not?"

"No, I cannot agree with you. I like to know the why of things."

"Feminine curiosity! Do you ever get satisfaction? Know little and you think you know much."

"One certainly does see wider fields ahead of her the more she asks why, but it is her duty to advance.

'Where is the rebel's right for you alone?
Noble rebellion lifts a common load;
But what is he who flings his own load off,
And leaves his fellows toiling?
Rebels' rights?
Say rather deserters. O, you smiled!
From your clear heights on all the million lots
Which yet you brand as abject.'

"You do not approve then of woman stepping out?"

"No, she was made to be fascinating and attractive, a flame around which we poor men as moths must fly, she has no real use. Such awful blunders as she commits, when she does step out, as you put it. Now, in that murder case where Mrs. Peters should have appeared, see the result. She is afraid, worries herself ill and her physician sends her off to a health resort and the trial is put off until she recovers. A poor prisoner has to spend another six months in jail because my lady cannot go to court. See, you cannot depend on her!"

"But your argument is weak. At first you state that this woman ought to be weak, and then you condemn her for being weak. You men to a great extent make women fools."

"O, no, Doctor! We want her to be entertaining, but not brainy, you know."

"Not to use her reason? How can she entertain you if she knows nothing? That is rather uncomplimentary to your sex."

"Of course you are hard! There is a kind of woman's knowledge, or rather art, in which she fascinates one, and yet she is not brainy. Woman's reason is no reason at all. Men do not expect her to give any reason except 'because.' She always jumps at conclusions, so there is no use of her wasting time, teasing her brains and wrinkling her face over what she in the end will not use."

"And is her jumping at conclusions not nine times out of ten correct? What do you call it? Is it not intuition, prescience, foreknowledge? Woman's 'because' has a deeper meaning than

many suppose. Woman feels rather than knows, that is, woman who has not developed reason to any extent; she feels the cause of an effect; but not being able to reason on it, hesitates to give expression to her idea and says merely 'because.' She knows all the same, but this is not the highest state for her; she is merely living on the principal of what has been handed down to her and is not increasing it by adding on interest year by year as she should do. Intuition is all right, it is inherited reason; but the heir ought to add his own mite of reason to the inherited sum."

"She's an expert at guessing, that is all."

"No, she has a keener, more subtle insight."

"Well, I have not delved into occultism."

"Neither have I; but my reason or 'no reason,'" and Don looked mischievously at her companion, "can account for such a factor."

"There it is! Woman can believe in anything."

"Well, but tell me why do you condemn Mrs. Peters' action? It is in accordance with your first statement. She is too nervous to go to court. How can you expect your pretty, frivolous, entertaining butterfly to be strong-minded enough to face such an ordeal, one from which most sensible men shrink. If you want her to be a doll you must not expect more than doll-like actions from her. Your statements are contradictory."

"I agree with you. She ought to be a doll of doll-like actions. I would not expect her to go to court, but she demands the right to go; wo-

man's suffrage, and so forth. You are contradictory, too. I like to talk to you; you amuse me."

"I do not as a rule assume the role of an amuser," and Don looked indignant.

"O, don't get angry!"

"No, but I do like to be treated as a reasonable being."

"Yes, yes, I shall endeavor to consult your tastes in future. You know you are different from the other women here. Well, really I came in for a visit; I do require some aid and advice in passing the time. Give me a prescription and I shall endeavor to obey it to the letter, no matter how nauseating."

"Get some steady employment."

"Impossible! I am not in anyway prepared for such. The system must be in a fit condition to receive a drug or it will not have the desired effect."

"I thought that you would obey to the letter, and I am supposed to know the state of your system"

"Impossible! Not impossibilities, though, Doctor."

"Become interested in some philanthropic scheme. I see the need of many here."

"Impossible! I hate to have to plan and to think for any one. I do not want to do so even for myself, and I do not love man."

"I am afraid that you are hopeless."

"So others have said. You are giving only a confirmatory diagnosis."

"Shall I give you a prescription?" and Don looked at him.

"Why, yes; but I may not have it filled out."

"Shall I? Well, yes. Go and hang yourself."

"Worse still. That would take too much resolution. No, there is nothing for me to do but exist till I depart. My palliative measures must be pleasure. Say, Dr. Fenwick," and the aimless man did arouse himself and look intently at Don, and his face became more serious; "what do you understand by life, anyway? Whence came we? Whither go we? I do not know. I have never had energy to discover the truth, if it is discoverable. What is the good of our existence? I cannot believe life as it is preached to-day. Now, can you?"

"Not as it is preached from the orthodox pulpits, but as it is preached by Nature, but only to a limited extent. There are fields and fields of knowledge yet unknown to the most advanced and I am not one of them. I know but little, but this little has shown me truth. I believe that many of the clergy preach as they do because if they preached otherwise their flocks would not, could not, comprehend them. They themselves see farther, or at least have doubts."

"Why do you think so, Doctor? They must be hypocrites then. Do you think Dr. Pearson is above what he preaches?"

"I cannot say. No, I think that he is a slave to theology. He has made a god of it; but he is not a typical man after the newer, higher order. No, a man is not necessarily a hypocrite. If his people are not yet ready for the higher

truth he must lead them up by slow degrees. They cannot jump to his level. It is contrary to evolution and we have it in every phase of life. Hypocrisy is the intent to deceive. These men do not wish to deceive, but rather to lead their flocks into truth. Dr. Pearson is only one minister."

"Yes, but an influential one. I cannot listen to him, so I do not go to church. No, I am a sceptic."

"That may be one step in advance."

"Really! do you think so? I thought it was supposed to be a good many backward."

"Doubts are good if they cause us to think. There is some life where they exist. Unless you doubt, you will not think; but do not be satisfied with saying 'I do not know;' strive to know."

"It requires too much exertion."

"You are impossible! Exertion appears to be the *bête noir* of your existence. In searching for truth you will become so fascinated that you will not think of exertion. You are much more sensible now to exertion in your aimless endeavor to put in the time. Busy people do not stop to consider exertion. You are lazy."

"Yes, I admit the fact. The Riscons have always detested labor. They have been aristocratically inclined."

"Falsely so. Labor is noble."

"Really, I do begin to feel a little better. You are a wonderful doctor. I shall blow your horn for you. Now that we have gotten fairly started, will you explain some things for me, or rather give me your opinion on them. It is a

new thing for me to ask questions. I generally just take for granted."

"It must be a new thing to ask them of a woman, one of those fascinating, unreasonable beings."

"You are sarcastic."

"No, not a bit. That is your definition of what we are."

"Yes, but never mind; please answer my questions. Do you or do you not believe in a Personal God, who exists up in a Heaven and issues orders to old worlds and forms new worlds?"

"I consider God as the Creative Force, the Soul of Nature, the Principle of Life, God is Love, Love is Life, Life the Soul of Nature."

"Stop! stop!! I cannot grasp all that. Love! Why, what is it? It is a myth."

"The sentimental nonsense, the effect that is taken for it, selfishness clad in false garments; but Love itself is real. It is true. It is the Life of the World. Love rules everything. We have it in different degrees; we have chemical love, brute love and human love and highest of all God love, the sum total of all love. As to there being a Personal God, yes, there is one; only not in the sense of a spirit of masculine gender, a high and mighty Jehovah, but rather as the Divine in man. You are a Personal God and so am I."

"Blasphemy, Doctor!"

"No, what we have of the Divine in us is our Personal God. Christ was the most Personal God that has existed. God as the Soul of Nature is impersonal."

"You are fanciful, but this is delightful. Little did I think to spend such a delectable hour. Do explain more of this. Where did you get these fancies?"

"They are not fancies. They are truths. I studied them, as you may also do. The Book of Nature is open to all who will may read it. You may laugh at Chemical Love, but what is chemical affinity? Love seeks love and the two unite. There is a marriage of atoms. If there were not all would be discord. This world is the result of Love. When Byron sang,

'O Love, young love bound in thy rosy bands!
Let sage or cynic prattle as they will,
These hours, and these alone,
Relieve life's years of ill,"

he did not comprehend the true meaning of Love. He mistook sensuous love for the true, real love, which is Nature's Soul. Love which comes through the five senses is not the highest love. It has not the true, lasting qualities. It could not build a world. At the first difficulty it would disappear and disaster would result. Love must be strong, long-enduring. If we always did right, obeyed Nature, we should have no unhappiness; but Love is only growing in us. We do not possess it to perfection so we often fall."

"I suppose you do not believe that a perfect man and woman lived in Eden?"

"Not in the sense of angelic perfection, but rather as perfect brutes, which obeyed implicitly

Nature. The human stage was just then dawning. An animal a little over the brute with reason taking the place of instinct was evolved, and now took his place in the world's arena. It was an Eden to him, he obeyed law, he did no conscious wrong, for he had no conscience—conscience is only Reason—but as reason developed more and more in him he disobeyed instinct and his reason being in a very infantile stage, he fell into error—the old story of Pandora and that of Adam and Eve are one and the same. Man has to have some explanation, and in his infant days, as when he is a baby some poetical, non-scientific nursery tale is all he is capable of comprehending. Woman, as the more impulsive, fell first. She has ever been the leader. This so-called fall of man, it was no fall, but a step out into light was necessary to raise him from the mere animal plane. A child stumbles in the attempt to walk, so does man in his walk Heavenward. He is now struggling for truth, and he will gain the heights some day; but he has many a struggle ahead of him.”

“You make life hard.”

“It is hard, because of our ignorance and stubbornness. Many seek consolation for their errors in heaping them on a Creator. To many it is a great comfort, but they will never rise. One has to work out his own destiny. After childhood he is his own creator.”

“What shall be my destiny?”

“You are experiencing it now. Is it good or bad?”

“Bad.”

"It lies in your power to make it good."

"Is there any such thing as being converted? Can a man sin and be all forgiven for that sin?"

"He can determine to sin no more and make all the reparation in his power for the sin; but a sin once committed always leaves a mark. Lop off a branch of a tree, can you put it on again? It is never too late to mend, though."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Hello, Dr. Don! Can't you wait? I never knew another such flier."

"Why! Miss Webster, I did not know that you were near."

"I have been chasing you for half a mile. I was in Madame's parlor when you passed. That old fool of a Risdon was there. He declares that you have cured him. I do hope so. I have come to the conclusion that I need some curing also. I am dreadfully ill."

"Nonsense!"

"Well, I am! I just do not know what to do. I am aching for action and I cannot find it. I began pelting pillows around my room this morning. I shall die soon if I do not get it."

"Serious, indeed! Well, just lay your hand to the first duty."

"I hate duties as much as that old fool does. So you have him down to evolution. He and I shall be able to form an evolution club. Charming! Really, you intend to revolutionize Tecumseh."

"I wish I could make the people really know what life is."

"You cannot stir these idiots. You will have to buy new brains for them."

"Rather help them to develop what they have."

This is the day of conservative surgery. We save and use what there is instead of amputating or excising and replacing by artificial means. You can help me."

"Me! I know nothing of patching up broken or atrophied brains."

"Yes, 'me.' You have brains."

"No, they are all muddled. I have not had any education. I attended a ladies' college and learned nothing but how to deceive and have all the fun imaginable."

"I have not much of an opinion of them myself. One learns to battle with life better in the public and high schools. These seminaries are refined reformatories in too many instances for girls who are unmanageable at home. Such places never improve them but merely keep them out of mischief. They are kept off the street. Girls there are treated in the mass and not individually. Start a woman's club."

"And all we shall do will be to gossip."

"Not at all. You will soon lose interest in such."

"I hae ma doots; but I'll think it over."

"Take up Domestic Science. It ought to be introduced into the schools. Work it up. There are many things."

"Yes, but these girls would rather have a Browning club, take up some non-understandable thing. They think that that is learned and literary."

"That may be overcome. Nothing is impossible. You are a regular wet blanket."

"No, only I know them so well."

"They are the same the world over. That is why a stranger can do more with them. She does not know their failings so well and has the courage to force them on. I have not much hope for the society girl. It is the working girl or the aristocratic girl of brains who is disgusted with her false position. The most liberal views will be found among the business girls, those who have been forced to earn their own living; they have healthier views of life; they regard it as full of possibilities and not either as a maelstrom of evil or a pleasure-ground. I hail their advent as a mighty deliverance for women from slavery, and so for man's sake, too. They then go hand in hand; they are friends, not enemies."

"I hate men. They are such selfish brutes."

"Not at all, in the main; but this woman's emancipation will prevent them from becoming such. It is a necessary factor. Woman is upbraided for stepping out of her sphere, but she is not doing so. She is taking it with her, enlarging it."

"O, but men are selfish brutes! I hate them. Look at old Risdon."

"He is of a type not often found."

"Only an exaggeration of them all."

"You are severe on them; but the devil is not so bad as he is painted."

"You are charitable, but won't you explain some points in evolution?"

"Gladly, if I can."

"Well, old Risdon was saying that you say

we are in the sixth period and that the seventh is approaching."

"Yes, the seventh will be the Angel state, the Heaven we hear about."

"Do you believe that there will be no work in Heaven?"

"Not at all; but all things shall be done according to law."

"But it will be dreadful to always do everything just exactly so. I cannot bear to make a cake by recipe. Pitch together, is my style."

"And what is the result?"

"Flat as a pancake sometimes, hard as a brick and sometimes good."

"No certainty of result, though?"

"No, but some people who do go by rule have no better luck."

"There is something wrong. They make some errors. When mankind realizes the happiness that comes from law he will no longer trust to blind chance. It will come to that."

"I am afraid it will be a long, long time."

"You are pessimistic."

"Yes, how can I be otherwise?"

"True, it is hard at times. Wrong seems to prevail, but only through ignorance. No one does wrong for wrong's sake. People are blindly attempting to do right. The motive is good. No poor girl, who errs does so just for the sake of doing wrong; but because she mistakes for love that which is not love. Love will not cause any one to fall, for love is law. It is often those most capable of loving who fall; they desire love

more, but in their ignorance take the poor husks of sensuality for the real, true love. Woman's strongest and weakest point is love. It causes her to brave terrible dangers to body and soul; and it causes her to do wrong. She suffers sadly for the vain attempt to get it."

"Yes, if the men only had half she has to endure. It makes my blood boil at the injustice of it. I feel as if there is no such thing as justice. It is awful to think of the men going scot free and women suffering. Women are supposed to be weak; why then cause them to carry the heavier burden? It is unjust. One cannot but feel that."

"Yes, it appears that way; but it is not unjust; it is rather the just fulfilment of broken law. The men do not go scot free; no one sins without suffering sooner or later for it. Wrong always punishes itself. Woman's present position if she errs has been a necessary safeguard; otherwise, if she had not been hemmed in by such rigid laws she would have fallen lower than man, for she has not yet developed reason to such an extent as he has, and her impulsive nature would have led her astray. If man had been restricted as she has been, it would have prevented him from many a blunder; but, on the other hand, the world would be lacking in manly valor; his aggressive spirit could not be held back; he must go on, not for his sake alone, but also for woman's. They go hand in hand, one is the complement of the other. Woman's condition is the story of the ladies' seminary on a large scale."

“Well, I must be off. I am wasting your time.”

“Not at all.”

“It is good of you to say so, but——”

“It is the truth.”

“There is so little truth in the world, but I do believe you. Thank you ever so much.”

CHAPTER XXIX.

"I think that I shall write to Dr. Hartz to-night and give him my candid opinion," and Dr. Fenwick drew a table up before her grate-fire and began to write.

TECUMSEH, Jan. 16th, 1901.

Dear Doctor:—

I have finished your book and I am now going to attempt to give you my candid criticism of it. I told you, that I am very critical, so pardon me if I seem to err in this respect. What's bred in the bone is hard to eradicate. Your book certainly does strike the right chord, it contains the truth and I agree with it all, only I do think that you have erred in writing it, as you have done, in such plain language. Your motive is all right, but do you reach that class? I think not. They will not read it. You say yourself that the sale has been disappointing, that only the medical profession has read it; this, I think, clearly proves that you have written for the wrong class. To appeal to the profession and the better educated classes, who would read it, for they are anxious for knowledge of this kind, it should be written in a more scientific and dignified style, with less of the slang element; these will grate on people of refinement, especially in connection

with a subject of such a nature Truth will stand without being brought right down to the common herd's comprehension. It should be more scientific and less popular. You have sacrificed diction for plainness and failed thereby. On me it had the same effect as a Hornerite camp-meeting. You feel intensely as these people do, and strive to utter your intense thoughts in common language suited to them. These thoughts require a more dignified clothing. I cannot think, that we can expect to do much in raising the illiterate or those of limited education; but we must rather appeal to the educated of the middle classes and of the aristocracy. Of the latter class a great many will not be taught, they have allowed their intellects to decay. The class to be most relied upon for reforms is the hard-working, reading, thinking middle class; but, first, one ought to write for the profession, educate them and they will educate their patients. These truths ought to be taught to the rising generations in a scientific manner in the schools. They cannot be taught at home, any more than Domestic Science can, for parents do not know. If the book were mine I should destroy it, at a great sacrifice no doubt; but, no, on its funeral pyre another greater work will arise. No form of true work ever is lost. It was merely the plan of another to follow—and produce a better. Probably you will not agree; but this is my candid opinion.

From your book I think that we differ in our religious views. I do not believe in a future existence for me. God is eternal, but not the indi-

vidual. I have my Heaven and Hell just here. 'I may be the tadpole of an archangel,' Victor Hugo remarked. I say I am. I consider that we are all only steps in evolution "angelward." We fill our places and then cease to exist, just as do the brute and plants. My good and evil influences live on after me. It helps or retards the future generations, but I as an individual am at an end. I understand that you believe in a future existence.

Hoping that you will not think my criticism too hard, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

DONALDA FENWICK.

ERIE, Jan. 20th, 1901.

Dear Doctor:—

I received your criticism and I admire your plain, outspoken truthfulness. I believe in a person stating her opinion candidly. I cannot agree with you, but that is not just to be expected. I admit the book is written in a plain, undignified style, but I wrote it so purposely. I left myself altogether out of consideration. Later I will write on some other points.

I think that you have misunderstood me as regards Heaven and Hell. I, too, believe that they exist here, but I do not understand what you mean—it is not clear to me—by your good and evil living after you. Will you kindly explain? I think this correspondence will be beneficial to us. It is a treat to meet one with some similar

views, and I appreciate the advantages accruing from it.

Hoping to hear from you soon, believe me,
Yours sincerely,

E. HARTZ.

TECUMSEH, Jan. 30th, 1901.

My Dear Doctor:—

Perhaps my views were not explained clearly enough. It is so much easier to think and feel them than to give expression to them. We all have an influence for good or evil. The work we do here must have a good or bad effect on the world. The good we do must swell the sum total of Good or God the Spirit of the World. In two ways our influences are transmitted directly by our children and indirectly by their effect on those outside of our immediate family. They go on doing the work we were engaged in. Suppose that I accomplish some good by that article, that good will continue to develop. This good result will outlive me. I think that the whole race is going "angelward." This state will be reached when man is perfect, this will then be the Seventh Day, of which our Sunday is only a prophetic symbol; the day of perfect peace, not inaction but harmonious action, life eternal, for law obeyed will not admit of death. I find these views most satisfying to me. I have thought my way up from a faith in a golden-streeted Heaven, which, for some reason or other, never strongly appealed to my childish mind—I have ever been somewhat of a rebel from orthodoxy—to where I now stand. A few

months ago I believed in a future existence in a theoretical way, however; I had no reason for doing so. I fancied it plausible; but since delving down into evolution I find this present view appeals more strongly to me; nay, I see truth in it. As the brute creation has lived and died and transmitted reason and altruism from its first phases to what man now knows of it, so I consider that man is only another means, a higher, of transmitting these qualities to those, who will live in the angel state. You may ask what do you do with such examples as Christ? True, one may stop to ask why, but they were merely outgrowths of the needs of their times, and they must die like us. I do not for one moment consider this as the only truth, there are others far ahead of us in knowledge; so these examples of ours are not beyond what knowledge may be conceived of; then even in this world of ours we have had some more advanced in many respects, though not in Love—nations traveling angelwards but which failed through some weakness. Their accumulated knowledge is our heritage, if we shall only claim it. Christ profited by that of the Egyptians. He was far advanced in mysticism, else how explain his miracles, needed manifestations in his day, but in ours as unnecessary as the juggler's tricks. I do indeed thank you for your letters. I see no reason why a man and woman should not be friends, one was made for the other. There is education in friendship. I regard the legal marriage act of to-day as a slur on humanity, the need of a sinful age. If man and woman were

united by Love, married by the courts of Heaven, none would be required. Imagine two loving, true souls forced to pledge their constancy and love. It is an outrage on such, but so long as Sin is so long must truth be mistrusted. There are unmarried lovers. If two complements meet and insuperable barriers exist to a union, they are as much engaged as if the question had been asked, had been answered, and the betrothal sealed by the ring. It is only human weakness and inability to rise above the mere human which causes us to break such soul engagements. Our legalized marriages are necessary now.

Hoping that my explanation is now clear, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

DONALDA FENWICK.

ERIE, Feb. 10th, 1901.

My Dear Doctor:—

Thank you for stating your views so clearly. I now understand what you mean, but I cannot agree with you. You cannot annihilate yourself. It is impossible. You will change your opinions later on. It is not wise to do so unless you can clearly see why. Your ideas of a future existence were, no doubt, theoretical; if they had been practical you would not have changed them for materialism; but you will later on see the reasons for returning to them and will then have a scientific belief in them. You will then regard

"The Universe as one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is and God the soul."

This you may consider pantheism. I am a mystic. You may say what is that? I have my happiest moments in relation with the Unseen. I have proved these things beyond a doubt to myself, and if you, too, will study them you must arrive at the same conclusions. Not reading alone, but studying the phenomena will prove them. I will not at present write any more of what may seem utter foolishness to you; but at some future date I shall explain some points.

I fancy that there is a platonic Love between us. What think you?

Hoping to hear from you soon, believe me,
Yours sincerely,

E. HARTZ.

P. S.—I have recently invested in a static machine and I am enjoying the study of electricity. It is highly scientific. E. H.

TECUMSEH, Feb. 18th, 1901.

My Dear Doctor:—

You think that there is a Platonic Love between us. What is that, anyway? Is there such a thing? I know that there is a friendship between us, a congeniality of views, and is not friendship only love between people, who are fond of each other, but who are not going to be united in marriage. Love exists in different degrees. It is the same thing between lovers, friends and relatives, only under different circumstances. Some are apt to be impartial in

their loving, giving all to one and none to another. Platonic at the present day, as in the day of Plato, is a safe term to apply to such a love between a man and a woman. It permits of more freedom. On account of the lack of virtue in the world men and women have been denied a true interchange of friendship, friend-love. A man may love a man as Jonathan and David; a woman may love a woman—it is rarely so strong—but a man and a woman must not love unless they are to marry. They must pluck the beautiful thing out of their breasts as they would a viper; now this is a stunted, stilted whim arising out of impurity. Platonic serves to allow of a little more freedom, but the feeling is the same. One writer says “beware when a man friend loves a woman friend.” I see no need of such advice. If it is a pure love it will only make each of them better. She confounds true love with untrue. It is hard at times to distinguish, but the functions of self-preservation, so strongly developed in us all, speak the truth to us if we will only listen.

No, I do not regard your quotation as pantheistic. I see God in all things. I am not yet ready to give up my materialism. As far as I can see it is adequate for the progress of the race “Angelward.” Mine is not a dry-as-dust, unlovely materialism, but one full of developing love. Few of those, who denounce materialism as a creed fit only for dogs have any idea of what real, true materialism is, they confound it with scepticism—which is no discredit to the

sceptic—infidelity and agnosticism. They say it is a hopeless creed. I say not. What matters it if I cease to exist if on the other hand the world goes on. There is hope in the true materialist's heart; he sees angels some day evolved from the present host of struggling humanity. Am I asking them to believe anything which has not an analogy? What becomes of the dead brutes? Does not dust return to dust? So in man's case. Does not their soul live on in the sum total of Good or Evil? So does man's. One argument against it may be that if all necessary beliefs, intuitions, principles come from experience, either of myself or of my race, then my convictions ought not to outrun the range of the experience of myself or of my race. You cannot logically put more into a conclusion than you have in your premises; but it is beyond all controversy that the experiences of myself and of the race have been finite. Transmitted co-ordinating power is the capacity dependent on experiences. The self-evident truths, the intuitions, the laws of necessary beliefs, including those of conscience, are therefore not the results of experience, but original parts of the transmitted co-ordinating powers in man and independent of the co-ordinating organism; but I do not agree with this. We have no experiences greater than those evolved by this world and its experiences. We are steadily climbing up on these experiences and forming new ones. You must indeed think me stuck to science as she now is understood by the mass; but it seems

weird and uncanny to strike out into such new paths as you are treading. I am willing to investigate, but I cannot see the need of a future existence. You will think me of the earth earthy.

Yours sincerely,

DONALDA FENWICK

CHAPTER XXX.

During these months in which this correspondence had taken place, Don had worked along steadily at her profession. It had been slow work; there were many disappointments, but she was making headway. She was able to do considerable reading and thinking, and also she was making other people think. Mr. Risdon and Miss Webster regarded her presence as a relief from tedium. Their lives were less tiresome. There was one, though, of whom she often thought in her spare moments, she often said, more than she ought to, but her thoughts would revert to him. At times she would say: "Don, you are a fool, you are in love; but Love is not for you. You have to seek your destiny along other lines. Do not harbor such thoughts." In this letter-friendship Don had found a comfort she had never found elsewhere; she felt as if they had known each other for years. There was a freedom in expressing her views—intense thoughts which she could not express to others—to this man, who had so much in common with her. Although always unconventionally inclined, still at times she felt that this was a most unconventional thing to do; but then again she would say: "What harm can it do, we are both expressing truths. Even if he should not be ex-

actly the man I take him for, what harm can my expression of truth to him do me? No, I shall not break off, for who knows?" and Don would look seriously happy for a moment.

No word of love had passed between them except the reference to Platonic Love. Don was uncertain as to his true feelings towards her. She had always been of a romantic turn of mind, weaving happy fancies for herself out of the garlands of love, and now at times it was easy for her to weave some such sweet fancies, sweet to the heart of every woman. Of course, as was customary with her, these thoughts she kept to herself; Don confided in Don. Don as a child would have confided in Elsie Pretending, but Don grown up confided in real, alive Don. Don was a being who desired to be loved; she prized it, she longed for it; but as yet she had not found it. At times she had attempted to hide this longing under ambition, but the attempt had not been satisfactory; Love would out. She knew that many people loved her, but she had never yet experienced that strong, true love which binds two hearts as one, and this is what Don desired. She accepted the love given her, but oftentimes felt how little these people really understood her. She often felt it was rather admiration than love that they had for her. Admiration is all right in its place, but where is there the man and, O! where is there the woman, who would not willingly cast it all aside for one little spark of love? Admiration puffs up, elates one, but love softens, levels one and brings her in touch with other beating

hearts. Admiration puts one on a pinnacle to be gazed at; Love draws one to another loving breast. Who would not rather rest her cheek against a living, throbbing flesh creature than sit enthroned on a marble pedestal? We all love Love with her sweet, soothing influence. We all court admiration, but we do not love her. Love causes our friends to excuse our actions, to grant our motives; but admiration causes them to criticise them. Too often Don had felt this; too often had her deed been mistaken for her will. This correspondence was a fruitful source for one of her fertile imagination. Don wove her little sweet fancies and lived as it were a life in a little Paradise of her own. No outside eye could penetrate the wall surrounding it; no one suspected this fairy life of Don, for she was no lovesick maiden oblivious to all other claims; no, rather, it made her happier and brighter and better company. "How happy Dr. Fenwick always is!" they used to exclaim. "I never knew such a happy girl," but none knew the cause. There were little moments of doubt to Don, though.

As one who has lost his twin by death never feels complete, so Don longed for her twin soul. At times the longing was intense, and now at times she felt as if she must tell this man that she knew that he was her twin; but, no, maidenly reserve forbade her. Man may, can, breathe his soul's love to woman; but she must wait until he does so before she allows hers to become apparent by a word at least. Why is it a disgrace for a man to refuse a woman's offer of

marriage? Because at present woman as a rule has no economic standing. She has nothing but her heart to offer a man, and a heart is not all in this social bargain. No, Don must toil on. It was not the toiling, but the loneliness, that disheartened her; she had always fought alone and she must continue to do so. "Dear me, there is the bell! Who can it be? I was just going out," and Don opened the door.

"Why, Mr. Sharpe! This is a surprise!"

"I suppose so; well, I wanted to see you on a particular matter. Are you engaged?"

"Not just now. Walk right into my den."

"And how are you? Blooming, never saw you looking better! Does Tecumseh agree with you or is it—" and Mr. Sharpe looked intently at her and bit his lips; then releasing her hand he stood by the fire-place and leaned his elbow on the mantel and regarded her silently for a moment. "Doctor!"

"Yes, Mr. Sharpe."

"Well, what did you mean by that last letter?"

"Why! what part of it?"

"You know."

"In reference to Dr. Hartz?"

"Yes," and here Mr. Sharpe looked fiercely at her. "Yes, and I did not relish that letter one bit; but I suppose that you are tired of me. When a young man steps in an old one may go out, and then he is 'so intellectual.' I might have known that I was not clever enough for the Doctor; but I do think that you are embarking on a dangerous course and I do not think that any woman who values her reputation would do

so; but perhaps like Iago in Othello you regard 'a reputation as an idle imposition.' Well, I have said enough. I may go too far, but I know now that I am not clever enough for the Doctor. I never had much opinion of the new woman, I am too old-fashioned for that. You were a woman whom no one could help loving, but I see you have become critical and cynical." During this unexpected outburst Don had arisen from her chair, and the fire had been slowly growing in her eyes until now they fairly blazed. "I think you have gone a little too far," she said in a cold, haughty tone. "You know as well as I do that I do value my reputation, that I always have tried to do right and retain it."

"But you said in your letter that some people might criticise your action,"

"True, and so they would; but did they not criticise my friendship for you and yet you were willing for me to give it to you. You are selfish. It is always the way. If a person is unconventional for your sake it is right, but not right for another's. You are just like the rest of the world. Public opinion is all right as long as it does not prevent one from doing and receiving good."

"What good are you likely to receive from this correspondence? As likely as not he is showing your letters to an admiring circle of chosen spirits. I did think you wiser."

"Not for one moment do I think Dr. Hartz capable of such a breach of faith; and even if it were possible, I have done nothing wrong. It cannot hurt my character. I wrote in truth

and for truth alone. We are only intellectual friends, nothing more."

"Well, I consider your manner of becoming acquainted all wrong. Well, I shall not say more or I may say too much. Of course you are at liberty to write to whom you may wish, but I am disappointed in you."

"I cannot but feel sorry that you should take such a view of this matter. I had thought you broader-minded, but at the same time I am satisfied that I am not in danger of going to destruction."

"Well, I suppose we may as well part as we cannot agree. Good afternoon," and Mr. Sharpe walked out of the office.

"One never knows people until she rubs them the wrong way. Well, I shall not break my heart over this affair. I did like him, but I cannot like him any more. As long as I suffered criticism for his sake it was all right, but—O, bother! people are frauds," and Don hastily picked up a letter which a small boy who occasionally went to the office for her shoved under the door with "a letter, ma'am, and I didn't write it." "From Harty, eh? Funny that they should come so close together! Always in trouble, Donalda Fenwick! Born in a storm, lived in a storm, and will die in a storm."

CHAPTER XXXI.

ERIE, Feb. 28th.

My Dear Doctor:—

Were you looking for a letter yesterday? Were you a little disappointed? Well, I should have written and there was no excuse but a warm room, which made me drowsy. The weather has been rather disagreeable and I have been forced to have a fire to keep my static machine in good humor. Did you notice that we must have sent off magazines about the same time? You asked me whether I had read the "Emigrant Banshee." I did not. It looked too much like fiction and I paid no attention to it. No fiction for me, truth is stranger than fiction. I notice that you are getting gradually touched as regards your stand upon materialism. After some time material objects will have a different aspect and you will find that you will be able to understand it better; that

"The Universe is one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is and God the Soul."

Just ponder over this. You do not seem to be able to grasp the idea of a future existence. There may be good grounds for it, but what is the use of the existence of this planet? It is

here and we are here, and what is the object of our existence here? This is too stupendous a thought for human brains. It leads us into philosophical speculations and then we become lost in doubt. The existence of a future state can be determined just as well as I can speak to any one here. If you knew the glories of these realms you would believe in a future existence where all is activity. I know little as yet. You mentioned mental telepathy. I can often catch a message that is flashed upon me. 'Do I often think of you?' Certainly, but I have never noted the times.

You have a marvelous way of regulating your correspondence, always the same number of pages and about the same number of words. You seem to have a limitless supply of material, and you always seem to measure it off into so many yards, like a dry goods clerk. You think my letters like a continued story, always something to come; well, this is not much like it, but there is a good chapter to follow; but I do not like to write it until you will understand psychological phenomena better. As yet you think me uncanny but hypnotism and so are facts. You are stuck to science as she is, but you will step out into advanced paths. We shall amuse ourselves on the steps, as it were, for a time. Patience is a virtue. Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

E. HARTZ.

The thoughts contained in the last chapter had been constantly in Don's mind for the last

few days, ever since the arrival of the Doctor's last letter. She had gone over and over her answer, had wove fairy fancies, had lived in a state of exaltation, was, in fact Don out-Donned. She fairly swam in ether, and why? Why did not this letter contain soul's nectar for her? Perhaps not palpably on the surface, but only hidden under a cover of words. What could this good chapter be? Why it had to do with psychological phenomena, yes; but what kind? Was not their whole meeting strange, uncanny, mystic! Was it not in Harty's mind brought about by hidden forces, was not the hand of the occult in it? Had he not once asked her her birthday to see if theirs were close together; had he not asked for a photograph, which she had not sent; had he not rushed this correspondence along, plunged right into it, been impatient if every letter was not answered in a few days? Did this not all tend towards one thing—their marriage? That was the good chapter. Readers, you may think our woman doctor foolish, but is she not a woman too? Don thought her thoughts to herself, which every woman cannot do, nor every man, either

On this cool spring evening she lit a fire in her grate, a roaring, crackling, sizzling fire; she drew her chair and table up close to it and she donned an old cardinal tea-gown and sat by her fire and basked in its glow and warmth and fancied herself as happy as the angels. It was a Sunday evening, and while the rest of the world was at church, some to worship God, others to gaze on the assembled audiences, and

many for divers reasons, Don sat by her own hearth, happy, alone and not alone. A picture of a sixteenth century medical student hung opposite to her. He, too, was clad in red and he, too, was alone save for a skeleton which faced him. Was hers a skeleton, was it a dead skeleton of a hope?

The fire burned, the wind blew outside and Don aroused herself and wrote:

TECUMSEH.

My Dear Doctor:—

And so I am like a dry goods clerk! Well, I am in a grocery shop, at the allspice counter, and I have any amount of it to sell to you; not nice aromatic spices, but hot, pungent ones, adulterated with pepper, mustard and horseradish. I have a delightful grate fire, but you shall not sit by it and get *drowsy* over it. No, rather you shall sit out on a stump in a swamp with fierce lightning playing about, fit environment for a wizard. A warm room makes you lazy, does it? Too comfortable to write, eh? I like that, I do. Please remember that this is a real, alive, flesh and blood electric machine that requires to be kept in *good* humor or else she will get in an awfully bad humor, go right off at a tangent.

That was mere coincidence our sending those magazines off at the same time, nothing more.

As to your ideas on fiction, I do not agree. I read fiction to keep in touch with the thoughts of others. There is more truth in fiction than one dreams of. The leaders are never so far in advance of public thought. There are some

rhapsodizing writers who do soar too far—Marie Corelli—but to you they would perhaps be real. Fiction has a well-merited place in the world's literature. Fiction as compared with science is like to the average mind, a light French dinner and a heavy English one; as champagne to stout. There are minds as there are people, who require lighter and more easily digestible, assimilable food, and at times to us all comes the desire for such. After writing on hard exams did you never feel like indulging in penny-dreadfuls or shilling-shockers. As a drunkard hides his troubles in drink, so we bury our brains in light reading. This, of course, refers to the light in fiction. Your fiction is a fiction of the clouds, it is real to you but not more real than are the love-scrapes of Arabella Walters to the reader of light fiction; she reads herself in Arabella. One gains a good idea of human nature from the well written novel.

Materialism still remains my rock. I believe, apart from a future existence, our views are much the same, mine as glorious as yours. It is so hard to just express fully one's deepest thoughts—language is too barren. The soul has an intensity which the tongue cannot have. "Speech is but broken light upon the depth of the unspoken." I am thinking. "The object of our existence!" Why, to make a glorious angel band, but I am not to be of it. Worlds must exist. Our perfect world will exist and then cease, be a cool moon. Why, a perfect tooth! Does it exist forever and a day? The angels may live forever, I cannot say; but I do

not; I do my work and then lay me down to die.

The next time I ask you a question, please do read it aright. I did not ask you if you often thought of me; what I did ask was if you ever had thought that I was thinking of you. I was trying an experiment in mental telepathy.

How do you like spice?

And so a good chapter is coming! May it be soon. You certainly have the happy faculty of arousing the curiosity of your reader and keeping her in suspense. It is tiresome waiting, and doctors should know better than to sit out on the steps this cool weather. You are tormenting. The dear only knows what kind of ghostly, ghastly, mystical, weird, wizardy, witchy yarn it may be! You are a wizard. Do you—and here Don stopped, smiled, bit the end of her pen, looked into the fire, leaned her head on her left hand, drew little nothingless strokes on her blotter and then said yes I will—not think that maybe, perhaps, I might rather hear that, that is like better to hear the story told by you in person, a written story never has the same force or eloquence?—(There, that's not plain and yet he may catch on if it is really true; that is, if I am correct in my surmise).

Well, now that I have disposed of my spices and have measured off a few remnants of home-spun, real old Scotch tweed, I shall say good-night. I, too, am feeling the soporific effects of a *fire*. Hoping you are wide-awake and the spice is having a good punishing effect—will you

have spice again or is it too muchy-much? Believe me,

Yours Sincerely,

D. FENWICK.

ERIE.

My Dear Doctor:—

The allspices were duly received and digested; there were many aromatics among them. You are pretty familiar with the therapeutic effects of an aromatic, how it produces a peculiar warmth of the epigastric region and a soothing effect on the solar plexus. I immediately got off the stump when your letter arrived, and for a time I imagined that I sat beside a grate-fire with "a real, live, flesh and blood electric machine by the name of Donalda close beside me. The elements were in good humor and so she smiled. How is that for a picture?

The spice letters suit me perfectly. I shall expect a little thrown in every once in a while, whilst you are measuring off some of your dry goods into "homespun" lengths. There is no use talking, you do like the "real thing"; but since you, at present, regard me as a weird and ghostly correspondent, you will soon come to the conclusion that after all we know but little about it. I imagine that your head is swimming in the cosmos at present, mixed up in the ethereal vibrations of the different planets, with the ace of hearts, clubs, diamonds and spades everlastingly changing places. That literature which I sent you is not to prove an ethereal world, but only to show how little after all we know.

I suppose that you do not believe in astrology. Of course you will not tolerate any such uncanny ideas. I believe in it. I certainly am loading you up with uncanny subjects; so I shall turn down to mundane affairs. * * *

Hoping to hear from you very soon, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

E. HARTZ.

ERIE.

My Dear Doctor:—

At last I have decided to write you the letter containing the good chapter. I felt that I had to be in just the right mood to do it or it would be a failure. You will not believe all I write, and I cannot blame you. If I had written it at first you would have thought me living in a lunatic asylum; but I am level-headed enough, and you will soon see as I do, for you have the proper organization. I became interested in spiritualism some years ago. I had studied hypnotism and used it and suggestive therapeutics in my work; but these are only minor degrees of the great factor, spiritualism. A few years ago I lost a very dear friend under peculiar circumstances. We were unable to diagnose her disease. After her decease I started out to see if I could communicate with her, and I obtained a trumpet medium and through it heard from her that we indeed had been mistaken in our diagnosis, but that as far as human skill and knowledge were concerned nothing could have been done for her. Since then I have often communicated with her; in fact, during my spare

moments I am often in touch with other worlds. I have found other friends there who are friends indeed. One, a physician, often aids me in my diagnosis and treatment of cases. I wrote that book at his suggestion. I am only an instrument in their hands to work on this earth. I feel that I have a mission and so will you before long. I do not intend to marry; in fact, I have no inclinations for matrimony; if I had my object would be to have children, and I do not care for small ones. I do not think that it would be expedient for me to do so. I have not seen sufficient of the world yet. You must think me an odd specimen of humanity; but I think that you do understand me much better than most people do, and before long when you, too, will understand psychological phenomena better, you will understand my motives.

Hoping that you will not altogether misunderstand my views or misinterpret them, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

E. HARTZ.

“And this is the good chapter!” Donalda Fenwick remained standing as she had done during the perusal of this letter, the “good chapter.” A letter which in her innermost soul had seemed to mean so much to her, and now that she held it in her hand and had read its contents, was nothing after all to her, a meaningless conglomeration of a mystic’s imagings, the result of self-hypnotism, fraud on the part of discerning persons—so-called mediums. Wonderful in its way, but all false, not wonderful

and soul-satisfying as she had hoped; it carried no hope to her, but rather quenched all she had treasured up. By one stroke her air-castles had vanished. She had seemed to be drawn to this man by some impelling force. Try her best and she could not keep her thoughts from reverting to him. "Was it, could it be," and a look of horror came into her face, "that he had some subtle influence over her which she could not resist; but, no, she was not easily influenced." This letter was a disappointment to her. She had known that it would be of a mystical character, but she had hoped that in a mystical sense she would be included in it; but, no, she was altogether outside the pale. She had half imagined it would be a statement of some occult forces which had impelled him to write to her; that, in fact, that he had had communications with the other world concerning it. He had asked her birthday; he had acknowledged their kindred desires; he had said how he should like to meet her, to be with her; he had pictured their sitting by her grate. All these were little remarks that any man might pass to any woman; but in this case Don had fancied them prophetic of a coming event, the one that she longed for with all her soul, the meeting of and union with her twin. She longed for her completion. Ambition at times obscured this longing, but her ambition was feminine and it was a masculine force she required to render her complete. A husband's cleverness would satisfy when her own would not. At times she felt this longing intensely, but always in her own silent, intense

way. "No, she was not mentioned in this letter. It was only himself. It was self, self, in a spiritual way, but self all the same. He did not want her. He was complete without her. He did not need her. Was this friend," and a sharp pang of jealousy darted through her, "his completion; but, no, no, it was not that that; but evidently he did not feel the need of her or of any other woman." She folded the letter, compressed her lips and walked to her writing desk, where she sat down and at once answered this letter. Why she did so she did not know. She must do something. She thanked him for his long letter, saying as yet she could not see as he did, but that she would admit the possibility of such under increased knowledge. Not a word did she say as to her disappointment. "No," he should never know that; they were friends and should remain so. She could be brave. She laughingly rated him on his ideas of a home. She folded the letter, sealed the envelope and leaned back wearily in her chair and tried to think. "He is just hypnotizing himself. I can easily conceive of a person allowing himself to form such a habit and imagine that he is communicating with departed souls. It is suggestion pure and simple—Hornerite camp-meeting prostrations—why, it is only a species of insanity! Can it be possible? No, but," and Don snatched a photograph of the Doctor from a drawer in the desk and carefully scanned it. "Yes, he is queer-looking; but, no, I am now acting on suggestion. No, he is sane; but is he not in danger? Can I warn him? No," and realizing

her helplessness she leaned her head on the table and a strange thing happened—strange for Don—but was it not always the strange that did happen; she shed a few tears.

HURON.

My Dear Doctor:—

The gods say that if you want to kill a man first make him mad. I am most heartily ashamed of my conduct towards you on that afternoon on which I called on you to pour my phials of indignation forth at your new woman doings. I was nothing but a jealous brute. I should have known better than treat you in that way. You, who have always been so noble and good to me; but, Doctor, it is hard for a man not to be jealous when he loves. How would you have felt if I had written so enthusiastically about a new friend? I admire you for telling me, but it hurt at first. I should have waited until I had cooled down. Just think what a pleasant call it might have been if I had been sensible.

Hoping that you will forgive me and that we shall be friends forever, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

W. SHARPE.

“Friends forever.” Yes, but not just the same kind as we would have been.

Well, I must go and see Miss Webster. I wonder what ails her.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Don walked up to an old-fashioned house on the outskirts of the city situated in an old-fashioned garden, and was admitted into a dark hall by an old servant. "Will you just walk up to Miss Nancy's room, Miss? I think you know it. I don't know what ails her. She won't tell any one and she lies there so still and quiet as a mouse, not one bit like herself."

"O, yes, I shall find my way, thank you!" and Don ran up the stairs.

"If you want anything, Miss, just call me."

"Thank you." Don entered Nancy's room and found her lying in a large, old-fashioned bed, hung with quaint old valences. As Don approached her, Nancy turned with a languid air and slowly regarded her as if just awakening from a stupor. She looked too careworn and wearied to have awakened from a sleep; then throwing one hand petulantly above her head and toying with the bed clothes with the other, she said: "O, I'm so glad you have come! I can tell you everything;" and then suddenly turning from Don she burst out into a fit of hysterical weeping. Don took her hand and sat quietly by her bedside, waiting until the outburst should be over. At last only a few long sobs at intervals came from the girl, and then

these ceasing she turned towards Don once more. "You must think me a fool?"

"Not at all, but do tell me what has caused you all this grief? This is not like you."

"Not much, is it? Well, I guess I am heart-broken. I never felt like this before. I did not know that I had a heart; but I guess I have, like other poor mortals."

"Of course you have, and a good kind one, too, as I full well know."

"You are blarneying me, Doctor. Well," and Nancy wiped a tear which was slowly trickling down her cheek and then began to toy with the bed clothes, "I am heart-broken. The only being I ever really loved has deceived me. I never should have thought it possible. I did think her honest and true—men I have no use for, they have no hearts; and I loved her instead."

"O!" thought Don, "some one else has claimed this mite's love and she has been false to her own sex. The old story. Quite natural." But she only said, "tell me all about it."

"Did you know that I loved a girl? Not just as other girls love girls, but as, well, as I should want a man to love me. I never told you; I thought that you might think me foolish—you are so strong—but I had to love her."

"No, you did not tell me; but I heard of it."

"Of course! Mrs. Grundy."

"Well, yes; but a kind Mrs. Grundy."

"Madame?"

"Yes."

"She thinks me foolish."

"She does not perhaps understand your need."

"Do you?" and Nancy looked searchingly at Don.

"I think so."

"I might have known. I wish I had told you. Was I foolish?"

"No and yes. You went a little too far, were too extravagant in your affection, lavished too much on one party, when there were others needing your love. We are all apt to live selfishly. It is easy to love those whom we like; but you were only in your good-hearted way blindly seeking satisfaction for your love nature, which has not received its proper amount of love; you are impetuous in all your actions, in love as in any other."

"Yes, I know it is my nature."

"But you must try and unmake yourself in this respect. We all have to unform as well as form our beings. Oftentimes we are many disagreeable things by heredity, but we must banish them. As the gardener trains his plants, so we must train ourselves to be beautiful, loving creatures. We are like plants, our love is as the blossoms of the plants, and the more we love the more we can love; love like blossoms multiplies; we pluck blossoms to have more, we give forth love to have more to give."

"I am a regular thistle then, and no person wants any more of its blossoms. No, cut the plant down. I don't know what I was born for."

"A natural question, but seeing that you are here find a use for yourself. No one of us

perhaps is born with a definite purpose. Reproduction is as yet too vague for that."

"Well, I feel like a regular volcano."

"And so do I at times."

"You!" and Nancy looked at her incredulously.

"Yes, I do; but I have to put the check-rein on."

"Really!" and Nancy still looked wonderingly at her. "I thought you were an example of dignified repose."

"You cannot always tell by outward appearances. Long ago I learned to keep within myself. I have never been understood, and to prevent being more misunderstood I have kept my intense thoughts, loves and passions to myself. One ought to understand herself better than any one else can understand her; but to do this she must study herself. It is the lack of knowing and appreciating motives which causes misunderstandings. There are more good intentions in the world than one can have any idea of."

"I suppose that I did expect too much from that ungrateful girl. Just imagine her pretending to love me above all creatures and at the same time she was in love with a man! O! it is horrible! The perfidious thing! I hate her."

"You will until you understand her nature also. Of course she was false to you, but she was also trying to be false to her own nature, and she was not strong enough to remain false to her woman nature. No woman can love another woman as she can love a man. It is impossible. There is an affinity between the sexes

which is impossible between those of the same sex. One was made for the other. Those of the same sex may love, be kind to each other and all that; but the same complete satisfaction is not possible. One sex gives to the other what it lacks, but the same sex cannot do so; it merely adds a little more either feminine or masculine love to that already existent in the person. One may add a little more hydrogen to an already existent volume of the gas, it is not changed, its latent qualities are not developed, but its volume alone is increased; but add some oxygen to it, its volume may not be increased but it is changed; the chemical combination is a new substance and each gas finds satisfaction in the other; each good by itself but more useful in combination. You were so much stronger than this girl——”

“That girl——!”

“Well, that, then,” and Don smiled, which also caused the woe-begone, indignant Nancy to do the same much against her will. “Go on,” she said, half petulantly, as if ashamed of her levity. “Than that girl, that you partly filled the longings of that girl’s nature, but not fully, and she partly satisfied yours, but only partly; had a man—that despised being—come along and claimed your affections you would have done as she has, taken him in preference.”

“Never! I should never have been so dishonorable. I can’t see how you can accuse me of such conduct,” and Nancy shot an indignant glance at Don and then flung herself down on her pillow and hid her face. Don sat on quietly

wondering what this strange girl would do next. The clock on the dresser ticked on and Nancy still lay nursing her indignation, then slowly turning her head she looked at Don and said in a half sullen tone: "I suppose you despise me?"

"No, I do not; only I want you to be your old brave self. Miss Ellis has acted despicably."

"I should think so. Why didn't she tell me, instead of leaving me to read it in a newspaper! Horrid little rat!" and Nancy arose and pitched a pillow over the foot of the bed. "There she goes! I'm done with her and all mankind."

"No, you are only beginning to deal with mankind. Set to work and do something for mankind. Put some other object in her place. Forgive her first and you may be of use to her in after years."

"Never!"

"Well, think it over. Do not pay attention to what people say. Act as if you knew nothing of the matter and they will drop it. Do not allow this to break you up."

"O, you are so good, Doctor! If any person ever told me anything derogatory about you I could not, would not, believe."

"Now don't put too much faith in woman-kind again," and Don smiled down on Nancy. "I am only human, too. Don't fall in love with me."

"I can't love," and Nancy clutched her heart. "It's cold as stone."

"Just wait till another stone strikes against it and see if a few sparks do not fly out."

"No."

"Well, put your hand to the first duty and your heart will cease to be stone. Now, will you?"

Little did Don think how near the duty was.

"I will."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

While Don had been up stairs with Nancy, another event had taken place down stairs which had thrown that part of the house and its occupants into great consternation. Smith, the old servant who had admitted Don, had returned to the kitchen to find Sally, the new cook, in great trouble, a trouble caused rather by physical suffering than moral shame. Smith gave her one look and said "Get up stairs. I'll tell Miss Loudon on you. What she'll say I can't think. What's the use of such as you looking for places? Ye'd better be in the 'Ospital. Ye'll git yer walkin' ticket from here right soon," and with another scornful look Smith walked towards the sitting-room where the Misses Loudon—"the Old Parties" whom Nancy was supposed to care for—were sitting. Miss Loudon, wrapped in a rug, was reclining in an invalid's chair before the fire reading her morning's portion from the prayer-book. She looked up as Smith approached her chair and querelously asked: "What's the matter? Does the Doctor think that there is anything dangerous about Nancy? Anything infectious?"

"I don't know, ma'am; she hasn't come down yet; but there's trouble in the kitchen, ma'am."

"Why! has the new cook left? Dear me! what is one to do? Such a time as we do have!"

"Yes, ma'am, that's it; but it's not her having left, but she'll have to leave."

"Never, Smith! Coax her to stay."

"She's sick, ma'am."

"Why! what ails? You'd better call the Doctor in when she is going out and let her have a look at her. She must be only feigning. I don't believe in women doctors, but I guess she'll do for this."

"No, ma'am, there's no feigning about it. She's in a bad way. I sent her to bed, but ye'd better come and see her yerself."

"Impossible, Smith! How can you think of such a thing! You know that I never go to the kitchen. Caroline, you must go."

"No, indeed, I am too nervous this morning. I never slept a moment last night. I could not endure the sight of suffering. Where is Nancy?"

"Did I not tell you that the child is ill in bed this morning?"

"Young people have no business to be ill. Well, I can't go."

"One of ye'd better come."

"Is it so serious as that, Smith? These people always make a fuss over nothing at all."

"Yes, ma'am. I fear in a short time."

"What do you mean, Smith? Speak out and do not stand there so stupid."

"Well, ma'am, I hates to tell you, but I'm sure," and here Smith stooped and whispered in Miss Loudon's ear.

"Never, the wretched creature! The sooner out of the house the better. Call the ambulance."

I shall not have this. Tell Miss Nancy to get up at once, sick or not. I cannot take this responsibility at my age. O, get me my smelling salts, Smith! Tuck in my rug. There's my book! O, dear, dear me! I'm fainting. Open the window, Smith."

"Margaret, what a rumpus to be making over a sick girl! Do calm yourself. You agitate me."

"If you were any use you'd help me. Smith, get Miss Nancy up. She hired the creature."

"Maybe, ma'am, the lady Doctor 'ud help us out."

"Just the one, Smith. You call her."

Just as Don had counselled Nancy to be brave and the latter had promised to do her duty, Smith bounded into the room and said: "Miss, will-you-be-so-kind-as-to-come-and-see-new cook as is ill? Miss Loudon's so upset she can't do anything and Miss Nancy here's ill."

"No, I'm not, Smith. I'm cured. What's up?"

"Better let Miss—Doctor go," and Smith closed the door on Nancy and followed Don, who had in the meantime followed in the direction of a low wail of new-born humanity, and found herself in the room of the new cook. She glanced at the girl and the face seemed familiar, but she could not say where she had seen her. Walking hurriedly to the bedside, she saw at once that actions instead of words were needed. A young girl lay there and looked as if on the verge of death. A small, wailing mass of humanity in the shape of a newly-born infant lay in the bed. The girl slowly looked at Don and then closed

her eyes and sighed. Don recognised her desperate condition and hurried to summon Smith; the latter was already at the door; giving her a few instructions she returned to the patient. The woman slowly began to revive. Nancy in the meantime had appeared at the door with a white, terrified face. The naturally strong girl had been so overcome by her own disappointment and then this strange awakening that she was almost useless; but Don recognized that action was the best thing for her and therefore gave her something to do. Smith fussed around, muttering all sorts of direful invectives against "the trash that hired out in this country; but who'd hev thought it? I'd never hev. Miss Nancy, ye'd better hev yer eyes open nixt time."

As the woman slowly revived, Don, who was standing by her side, felt more than ever convinced that she had seen the girl before; but when? Then all of a sudden she remembered the girl who had called on her for help some months before on that dark, gloomy November night, who had gone forth with her partner in sin. It was strange that she had again met her. As the girl's gaze met Don's she turned her head away and hid her face in the pillows. Don drew Nancy aside and said: "They will have to remain here for a few days at least."

"Who is the villian? I could shoot him!" Nancy snarled between her teeth.

"Some one we little dream of. Find out if you can. She will not tell me. I have seen her before. I refused to aid her. He was waiting for her the evening that she called."

“Horrors!”

“Yes, you may well say so. Well, do the best you can. This may be your first duty.”

“A horrible one; but mine always are.”

“Well, good-bye; I must run on.” As Don passed down the stairway she was met by Miss Loudon and also by the nervous Caroline, who, when they heard all the particulars, nearly went into hysterics. As she passed out of the front door and down the path, she said: “What a world! Disappointment and sin on all sides. When will people learn to live? They merely exist as worse than brutes, and all from a mistaken idea of love.”

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"How do you do, Miss Loudon, and how is Miss Carrie?"

"Poorly, indeed, as usual, though," and Miss Caroline sighed.

"Really, I am so sorry. You are indeed afflicted."

"I am the one to be pitied, Ralph. Such a day as I have had. First thing I found Nancy ill in bed."

"Indeed; why, I thought that Miss Nancy never was ill. I thought she ridiculed such."

"Well, this morning she succumbed."

"I am sorry to hear it; nothing infectious or or dangerous?"

"O, no; she has recovered; but, Ralph, we have had a tragedy in the house."

"How exciting! Nobody killed, I hope?"

"No, worse than that."

"Why, Miss Loudon, how can anything be worse? Man dreads his departure hence more than any other episode which may befall him. Anything more shocking I cannot conceive of."

"Ralph, you are ridiculous. We all have to come to that; but this is indeed shocking."

"It must be if indeed it surpasses the other. Why! what is it? For once I am interested."

"You will be horrified if I tell you, but you

are such an old friend and we must tell some one."

"Why, yes! What are we here for if not to help one another, at least so says Miss Doctor. Do tell me? Nancy is not going to study medicine, is she?"

"Margaret, you are becoming immodest in your old age. It will be out soon enough."

"Hush, Caroline! I am using my own discretion. Well, Ralph, you know that cook you and Nancy selected?"

"Why, yes; the treasure with excellent references! Why, has she gone off with your valuables? Tragedy, indeed!"

"Not at all. That were a small calamity. No, she is here; but she has turned out to be the vilest baggage conceivable."

"You don't say so! Why, Miss Loudon, she came so highly recommended! I thought that you would be perfectly suited, but one can never tell."

"Well, you made a grand choice, I must say. I have no intention of opening a maternity hospital; and, Ralph, I consider you will have to help us out of this fix. What are we to do with the creature? One cannot turn her adrift."

"Why, no. Well, just make the best of it for a few days."

"Man like! How can we? I can't stand the uproar of that wailing brat. No, she must be removed, and at once. I shall not tolerate it any longer. The idea of pouncing down on respectable people in this way. I wonder that you did not make more inquiries."

"Why, I certainly did the best I could. I shall give up choosing help in the future. I never was intended for any laborious undertaking, but I thought I would follow out the Doctor's advice. I strive to shake off my usual laziness and this is the result; the leopard might just as well attempt to change his spots as a Risdon his habits; it is born spotted and he is born lazy. Well, I can see no alternative but patience and forbearance; do you, Miss Carrie?"

"I have not thought on the matter at all. I shall leave it all to Margaret and you. The Doctor says that I must not be annoyed."

"Miss Doctor would not say so; she considers bother and annoyance excellent alteratives."

"I have no faith in women doctors. They cannot understand a woman. What is the world coming to?"

"You must exert yourself."

"Never! I never have, nor never shall! Ralph Risdon, you know me well enough for that."

"You are hopeless. But this is a case for Christianity, charity. You see how the poor, fallen creature has been brought to your very door. Providence has strange, incomprehensible ways of making us do our duty."

"Ralph, do stop! It sickens me to have you talk in this strain. It is not like you."

"But, Carrie, I am changing."

"Pshaw! I do not believe it."

"O, but I am! I am getting an aim in life. Even Madame acknowledges the change in me."

I acquiesced with one of her charitable schemes yesterday without grumbling."

"Really, how brave of you!"

"And then I spent the whole evening in testing cigars for the club."

"Quite a trial, I should judge for one who is so fond of the weed."

"Just the contrary, my dear Miss Loudon. Just imagine having to inhale all kinds of different flavors. Ugh! it was a horrible task! One has to do his duty, you know. The world is becoming so altruistic, and better be out of it than out of the fashion."

"But fashionable people are not so inclined."

"Indeed they are. You are behind the times, fair Carrie. Is not Nancy here of the fashionable world, and she is becoming so self-sacrificing that one at least expects a golden crown for her."

"Fads and nonsense, that's all. I have no patience with young people nowadays."

"No, because you are out of the fashion. Why, here comes Miss Doctor as blooming as ever!"

"She makes me nervous. I do not like such robust young women. They set one's nerves on edge. I suppose she is coming to see that creature," and Miss Caroline looked daggers at some absent person. "Dear me, it is cold! Will summer never come?"

"Summer always exists in the hearts of the good."

"Ralph, you are simply ridiculous today."

"You do not admire me in my new role?"

"No, I should think not. An old fool is always the worst. You are getting giddy and childish."

"And is it not good to have a young heart?"

"In a young body; but not in one as old as yours."

* * * * *

Don walked up the stairs, at the head of which she was met by Nancy. "O, I am so glad that you have come, for I have some information for you!"

"Is that so?"

"This afternoon I managed to worm it out of her. She was very reticent at first. They always do seem to want to shelter the other party. How they can I do not know! I would expose him, ugh! Whom do you think it is?"

"One we would little suspect."

"Yes, indeed. I never had much respect for him, but I never would have suspected him of this. It is——"

"Never!" exclaimed Don. "Why!"

"It is. Put two and two together and when you come to think of it is this not confirmatory proof?" and Nancy held up the child for Don to look at it. "The very spit of him. I shall show him up if he does not handsomely provide for her. If he wants to be a Papa he shall pay for the privilege. Love, faugh! Man's love seems to go like fits and starts. A fig for it!"

"It is too often put off and on like his hat, while woman's clings even tighter than her skin; but this man does not know the meaning of love. What do you intend to do?"

"Confront him with the fact."

"All right. Well, good-bye for the present," and Don walked down to the door, and just as she was passing out Mr. Risdon came from the sitting-room. "Out on errands of tender mercies, Miss Doctor?"

"Yes."

"I hope that your patient is better. It is not often that Miss Nancy is laid low."

"Miss Webster is quite better."

"O, I am so glad to hear it! I was afraid that it might be something catching. I have a horror of such."

"Most things are catching."

"You do not say so!"

"Certainly."

"Why! what for example?"

"It would take too long to enumerate them all. I am going East to-day."

"O! are you? Well, I shall see you again before long. Your prescription is curing me."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Four days after the events recorded, Don was walking up the path to Miss Loudon's front entrance when she was overtaken by Mr. Risdon. "Good-day, Miss Doctor. I said that I should meet you again soon. What, is Nancy not better yet?"

"I am not attending Miss Webster at present."

"O! is that so? I have been laboring under a delusion then. I have not seen the dear girl for some time and I fancied her an invalid."

"She recovered quite quickly."

"No doubt, under your good care." Smith admitted them, telling Mr. Risdon that the two old ladies had gone for a drive, but that they would return before long and would he wait.

"Yes, I shall. Maybe Miss Nancy and Miss Doctor will keep me company; that is, if the latter does not demand all Miss Nan's attention."

"I am not calling on Miss Webster," and Don walked quickly up stairs and was met by Nancy with the baby in her arms. "Good, I am glad that you have come! That is old Risdon! He is very fond of calling at present. I am sure that the Old Parties enjoy his company. It is too much to last, though. Maybe he would like to see this," and Nancy held the child up. "Come down, I may require your assistance to entertain him."

"You are a host in yourself; but I shall come."

"Why, Miss Nancy! and what new role do I see you in? Why, you are droll! Been borrowing les enfants in the district? What a boon to poor, tired mothers. You are becoming more philanthropic even than Madame."

"Necessity has forced me to start a crèche in the house."

"O! Ah!! Indeed!!! Why so? This is something new. I should have thought that your revered aunts would not tolerate such."

"Necessity knows no law."

"Dear me, how tiresome! Well, I never allow necessity to govern me. It is a tyrant."

"We are not all so fortunate."

"How can you be bothered with that?" and Ralph Risdon looked disgustedly at the infant, which lay so contentedly in Nancy's arms, sucking its thumb.

"Some people in this world have to be bothered; all cannot escape."

"You are very contrary to-day. Everything I say you disagree with. I think I shall have to leave."

"Pray, do not. It is rather interesting to disagree. I knew that we should to-day. I have a presentiment founded on fact."

"Are you becoming a spiritualist or mind-reader?"

"No, a pure fact and reason reader. Mr. Risdon," and Nancy looked intently and fiercely at him, "I wish to have a most serious conversation with you."

"Pray! why? Please don't. I am not in the

mood for such," and he fidgetted in his chair. "Life is too short for such."

"It is a greater pity that life were not shorter for some people."

"Ah, Nancy, you are enigmatical to-day! I cannot understand you."

"You do not wish to. Just listen to what I have to say and then you will not think that I am speaking in riddles."

"Well," and puckering his mouth and looking much annoyed, he leaned back in his chair. "I suppose that I am in your clutches to-day. Fire ahead and have it over." This girl had always annoyed him.

"What I have to say is nothing more nor less than this," and Nancy shot an indignant glance at him and stopped to nerve herself for the rest of her sentence, "that the necessity of me being crêche-tender is due to your fault alone."

Without changing a muscle he replied in an insolent tone: "I do not understand you. Could I help getting such a huzzy into the house? Am I supposed to know all the vile baggages of Tecumseh?"

"Evidently you are acquainted with more of them than you care to have us know of."

"I—I—I do not understand," and he bit the end of his moustache.

"You do."

"I—I—I do not. In my kindness to you I have happened to be taken in like yourself. The girl came well recommended."

"Yes; well, you knew too much about those references."

"I—I—I do not understand you. Never again shall I take the least interest in your domestic affairs."

"I shall hope not. Well, Mr. Risdon, we may as well understand each other. You knew all about this girl and you wanted to get her a place and you chose us as probably being the most gullible. Now, I am determined that you shall do your duty to her."

"Miss Webster, I do not at all comprehend your meaning. I am in no way responsible for this vile creature."

"You are not! Look at this confirmatory bit," and without more ado Nancy threw the baby into his lap. "Isn't it the picture of its daddy? Sweet little pet. So like its papa." Then standing before him she said in cold, haughty tones: "Can you deny the striking resemblance?"

"You fool!" he growled, "take it away. I know nothing of it." Lifting the child, which was crying lustily now, she said: "You lie! You do know and you know that I speak the truth. Dr. Fenwick is as certain as I am."

"Damn the women!" and he picked up his cane and hat. "I have had enough for to-day of such insults."

"You shall hear me out," and Nancy stood with her back to the door. "I shall blaze it all around the town, and then where shall our 'immaculate Ralph' be? You recognize your position; do the honorable thing. I should like to see you in the Penitentiary. Vile wretch! Pampered, petted ornaments of society!"

"H'm! I think that you have gone quite far

enough. Do you know that you are addressing a gentleman?"

"No, I do not know it; but I do know that I am addressing a low, sneaking brute. Our gardener is miles above you. No, I shall make no secret of this."

"Am I responsible for all the women who make fools of themselves?"

"Not at all, but for those whom you make fools of. What business have you knowing this girl at all? Your social positions are not at all near each other, but you strive to place yourself on a par with her. You have to respect the women of your own class, at least the majority of them; but by sweet words and bribes you cause those of a lower class to fall. Gold and honeyed hypocrisy have always allured them. Henceforth I may acknowledge you in public, but never again shall I do so in any other respect. I regard you as a moral leper. You strove to cast suspicion aside by coming here so frequently of late. You are stealthy in your vileness. I sent my aunts out on purpose this afternoon, and now if you do your duty by these two I shall remain silent; but otherwise all Tecumseh shall know of it."

"And do you think that will injure me? I shall only be more interesting."

"In the eyes of those whose opinion is worth regarding."

"In the eyes of women with a purpose, I suppose," and he looked insolently at her. Ralph Risdon hated Nancy just now. Her remarks cut

him, but he did not intend her to know that they did; he was not man enough for that.

"Dr. Fenwick and I are done with you."

"Society in Tecumseh could not exist without Ralph Risdon."

"It had better go to pieces then; for such a rotten structure is not to be tolerated. I would that we could weed out such as you."

"All you would have left would be a few sneaking parsons and milksops."

"What a confession! I should be ashamed to make it. Well, it shows you as less a man than I thought you. No wonder you society men dislike the woman who thinks."

"A pretty sort of knowledge for a woman to have."

"A painful but necessary kind."

"Women ought to be lovely and brainless. We take care of them."

"Stop, Ralph Risdon! I have heard enough. 'Take care of them!' Yes, perhaps, in the higher ranks, but degrade them in the lower. How can I feel happy in my position when I know that the men I associate with are degrading other women? Never! It is impossible! We have too long pampered and petted such as you for the sake of financial marriage and your attractive company in society. Long ago we should have branded you as social lepers and sent you forth to earn your living outside the city gates by the sweat of your brow. Talk of a woman's duty being to be lovely and entertaining to such as you. The veriest Delilah were too good for you."

"Come, come, Nancy! you are a regular spit-fire."

"Henceforth I am Miss Webster to you. All I desire of you is that you will do your duty to these. She must leave here before long. I think I can find a home for her, but you must pay the expenses."

He calmly folded his arms and looked down complacently on the indignant upturned face of the girl. He was one of those persons whom anger makes calm. Nancy knew this and it angered her. If he had become wrathful she would have felt surer of accomplishing her purpose; but accomplish it she intended to. Slowly speaking in a lazy drawl he said: "Ah, taking things into your own hands, I see! Well, I fancy I may use my own discretion." He twirled his moustache and looked amusedly at her.

"I suppose you may, but it may be at the expense of your reputation. I have nothing more to say. The old ladies will not return until seven," and Nancy left the room. Ralph Risdon did not feel comfortable; in fact, so annoyed that he remained standing with crossed arms, one hand twirling his moustache and his eyes on the floor.

"D—n that infernal woman Doctor! Nan would never have thought of this but for her. She's always been 'cute, but these girls do not know us men. We are done for if women get a little knowledge. They can't reason, they can't see that a man has to have some license. It is all right for women to go to church, pray and sing hymns, but we can't do it. This is a kettle-

of-fish, for Nan's as good as her word. Well, this will not help me to play that game of whist with Ross," and he languidly walked out of the room. "Provide for those two! No, I can't afford it. It is monstrous to think of it. I am losing heavily enough now. Provide for that brat! Lord, how many more would be cropping up? It will grow up to curse me. Impossible! Well, 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' Nan will not turn them out, so I may as well enjoy life while I can."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Are you going out, Dr. Don?"

"No, I have just returned. Come in and let us have a cosy hour. We have not had a talk for some time, not by this fire, anyway."

"No, that is so, and I would rather talk to you here than anywhere else. It is so quiet and restful. Well, I have gotten that business settled. He will provide for them until Sally is strong enough to take another place, and he will provide for the child until he is twelve years old. I had an awful time wringing it out of him, but I have gotten it in black and white. I could not trust him without. She leaves to-morrow. This has been an experience for me. I think that I shall not grumble any more at my duties. This has taken my mind off that other affair."

"Yes, every ill has its bane."

"But this affair has sickened me with mankind. I feel like lying down under a shady tree and dying. Life is a horrible grimace, anyway; grinning skulls leering at one from all sides, dressed in all sorts of beautiful garments, but ghosts all the same. I feel like being a nun and closeting myself up in a convent."

"Impossible!"

"Perhaps. What a comfort, though! I am sickened with society as it is. I never want to

adorn myself again for an evening's so-called enjoyment. I have lost all taste for it. Imagine adorning one's self for such as Ralph Risdon, to be smiled and leered at, and then the next we know he is off with some wench we would not own. It is dreadful. No, I am done with society. I shall dress in the plainest clothes. Why do some women dress as they do?"

"To make themselves attractive and beautiful. We see the same in the lower forms of animal life, only in the other sex; there the female is the plain, unadorned one."

"Why the difference?"

"There must be some source of attractiveness on each side. With the lower animals the female is quite dependent on the male for her subsistence and therefore she does not seek a union for the sake of her bread and butter; but he to win her must be himself attractive in outward appearance. With us it is different; the civilized human female is dependent to a great extent—and has been more so until lately—on the male for her subsistence; therefore to attract him she makes herself attractive. Sex attraction and selection go hand in hand, and rightly so; but there are different forms of attractiveness; physical beauty has for too long predominated; the inner, more lasting soul attractiveness has been neglected. Women seek to please by skin beauty, which fades; but a better day is coming when soul beauty will attract their males to them, and then Heaven will sanction such mating. Woman has ruined her figure, destroyed her health and happiness, all in a mad endeavor to

please by physical charms. To such an extent has this idea of physical beauty advanced that if a man marry a plain-looking woman the world cannot understand why he did it. They regard it as a sacrifice; for the world is so enslaven in mistaken conceptions of physical beauty, happiness and love that it cannot conceive of a higher spiritual form of beauty, happiness and love."

"Do you think that a woman can retain her individuality if she marry, or if she desires to do so must she remain single; be in other words an 'old maid'?"

"You have asked a difficult question. Do you think that by Nature she was intended to remain single?"

"'Nothing in this world is single.
All things by a law Divine
In one another's being mingle,
Why not mine in thine?'"

"Yes, that is true, beautifully, poetically, theoretically true; but one cannot be sure of her mate. People are so different after one marries them."

"Yes, it is different; many do fail in the attempt to seek their completion. I think if one do meet her Heaven-intended mate she will not lose her individuality. There will be such a blending that each will be perfect in the other. No jealousy which might cause one party to place obstacles in the other's way will exist, nor on the other hand no blind love which sees no fault in one's mate will be present. There ought

to be such a blending that the thought of two individuals will not be taken into account, but one perfected whole alone. The idea of the two distinct individuals does away with completion. In this case a woman must lose her distinct individuality, but no more than man does. You meant when a woman would sink into perfect oblivion as far as her talents are concerned, and when man alone would shine? Such a union is no union at all. It is submersion of one and emersion of the other instead of the making of a new article. Oxygen alone is oxygen, hydrogen alone is hydrogen, but hydrogen plus oxygen is water. The ideal union is not often attained at present, but I have met a few such unions, and they were happy ones. Most people take the view of the case that when a woman retains her individuality she lords it over her husband, who is some weak creature. This woman is a more-to-be-pitied object than her sister who has lost her individuality. There is a battle being carried on at present between the sexes, a needful one in many respects; but as in all times of strife excesses are often being indulged in. Woman has been so repressed and hemmed in by restrictions and customs that in her efforts to claim freedom she is apt to overstep the bounds. When she is freer and allowed to associate with man on a commoner plane she will understand his place and her own better. She has been in exactly the same position as regards him as her sisters of Turkey are now in. As well put a woman behind a gauze veil and hide her from man as deny her the freedom of associating

equally in his enterprises. Ours is only a more extreme view of the case. We are only a little higher in the scale. As some Mohammedan women have burst their barriers, so have some American. Evolution is plainly seen throughout every department of life. Man rises through his struggles. The grandest, noblest battles he fights are with himself. Moral evolution is the highest type. Some would do away with man's battles, heap them on the broad shoulders of a Providence; others would screen their loved ones; parents fear for their children; but as well expect muscles to develop during non-use as mind and soul under non-temptation."

"Why do we pray 'lead us not into temptation'?"

"It ought rather to be 'lead us not into yielding to temptation.'"

"I never get any answers to my prayers."

"Perhaps not in the sense you expect; but does it not do you good to pour forth your feelings, to give utterance to your thoughts, even if it is to no one but yourself? The best men may not require stated intervals for prayer, for prayer is only thought, and all sincere persons' thoughts are prayers which are aspiring Angelward. A bad man's thoughts fall earthward, devilward. If one's thoughts are not all good ones is it not better for him to be placed in an environment in which for a short time he may have Angelward aspirations? Such moments of hypnotic influence cannot but make him better; for that influence will have its effect. If one is living amid squalid surroundings and he close his eyes and

allows his mind to feast on a beautiful landscape, is he not refreshed? So it is in religion; tear one's self away from sinful associations and think of a sinless state and one is also refreshed. All religions are nothing but suggested, trance-like, hypnotical state, some more than others. In some the subjective mind rules, in others the objective; but in the most beneficial these two minds counter-balance. The soul requires remedies as well as the body, religious hypnotical therapeutics are as necessary as physical ones. When we are perfect, church-going, prayer-meetings and Sunday schools will be things of the past relics of barbarism from which we have evolved; but now they are necessary whilst we are barbarians."

"Well, I have gotten some more food for digesting, and I thank you. Are you going to the Pan-American?"

"I hardly think so."

"I wish you could go with me. I expect to go next week. Tra-la for the present."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It was the twelfth of July, a cool, bright summer's day, one of those on which one attempts to forget the dog-days and at the same time banishes all thoughts of cold winter; one of those days which come to us in the middle of the summer in the same to-be-appreciated manner as an oasis in the desert to a tired, weary, thirsty traveler. Don was revelling in this day, and after her office hours were over and her calls had been paid she mounted her bicycle and wheeled out into the country. She loved the country; it was full of sweet memories for her; every sound was sweet music, and especially sweet after the noise and din of the main street of a busy town. The landscape was a continuous picture gallery, Turner, Leighton, Landseer, were all before her. She turned down a side road, dismounted, laid her wheel tenderly down, for she loved it—it was a part of her nature to love what belonged to her—and sat down under the shade of a large maple tree. She threw her hat to one side, clasped her hands behind her head and leaned back against the tree's trunk. "O, this is Heaven! What a blessing that one can have even a snatch of such perfect enjoyment! Not a discordant sound to be heard, everything working harmoniously; just like

Harty's conception of the future world. It is a lovely idea, but is it so or is it only all a misconception? Shall he live again, or is my materialistic idea the correct one? If he is correct, then all forms of life will be reincarnated; not man alone. I think that I am right. What odds does it make? This might just as well end all for me. Oblivion is comfortable. As long as the human race continues to evolve to the perfect state—'Angelward'—what need is there of me living after my task here is accomplished? According to his view we have tasks in the future, where we go on evolving ourselves and act as guides to poor earth creatures. Who are my guides then? Are they looking down on me now? It is all queer; but the main thing is to do right here below and let come what may afterwards. We ought not to live for the sake of a future reward—and yet is our right living not all for future betterment, if not of us, of those who follow?—that is bribery pure and simple; but do right because it is right to do so. Harty has some strange ideas. I cannot agree with him in his matrimonial views; they are partly idealistic and yet I do not care for them. I think that he is mistaken and may be overlooking a source of his highest development and duty in a mistaken idea of altruism. He evidently regards matrimony as alone for the propagation of the species. I do not. It is indeed an essential of it, but not all of it. I think his idea is that two kindred souls, who love each other, may love just as well in single blessedness as if united; that the union is only to allow of the

legal production of children; now they may love ununited, but not as they may if brought into daily contact—'familiarity breeds contempt'—but only when there is not perfect love. Two mated by love cannot but blossom and develop in each other's company. Their children will draw them together. No, matrimony is not alone for the production of children, but for the unifying of two souls; and as for not caring for young children, I am disgusted with that. We are not one; there is a jarring note. I instinctively feel it, and yet we have so much in common that it seems hard; but no, Donald Fenwick, you must tramp this world's thorny, stony pathway alone; you have so far, and so much farther and farther must you go alone. 'As ships that pass in the night,' so are those whom you meet. You do not meet them for naught; but they are not for you alone. It is hard," and Don clasped her hands more tightly and looked up at the bright blue sky flecked with white clouds. Great cumulus masses of white condensed vapor, mountains of fleecy foam hung suspended in the sea of ether, as if just ready to drop, the icebergs of the ethereal ocean. Will the airships of the future have as much dread in passing among them as our greyhounds of to-day among our icebergs? The insect life around Don kept on humming its continual refrain, a little spider-bird sat on the rail fence beside her and a great brown beetle walked most unceremoniously over her; great black ants seemed to find her a splendid campus for a game of "I spy," and an occasional wasp hovered near; but Don was "en rap-

port, with them all and allowed them to have their own way and enjoy themselves at their pleasure. A great black crow hovered overhead and then flew off to join some of his clerical brethren. The breeze gently ruffled the leaves of the trees and blew Don's hair from her face. It was so refreshing after the hot days which had just gone by. She felt like another creature; environment does influence us to an unappreciable degree. Don felt Heavenly good here. "I believe that I shall be a tramp for the rest of my days. They must have good times, for after all sleeping in a soft downy bed and eating at a well-appointed table are not all the requisites for happiness. A dry crust out here were preferable to pound cake in some homes, and what more lovely bed-chamber than this one of Nature? True, it is not always like this, but the other times come only as accidents. No, tramping is not too bad. No wonder men tired with life or born tired take to it with such adaptability. One cannot but feel 'en rapport' with it. It is natural and the lives we live are not; they are horribly artificial, a perfect strain after fashion. I believe that I was born to be a tramp. If I only had the means I would tramp this earth from one end to the other and draw lessons from it. A lazy life maybe, but a happy one. I often think what is the use of trying to help man on his upward climb. One's meed is only kicks and blows; but this is pessimistic and such thoughts will not do out here. No, Donald, you must struggle on, accept this man's love; for we did acknowledge once that we do love, as one

of the sweets of life; but you must not rely on it alone. It is not yours alone, it is for the world at large also. You think his duty perhaps lies in marrying and producing children like himself and thus propagating good by the surest, most rational methods of evolution, the succession of transmitted good" Don mused on, sometimes half aloud to herself, at other times silently. The gentle country air was beginning to have a soporific effect on her, the humming of the insect orchestra was becoming more subdued, the song of the breeze more faintly heard and only by blinky glimpses did she notice the landscape. Just as she was passing into the Land of Nod she reopened her eyes wide and gazed in wonder rapt at a great white cumulus cloud which was lighted up with a golden sheen. "Lovely," she whispered. "Golden Hope, but there it's turning pink and soon will be gray! Clouds do change so quickly, they are fleeting things, so is life. It is hope, then twilight. O!" and Don's head sank a little lower and she was on the verge of dreamland if she had not already been there since she first sat under the tree. "We are such things as dreams are made of. Life appears to be one vast delirium, maybe a happy one, maybe a sad one, maybe a terrible one. The world seems at times like one vast madhouse, every one of us a lunatic pursuing some idle illusion, haunted by some hallucination, led on by some delusion, taken possession of by some obsession; we only in minor degrees of insanity. Who of us all is altogether sane? There is not one."

HER DREAM.

It was early morning in a far-off sphere, the Land of Love away off in the clouds; a land away above the ken of man's mind's eye or his physical eye; a land where love reigns supreme, where work is done for love and by love; no hatred of duty or disinclination for labor exists; it is the sphere of Supreme Love, the home of cupids, of angels, of all messengers of God; a land ruled by Love Divine, where faction is unknown, for love rules the act and love is law Divine. The Master of this sphere arose from his couch, not as man here below does with a yawn and a dread of the day's labor, but fresh, radiant, free from all earth-bound fettering ailments—a spirit perfect. He was a radiant Being, his clear, ethereal Being radiated light from his soul; Love enshrouded him and glistened through his thin, diaphanous raiment, which was cast like a silvery sheen around him. There was strength in his form, but the strength which does not scorn to be gentle, the gentle, graceful strength of Love. Love must be strong; it is no mean, maudlin thing. As he arose in all his glorious, radiant, silvery, splendid perfection from his rose-wreathed cloud couch, a circle made of silvery-gray clouds tinted here and there with rosy streaks of Aurora, he summoned his cupids from their airy-fairy cloud cots and gave them their love labors for the day. They came at once and smiled sweetly on the Master, and joining hands raised their Heavenly voices in adoration. Every tiny cloud vibrated to the delicate Heaven-

ly song, and then every one calmly awaited his message.

"You, Rose, go to that poor sick child in that tenement and soothe her sleepless brow and carry sweet thoughts to her weary mind."

"Yes, Master," and the tiny, rose-colored cupid swiftly and gently floated through the pale grayish rose-tinted clouds earthward.

"Hope," and here the Master addressed a rose-tinted cherub clad in a golden veil-like raiment through which the rose-hue of hope radiated, her little wings glistening with gold and her golden hair waving in the gentle ethereal vibrations, a lovely sight. "Go to that true womanly woman and tell her all is right, that she will meet her twin soul; that there is a soul's completion for her. She may doubt you, but she must hope on. She cannot throw hope aside, for she is brave and will hope."

Then for a moment the Master looked over his remaining cupids and seemed as if in doubt, but then again his brow cleared and he was again radiant. "I have a good, true, lonely soul down there to whom I wish to send perfect happiness. He fancies that he cannot find it on earth; that he must wait until he comes here, and he, once in a while, send his soul to us for comfort; but he must find it down below for a time. If he is to do his work there he must find his love-mate there, not here. You, Earth Brightener, go to him. He fancies the earth uncongenial to him, but you must bring him to his mate, and then earth will have Heavenly charms for him. Go hence and do your Love Labor."

“Yes, Master dear,” and the last-named cupid swiftly sped earthward. He overtook Hope, and taking her hand he said: “Beloved sister, I, too, am going earthward. Hope on, we shall mate them yet. Good-bye.” The gray-clad, rose-tinted Earth Brightener sped on and alighted in the office of a fair-haired young man, who was reading up the technique of an operation for the following day; but he could not concentrate his mind, so he threw down the surgical text-book in disgust and walked up and down the room, saying to himself: “What ails me lately? I try to think and all I can think of is the Woman Physician. That is all well and good in its place, but I cannot afford to have my thoughts so distracted from their proper course. I never did before and I must not now. I’m not in love, and yet I am as unsettled as any hobble-de hoy in his first amours. No, I won’t have it. I enjoy her letters, she is just splendid, but I have no time for love. No, I have a destiny to work out independent of it; but, hang it all, say as I will, that I shall not allow my affections to get the upper hand of me, they seem to. I must ask my spirit guides for advice in this matter. I must conquer this matter.”

In her dream Don saw first the great white mass of cumulus cloud, then it became enveloped in a golden veil, then it was rose-tinted, and finally it became grayish. It hung as it were by its own weight in the air. As an iceberg is often the habitat of aquamarine animals, so to Don these cloudbergs seemed to be inhabited by some ethereal beings. When this great white mass first

appeared in the sky it seemed to be uninhabited, but a little later a golden-clad cupid darted to it on her way through the sky, and now lay in its soft, gilded folds. Hope ever reflects itself. After she had lain quietly for some time she peeped over one of the golden billows, and as she did so a small, gray, rose-tinted cupid floated into one of the golden folds. He was very rosy and the mass took on its rosy hue. Hope stretched out her hand to her companion and Earth Brightener said in a sweet, musical voice: "How rosy you are! Good tidings, sweet one?"

"Better than usual, dear one; but he is not touched yet. I have been doing another earth mission. I kissed a sweet little lassie on my way up as she lay asleep under a tree, dreaming of him."

"O! that is my dear sweet creature; look!" and Hope, taking her companion's hand looked down lovingly on Don, who dreamed that she dreamed this beautiful dream; then it seemed as if there was a space of time, during which she had no recollection of dreaming, and then she again became conscious of again dreaming, and she dreamed that she walked into Harty's office, and as he advanced to meet her as a new patient, he scanned her face as was evidently his way, and before she could say, "Dr. Hartz, I have come to consult you," he exclaimed, "Why! Well!! Dr. Fenwick!!!" They both laughed, and she had told him how she had intended to play the patient; but he by his intuition had spoiled all her plans. His sister had then appeared, and on Don telling her of her disappoint-

ed plans, she said: "O, he is dreadful! He knows everything." They had a long conversation and at its conclusion had taken hands and had flown off to a great, white, gilded, rosy-tinted, gray cloud mass, to dwell forever with the spirits. Don was just about to say, "O, Harty! you were right. There is a spirit-world," when a fly lit on her nose and awakened her. She lifted her hand to drive it away, then opened her sleepy eyelids and saw that the day was drawing to a close. "O, dear! I have been asleep, I do declare! Dear me! what o'clock is it? I never intended to sleep, but it is so delightfully cool out here. A quarter of eight! Why, I shall have to fly back to noise and din! That was a pretty dream, but dreams are a farce."

Don rode home and resumed her duties and forgot Harty for a time, and he returned to his reading and tried to forget her. Were there spiritual forces at work?

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Don had just returned from the hospital and was removing her hat, when the office door opened and an elderly man walked in. O, Uncle Ted! Where did you spring from? You nearly scared me out of my senses. This is unexpected."

"Doesn't it always happen? Well, you might say you are glad to see an old fellow!"

"Of course I am. This is just too lovely of you."

"Well, I am on my way to the 'Pan.' Have you been?"

"No. I do not think that I shall go."

"You had better pack up and go with me."

"No, I'm afraid I can't. I cannot quite afford it now, and then my work."

"Afford it! What's that? It won't cost you a sou, and as for work, what business has a young girl like you with tied apron-strings; but how are you getting on, anyway? Haven't tired of it yet? Haven't taken the first good man, as your Scotchman advised? It does beat all the perversity of you."

"O, I am doing very well; but I cannot afford to spend anything on luxuries. No, I am single yet. Good men are scarce."

"Or else somebody is saucy. How about that

side of the question? Well, until you can do better, come on and spend a single blessedness honeymoon with an old bachelor. I want a companion, and you are the best one I know of. If you can put up with me, I can with you; but it does beat the Dutch that no man has picked you up yet. I would, uncle and all, if I were not so damned old. Age is an affliction; but maybe you are better off as you are. We men are nothing but a lot of selfish old sticks to boast of at the best. Gad, I wish I were young, though! A man born before his time is like a fish out of water."

"Were there no women in your day?"

"Heaps of them; but not your kind."

"You have kissed the Blarney Stone."

"Not a bit; but, Don, you are blooming. I never saw you looking better. There's something in the wind. Out with it. Don't put the blinders on the old horse. Now, come, confess right up and tell an old fellow, who has a bit of young heart still left, about this happy young devil. Gad, I envy him!"

"I would if there was anything to tell; but, honor bright, there isn't."

"No! Swear true, H. B. sure?"

"Yes."

"Well, I shan't prod any deeper. You always were honest, even if you 'were deep.' Gad, but your Aunt Harriet had a time trying to fathom you! She's a corker for meddling, but even she is improving. Well, medicine seems to suit you. I don't know but that you are better off as you are. Take my advice and remain as you are.

Marriage is a lottery. I am just as well off as t' other fellows. Well, will you come? We shan't stay long if you do not wish to. We may as well see something of it, though. I can't go alone, at least I don't want to. That's the worst of being a bachelor. It is something to have even a dog tagging at your heels."

"I don't play dog-at-heels, thank you," and Don looked mischievously at this old uncle whom she loved so dearly.

"You don't! Well, come then, and look after a poor old fellow, who will run at your heels. I may require a pill or two. Where's that young rascal Teddy? Since he has gone and done the unfortunate I haven't had a word from him. I'll disown him."

"We none of us hear often from him. He has been away from home so long that the home ties seem to be weakened. It worries mother."

"Yes, I am afraid so. Well, he ought not to neglect her. A boy does not have his mother forever."

"No, but Uncle Ted, you know our home has never had its full share of love. Of course, Teddy ought to write and come home, but we have been unfortunate in this respect. I now appreciate my home more as I have studied out the causes of many of our unhappy moments; but there is always so much friction there. I am happier here even if I am lonely at times. Friction nearly kills one," and Don stifled down a sob and turned to arrange some papers. Uncle Ted was the only person in whom she ever confided on this subject.

"Yes, dearie, I know it. Julia and your father are not mates, but in those days young girls thought that they had to marry. I wish that I had been at home; I might have prevented it; but I was away off seeking my fortune. Well, don't you do the same. No, you live in golden days."

"Pretty brassy sometimes."

"No puns now. Well, 'all's not gold that glitters.' Will you go? You have not given me my answer yet. I do not wonder that you are an old maid. No fellow could have patience to be kept in suspense this long. Come, yes or no?"

"When do you want to start?"

"First train. Is that too long ahead?"

"It's too soon."

"Well, then, whenever it is convenient. I'm in no hurry, so long as you'll go. You will go?"

"Thank you, yes, I believe that I shall. It is awfully kind of you. You are always thinking of me."

"T'other way, altogether. I'm always thinking of myself and how I am to have pleasure. Get your traps together; not too many of them, for I'm not young and I cannot look after band-boxes, hat-boxes, and shoe-boxes, trunks and bales galore."

"Dear me! what an affliction to travel with a woman! I shan't take much. O' my friend, Miss Webster, is there now! You will like her."

"That independent creature you wrote about, who calls her aunts the 'Old Parties'! Has she packed them up and taken them along? I don't want any old women on my hands."

"No more does Nan. No, she has left them at home, and they are having a good time to themselves. It is just a shame her having to stay with them, for both parties are better off apart; but circumstances, rather custom, demands a sacrifice of a young relative. She's just splendid!"

"The proof o' th' puddin's th' preein' o' 't.' Well, we'll see. If she calls me an 'old party' I'm done with her."

"No danger."

"Sure."

"Positive."

"Get ready. May I smoke on the veranda?"

"Yes."

"All right, then. Go and get ready." As Don went off to make some necessary arrangements about leaving her practice, Uncle Ned smoked contentedly on the side veranda and muttered to himself: "Mighty fine girl! Gad, but I wish I were young! What are those young whippersnappers doing? 'It's an ill wind that blows naebody gude.' I am better off, but she ought to have a home and bairns. It's a poor business knocking around all alone after all. She's just the kind to have a home. She'd attend to it; no flightiness about such as she. What are men thinking about? They're so afraid of a woman with brains; think they will lose their power, simpletons and fools!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Why, Dr. Don! where did you spring from? I was just saying to Miss Lawson that I did wish you were here; and here behold you stand! Talk of fairies!"

"Speak of the old fellow and he appears."

"Rather whisper of angels and you hear the rustle of their wings. Why, dear! where did you spring from?"

"O, Uncle Ted came along and fairly compelled me to come! Not that it required very much forcing. It is fairyland."

"Yes, isn't it beautiful? I knew that you would appreciate it. How long have you been here?"

"Two days."

"And this is the first I have seen of you!"

"I telephoned your aunts for your address, but I could not get a satisfactory answer."

"No, I warrant you. Miss Caroline had the neuralgia and Miss Loudon had taken leave of her senses. Such 'Old Parties'! Well, I am rid of them for the time being. This is Heaven and I hate to go back to Hell."

"Shame!"

"No, I am honest. Are you alone?"

"Why, no, Uncle Ted is with me."

"The dear, charming old bachelor! Do intro-

duce us. I might, you know," and Nancy looked roguishly at Don.

"No danger. Fireproof!"

"Warranted not to collapse on fire? Dear, dear, but one can never tell! Doctor, who is that you are gazing at?"

"Only a man. I fancied that I had seen him before; but, no, I think not."

"'Only a man'! Is our Doctor becoming gay? Never! never!!"

"O, no, but it was the resemblance! One sees it sometimes in a perfect stranger."

"Yes; well, I shall watch all the 'perfect strangers,' and then maybe I shall learn something. Where is this charming chaperon of yours? I want to meet him."

"He has gone off to see something particularly interesting to him, and I said I would wait here. Have you been anywhere else than to the Exposition?"

"Why, no! Is this not sufficient?"

"More than so; but we are going to a spiritualistic séance to-night."

"Never!"

"Yes."

"Are you delving into it?"

"O, no! Only I want to see what it is like. Will you accompany us? Here is Uncle Ted! Miss Webster, uncle."

"I am very much delighted to meet you, Miss Webster. This girl has been sounding your praises for so long that I feel as if I knew you very well."

"I hope that she has not told any tales."

"Indeed, no!"

"Uncle Ted, I have asked Miss Webster to accompany us this evening."

"Right glad I am, for I shall have one sane person to keep me company. I expect you to be soaring off to t'other worlds. Hang it! what do you want to go for, anyway? It is uncanny."

"To see what a séance is like."

"The inquisitiveness of these advanced women is enough to make an old fellow's hair stand on end. I hope that you are not one of them, Miss Webster."

"Not a bit; a real old-fashioned girl."

"Yes, I should say so. No Uncle Ted, you are in a trap. We shall have to find an old demoiselle for you. There's one over there."

"Thank you, no. I prefer young ones. Will Miss Webster dine with us?"

"Thank you. I am off on my own hook. Miss Lawson has gone out for dinner."

"Everything all hunk-a-dory, then. Let us go home. It is half-past six, and if we are going to that Devil's class-meeting we had better scoot. I am almost afraid that these old pins of mine will give out before long. Don, you have no mercy on an old man."

"I do declare! there you are again, staring at a man. This is serious. Are they not common enough?"

"Yes, only this one haunts me. I have seen him some place before; but where?"

"He's not much to look at, anyway."

"He has a sort of ethereal look. Look at him, Nancy!"

"O, that! Why, that's an ordinary-looking creature. Get something better than that to look at. I wonder at your taste, Doctor."

"She always makes one wonder. Come, here is our car!"

CHAPTER XL.

Uncle Ted and his two companions were ushered into the long salon of Madame Zanôni, the leading spiritualistic medium of Buffalo. The room was already well filled with a respectable audience, which appeared to be composed of men and women of brains; here and there a giddy, frivolous individual might be seen, drawn thither by a desire for a fad or from pure curiosity; but for the greater part they appeared to be people bent on a true and serious aspect of life. It was a long and narrow, low-ceilinged room, dimly lighted by soft, delicately shaded incandescent lights. The curtains and hangings were soft and subdued in tint. Palms and delicate cut flowers were placed here and there where they would be most effective and sweet music proceeded from a small room communicating by a curtained arch with the audience chamber. The floor was covered with soft Turkish rugs. At the upper end of the room was a low, raised platform, on which palms and flowers were arranged. When the audience had assembled and all sat in an expectant attitude, a faint sound was heard, and on looking in the direction whence it issued, they saw a middle-aged woman of uncommon appearance pass almost noiselessly through the curtained arch, so noiselessly as to

attract attention—a whisper may carry sound when a loud voice passes by unheeded. There was an other worldness about this sound, an unusualness which made it apparent; and then the expectant ears and eyes, nay, all senses, the expectant mind was on the alert to detect the faintest vibration. It was such an expectant attitude as that which is on the alert for sounds from other worlds, the sounds heard by the dying. She walked gracefully to the platform, gazed over the assembled audience and then stood silently and gazed off towards the ceiling for a few moments. She was a tall woman whose hair was gray, but whose appearance otherwise was one of youth. There was a glow of perfect health about her which caused one to say, "How young!" She was clad in a long, loose Grecian gown of soft white silk, caught at the waist by a golden girdle. Every movement was full of grace, like the harmonious movement of a gentle breeze, and when at last she arose to address her audience her voice was as the sweetest music. Don was spellbound. She had read of such voices, but never before had she heard one. A sweetness as of the ethereal world pervaded this woman's whole person. Don gazed as one infatuated. "If this is the result of spiritualism, then the more of it the better. I have never seen such beauty, such harmonious loveliness. This is sublime! No wonder that Harty thinks this happiness. Would he not enjoy this!"

The music sank to an almost inaudible sound, the lights were lowered and in the sweetest ac-

cents imaginable Madame Zanôni said: "One member of the audience, whose name I shall not mention, has desired me to obtain some information relating to his private affairs from those in the spirit world. I shall ask the questions which he has given to me and the answers shall come by means of a trumpet." As she said "one of the audience" every member looked involuntarily at the others, as if to say, "It must be you." Nancy gazed all around the room and then whispered to Don: "It is that man in the corner; he is trying to look indifferent; the fair one. Why, he is your ethereal man! He is one of them and he was hypnotizing you. Doctor, you are in danger. We had better take you home. It's all a joke. It is a put up piece of business."

"Hush! you will disturb conditions. One adverse person may."

"Well, I'm mum, then, for I want to see the show out; but he is the man."

Don also thought so, but she did not say so. "I wonder who he is? I feel strangely interested in him. It seems as if he fascinates me."

The medium reclined on a soft, pillowed divan and over her face spread a more Heavenly expression. It was as if she saw a glimpse of Heaven, and no doubt she thought that she was in communication with its inhabitants. As soon as she had asked the questions she arose, pointed to the centre of the ceiling, and then fixing her gaze steadily on her audience she said here is the trumpet. They all looked first at her, then at the ceiling, and slowly a thin, white diaphanous

gauze trumpet-shaped apparition hung suspended in the air as if attached by an invisible cord to the ceiling. It waved gently, and it was as if a huge, white morning glory had at once blossomed forth from some unseen vine. It quivered in the air as if this earth's atmosphere were too strong for it, and then from its depths issued a voice of such mellow sweetness, as much different from a blast of an ordinary trumpet as the divinest harmony from the clang of a cow's bell. The whole room was sweetened by it, it was as a perfumed breeze; a hush fell on those assembled, and in its liquid, musical tones the following answer came: "You were not mistaken the other night in the answers you received from your spirit guides. You have a mission. You must live for it. She is not for you." Then the almost transparent, filmy apparition quivered and floated in the air; then, as a crumpled flower, descended and alighted in Don's lap. She gave an involuntary start and strove to cast it aside. It faded and was gone. She attempted to appear calm, but she could not feel at ease. The young man in the front seat sat more squarely and looked straight ahead of him. Uncle Ted gave a sigh of relief and said to Nancy: "Please give Don a nudge; we must be going. It is late and this is all fake. We shan't stay for any more. I hope she is satisfied."

The three walked quietly out and were once more in the fresh air. "Well, Don, had enough of sorcery for one night?"

"No, I want to know something more about it."

"Put all such trash away. It is all fake."

"That is what I want to find out. Is it merely hypnotism or is it true communication with the other worlds?"

"There is no communicating with the other worlds. It is all moonshine. Hypnotism, or, if you like, other Devils' work."

"But where did that trumpet come from? Did she merely hypnotize us all? Did it really not fall? Did she only make us believe it did? I want to know."

"It's all nonsense, lass. It's uncanny if it is true and it is all foolishness if it is not true. What good will it do that man?"

"But are not all nations, all creeds, all religions impregnated with this one idea of a Providence which orders our ways and answers our petitions? Is not Spiritualism only an improved, an exaggerated idea of the universally held view?"

"Maybe, but I have not delved down into theology or philosophy. It only makes life harder. There is no use in always trying to get at the bottom of things, for you can't; so you may as well stay at the top and skim along the surface as get half way down where you can't see anything. I'd sooner float than sink. No, Don, you are too fond of getting in deep waters. Now confess, aren't you?"

"Well, I want to know. It may be a long way to the bottom, but I must get there."

CHAPTER XLI.

It was the last evening of their visit to the Exposition and they were sitting on a bench by the canal close to the towers of the Triumphal Bridge. It was cool and quiet. A couple of gondolas passed slowly along the canal and a few stray visitors passed by, but it was comparatively undisturbed. A rustic bridge crossed a smaller canal leading to a lagoon and a rustic summer house was quite close by. Uncle Ted, who for the past few days had been eager to be on the *qui vive*, just like any young boy, at last said: "What do you say to a last stroll around by the Court of Fountains?"

"Yes," answered the ever-ready Nancy, who had become a permanent acquisition to the party, "I do love to see the illuminations."

"If you two do not object I believe that I shall remain here. You can come back for me."

"All right; but shan't you be lonely?"

"O, no! I have seen so much within the last few days that I feel almost satiated. Let me try and digest some of it."

"You can do that in Tecumseh; but, well, as you like. Tra-la! We'll look you up later on."

This was just what Don wanted. She did enjoy moments to think by herself and she had not had any lately. Since she had attended the

séance she had been attempting to come to some satisfactory conclusions concerning spiritualism, but as yet she had been unable to disburden her mind of the idea that it was suggestion pure and simple. She could see no need of thinking that spirits from the other world really come into communication with us. No, they only fancied that they did. They were highly imaginative, rendered such by their conceptions of a future existence, a spirit world. This writing on slates was not the work of departed souls, but merely an optical illusion produced by the mind of the medium over those who sought her aid. That gauzy trumpet was only a fake, and yet was she, Don Fenwick, so easily influenced, she with all her materialism? But, no, her idea was right. It certainly would do these people no harm to believe as they did, if one could judge by their lovely, happy appearances; still might it not deter them from developing their reasoning faculties if they learned to depend on others to decide for them; but, no, for it was only their own reason they were using, but perhaps reason beyond reason. Imaginative people are not reliable. If one mind can affect another in this world, why not a mind in another world? Was it any more unreasonable for a person down here to consult a Heavenly person for advice than for one person to seek it of another on this earth? No, it did not appear feasible; but yet," and Don looked seriously worried, "what was the need of this Heavenly interference? Man was here just as one step in the evolution "Angelward"; then why not allow him as any insignificant

amoeba to exist and then die? He was only a more complex advanced amoeba, a mass of amoebae. Each cell of his body was only a mass of protoplasm like the amoeba with powers of seeking nutrition, of being cognizant of its surroundings, capable of movement, growth and of reproducing its kind. Man was only a mass of such jelly-like constituents, grouped together in masses to form organs for the performance of the different functions of the body. In the amoeba one cell performed the many, in man many cells performed a function. Instead of the one being, dividing and forming two new beings, in man two small organs composed of numerous cells, eliminated one of their number and this formed the new being. Reproduction in man did not mean annihilation of the parent, but merely loss of a cell. The parent lived to still farther perpetuate his kind, but this one little cell was only an amoeba-like structure. No man did not live in a future state. Death was annihilation for him; that was as plain as A, B, C and twice two is four. Harty is wrong." Having finished these reveries, Don stepped down on to the cool, green sward near the edge of the canal and gazed at the moonlight on the water. Beautiful and wonderful as the electrical illumination was, it could not, in Don's eyes, equal old Luna's for softness of beauty. There was a lifelike glow about the latter's which that of man's production lacked, and yet after all was not this light of the moon a dead thing, the reflection of the sun on a cold, dead planet? Sweet strains of music floated on the gentle breeze to her and Don

thought this the most Heavenly hour that she had spent since her arrival. As she sat there enjoying this lovely environment a young man walked slowly over the bridge and came and stood just behind her. She thought him rude and arose and was on the point of moving away, when a bunch of keys which she held fell to the ground. She stooped to pick them up, exclaiming "How stupid!" Don knew that sometimes girls did such things to attract young men's attention, and she had no wish to attract this man, who had been so rude as to intrude. There was plenty of room and he might have chosen another spot. He stepped forward to pick them up, but the agile Don had already regained possession of them, and she swiftly passed towards the rustic bridge, where she stopped and looked down into the water. He turned towards the canal again and seemed to be in deep meditation. Don looked at him, and whether it was that he felt her gaze on him, he turned quickly and looked at her. He was the fair man who had attracted her attention so often during these few days. What was there about him that caused her to notice him? Where had she seen him before? As Don looked towards him he advanced in her direction as if to speak to her. She walked across the bridge away from him and gave a little shudder. "He haunts me." As she stepped off the bridge Nancy and Uncle Ted met her, and the former, evidently noticing a change in Don's manner, said: "Ha-ha! Miss! been flirting with a man! The fair man, too!"

"No, I haven't. He came there and I left. He haunts me."

"All very well. Mr. Barnard, it s not safe to leave the Doctor alone. We shall have to watch her. Let us sit down here. There he is gazing at you! He looks as if he wanted to come over here. Yes, he is coming." He had advanced a few steps over the bridge, but quickly he turned and walked off in the opposite direction.

CHAPTER XLII.

Don had returned from the Pan-American Exposition and had received a letter from Dr. Hartz describing his visit there and saying how much he had enjoyed it and wishing that she had been with him. She had replied and had said that they must have been there about the same time, but that of course it was not surprising that they had not met in so vast a crowd, and then they had never seen each other; true she had a photo, but he had never even seen one of her, and his might not resemble him. Things went on as of old, letters were exchanged, each expressing his views of life, and so life wagged on for a month or so, when again to Don came another of the experiences of her life, little in its beginning but greater in its ending, one of the great epochs of her life, one she would have at first scorned to acknowledge herself an actor in, but which later on became her very life. She had settled down to work with renewed vim, assured that such was her destiny in life, when suddenly, nay, rather slowly, a new factor crept in to change the current of her life and bring her down from spiritual heights to purely earthly hollows.

It was a warm September day. Don had been just one year in practice in Tecumseh, and her

calls being paid and her office work over, she mounted her bicycle and rode out to a favorite country spot, down a side road over which the wheeling was not good, but few such obstacles ever deterred Don when there was such a reward in store for her. She rode the greater part of the way and then walked the rest. Arriving at the crest of a long hill, which overlooked a broad low valley, the former bed of a large river, but through whose meadows now only a tiny stream wound its way sinuously to the lake a few miles distant. On the broad bosom of this one-time large river brave redskins and their squaws had traveled either in pursuit of the white man or on hunting expeditions. It was a lovely spot and Don loved it. She did not often visit it, for well it does not do to have the laity find one enjoying such scenes; they expect a doctor to be in his office or at the bedside of the sick; a ride for pleasure is to them an indication that he is not busy and for him to have spare moments in which to study and enjoy Nature is tantamount to him being "no good." They have not depth and breadth of mind to understand that it is a man fully developed, artist, poet, doctor and all and not a mere machine that makes the best physician and surgeon. Don hated to cater to this feeling, but one must put some feelings in her pocket. She might have danced the wee sma' hours away and have been immensely popular and all would have been well; but for her to enjoy a scene like this all alone was another thing. The practical, machine-like world scorns the dreamer, and this it counted as

dreaming; this recreation of the soul was out of its ken; but as it had been one of the spots visited by her when lonely at first and being soothed by it, she had retained a kindly feeling for it. Kindly memories, whether of persons, places or things, remain with us. She leaned her wheel against a rail fence and then seated herself on the topmost rail. Her hat lay on the ground and the soft breeze gently ruffled her hair. "O, this is lovely!" she whispered. "Yes, just lovely! I wonder if Harty would enjoy this, but," and here a pained expression crossed her face. "No, I won't think of it." She picked the decayed wood from the rail and threw it to the ground. A chipmunk caught sight of her and scurried away along the fence down the hill. She heard a rustling in the long grass near her and on looking up she saw a man approaching. Don knew no fear and evidently not expecting to find him an acquaintance she looked straight in front of her at the fields down below, green with fall wheat. She heard him coming nearer, he passed her and stood on the very brow of the hill, and laying down his bicycle lifted his hat from his head and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, and then holding his hat in his hand took in a long, deep breath of fresh air and gazed at the scene below. From the chimney of a whitewashed house in the hollow, at a turn in the road, a white column of smoke arose and a woman's voice could be heard calling "Co-boss! co-boss!! co-boss!!!" A tinkle of a cow-bell was heard and a red and white cow came around the bend of the road,

followed by several others and a small boy and girl in their barefeet with a collie running and jumping around them. Replacing his hat he folded his arms and seemed to drink in the scene. Don watched him, but as yet had not seen his face. He was a man of medium height, straight, supple and well preserved, for his age must have been fifty; his hair was iron gray and his complexion dark and ruddy. There was a manly, cultured look about him, and his clear-cut patrician features denoted that he was of no common stock. On looking at her watch Don saw that it was half-past five and decided that she must tear herself away, and anyway she she preferred this spot all alone by herself. The man had not intruded on her, but he was there all the same, and she preferred to be here all alone; so she slipped down from the fence, pinned on her hat, shook out her skirt and turned her wheel from the fence. The man turned and after giving her a swift glance, exclaimed: "Why, Dr. Fenwick! I did not know that this was you!"

"Nor I you, Judge Richmond."

"Do you often come here?"

"No, only once in a while."

"Is it not a picture spot?"

"Yes, I think so. It is a favorite of yours, then?"

"Yes, I find it refreshing."

"I fancied that you did. You seemed so en rapport with it."

"You were watching me then," and he looked intently at her.

"Yes; may not the cat look at the king?"

"Why, yes; but I hardly looked for such a compliment."

"In Tecumseh every one looks at the others."

"Yes, but not in this way."

"What way?"

"Why, of friend to friend."

"They are all friends here."

"Yes and no. Are you going? May I accompany you?"

"Yes." They rode on, and after a short silence her companion said: "Are you busy now?" Don did wish that these people would not always ask this question, but they all did.

"O, I am not rushed, but my practice grows!"

"The rush will come; but," and he looked intently at her, "is it not very discouraging work?"

"At times."

"I thought so. I have fancied that you looked troubled at times, but we all have our share. I have felt as if my heart would break, but——"

Don did not reply. She was wondering if she showed her worries. She had always prided herself on presenting a happy, don't-care face to the world, no matter how she felt. Had she failed? She must have. Don did not want sympathy, but now this man was troubled himself and he judged others by himself. His home life was very unhappy, as she had often heard. His mind's eye was so tinged with his own sorrows, that he could not see but that all others were in the same state. They wheeled on in silence and Don, who was setting the pace, rode

quickly until they arrived at the foot of the steep hill. "You will not ride this, Doctor?"

"No, I never do."

"That is wise."

They dismounted and leisurely climbed the hill, but as soon as she reached the top Don jumped on her wheel before her companion could assist her. "Why did you not allow me to assist you?"

"O, I forgot! I am so accustomed to helping myself," and Don laughed.

"You take your independence happily."

"Why not?"

"Because it does not seem natural."

"O, that day is over!"

"You like it then?"

"Why not?"

"Well, if you can it is well; but few can. I admire the woman who can go out into the world. I have admired you from the start."

"Without knowing me? That is dangerous."

"I can read men."

"But women, what about them? 'The ways of women are past finding out.'"

"And you think that I cannot read you?"

"Yes."

"You are mistaken. Pardon the contradiction." Here the conversation was interrupted by Don saying: "I go this way," and turning to her companion she hurried on. He looked after her and then turned in the opposite direction. "I may have appeared rude, but I do not want him coming with me. This is such a gossipy place, and that wife of his; I really should not have ridden with him; but, well, I could not

help it. O, it is awful having to be so particular, and we woman doctors have to be doubly so. We are only the merest acquaintances and he will think that I did not expect him to come any farther."

* * * * *

That evening, as Don sat in her office, the telephone rang, and arising quickly, as was her wont, she put the receiver to her ear and called "Hello!" An impatient, petulant but well-bred voice from the other end said: "Dr. Fenwick, I wish you would call this evening to see me, Mrs. Richmond. I am feeling wretched to-night and the Judge has just said, 'Why don't you try Dr. Fenwick?' It is no use, I know; but I am sick and tired of the rest and I have no one in attendance now; so come right off if you can."

"Yes," announced Don, "I shall be there in fifteen minutes," and she rang off the 'phone. To herself she said, "I am to be given a trial, I suppose. Well, maybe I may be able to do something for her, but I hae ma doots! Nancy told me that she had never given any one a chance. One of those awful neurotics, a curse to whoever and whatever they let their shadow fall on." At a quarter to eight Dr. Fenwick was ushered into the elegantly furnished drawing-room of Judge Richmond's residence, where a gas log burned on the hearth and softly shaded electric lights illuminated the room. Perfect taste was displayed in all of its appointments, as Don could see at a glance. She had often heard that this was the most elegantly furnished home in Tecumseh, but this was her first visit to it, for

they did not entertain. She had met the Judge quite often at Mrs. Lawrence's, but his wife was a perfect stranger to her. The maid drew aside a handsome portiere curtain, and on announcing "Dr. Fenwick," a tall, dark woman arose from a low chair by a table near the hearth and advanced to receive her. In a voice which Don would not have recognized as that of the person who had spoken to her through the telephone—it had now lost its harshness and petulance and was so soft and tender—she said, "You must have thought me very abrupt, but they always provoke me at the Central office; they are so negligent in answering, and then I have no patience; so I just get cross. It is a dreadful affliction to be nervous. Have this chair," and she drew a low, soft chair up to the fire-place for Don; "or perhaps you do not care for the heat."

"O, I just love a grate fire!"

"It must be nice to find anything lovely; everything is the same to me now. Life is awfully blasé. Here, Frankie," and she touched with the toe of her embroidered slipper a boy of five sleeping on the Persian rug, just as one would awaken a sleeping dog, a pet dog, but a dog all the same, "come, get up and go to your bed. Your father told you to go an hour ago and you have not gone yet. Do you hear me?" and then turning to Don she said: "Children are such a care! I never should have had one." The boy turned slowly on his back, rubbed his eyes and looked at Don and then at his mother. He was a handsome child and dressed in a black velvet

Fauntleroy suit looked indeed well pleasing to the eye. After giving Don a critical gaze he sat up and crossing his legs clasped his small hands around one of his knees, cuddled up close to his mother's heliotrope house dress and leaned his head against her knee. "Frankie, do you hear me; go to bed! Florence will undress you."

"No, she won't."

"What do you mean?"

"She's out."

"Then Kate will."

"No, she won't. I won't let her. She'll do it," and he pointed at Don.

"Dr. Fenwick does not undress naughty little boys."

"She undressed Bruce Carruthers and she will undress me. Won't you?" and he looked entreatingly at Don.

"Not to-night, dear."

"You will," and he looked defiantly at her; "you will if I make you."

"Frankie, I shall tell your father!"

"He won't say anything. He told you to leave me alone."

"You shall go to bed at once. I shall call Kate," and Mrs. Richmond touched a bell close at her side. The maid who had admitted Don appeared and in obedience to her mistress' command stooped and lifted Frankie off the floor. It was no easy task, but the girl was strong and he was delicate, and she walked quickly out of the room with the screaming, kicking child, who in his anger could hardly articulate dis-

tinctly, but Don heard him say "Darned old thing."

The mother rearranged her cushions and then toying with a lace handkerchief sighed, "What a life I have! I have not strength to manage that child; he nearly drives me wild, and yet the whole responsibility rests with me. The Judge never bothers about him; gives him everything he wants, and of course I cannot govern him. His father sees him only when he is good; anyway he sees very little of either of us." Don sat in silence until Mrs. Richmond turned and casting a penetrating glance on her said: "You think me a crank? Well, I am disgusted with this world at large and myself most of all. There is nothing in life for me. I have not known a day's health since that child was born, and I get no better. I am sure no one knows what is wrong with me. I have tried this thing and that thing and I am no better. I have everything that money can buy to make life happy, and yet I am very unhappy. I cannot entertain; if I exert myself I am worse, so all I can do is to mope around, a living corpse, a grinning skeleton, a drag on myself and every other person. Sometimes I think I shall stop it all."

"Don't, don't say that! Something may be done for you. Have you given any one treatment or any one physician a chance?"

"I have tried all."

"Yes, but have you tried them long enough? Have you ever had your case thoroughly examined by a specialist?"

"No, none but the doctors here. We always

patronize our own. They ought to know. I did not call you in expecting much, but I had to do something."

"I can see no use in my calling then, Mrs. Richmond," and Don looked sternly at her. "I shall refuse to have anything to do with your case if you will not allow me to thoroughly examine it, and unless you submit to a thorough treatment. You cannot be cured in a day, maybe not cured at all, only helped; but it will take time and a great deal depends on yourself."

"Don't tell me that it depends on me. I cannot take any responsibility in my state. Dr. Blair always told me that; but I am no better."

"Did you try him?"

"Well, no."

"Then how could you expect to be benefited?"

"Don't preach to me, I cannot stand it. It sets my nerves all on edge; but do something quick."

"Not until I have fully examined your case. I shall call to-morrow at ten."

"And you will not help me to-night?"

"I shall advise you to go to bed and take this powder."

"I cannot take morphine."

"This is not morphine, only a simple sedative."

"It will not do me any good."

"Do you want to get better?"

"Of course."

"Well, then, do not raise so many objections."

"You are stern."

"One has to be."

"You will find me an awful crank."

"Your bark may be worse than your bite."

"You think you understand me?"

"To a certain extent. I shall better later on."

"You are candid. Must you go?"

"Yes."

"Come often. I am alone all the time except when some one comes in and I do not want them. The Judge is out all the time. Men do not care for home."

"He is a busy man."

"I suppose so, but——"

"Good-evening, Mrs. Richmond."

"Good-evening, Doctor. Come again soon."

"To-morrow at ten."

"O, I don't know! I am afraid you will find something awful the matter—operation! hospital!!" and the nervous woman lifted her hands and looked at Don with terror tragically depicted on her face and almost screamed the last words.

"You could not be much worse than you are now," Don said to herself, as she walked out of the room and let herself out of the front door. "O, one of those awful neurasthenics! Good Lord! deliver me from such; and such a home for them all, not a happy soul in it."

* * * * *

Don thoroughly examined Mrs. Richmond, gave her opinion to both the patient and the Judge. The former said she was sure at last some one understood her and she agreed to submit to treatment. A trained nurse was gotten and put in charge and the patient was put to bed, bathed, masséed and removed from all source of

irritation. In a few weeks she showed some signs of improvement and all was going on smoothly, when her mother appeared on the scene and took entire charge. She was a great, large woman, perfectly unable to understand the case. When they first met she gave Don a look which boded of no good. By it she plainly showed that she thought a woman doctor a useless person. Don read her aright, but paid no attention to her looks nor the little insinuations which she cast at her from time to time. The patient from having implicit confidence in Don began to occasionally ask insinuating questions, which Don knew had been instigated by some remarks of her mother. One evening shortly after the latter's arrival, Judge Richmond called and said, "Doctor, I want to have a private talk with you. I cannot do so at the house. Remember this is strictly private."

"Certainly, all confidences about my patients always are."

"What do you think of the case?"

"I think that Mrs. Richmond was doing nicely, but I am not so well satisfied of late."

"Since Mrs. Spencer's arrival?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Well, they are a queer pair," and the Judge passed his hand wearily across his forehead. "I know them of old, and you will know them before long."

"One feature of the treatment necessary for your wife is isolation from friends. With Miss Forbes as nurse and you understanding and willing to comply with my orders, I was hopeful of

a certain amount of success in the case; but now I am not hopeful. I see signs of the patient distrusting me. She asks questions now, which she did not do at first, and right before her Mrs. Spencer asks them. This has all occurred since Mrs. Spencer's arrival. I have grave thoughts of dropping the case."

"O, don't! Mrs. Richmond likes you; but yet I cannot give you much encouragement, for she is so fickle. I am powerless to do anything. I always have been. If I could have influenced my wife she would never be in the state she now is; but Mrs. Spencer has always interfered until now I am of no account. They are so wedded to each other that nothing can alter their minds once one makes a decision, and it is generally Mrs. Spencer who does so, and my wife is governed by it. While Miss Forbes was off duty this afternoon my wife had an attack of hysteria and Miss Forbes on her return found her in an awful condition. I know that Mrs. Spencer had worked her up to it. She does not always agree with her mother at first, and sometimes there is a row and tears, but in the end she gives in. Had you not better call and see her to-night?"

"No, I think not. They might suspect that you had been here. Miss Forbes will call me if it is necessary."

"As you think; only I wish to help you in the case."

"Yes, I understand, but——"

"Well, as you say. You know best."

Judge Richmond grasped Don's hand tightly as he bade her good-evening. She turned and

looked into the fire for a few moments, and then walked hastily up and down the room. "I'll lose it in the end. I cannot trust that Mrs. Spencer. Even to my face she acts as if she thinks I am attempting to kill her daughter. Horrors, such people! Too ignorant to see that I have their good at heart. My treatment is not old-fashioned enough to suit them. If I did as Dr. Blair, gave pills and powders, it would suit them. I wish I could put new minds in them, that is what they need. Without the mother one might, but she spoils it all. They are both half insane. I pity that man. Why do men marry such women? It beats all!"

It was now seven weeks since Don had commenced to treat Mrs. Richmond, and in the last three she had made no progress; she was irritable, suspicious of the Doctor's orders, less frank and open, hinted at being improperly treated, until Don hated the case, and although she entered the patient's room the same as usual, she felt hopeless about the case. The Judge often called at the office to talk over the case, and he, too, hinted that his wife was suspicious that she was being neglected.

"One would think that your wife imagined herself the Queen of England. I do the same for all my patients, rich or poor. I cannot at once cure a woman because she is rich. One would think that I am filled with malicious designs. I am daily insulted, if not by word, by action."

"I know it. They never did treat any one

honorably; but do make the best of it for my sake."

"For my profession's sake," and Don drew herself up.

"Well, yes, of course; but," and here the Judge took her hand, "for my sake, too. You cannot know what a life I lead."

"We shall not discuss it," and Don again drew herself away.

"No, well, not now," and he left her.

"I must be cool to this man. I pity him, but it is not for me to show it. He has a hell of a time, but one must suffer for his errors."

Affairs continued so for some time, and again one evening the Judge called; but this time he did not mention his wife, but rather sat down in a chair beside the fire-place and Don sat on the other side. He spoke of the weather, which was then cool with signs of the coming winter. Don wondered what had brought him, but she did not mention his wife, not caring to draw him into a discussion of the painful subject. They talked on, then he stretched out his hand and placing it on one of hers, which lay on the arm of her chair, tenderly caressed it. Don straightened herself, but did not remove her hand; why she did not she did not know; she felt cold and drawn within herself, but at the same time her hand seemed to be chained there by an unseen force. He at length removed his hand and gently, nay, lovingly, toyed with a few stray hairs, which, having fallen loosely from the rest encircling her temples, he lifted them and replaced them and gazed admiringly at her—not

the gloating, leering gaze of the man who stands on the street corner, but the honest, admiring glance of a man who really and truly admires a woman. Don sat there as a stone statue. "What would Harty think of me?" kept passing through her mind. To most of us the thought of what some dear one or some one whose opinion we value thinks comes to us in such moments. "The purest, truest woman, no superior to her in the land." He would not say so now. To Don to let a man think that she knew he was attempting to take liberties with her was agony. She would almost sooner suffer than have him know it. Such a position might be right in other circumstances, but in this battlefield, survival-of-the-fittest, struggling of good against evil world one has to let his companion know his mind. Don's weakest point was along the line of her affections, and also in that she disliked to hurt another's feelings. She knew that this man had no right to fondle her, but she hated to cause him more pain. Had a perfect stranger attempted such he would have been repulsed at once; but Don sympathized with and liked this man, and herein lay a snare. It was a cool visit on her side, and after a time he left. Don threw herself on a couch and lay as if made of stone; at last she groaned: "O, this must end!" as a certain flash of the true meaning of this man's frequent calls came to her. "He is making love to me and I must stop him. What would Harty think! I must write to him and tell him all. I never have told my innermost thoughts to any one, but he is different, so true; yes, I shall. I

must rid myself of some intense thoughts. Strange it is for Don Fenwick to be compelled to; but I am changing. I am not half so self-reliant as I was. Am I hypnotized? No, I am stone. I feel like a marble statue to-night. No, I do not feel. Well, I must shut off my whole being from this man. Why do I attract him? I have not tried to, I ought not to. Why is it always old ones? Why is my life so askew? There must be a screw loose in me. Well, I shall write."

TECUMSEH, 1902.

My Dear Doctor:—

Have you been wondering why I have not written? Well, it was not a cosy fire that prevented me; no, rather some disturbing forces. I have a horror of a patient—a neurasthenic—that term conveys a multitude of thoughts—who is severely trying my patience; at least, her mother is. No man ever detested his mother-in-law as a physician detests the mother of a patient. With their over-anxiety they are horrors. Ye gods! deliver me; but this is not all—the patient's husband is making love to me; me! who thought herself above this. Well, I am ashamed of the affair. All I can say in my defence is that I have not encouraged him, nor in the first place done anything purposely to attract him. If I have attracted him it has been unconsciously. All he has so far done has been to caress my hand, play with my stray locks and say a few sweet things; but that is all too much. I feel like stone. We women are instinctive beings. As

the moth curls itself up and resembles the shrub on which it lies, for the time being hiding its brilliant colors from the fascinated enemies and showing only a dark, unlovely view of itself, so must we women hide our charms; as the clam draws itself within its shell, so do we hide ourselves behind a cold exterior and freeze ourselves to the very core. We instinctively scent danger and attempt to ward it off, by coldness of manner. Maybe at times we hover around the fire like the silly moth, but in the main we exert the law of self-preservation. I like the man, but I do not love him. I know he is unhappily married and to be pitied; but why is he—cause and effect? I must not encourage him in any way. For a long time I have not had any such experiences and I fancied my day over; but they come when one least expects them. This is a new thing for me to tell such in confidence, but I know that I can trust you.

* * * * *

Believe me, yours sincerely,
DONALDA FENWICK.

ERIE, 1902.

My Dear Doctor:—

You have indeed been in the centre of disturbing influences. As regards your friend, I would simply allow things to go on as they are. No harm has been done, and I know you are true to the core. I would have acted as you have done, at least I think so. The law of self-preservation is strong within us all. We are all like moths at times, flitting near the flame. Well,

life is a series of such, one cannot escape such, but the sin is alone in being burned. Don't get burned and it will only be a study in human nature for you. I am sorry that your patient is such a horror. The world is full of them, but that is part of the disease. As a whole we expect too much from them. Their minds are often more effected than their bodies.

* * * * *

Yours sincerely,

E. HARTZ.

“Well, he does not think me awful, but he can use his reason and is not carried off by sentiment and conventionalities. What are they for? Why, the world's prison fetters! Needful? Yes. Well, I must watch my feet,” and Don sat down and made out some accounts

CHAPTER XLIII.

Don was summoned late one evening to see Mrs. Richmond, who was said to be seriously ill. On her arrival she at once took in the state of affairs and acted accordingly. Mrs. Richmond was lying in bed as if unconscious; her mother was bending over her and her husband was standing at the foot of the bed in a perfectly helpless-looking condition, as is the way of man when he is at a loss to understand woman and her ways, and also when he is torn between sympathy and contempt for her actions. Frankie was lying in his night dress on a couch, holding a tiny pet dog in his arms and sobbing to himself. The nurse stood back from the group with her hands folded in front of her, a nurse's position when not engaged. Don gave one swift glance and then turning to the nurse said, "Have you a report to make?"

"No, Doctor; I am dismissed."

"Why! how is this?" and Don looked inquiringly at Mrs. Spencer and Judge Richmond.

The former quickly replied: "No, she is not; but she was killing my daughter, rubbing her to death."

"Did I not leave such orders?"

"I don't care. Common sense must be used."

"I shall hear Miss Forbes' version," and Don

turned to the nurse, who briefly told her how the case had been taken out of her hands, and that she had only remained until the Doctor would arrive. After hearing her statement, Don walked over to the patient and said in a nowise gentle voice: "Mrs. Richmond, what is up now?" The latter slowly opened her eyes and regarded her coldly, but did not deign to make an answer. Don felt her pulse, noted her respiration and temperature and surveyed her general appearance, and then turning to those standing around she said: "It is just what I have expected for the last few weeks—a hysterical manifestation brought on alone by meddling interference from relatives."

"It's the medicine you have given. It is too strong," and the mother burst out crying and sank down into a chair sobbing, "O, she'll die!"

"Mrs. Spencer, will you leave the room?"

"No, I will not. You want to kill her. I never did have any faith in women doctors. It is all nonsense trusting to them. We'll go back to our old doctor, for he at least will do no harm." Turning on her Don said: "No harm has been done save by yourself, Mrs. Spencer. The case was progressing very favorably until you arrived and since then all has gone wrong. I shall discontinue my visits at once. You may call in some one else, and I fancy Miss Forbes intends to do likewise. I can do nothing further for the patient under the circumstances. Good-evening," and she walked out of the patient's room. Mrs. Spencer followed and turning indignantly

to her said: "How dare you? You cannot give up a case."

"Yes, when I see that my visits are of no benefit to the patient."

"But, Doctor, I always did have confidence in you. You always told us really what was the matter and we trusted you even if you were a stranger and we knew nothing of you."

"If a stranger, I am a graduate of a regularly qualified school, which does not turn out quacks; and furthermore you never did trust me; Mrs. Richmond did, but you never did, and she does not now owing to your insinuations."

"Well, we can go back to Dr. Blair; he at least can do no harm."

Don was angry, so she said: "Well, as far as I can judge by former remarks of your daughter and yourself, you blame Dr. Blair for her present condition. You do not know what it is to be consistent; but instead of me laying any blame on the Doctor, I would say that all lies at your own door. When patients and their friends know more than the Doctor, he is helpless to do any good."

"What! what! You mean to say that I have killed my own child?" and the angry, excited woman burst out into a fit of uncontrollable weeping. "I never was so insulted before. George, come here at once." The Judge had remained in the background all this time; but before he came into the hall Don passed down the stairs. Just as she reached the bottom step Mrs. Spencer called after her in an indignant tone: "Well, as you are so stubborn, all that we require

of you is that you will send in your bill at once." Don passed on without replying, and she heard the Judge say, "You have abused Dr. Fenwick sufficiently for one day," and he came down the stairs. Don hurried on, saying to herself: "O, that's off my mind and I feel free; but one hates to lose a case and it might have meant much. Well, she will die, for no one can do anything for her if that mother is around."

CHAPTER XLIV.

The autumn was deepening into winter and Tecumseh was again frost-bound. The skating rink was reopened and the society doings were again on, but Don took very little share in them, for she was so much engrossed in her work that she did not feel the same desire for them. She was not quite so busy as far as professional cases were concerned—there had been a rush for a short time. Medicine knows no moderation; it is either rush or stagnation; but she was reading a great deal, trying to solve some knotty problems. These periods of rest are needful if the practitioner is to profit by his experience. She had not heard anything concerning her patient. Once Nancy had mentioned her, but Don had not encouraged her and the subject had been dropped. The Judge she had met on the street several times. She knew that the treatment she had received was none of his doings, and although she thought that he might have spoken up on that day, still she thoroughly understood his position, and she therefore excused his silence. It was a very stormy evening and she had robed herself in a tea-gown of blue cashmere, which suited her fair complexion and brown hair, and had seated herself by the fire-place, where a bright fire burned, for an evening's quiet

read, when the door opened and a man's voice said, "Good-evening, Doctor."

"Why, Judge Richmond!" Don exclaimed, wondering to herself what had brought him out on such a night. "Could it be that she was being sent for again?"

"You are surprised to see me? Well, no wonder, it is a beastly night; but I was down street and I thought that I would run in and settle that account. I am not afraid of storms; sometimes those outside are not so bad as those within. Well, we have not seen each other for such a long time, I just had to come. Am I intruding?" and he looked at her dress and work.

"No, I shall make out the account if you wish it," Don replied in a very business-like tone.

"If I am I shall go; but, Doctor," and he advanced towards her, "you look lovely to-night. Yes, you do," as he saw Don's look of disapproval. "Yes you do. The account was only an excuse, although I want it settled. What are you reading?"

"'When Knighthood Was in Flower.' For a change I must have something light. I have been dipping down into heavy reading lately."

"You will like it. It will just suit you."

"Why, may I ask?"

"I liked it and you will like it. It is a lovely love story."

"And you think that I like love stories?"

"Certainly."

"Why?"

"O, I know!"

"You are provoking."

"No, but I can read you like a book."

"Some books have sealed pages."

"You have not."

"I am supposed by my most intimate friends to be very hard to read."

"They have not the right key."

"What am I like, then?" and Don looked interested.

"O, I cannot tell you now, not till things are different."

Don turned towards the fire and gave it a poke, and then said: "Will you have a seat while I make out the account?" and she turned towards the desk.

"Yes, thank you, I will take a seat; but you sit down here, too."

"No," and Don took her seat at the secretary and made out the account.

"You are obstinate," and he walked over and leaned against her desk. When she had finished it he took her hand and she arose—she knew not why—and he led her over to her seat by the fire, and then taking one beside her he handed her a book. "I want you to read this."

"I cannot accept it."

"Why not? Surely I can give you an occasional book."

"It is not right under the present circumstances. Thank you, but I cannot accept it."

"Absurd," and he laid it down on a small table, and then leaning towards her said: "Doctor, this is lovely. I thought that you would be in to-night and I could not resist the temptation."

"I am never sure of being in."

"No, I suppose so; but surely no one would call you out to-night?"

"I do not object to going out in storms."

"It must be hard."

"No."

"You are brave. Is it not hard, though? Life is, anyway."

"At times. The hardest thing I have to put up with is woman's prejudice against her own sex."

"Why is it so?"

"O, ignorance, I think; but it is most discouraging! I fancy it is because these same women have not confidence in themselves and fancy that other women are as ignorant as they themselves. The business woman has not such implicit faith in man and has more in woman than the woman who has not faced the world for herself but has seen it through another. Man is to her a mighty factor while woman is weak; but if she knew him otherwise she would see that he has weaknesses also and that some women have more strength. I do not wish to run man down, but I do claim that he is not the only strong factor. Then there is sex attraction, always has been and always will be while so much stress is placed on the differences. One becomes almost disheartened at times at woman's indifference to her present condition. I believe that man has done more to draw her up out of the slough than she ever desired. She is too passive."

"You are aggressive."

"I know it, and sometimes I say, what is the

use of such a waste of energy? Time alone will tell though."

"You are a brave little woman and I can assure you that I for one admire you. I must not impose on you any longer this evening." He arose, and as they stood in front of the fire-place he looked down on her and took both of her hands in his and said: "Now, if you would rather that I did not come again, say so, and I think that I am man enough not to do so. I do not want to annoy you. Now, shall I or shall I not? Do you mind?" If he was man enough Don was woman enough to fail herself in this crisis—she was not her true self, the woman for an emergency, but rather the woman longing for companionship. She half faltered an answer which she hardly knew herself and which her companion took to mean that she would rather that he came again. "Yes you would," and he shook her hand tenderly and left. She remained standing, and at last moaned as if in pain: "O, what have I done? I should have said 'no.' I do not want him, but, O, I am so weak!" and she sank down on her seat and covered her face with her hands, and did not weep; no, Don was going through an experience which did not draw tears from her eyes but dry anguish from her heart. She felt that she had been playing with fire and that she had at least been singed. If she had known this man as she knew herself she would have been sure of her path. Don was a sympathetic being, though her most intimate friends did not give her credit for it. They rather admired than loved her, thought her clever

but hard. To them she showed the full strength of her character more than she did to strangers, who therefore thought her lovable and sweet. To Don to be called sweet was tantamount to being considered inane and stupidly fascinating. Her whole soul revolted against it. She often remarked to herself, after hearing such applied to herself: "I wish that I were as old as Methusaleh, as big as an elephant and as hideous as a rhinoceros, and then people might judge me correctly. I am not sweet, but as sour as vinegar at times" To her friends she could be a very granite boulder for firmness, but to strangers she was different; she took less interest in them and did not see the necessity of interfering in their affairs; but in this case she did sympathize with this man, and yet she was not her old strong self. What was the reason? It is one thing to love with blood love, family love in which pride of race is concerned, and another to love with a passionate soul love—one is a reasoning love, the other an unreasoning love. In the latter case we can love the foolish, the weak, throw our very lives away for them and demand little in return, "crown the long-eared ass" and feel proud of him. It is the object, it is love we are in love with, else there would be "fewer such coronations" and less happiness in life. Love veils the object, and wisely so, at times, for if not many a limping Jack would miss his loving Jennie. Don felt drawn to this man. She knew the circumstances of his life, at present at least, and he was not a "long-eared ass," but a man of ability, appearance and manner to attract any

woman. She hated to hurt his feelings. Maybe an extra smart now would be less torturous than the inevitable one later on, but so few of us take the future into consideration; we live for the present, foolishly so at times. It is not alone for prophets to do so. We may all be seers, for every cause has its effect, and although we may not be able to distinctly see the end, we can have an inkling of it sufficient to warn us. Had she been convinced for one moment that he was bad she would have at once scorned him; but she could not believe him such—was it the veil?—but rather she sympathized with his lot, and this made her weak. She detested pity in her own case for its weakening effect; but still she could tolerate it for another. We all have some of the Great Father Spirit in us, we love to cuddle, fondle and pet others. In the goodness of her heart she did not want to, in fact, could not spurn him. She was willing to run any risk in order to save him more suffering. In the case of a relative she would have said, "Suffering will make you stronger," but in his case she wished to shield him from pain; she was willing to suffer herself, if only by it life might be less of an agony to him. Strange, this woman nature. Then, there was another thing. She liked him; yes, loved him; she felt it growing in her; it was not therefore all unselfish, for she would be denying herself if she threw him off; and was she strong enough for this? The restrictions of society were at this time as fetters to the affections and actions of Donalda Fenwick. She felt their use, but was not just will-

ing to acknowledge their rightfulness in binding us—"Prisoners of Hope." As the criminal is alone safe behind his iron bars, so is the ordinary man alone safe behind the fetters of social customs and conventions. The more advanced he is in civilization the greater number of these restrictions are there surrounding his every act. What has civilization done for man? It has made him a civilized being with all its advantages and disadvantages, and one may well say at times what were the use of it all, for dust to dust and ashes to ashes is all that remains? The world is one huge prison with a large playground, in which many tragedies and comedies are played; it has its cells for the lower classes; its better apartments for the higher; but each state has its restrictions. To any one of Don's views she stands on a giddy peak, ready on the instant to fly Heavenward; but just as liable at some unprepared moment—"we are no stronger than our weakest point"—to descend Hellward; able the sooner to again arise; but all the same prone to fall. Don hated the social restrictions which make friendship with a man an impossibility; she chafed at them; she hated the weak, more-animal-than-human people who made them necessary, and at times she resolved to be free; it was not so much for herself that she feared, but for those dear to her, who would not be able to judge her actions and the motives which prompted them by her view. She could turn the brightest searchlight on and say, "I am right," but they could not, and to them it would mean heartaches if she left the narrow path of con-

ventional life. No, she must not do as she wished, but as others willed. Duty must guide her. Which is the Law of Life, Love or Duty? Love, yes, if Love and Duty be one; but if not, Duty; but Duty must be Love. Duty is right; Love is right. If Life were what it should be, yes; but what we in our ignorance blindly call Love is not what we clearly see to be Duty. Don loved this man; but Don saw her Duty, and it was or should be the Law of Life to her. "What am I to do? Is it wrong? Are we not here to assist one another? Is it better to cast off this man, let him go his way and I go mine? He ought to be strong and able to bear his own burden; but is he? It is easy to preach. We are all great preachers but poor practitioners. I do not care for Public Opinion; no, I do not," and she almost stamped her foot. "It is he I am thinking of; one hates to throw a human being aside when he longs for your sympathy; and yet, yet, O God! what is best? Why can we not be like a lot of little children. He Tommy Dodd, and I, Kitty King, as children may tell each other our woes; but Mr. Dodd married may not confide in Miss King. There is a purpose in it all; but—. I shall, I must, explain to him, that it cannot be. I must be brave and be in very truth a help to him. I often gaze down on the masses and feel contempt for them; but are they not happier than I? 'To whom much is given much is required.' Mother and even Amy would, in this case, not be tempted, for then Faith would keep them firm. I have no such Faith; Reason is my guide, and it surrounds me with gulfs and abysses, which

they in their blind adherence to custom can never experience. This glimpse of Heaven's light—Reason—if misdirected, misinterpreted, leads one astray. Life is complex," and she rested her head wearily on her hand and looked wistfully into the fire, which was slowly dying.

CHAPTER XLV.

A week later Judge Richmond called again; but as soon as he had taken a seat Don said in a rather shaky voice—she attempted to control it but failed—“You asked me the last time you were here if I would rather you did not come, and I have since decided it is better that you do not.”

“Then I shall not come; I don’t wish to do anything that you do not wish.”

“It is best not; it is not right for you to come.”

“It is right; but——”

“No, it is not.”

“Párdon me, it is; but I shall do just as you wish. There is no danger.”

“Yes, there is; and moreover you know it is not right and that is my reason.”

“I do not understand your reason, but I will not come again,” and he arose and taking her hand said: “If at any time you need me, send for me. I love you.”

“You should not.”

“I cannot help it; can you blame me?”

“I am not supposed to be a judge.”

“You are; you cannot but know that I cannot but love you. Good-bye,” and he passed out of the room, and Don stood still with her hands clasped in front of her, and then, as his retreat-

ing footsteps died away, she suddenly smiled and said triumphantly: "It is done at last. I am sorry for him, but it is better so. Do I really love him? Have not his attentions merely pleased me?"

CHAPTER XLVI.

As Dr. Fenwick had not been home since coming to Tecumseh, she decided to go home for a few days, and on her way there to call at Erie and see Dr. Hartz—she would remain over from one train until the next, and if he were not busy they could enjoy a good talk, such as they had often longed for; so with a glad heart she boarded the noon train and arrived in Erie at three o'clock. Alighting from the train she took a car and asked to be put off at Dr. Hartz's office. She had not told him that she was coming, as she wanted to meet him unexpectedly and take him by surprise. The car stopped, she picked up her grip and passed out and up the steps to the office. An old man, whom she supposed must be his father, was in the office; and on her asking if Dr. Hartz were in, he gruffly replied: "No, he ain't, but he'll be back 'fore long. Ye'd better take a seat." Thanking him, she sat down, saying to herself: "Just as I thought, plebeian. No, I am not disappointed, for I hardly dared expect it to be otherwise; but I had hoped," and she gave a sigh. The old man looked up and said, "Feelin' poorly?"

"No, O, no! I was only thinking."

"Friends dead?" as he looked at her black costume.

"No."

"Somethin' up or ye wouldn't sigh; young

folks don't; but Eddie'll fix ye up. He's the boy! Man, but he's done well! He's the best doctor in Erie; but he's had a hard time with them all fightin' agin him; but he's game for 'em; he just pitches in. He's the boy!" and the old man chuckled to himself. A large, fat, pug-dog had arisen from a nap in the corner and came over towards Don; she stooped and patted him and thus hid the disgust which she could not prevent coming into her face. "Horrors! are they as bad as this? He is to be pitied. Shall I remain or shall I go on?" Just then she heard a quick footstep and a young man burst into the room, and seeing her said, "Just in a minute," and disappeared into his consulting-room. "That is he, and he is the fair man. I thought that I had seen him before. Why, he was the man of my dream!"

He emerged from the inner room and rubbing his hands and looking at her said: "Will you walk inside." She followed him in. She had always intended to take him by surprise, but she had always fancied that she would be unable to keep her countenance and that laughingly she would betray her identity; but there was no temptation to do so; in fact, she had half a mind to not make herself known, but rather give some vague symptoms, pay her fee and go on unidentified; but then they might meet later on. She was disappointed; this was not the "Harty" of her dreams, the idealized Harty. No, she had had her awakening and she was disappointed. She had known that he had been a poor boy, but she had never realized that he was sprung from

such, and she almost shuddered. She was distinctly aristocratic, try as she would to be democratic; but she was no snob; still, she could not place herself on his level. What a mercy that I did not write more love to him! O, what a mercy that he did not fall in love with me!" With these thoughts flashing through her mind she sat down. He sat opposite to her and said, "What ails you?"

"O! nothing much. I am a bit tired."

"So I should judge," and he looked keenly at her. "Not happy?"

"Yes, as the world goes."

"But do you think the world happy?"

"Fairly so."

"Your experience then has been different from mine."

"Possibly."

"Have you no symptoms?" and he looked impatiently at the clock, evidently taking her for some troublesome neurotic.

"Only one."

"What is it?"

"Myself."

"I do not understand you."

"Discover it and you will then know all."

"How am I to if you do not give me some clue?" and he looked interested for the moment, thinking that he had discovered some psychological freak.

"It is pathonomonic."

"Where did you get your medical terms?"

"Any one may consult medical literature," and her eyes sparkled. "Surely he would guess."

"You have been dabbling in medicine?"

"Yes, if you so call it."

"Have you?"

"Dabbling? No, hardly, but——"

"You are tantalizing. You say you are the symptom."

"To be diagnosed. What am I?"

"A puzzle."

"Who and what else?"

"I give it up."

"I thought you a mind reader."

"Why did you?"

"I heard, I——"

"You heard?"

"Yes; you are reputed to be a wizard."

"A wizard! Only one person calls me that," and then glancing keenly at her for a moment he said: "Are you——?"

"What am I?"

"I fancied for a moment you were, but, O, no!"

"I fancy that we have wasted sufficient time; to tell the truth, I am tired and I want a tonic. I am just passing through and I thought, having heard of you, that I would call and get some medicine from you," and Don gave him a full list of symptoms, paid her fee and walked to the station. "I am glad I did not disclose my identity. We are poles apart and may never meet, and what's the odds? Ugh! he repels me. I was idealistically attracted to the creation of my brain and not to this real creature. I shall continue to write, but it will end as other 'Ships that pass in the night.'"

CHAPTER XLVII.

Don impatiently waited the seven o'clock train. When it did come steaming into the station, she hurriedly picked up her grip and boarded it, finding a seat all to herself, although all the rest seemed to be occupied. After making herself comfortable, she looked out of the window and could see on the brightly lighted platform several persons; two young men stood near her window, and as one of them turned towards the car she at once recognized him as the "fair man." "The villain pursues me!" She quickly drew down the curtain. The train began to move and she was just saying to herself: "He is no mind reader; his spiritualism, mysticism, is all auto-suggestion, nothing more; in my case he had no idea of whom I am; if I had given him a clue, his imagination would have run riot and have lit on me; but, no, he could not read me." Just as she had settled herself and was indulging in this train of thought, a young man walked down the aisle and seeing an empty seat beside her, said: "Is this seat occupied?"

"No," and she removed a book which lay on it. He sat down, drew his overcoat closely around him and shivered. Don looked at him and smiled. It was rare for her to even look at much less speak to a stranger on the train. "You

are wondering why I am shivering? Well, I stood on the platform until I was chilled. Beastly cold weather!"

"Yes, indeed; it seems so much colder here than farther south. It was not nearly so cold in Tecumseh."

"You live in Tecumseh?"

"I have for the last year."

"Do you like it?"

"Fairly. From a business point of view it is all right; but it lacks much in the intellectual aspect, and as Huron was formerly my home, I miss the university and its advantages."

"A teacher," thought the young man. "Yes, I suppose you will; towns like Tecumseh are not very interesting or aspiring."

"No, indeed; one does not meet the latest thought; she is compelled to keep her ideas to herself and apparently fall in line with those with whom she associates. It is only occasionally that she meets with a kindred spirit. These people may listen to your views, but they cannot comprehend them and they misjudge you. I cannot tolerate bigotry, and they in one way or another are bigots. They cannot apprehend that there is some truth in everything, in every religion there is a germ of truth. If Kipling's Kim does nothing more than give this impression concerning Buddhiem and Brahmanism, he will have accomplished much."

"You are a Kiplingite?"

"No, I cannot claim that distinction. I admire his accuracy; it is wonderful; while I am reading his works I feel as if I am being carried

along through some glorious pageant or series of events; I am fascinated, attracted; but when I have completed the novel I feel unsatisfied, a hunger unappeased, and I say to myself, what has held me, and whither has the attraction flown? Do you feel so?"

"No, I cannot say I do."

"It may be my own fault; but, yes, I have heard others say the same. I know that men, as a rule, admire Kipling; but they, perhaps, do not demand a lasting memory as a woman does; women live on memories; but men are always looking forward. Give a woman a pleasure and it will last her a long time; but a man forgets it and demands a new one."

"You have studied human nature?"

"Yes; is it not so?"

"I am rather ignorant of the woman question; I have never been thrown much in their company. My education has been sadly neglected in this respect," and he laughed.

"You take it happily."

"What else can I do?"

"You will have to think on it; they are coming to the front."

"Yes, in every way; some are even entering the professions; even some are studying medicine." Don looked at him to ascertain if he had any inkling; but seeing no sign, she laughed and said: "Yes, a few. The women are coming out of their hiding-places and it is right that they should. They must be educated."

"Did not our grandmothers make good enough wives and housekeepers?"

"No, they worked by the rule of thumb and made awful errors, half killing themselves, their children and their husbands."

"What an awful accusation!"

"True; but the present woman, with a training in Domestic Science will not commit so many unconscious errors. I am a veritable crank on this subject." He did not reply as so many, many men whom she knew would have, "You a crank! Impossible!" and have laughed away her woman's logic; but, instead, he said in a perfectly honest, frank voice: "Yes, you are right"; and she said to herself, "He is a sensible man." "Yes, you are right; you do appear to have thought; few women do."

"More than you think; but they are compelled to keep their thoughts to themselves or be misunderstood."

"And reviled?"

"Yes."

You are brave to have opinions. And so you think that Brahmanism and Buddhism have truth in them?"

"Do you not?"

"Certainly."

"I am fearfully heterodox; I cannot believe in the teachings of orthodoxy; in fact, I do not believe in a future existence for me. Life is immortal, but not the individual."

"One cannot but doubt if he thinks. It is alone those who blindly accept, who can take it all as it stands; no thinking person can; every one must think it out for himself. As you say, there are more women with opinions than one dreams

of; so also there are more men with advanced religious views than one has any idea of. The inner mind in many is not the outer mind; a man dare not always live his thoughts. Business reasons may prevent him; he is compelled to use discretion; many would at once term him as an infidel. One may not go contrary to public opinion and not suffer terribly, and we, none of us, are aiming at being martyrs; flaming faggots, smoking stake and singeing flesh are not to our taste; there is sufficient martyrdom without inviting more."

"You do not then encourage bravery?"

"Bravery, yes; but not bravado. A brave man suffers in private; a fanatic in public."

"The views of the masses are only a Santa Claus stage of a true belief; they are the children; we are the grown-ups."

"Yes; but do you not feel at times as if you are in doubt, as if it is after all not worth the time and thought? Whence came I, where am I, whither goest I? What does it all amount to?"

"I often feel the uselessness of it, and yet I am so materialistic—I do not consider myself a materialist in the sense ordinarily understood, which is not a true one—that I feel I have a strong rock to cling to. I am fully convinced that this life ends all for me individually, but not for the race; Influence is Immortal."

"You are a Buddhist."

"Yes; he sees his own individual end; but the sum total of the good he has accomplished will make life easier for the coming, sentient beings,

who in their turn will do the same for others; so also with his evil. He makes an angel, so to speak, or a devil; a better human being or a lower animal. Brahmanism is too mystical, but it has its germ of truth. Its transmigration of souls and at last perfection for the individual being, when he passes away I cannot understand. I have no Nirvana or Heaven except just here. Its Llamas are, in my opinion, persons with a great subjective mind—development. Have you taken any interest in spiritualism?"

"No, it is all fake."

"An honest fake."

"Yes, but fake all the same; those photos and slate-writings are all such."

"To me it is exaggerated auto-suggestion, a working of the subjective mind independently of the objective; there is no object present to be perceived by the sense, but it exists purely in the imagination."

"Yes."

"I have a fr— an acquaintance," and Don gave a slight shiver.

"Are you cold?"

"O, no! As I was saying, I know one, and I have occasionally wondered if he were not slightly insane. It is difficult to know just where sanity begins and insanity ends. I often wonder if we, any of us, are really sane."

"Genius, you know?"

"No doubt tinged. This person whom I was mentioning strikes me at times as if on the border-land. He says that he spends his leisure with his friends in other spheres; but I am fully

convinced that he does so in his imagination alone; he cuts himself free from all surroundings, closes his senses and fastens his mind on a subject and thinks and imagines on it until it becomes a real thing to him. Moon made of green cheese, that is all. These people have great powers of concentration, increased by practice."

"Yes, you are correct there. Life is a queer heterogeneous, complex conglomeration with no key to its solution. We are here to-day, away to-morrow. We shall be miles apart to-morrow, and it is not of our own doing; same thing as fore-ordination, not by any free-will action of our own; we try to believe that we are the masters of our own destinies, but it is all a delusion; we fondly imagine we have our finger in the making of our own little pie; but we have not, we are cheating ourselves."

"You mean that circumstances have ordained it, not a God?"

"Not a God in the sense of a Personal Being; yes, circumstances, natural law, cause and effect. The sky was a parched ocean of ether last summer; this season it is a soaked sponge, continually, on the least provocation, pouring forth bucketfuls of water. People wonder why it is. They will be praying to a God to stop the rain. As well may the Chinese burn his roll of paper prayers. It is all cause and effect and not the intervention of a Deity."

"Yes, I understand you."

"How came you to bother your brain about this? Most people do not."

From the time I was knee-high-to-a-grasshopper I have thought and have kept on thinking. Life would be dull without it."

"I agree with you, but most people do not think so."

"No, they blame us for drinking, eating and being merry for to-morrow is not; but the truth is we do the thinking for to-morrow and they do the living for to-day."

"Talking of spiritualism, I just parted from one in Erie; but that is not what I was going to say. He was telling me of a lady friend—a physician—who is a materialist, and how he longs to convert her."

"That man you were talking to on the platform when you got chilled?"

"Yes; did you see him?"

"Yes," and to herself she said, "The lady friend is I."

"I have known him for some time; I like the fellow; but like yourself, I cannot go spiritualism. He declares that he is a mind reader; but he was puzzled to-day. A young lady called and attempted, and successfully, too, to puzzle him, and he could not at all discover her reason for doing so. Of course he blamed his negative or positive element, I forget which; but that is the way with them all, when they are stuck for a reason. He has a very good opinion of himself, but he is no cleverer than he thinks he is. I often tell him to come down from off the perch, but it is of no use."

"And so he desired to convert this materialistic doctor," and she laughed. "If she is as much

satisfied with her creed as I am he has a difficult task to perform."

"Yes, it is something more tangible, however more beautiful his may be."

"A beautiful delusion, a happy state of a mild monomania. Well, here we are!" and Don picked up her belongings.

"I am glad that we have met; I have enjoyed your company."

"So have I; but ever in response to circumstances we must each go on his way. Good-bye!" and she held out her hand.

"Good-bye! My name is Burgess."

"And mine is Fenwick."

"Not Dr. Fenwick!"

"Yes."

"This is mean of you," and before she could reply the train had whirled away with her whilom companion. "Dr. Hartz must have told him my name. Why did I not give an assumed one? How funny, though!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

On her return from Huron Don found a letter awaiting her from Dr. Hartz, as she now always called him. Harty had lived, but was now dead and buried in the dim, dark recesses of her memory. Fickle Don, you may say; no, disappointed Don; Don, who had conjured up a beautiful romance, which must necessarily be dispelled. It was all her own fault that it had been built; he had given hints as to his status in society, but she had ignored them, and had gone on creating her Prince Charming out of a common man. Such transformations may take place in fairy tales, but they do not occur in real life. The woman who marries such a man, having blinded herself to all his faults, cannot always remain in such ignorance; the scales will fall off her eyes and he will stand revealed before her as he really is. Don had thrown a glamor over this man, doing him thereby an injustice; for she now felt like blaming him, when she saw him as he really existed. She could not but admire him, but it was in an altogether different manner from that in which she had previously. He might now be a good, honest man for some one else; but she, Donald Fenwick, did not want him. "O, horrors! No, I have been hypnotized. I fancied that no one could so influence me,

and here I have been! He gave the suggestion and I followed it up. Yes, hypnotized, without a doubt; not for a moment, but for days, weeks, months! I always have been queer, but this is the queerest. What mortals we do be! I shall answer this letter, but I shall not be confidential; no, I cannot. My soul formerly flowed out to him, but the current is reversed. Shake yourself, Don!" and true to her suggestion she got up and vigorously shook herself, and then laughed at her dishevelled appearance. Some one knocked at the door, and hurriedly pinning up her hair she opened the door and saw Miss Webster standing there, who at once entered as if she had some important information to impart. "Have you ever heard the Scotch divine's definition of a phenomenon?"

"No."

"Well, you know what a cow is, and you know what a tree is, but you have never seen a cow going up a tree backwards. That's a phenomenon; but it is nothing to what is occurring at The Rattery. Just imagine! The Old Parties are going to California for the winter."

"What a delightful trip for you!"

"This is the astounding part of it. I am not going."

"Not going! Why?"

"Dinna ken, but I am to be left at home. Mrs. Spencer is stage manager. She and Mrs. Richmond are going and have invited the Old Parties."

"Mrs. Richmond will never go."

"I do not think so, but these are the present

plans. I am being left at home because I chum with you, do you see? I am glad that I do. What a private hospital on wheels for the insane they will have! Lordy! not one of them sound up here."

"When do they start?"

"As soon as Mrs. Richmond is a little stronger."

"Which will not be soon."

"No, you are correct; she looks awful. I do pity that man. Well, I must run on; I had to run in and tell you. Tra-la!"

As soon as Nancy had gone Don sat down and wrote to Dr. Hartz a long letter, telling him of her visit home and then as usual mentioning subjects in practice, interesting to both. She did not receive a reply for four weeks, and the letter was short and uninteresting and written as if the writer felt it a duty instead of a pleasure to do so. He said he was loaded up with socialism and electricity and could not write before. After perusing it Don exclaimed: "H'm! well, I shall wait a few weeks, then reply and say that if he desires it the correspondence shall end; I will not tolerate such conduct; it is selfish. He is insane."

TECUMSEH, 1902.

Dear Dr. Hartz:—

* * * * *

I have noticed of late that your letters are indeed very uninteresting. You may well say that your correspondence has been "kicked into a cocked hat." Now, if you are at all bored by

my letters, we shall discontinue the correspondence. I feel sure that you are not now interested in it; when a man says he does not know what was in my last letter he certainly takes no interest in what I write.

Yours truly,

D. FENWICK.

ERIE, 1902.

Dear Dr. Fenwick:—

R'c'd yours of the —. Your letters do not bore me, so do not hesitate to write often. I know mine are not interesting, but I am so mixed up in electrical and ethereal conditions that I cannot write, but you write.

Yours truly,

E. HARTZ.

“That settles it!” exclaimed Don. “I am to be allowed the great privilege of writing to him, I am granted the privilege, the permission; well, I guess so. That ends it! He is not bored, but it is too much of a bore to write to me. I like the tone of it. The Great Mogul to one of his subjects! I may spin my little yarn and he will patiently listen. No, never!” and tearing the letter into a hundred atoms she threw it into the grate and set fire to it. “There, that ends it!”

CHAPTER XLIX.

After returning to Tecumseh she did not see Judge Richmond for some time, when on Xmas Eve he called and gave her a box of candy. She could not honestly say that she was sorry to see him, for she was glad; but she knew that under the circumstances he ought not to come. "I could not remain away any longer," was his excuse. "It has nearly killed me."

"You do not believe that there is such a word as can't."

"I do; there is. If you only knew how I love you, you would then understand my desire to come."

"But it is not right."

"It is right."

"You cannot prove—" how easy it was for her to say these things; but she no more than he wished to believe them! It was the bravado act on her part; she was playing a part into the spirit of which she could not enter, and he knew it. "Why is it right?"

"I can prove, but I cannot now explain; no, not till matters are different for us." She turned the subject, made some comment on the weather, for she saw that there was no use arguing the right or wrong of their position with him. As he arose to leave he said: "You will forgive me for coming?"

"No."

"Yes, you will. Kiss me before I go."

"No!" and she drew herself away.

"You will some day."

"No, never!" and she looked defiant.

"Do you know," and he bent his dark eyes on her, "that you are the only being on this earth, that breathes the breath of life under the canopy of heaven whom I love?" At first Don's eyes fell, then her old sense of humor coming to her rescue, she said: "What a poetic declaration!" and she smiled bewitchingly at him. Such are the ways of women.

"It is the truth, and some day you will know it; good-night! May I come again?" but before she could reply he passed out. She turned to the window and looked out; it was snowing heavily. "Born in a storm and have lived in a storm," she sighed and turned towards the interior of the room. "I ought not to allow him to come; no, he must not; it is not right; and yet, why is it not? Why cannot men and women be friends? Why cannot, yes, why cannot they love? Love is the Law of Life; but, but Duty? Horrors! life is awful. If it were not for my home I would live life as I wish to and brave public opinion, and have him for a friend, and, yes, for a lover. As long as one lives decently there is no harm in it; but there is no freedom on this earth; the good have to suffer for the bad. No, he must not come." Don could not go to sleep until late that night, for conflicting thoughts flashed through her mind, and on Xmas morning she awoke tired and unrefreshed, but with a reso-

lution formed. The day passed quietly. Nancy ran in for a short call, and Don dined with Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence. On the following day she met the Judge, but only for a moment; and also in the same way on the following day. They appeared to be fated to meet in this unsatisfactory way, and having made her resolution she wished to have a long talk with him. She had fully decided that their friendship must not continue. She wished that she could have written to him, but a saying of Talleyrand's, "Only women and fools write letters," prevented her. No one ever knows when a letter may tell tales, and tales which no explanation can wipe out. The opportunity arrived a few days later, when one afternoon, as she was preparing to go out, he called, and seeing her in all her wholesome womanhood, becomingly attired, he hurriedly stepped in front of her and was lifting her veil to kiss her, when she stepped back. He gave her one piercing look and said, "Do you not love me?" Her mouth framed a reply, although no sound escaped her lips. "No." It was a lie, but she expressed it thus. He looked more intently at her as if to fully make himself believe her or to see if she would not smile and betray herself; but, no, she regarded him coldly. He knew she lied, but—he dropped her hand, which he had grasped, took one more look at her, and then without a word turned and left the room. She stood still, where he had left her; then mechanically drawing on her gloves, her face hard and white, she also passed out. She met a young woman who lived near, and she passed by with-

out a sign of recognition. "I wonder if she knows?" Then in going into the Post Office another barely bowed. "She must know," and Don almost sighed. "I am too late." One can make herself believe anything. Don felt guilty, and she ascribed this disinterestedness of others in her to their knowledge of her secret. Her secret! Every breath of air is freighted with it; every rustling leaf whispers it; every insect chirrup it aloud; every dog instinctively feels it and sympathizingly follows her; every man knows it and despises her; and every woman will use it as a sweet morsel of gossip. Conscience is a self-accuser. What is conscience? It is reason, and Don's reason told her that if these people knew of her guilt they would call it guilt, no matter what fancy name she gave it—Platonic Love? Yes, she had allowed the affair to go too far; she should have nipped the bud before. She paid her visits and returned, to eat no tea and to spend a wretched evening. The following morning she was just going out, when the bell rang and there stood the Judge. She uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Pardon me, Dr. Fenwick, but I must know what I have done?"

"You have done nothing, but this must end."

"Very well," and he turned to go; but Don, who really desired to explain, but did not know just where to begin—it is so very easy to plan what we shall say (in the midnight watches, when the ground is all our own) but it is another thing to face the ordeal in the bright day-

light—said in a beseeching voice, “You know why.”

“No, I do not,” he almost brutally answered; and then facing her awaited further explanation.

“Do you want me to leave Tecumseh?”

“Indeed, I do not.”

“I shall have to if——”

“There is no danger.”

“There is.”

“I shall not come then,” and he walked quickly out.

“Away again without an explanation. I do not want to treat him in this way. I must see him; but it is no use; I cannot explain; he will not accept an explanation; he is so determined; men are so. Well, it must remain so, but I hate misunderstandings; there is none here; he knows why.” She carried an aching heart that day; she loved this man, and she did not want to give him pain. “Why is it that I am always giving pain?”

One week after this Don was making a hurried evening toilet for a party at Mrs. Lawrence's. She had been busy all evening and now it was a quarter of nine and she was not ready. She hurriedly arranged her hair; for a wonder she did not have trouble with it; then swiftly arranged her bodice, a black satin shirt waist turned in at the neck, sleeves taken out and draped with black chiffon and lace and a dash of olive green peeping out here and there. She had remodelled it herself. “Yes, Don Fenwick, you are a jack-of-all-trades,” as she looked at

herself in the mirror. "Well, I could not afford to get a new gown. If you wish to go you will always find a way. It looks fine. Yes, it will do. Now, if you can keep this bloom in your cheeks; but you always do look fagged before the shine is over. Hot rooms are too much for you; therefore you should remain at home, and between you and me I would much rather do so; but one must show herself. I wonder if," and Don stooped to pick a pin from the floor. "Crooked, after all my trouble. No, of course not, and anyway, well, it does not matter."

On entering the drawing-room she spent a few minutes in talking to an exceedingly inane young man, then Judge Richmond came towards her and introduced his niece, when they all talked, and then the inane young man asked Miss Younge for a dance and Judge Richmond carried Don off to the far end of the drawing-room, where there were some beautiful palms, and finding a seat for her stood close beside her. "You look lovely to-night. Yes, you do. I am so glad that you came. I have been watching for you." Nancy then came towards them in full sail. "Here comes Miss Nan. She always devours you. I shall leave. May I call soon?"

"No," and Don shook her head.

He looked at her for one brief moment and then said, "I shall call to-morrow," and then turning to Nancy said: "Well, Miss Webster, and how are you? I see you have designs on the Doctor."

"Harmless ones, perfectly harmless. Well, and our contingent has not gone yet."

"No."

"I knew it would end so."

"Mrs. Richmond is not well enough to go," and he excused himself.

"I knew that there was no chance of such *rara avis* migrating. No, the Old Parties and I are still doomed to inhabit the same clime. Have you seen her lately?"

"No."

"I called yesterday, and, ye gods! she looked awful! Why do such people live?"

"Can't die."

"It is queer. She started in on a complaint of her awful life, and I left. Horrors, I'd die!"

"But if you could not?"

"I would," and Nancy looked as if she would. "Have you met Ed. Rice? You haven't? You must; he is fun. Come!"

On the following evening Judge Richmond called, and this was one only of many. It seemed to Don that she could not again summon up courage to send him away from her. She often told him that he ought not to come, but she knew that she did not act her words. She blamed him and she blamed herself. She often said, "This ought to have been plucked in the bud, but now that we have gotten the full-blown flower we, neither of us, have the heart to pluck it; a blossom, even if it have flourished in barren soil, is prized by us; and although this one had developed amid misgivings and attempts at its destruction, it was nevertheless their blossom.

The plucking of a blossom is a first step in its death, and who cares to deal a death? Neither this man nor this woman was brave enough to see his love die. Don would have expected this brave act in others; in herself she hoped for the bravery to do it and yet at the same time she felt too weak.

CHAPTER L.

The twenty-third of April was a typical day of that month; the sun had arisen at 5:24 A. M. with every promise of a fine day; the eastern sky was resplendent in roseate hues, but at 6:30 it had become overcast and by 7 o'clock the rain was teeming down in torrents, disillusioning all minds as to the fairness of the day. Still hope springs high and burns for long despite all omens, and the old saying, "Rain before seven, clear before eleven," buoyed up any whose plans had been frustrated. Only one woman in whom we are at all interested felt any great annoyance, and this one was Mrs. Richmond; she had planned a journey for this day. She abused the weather, everybody and everything, Providence included; did not see why she should be so punished. No one paid much attention to her grumbling, as it was now a chronic state with her. Life was an unhappy existence for this woman, she had not even one small joy. By 11 o'clock, true to the old saw, it did clear and the sun shone with such brilliancy as to give any one, even this woman, hope of a fine day; it warmed alike the hearts of young and old, rich and poor, joyous and sad, gentle and hardened, all but this woman, who took it as nothing but right that it should shine on her plans. She

grudgingly said, "O, it will rain again in ten minutes!" It did not, but at half-past two it again poured down as if the very sky's reservoirs were opened; as if the dykes of a Holland-in-the skies were unsluiced. The streets were literally running streams; but, no, the rain should not upset her plans; with the determination of the spoiled woman she was she had made up her mind to have her own way, rain or shine, wise or unwise; in doing so she imagined that she was being strong-minded, that she had put all weakness aside; but it was rather the strong self-will of a spoiled human being, knowing no higher wisdom than its own sweet will; a poor spoiled adult baby, who cries when she cannot have her rattle or defiantly snatches it; she fancied that she was showing her strength; Mrs. Richmond thought herself strong, mistress of her own fate to-day, and when her husband suggested that she should remain until to-morrow, she was indignant. "Well, Adelaide, I think it is too wet for you to go." She turned fiercely on him and said: "I shall go. I have made up my mind to go and I shall not change it; if I wait until to-morrow I may not wish to go. You do not want to go."

"It is you I am thinking of; a woman who has not been out of the house for months ought not to venture out in this rain; you may take cold."

"Well, I do not suppose that you will grieve much over that. I am going if I die; when I make up mind to do anything I do it. I am not weak."

"Perhaps not; but it takes courage to undo one's mind; but as you are so determined, I shall order the cab for a quarter of four. It may clear, but I hardly think so; it looks like a steady downpour."

"I shall be ready. Frankie, what are you doing?"

"Packing your grip."

"Leave it alone," and with an angry look she seized the child and pulled him angrily away. "Always in the way. George, take that brat away!"

"Adelaide," and Judge Richmond looked sternly at his wife, "I will not have you speak to the child in this way. He was only trying to assist you. You quite forget yourself."

"He annoys me; everything does. O, life is awful! Nothing is as it used to be," and she threw herself sobbing hysterically on the bed. Her husband stepped up to her side and, putting his hand tenderly on her shoulder, said: "Don't; I know you are not as you used to be." She turned quickly, sprang up from the bed, gave him one look, and then, before he could step back from her, struck him in the face, and then threw herself into a chair and groaned, "O! O!! it is awful!!!"

"Yes, indeed," he muttered as he left the room, "awful! awful!! O, for a moment's peace!!! I cannot endure it much longer."

For the next hour Mrs. Richmond kept one of the maids busy packing, unpacking and re-packing until the girl fled on an imaginary errand to the kitchen, where for a moment she sought

solace from the cook. "Darn it! I'll not stand her much longer. She ought to be in a lunatic asylum. She's mad."

"She's possessed of the divil, and if I was the Jedge I'd trash it out of her; she's no more sick nor I am; it's notions."

Things had gotten to an awful state. Mrs. Richmond had gradually grown worse and was, as this maid said, fit for an asylum. She had turned against her mother, who had gone off in great, high dudgeons, blaming the Judge for influencing her daughter; but he, poor man, was innocent, as he left her severely alone and sought his small amount of comfort from Don. After going down stairs with Frankie, and leaving him in the library, saying to him, "Cousin Mary will be here soon to stay with you, dear, while we are away. Good-bye! be a good boy," he rang up a cab, and, turning to the maid, said: "Kate, tell Mrs. Richmond that the cab will be here at a quarter of four. I have some business down town and I shall meet her at the station."

It was indeed an April day for Donalda Fenwick. When she awoke it was raining, and it was much against her inclination that she arose, for she felt like rolling over, closing her eyes and forgetting the day, the Devil and all his works; and if she could have done so it would have been much better for her; but such an avoidance of destiny is not real life, and she, like the rest, was forced to arise and face the battles of the day, and rise or fall in them. As she looked out on the leadened sky, from which the rain was falling in torrents, she inwardly

shuddered, a gloomy feeling, foreign to her nature, possessed her; it seemed as if some dread event were hanging over her; she attempted to free herself, but did not succeed. All the time during which she was dressing herself she anathematized the weather and things in general; everything seemed to go wrong; she put her clothes on inside out; then started to take them off; then remembered that it was bad luck to do so, and finally left them as they were. "Pretty sight! Wonder if this is a sample of the whole day's work!" After breakfast she paid a call and got her mail and then returned to her office, where she opened the letters she had received. Two were advertisements—"perfect trash"—and she threw them into the fire. "A letter from Mr. Sharpe! Has gotten over his miffs, eh?" and she tore it open and hurriedly glanced over the first page, then stood stock still, gazing incredulously at its contents. "O!" and she sighed, then a scarlet blush suffused her face, and throwing the letter angrily down, she exclaimed: "Can't he understand? Won't he understand that he is only a friend, nothing more? Heavens, these men! I knew that it was to be a day of it. Wants me to be his—! O, it is absurd of him after all the disagreements we have had! I'll soon settle this!" and seating herself at her secretary she hurriedly wrote a reply, and flinging it to one side folded her arms on the desk and, laying her head wearily on them, sighed: "Was ever fate like mine?" After maintaining this position for some time she flung herself on the couch and stretching her hands above her

head lay still and thought; her first excitement and anger over, she could now think. It was a habit of hers to think, and thinking with her meant placing herself in the situation of every one of the characters in this mental drama; it was a mental acting and therefore a task, joyful or sorrowful, wearisome or recreative, calm or tempestuous as the occasion demanded; she could laugh often and weep occasionally in these séances; to-day she was in a tempestuous, indignant mood. The play began with Mr. Sharpe, then drifted on naturally to Dr. Hartz, Mrs. Richmond, the Judge and Dr. Bate, who had succeeded her in attendance on Mrs. Richmond. She could not forget this case, nor could any one in her position; it meant much to her, not from a medical point of view, but because she loved the Judge—she had been compelled to acknowledge the fact to herself. She went over the whole case from beginning to end, so far as it had an end, and she criticised Dr. Bate very severely; she detested him; so far in every case in which she had met him he had done his utmost to overthrow her opinion and to ingratiate himself in the family; it was always accomplished in such a clever manner that at the time its full significance did not appeal to her; but when she came to think it over, she could plainly and distinctly see the stroke in the dark. He was a man cold, cunning and unprincipled; so narrow-minded as not to be able to appreciate ability in any one who was at all likely to interfere with him in the eyes of the public. He had educated the greater part of the laity of Tecum-

seh to think that he was the Great I; that if he thought so and so it was so, and there was no further need of any opinion on the case; if he said that Mrs. So-and-So would die, of course she would; no one else could possibly help her. Don was so broad-minded as to be made indignant by such conduct. He had perceived her ability and therefore was doing all in his power to prevent the laity from recognizing it. She had instinctively disliked him from the first, not knowing exactly why; but now that she knew him she ceased to wonder why. That he had failed to help Mrs. Richmond she had predicted from the first, and she had secretly gloried over it. What annoyed her was that while she had not been given a chance he was still being called in. They had expected miracles from her, but not from him. Don lay and thought and grew more and more annoyed, until at last she arose and after hastily shaking her clothing straight walked over to the secretary, took up the letter she had written and hastily re-read it. "Brutal, but I cannot help it," and then flinging it down she stood toying with a pen; the door opened and a man entered. She looked up, and there stood the objectional subject of her thoughts, the villain of the play.

"How do, Miss Fenwick!"

"Good-morning, Dr. Bate," she replied in a somewhat chilly tone, at the same time thinking what has brought him here? No good, I warrant. Speak o' th' deil and he appears. He looked down quizzically at her, as if to read her thoughts, then gazed around the room, which

was plainly but tastefully furnished. It was tidy and everywhere there were evidences of a woman's hand. He looked first at the ceiling, then at the floor, tapping its oiled surface with his boot; and then walking over to the fire-place he gazed into the mirror at himself, leaned one elbow on the mantel and twisting his moustache looked down upon her as he might have on a lap-dog; his other hand, holding his hat, rested on his hip. After coolly regarding the room and its furnishing he looked superciliously down on Donalda, and with a sneer, which he usually assumed, said: "You have not much comfort here."

"I have all that I require to make life enjoyable."

"All that you can afford, I presume."

"Your statement may be more truthful than polite."

"Umph! How are you getting on, anyway? Much to do, eh?"

Don coldly stared at him, and then said: "I did not know that you were interested in my affairs."

Nothing daunted he continued: "Not much coming in, eh?"

"We shall not discuss my monetary affairs. If you have any business state it, and——"

"Be gone, eh?" and he merely twirled his moustache and the more sneeringly regarded her. "Well, I have a business proposition," and then he paused as if to allow this much to strike root and arouse her interest, for he could not but see that she was antagonistic. With all a cruel

man's pleasure in torturing any one or anything he was glorying in the discomfort he was forcing upon her.

"Indeed!"

"Yes, will you come into partnership with me? You have ability, for a woman."

"I do not pretend to have any other; I am a woman."

"You know what I mean."

"Only too plainly; you are not hard to read."

"Well, will you? This other is not here nor there."

"No."

He raised his heavy eyebrows, but showed no other sign of surprise. "Don't be so emphatic; such chances do not often come to a woman."

"I should hope not."

"Miss Fenwick," and he stepped nearer to her, but still maintained the same position.

"Dr. Fenwick."

"Pardon me. It does not seem correct to call a woman so, and, any way, I do not consider it any honor to her."

"Indeed! Only for mighty man, eh?"

"You are sarcastic; but Dr. Graham is going out of our partnership; it is not usually known as yet, and I shall require an assistant."

"I should think that you would rather obtain such a recruit from the ranks of those whom you consider it correct to honor with the title of Doctor. No, I, under no consideration, could for one moment think of such a thing. You have been Dr. Graham's lackey, but I shall never be

yours. When I choose to be an assistant it shall be to a man."

"And I am not a man?"

"Not as compared to some whom I know; you have not the first instincts of one. Since you have exposed yourself to my criticism you may as well know once for all what I think of you. You are a low-born cad; you have no place in a gentleman's profession; you hold your standing alone by the ignorance of the laity and your skill in bragging; but your day is short. How dare you call and make such a proposition when you know I cannot but despise you, or if I do not I am a fool."

"I am rather inclined to think you are," and he smiled acidly. "But come," and he made an attempt to conciliate her, "Dr. Fenwick, I do respect you and I do wish to assist you." She looked at him for a moment, then curling the corners of her mouth smiled in a scornful manner. "Yes, I am sure you do; your conduct on many occasions testifies to it."

"You must not think that because I have got Mrs. Richmond that I have worked against you."

"Your supposition convicts you. You are not capable of wishing any one well."

"Is that the reason for your belligerent attitude towards me? Come, you must not so malign me. I have often wondered why you were so cool."

"You had not far to go to ascertain the reason."

"Mrs. Richmond was tired of you."

"Yes, but through Mrs. Spencer. You had sent her word that you could cure her and you have done it. She is a credit to you."

"Gossip! Surely you do not believe every idle tale that comes to you."

"You do not deny it."

"I do not affirm it."

"You cannot; but there is no use in bandying words," and she arose and took a step towards the door.

"You have not considered it."

"It has received all it ever shall from me. I have forgotten it."

"You are precipitate; but, come, do consider it," and Dr. Bate took a few steps nearer to her.

"There is another little matter. H'm! this is only preliminary; one thing leads up to another. H'm——!"

"It is one too many," and Don advanced nearer to the door.

"You will hear me out," and he stood in front of her. "Will you be my wife? I admire you more than ever." She flashed one indignant look at him and said: "Dr. Bate, you have gone too far. Your audacity is exceeded only by your ignorance, which is great. He whom I accept shall be a man and a gentleman, and you are neither." He smiled insolently, and turning on his heel, and flourishing his hat, he said over his shoulder: "You will be sorry some day; you are throwing away a chance any other woman would gladly accept; but your brains doubtless stand in your light." As indignant as if he had struck her, Don said "Go," and then turned

away from the door. He passed out and she heard him run lightly down the steps, while she strode up and down the room, too angry to speak her thoughts aloud. Then the audacity and the absurdity of it all suddenly burst upon her, and she threw herself upon the couch and laughed hysterically. "The great fool! How I hate him! Imagine! The audacity! Two offers in one day! Well, one is a man. Him!" and she pounded a cushion. "I'd kill him with hate. Won't Nancy howl! I'll tell her! I'll let all Tecumseh know that he was rejected; he cannot endure defeat! He fancies that every woman wants him! Ugh! but it is always the way; the men one could love do not want her, and the ones who want her the devil himself would not have. There's the sun out! I'll run around and tell Nan; it is too good to keep and it will amuse her; she hates him; and yet, no, I cannot tell it, it is too much of an insult. No, I shan't; it is better to keep these things to one's self. Well, old Risdon will probably be next."

After dinner she made a visit, going out in the bright sunshine to be caught in the heavy rain, which, besides some trying circumstances in connection with the case, caused her to return in anything but an amiable mood; in fact, she was in a decidedly bad temper. On arriving there she removed her wet clothing and arrayed herself in a cardinal kimono, which to-day was becoming to her in her cloudy mood. There was a dark fierceness about her which was not natural. She seated herself before the grate to read. "I shall have some peace now. What

moods and tenses I have been in to-day. I will give up medicine; it is a dog's life," and she flung the New York Medical Journal into a far corner. "What care I about latest discoveries! I am hunting for the germ of impudence, it is the most prevalent and destructive. It will be a discovery to render Preventative Medicine a sure fact. Audacity! Cheek! All Gaul is divided into three parts! I will do anything, scrub, wash dishes, anything but listen to pains and aches! "Well," and here she was silent for a moment, "you have had two chances to-day. Yes, but—" and she poked the fire—"chances—yes—chances—no—Well," and she shuddered, "O! bother take it! I cannot do anything to-day, except think disagreeable thoughts. Weather? Yes, that's it! Dr. Hartz is right, we cannot help it; it's planets! yes; spirits! yes; devils! yes; men! yes. I'm a regular April to-day, not for two minutes the same; rain and shine; mostly rain, though, and thunder, too! What shall I do next? What is my next move? What is the Judge doing? He will be in; I feel it in my bones, as mother says. Poor mother! what would she think of me? But she never understood me. Ha! who's that? It is only the wind. I am nervous to-day or fanciful. I cannot throw it off. Something is hanging over me. I know it," and she shuddered and crouched nearer to the fire. "There is some awful fate overshadowing me!" She sat on in this way for what seemed to her a long time, but which in reality was only a few moments, when she was aroused from her dread reveries by the opening of the

outer office door by a well-known hand. There was scarcely a sound, and yet at times an almost imperceptible sound will attract our attention when a louder one will not be perceived by us; a whisper always carries far; this faint, almost non-sound seemed to touch her being. Was it that an electric current passed from him to her; did she feel rather than hear; was a sixth sense played upon; sensation rather than a first sense, or fourth; did the mind hear, see, touch, rather than her external senses? By whatever sense which perceived it, she knew that Judge Richmond had opened the door and was walking across the outer room towards her. A beautiful smile, one that the heart fashions, overspread her face; it came without an effort, but with an effort she strove to banish it; as the gentle zephyr passing by leaves a gentle waving of the grasses, as the setting sun throws a faint flush in the eastern sky, as the gentle wavelet leaves the tiny pebbles and the pink-cheeked shells glistening, so this smile left its softening, gladdening effect on Don's face. The stern lines which had this afternoon changed her expression and had made her look dark and gloomy, were all relaxed; the eyes that had had a dark fire smouldering in them were bright and joy shone in them; and the man who approached her as she advanced to meet him felt the influence of the smile; it was a glorious sunbeam shining on his poor, aching, frosted heart. Usually she allowed him to make all advances, but to-day she was changed, and as soon as he had entered the inner room and had closed the door she rushed to him as lover to lover

and threw her arms around his neck and pressed her lips to his. She had at last yielded. He clasped his arms around her, and nothing but the murmur of her joyous breathing and his heartfelt, happy sighs could be heard. The wind sighed gloomily in the naked branches of the trees outside, the rain fell in torrents and drenched passersby trudging gloomily afoot; but they were forgotten and unheeded by these two, who lived for this moment and for each other. She unclasped her hands and straightened herself and he led her to a chair, where he sat down and took her on his knee, and looking tenderly, fondly at her, said: "O, my darling, my lovely girl! I am so glad to see you. This has been an awful day and I could not remain away any longer," and he pressed her closer to him. Her head rested on his shoulder and she sighed contentedly. "Is it not nice to be together?" he tenderly whispered. "This is Heaven for me. O, if you could only know how I love you, love every hair of your head! You are all I have to love."

"You must not talk in this way."

"But I will; it is true, true, truer than the Gospel."

"It is not right."

"It is right, it cannot be wrong, for it is a pure love."

"But you must not," and she drew herself away from him and rising stood in front of him. "No, you must not. I will not listen to you," and she sat down in a low rocker, buried her face in her hands and sobbed. He sat quietly looking at

her for a few moments; then arising he approached her chair and kneeling beside her, and taking her hands tenderly in his own, he said: "Don't, my dear. Forgive me for loving you so, but I cannot help it; I cannot help loving you; we cannot help it; we were made for each other and we had to come together sooner or later; come, forgive me. You love me; you have shown it plainly to-day; do not deny it. I have only a few minutes to-day; I am going to Toronto with Mrs. Richmond on the four o'clock express."

"O! I was so foolish; I am not myself to-day. I wish that I had never gotten up; it has been such a day!" and Don burst out into a fresh fit of weeping. The Judge took his handkerchief and gently attempted to dry her tears, but she refused to be comforted. "I hate myself; I hate you; and I hate everybody——"

"No wonder," and before either of them could speak a small, fair man stood in front of them, and fixing a piercing, malignant eye on Don, said: "Dr. Fenwick, I am surprised; but, no, I am not."

"What do you mean by intruding in this manner?" demanded the Judge.

"I have more right than you think. I love this woman."

"You do!" and the Judge turned an indignant look on him; and then, looking questionably at Don, who had now risen and turning to Judge Richmond, said: "I will explain afterwards; leave Dr. Hartz to me."

"You confirm what he says?"

"Yes—no—O! I do not know," and she looked appealingly at them both. "I will explain; but go now."

"Explain! Yes, when you have made a compromise with this fellow. Good-afternoon!" and before she could stop him he had passed out. She rushed to stop him, to explain, but the fair man prevented her; she turned an indignant look on him and at once regaining all her composure, said, "What brought you here?"

"The knowledge that you are going to destruction. I left my practice and all to save you."

"Exceedingly kind of you!" and she clenched her teeth. "What interest can you take in me now?"

"That of a man who loves you."

"Don't reiterate such a lie; you cannot love any one; no, not even a friend. No good has brought you here; no, nothing but an insane desire to meddle. Fool that I was to ever tell you anything!"

"You, in your ignorance, may say so, but I should have known; I am informed by spirits."

"By a devil's imagination!" and the girl looked down scornfully on him.

"You may call it such, not knowing any better, but that does not make it so," and he smiled superiorly up at her. "I know every move of your life, even before it is played; you are doomed."

"I cannot help it then, if it is so fore-ordained, can I?" and she looked searchingly at him. "I must then go to destruction, if your theory be true. Deny that and your spiritualistic bubble will burst."

"If you place yourself in right hands you may still free yourself."

"How am I to know? If planets guide me how am I to have my say?"

"If you had your horoscope you would then know, you would have foreseen this day, and you would have been prepared."

"I wish then that I had had the Devil's time-table and there is one thing I would have foreseen."

"There was a time when you would have been only too glad to see me."

"That was before I knew or could imagine that such a cold-blooded animal as a man could exist. Leave me at once. I do not know, nor do I care to know, your object. I have forgotten you; as a disagreeable dream you have passed out of my life."

"Not so disagreeable once; but tell me," and he came so near that she could feel his breath in her face, "why did you not make yourself known when you came to consult me?"

"I had good reason for not doing so; I could not; you, you were not what I expected to meet."

"I wasn't stylish enough! I wasn't good enough; my parents were too common! I, I wasn't rich enough! No, I wouldn't, but I will do, and you shall love no other! I am all the lover you shall ever have. I love you, I adore you; but, but I will not marry you! O, no! I will not do that, and spoil my career. I won't settle down! No children for me! No, no, nothing but fame for me, hard-worked-for fame, and your love! Yes, you love me and I

love you as no one else ever can; that man's love is nothing; it's carnal, worldly; but mine's pure, Heavenly; you're my complement; but I can't marry you! O, no, I can't!" Here he paused for breath and Don stood still, fixedly gazing at him as he poured forth this mad harangue; then, retreating a step or two, she said: "What has so recently changed the channel of your love towards me?"

"I always loved you, but I was testing you and I have proven you; you are dross, but there is gold in you and I shall refine it; you are mine to save, to fit for mansions in the skies. It's my task, I'll purge you, I'll make you whiter than the snow. I'm going hence and then I'll guide you, guard you and love you. I'm your guardian angel, your instructor. I'll go soon, to-day, maybe."

"The sooner the better, and then you shall find that annihilation is your lot. I am not afraid of you being my guide."

"You cannot kick against your fate; you are given to me. Never again shall you see that man; I have a duty to perform before I go."

"You leave this town in ten minutes or I shall have you arrested," and she pointed to the door. "You are insane, so get out," and she opened the door wide; he rushed at it and slammed it to and stood facing her. "I shall go when I have finished my task here. Why did you deceive me with your fine theories and professions, causing me to think you a saint, an angel?"

"There are black angels."

"Dr. Fenwick!" and he would have taken hold

of her arm had she not swiftly seized her opportunity and opened the door and fled out into the hall, from which she rushed into a small room and locked its door. She stood there panting; she could hear her heart beat; she listened for him to go out; at last he did leave, banging the door after him. She walked cautiously to the window, peeked out around the drawn blind and saw him walk quickly away down the street; and then realizing that she had escaped from a mad man. "Yes, he was mad," she clasped her hands over her beating heart and shuddered. She took a step backwards; she felt faint; she grasped for a chair, for some support; she clutched the air; she was falling; no, she must not, and for a moment she braced herself, for he had said that he had a duty; yes, it was! and she must save him, and she attempted to hurry to the door, but all was darkness, scintillating lights and confusion and stillness, and she lay on the floor.

* * * * *

How long she lay there she did not know, but her last thought before she became unconscious was her first on regaining consciousness. She must save him, and not thinking of her weak state she quickly arose and staggered and groped for the door; to prevent herself falling she grasped an old grandfather clock; she did not recognize it and passed her hand hurriedly over its surface in her eagerness to find the door handle; not finding it she clasped her hands in an agony of fear and despair and almost fell again. "What shall I do? Where am I? What

is this awful day? I must get out of here. I am smothering; I am dying!" and she gasped for breath. After a few moments she succeeded in finding the door and unlocking it; made her way as quickly as her trembling body would allow her to her office. On arriving there she found it vacant, and letting herself sink into the low rocker she sat rocking herself backwards and forwards. Not a sound was heard except her hurried breathing and an occasional groan and sob and the ticking of the clock. She looked at it. It was five-thirty. "I must have been a dreadful time in that room. What was I doing? O, I was going to save him and I couldn't; but I must. I must tell him that that man means to kill him, but," and here she relaxed her tense expression. "He is safe for to-day. He went to Toronto. Yes, his wife," and she hysterically laughed. "He cannot get him to-day. He is mad. His spiritualism has ruined him; no, it is his madness that has made him a spiritualist. They are all mad. I must have him arrested; he is dangerous; but," and here she shuddered, "I cannot; there will be explanations, and I cannot have them; but, but I cannot have him killed. O, how I love him, and yet he went away annoyed! I must explain it all to him. He will know what to do. It is all that man. Why did he ever cross my path? I should have known that he was insane. Why did I tell him anything on which to build his wild fancies? O, I also was mad! O, I am mad now! What shall I do?" and she arose and clinging to the mantel laid her head on it. Her body waved as a strong

tree buffeted by a fierce gale; it bent, tossed and groaned under the winds from the three quarters of the moral globe, anxiety, reproof and contempt. "I must save him, but it must be done quietly. I will write to him in Toronto; he stays at ——, and he will receive it in the morning, and he—I mean him—cannot find him before then. That man must be intercepted and placed out of harm's way; but it must be done quietly. That is what I shall do," and feeling a momentarily relief from action decided upon, she breathed more freely, although the marks of the fierce storm had not yet passed away. She finished the letter and was drinking a cup of tea when Nancy Webster hurriedly entered, and throwing herself into a chair burst out crying.

"What's up, child?" and Don looked anxiously at her, a fearful dread at her heart.

"You've heard?"

"Heard what?" and she felt almost angry at Nancy for keeping her in suspense.

"Why!—Judge—!" she shuddered but endeavored to be calm. She must act her part—"Richmond's shot!"

"Shot!" She could have screamed, she almost fainted; but she steadied herself and said in a weak voice, "How?"

"A man," and here Nancy, the announcement over, plunged into her tale and forgot her tears. "A man called to see Mrs. Richmond, demanded to see her on some important business. She wouldn't go down and the Judge went down, and as soon as he entered the room the man fired and

shot him, then shot himself. No one knows who the man is."

"And, and," Don spoke hurriedly, as if afraid that the words would freeze on her lips, her breath was icy cold, "is he dead?"

"The Judge? No, but they hold out no hopes, and Mrs. Richmond, of course, fainted; but no one thinks of her. What can it mean? I have heard stories of the Judge, but I never believed them. Could it have been that this was some jealous husband?"

"Don't! don't!!"

"No, I won't; but——"

"I thought," and Don looked instinctively at the letter she had just written, "I thought that they were in Toronto."

"She backed out at the very last; but that is her way. I should think that it would kill her—the shock, I mean—not the Judge's death."

"It's awful!" and Don clutched her chair.

"Indeed it is. Well, I must run on; the Old Parties will be deep in lamentations; I knew that you would be interested, knowing the Richmonds. Say, Doctor, you look a bit ragged tonight!"

"It has been an upside-down day."

"I guess so," and Nancy walked out of the office much to Don's relief for she was almost beside herself. Was she too late? The room swam around her; the sea roared, and she was icy cold; she staggered to the couch and throwing herself upon it clasped her hands in an agony of grief. "He will die and it is all my fault. I might have saved him, and O! O! he thinks me

untrue! Why was I born? I must go and see him, explain. O! I can't let him die. I will go," and hastily arising she put on her outdoor clothing; then as quickly threw it off. "I can't go. No, O! the awful secretiveness of it all. O! if he will only live. He must! he must!! he must!!!" she almost shrieked. "It cannot be that I must lose him. O, God will not allow it! God!" and she was silent for a moment. "There is no God; no, there is none! Why am I so weak? It is only Nature and she never repents; if he must, he must die; O. if there only were a God! O, for a faith, even if it be false! Something to cling to, an idol, anything, only something except inexorable Nature! If I could only scream; but no, I must keep this awful secret. I'm glad," and she looked vehemently revengeful at an imaginary presence, "that he is dead. I'd kill him if he were not. He was insane; but, O, it ought not to have happened!" A sound was heard in the outer room, she arose and attempted to straighten herself; just then the door opened and an old Irish woman, an ardent admirer of Don's, entered.

"Savin' yer prisince, Miss! I didn't think ye heard me. Bless me! but ye're lookin' all through-other, beggin' yer parden for sayin' it."

"I have not felt like myself to-day. Weather!" and Don strove to smile. "What can I do for you?"

"It's himself as oi wants a bottle fer; he's no carin' fur his victuals an' oi'm thet onaisy fur fear off losin' him; oi ses ter him, ses oi, oi ses, oi'm agoin' ter bring the lady doctur ter ye; an'

he ses, ses he, oi've nothin' agin th' lady doctur; but oi haven't no use fur med'cine an' ef oi'm agoin' ter die, oi'll die an' ef oi ain't, oi aint, so there! An' oi ses, ses oi, ye're a fool! an' ses oi, too, ter him, ye ain't agoin' ter die, fur oi'll git a bottle, so there! An' oi want it quick, an' stout, too; an' ain't that awful 'bout the Jidge, poor man, an' himself sich a foine man, an' all that, an' her so frail. Phwat could th' man hev been thinkin' on, an' then shootin' himself. It's quare and nobody knows. They say as he's sinkin' fast. Poor feller, he was allus so lanient with th' stray uns, whin ma boy Paddy," and here she lifted the corner of her apron to her eye, "was arrested, it was himself as comforted me an' ma man, an' let th' boy off aisy; fur he said, ses he, he ain't ter blame as much as t'other fellers. Them's his words. Them's taken as orter be left an' them's left as orter be taken; may God forgive me fur sayin' it! May God hev pity on his sowl! It's many th' prayer oi'll pray fur th' loikes o' him, sich a foine gentleman, an' all that. Oi ses to himself, ses oi, oi ses, Shamus, if it had ben ye, it wouldn't hev mattered; but the loikes off him, an' thet poor Frankie an orphand; fur it'll kill th' Missis."

Don hurried as fast as she could and handed her the bottle, saying, "I hope it will do him good." The woman took it with many thanks, and showering blessings on her departed.

"O!" she groaned, "such torture!" This was the awful tragedy of her life. Would she have to live? "No," and she walked toward her medicine cabinet and stretching out her hand seized

a bottle. It seemed to be glued to the shelf; some invisible hand drew away her arm, and there was the tearful face of her mother bending over her. "I can't," she groaned. "I have to live," and she sank into a chair. O, mother memories that save us!

Nancy had given an accurate account of the affair, and that night at ten o'clock Mrs. Richmond lay in one room, passing from one fainting fit into another; the Judge lay dead in another room, and a small child wept as if his heart would break outside the door, refusing to be removed; and the assassin lay at the undertaker's, awaiting an inquest and identification. The child's sobs rent the very air, and no one could soothe him, until Kate, the maid, said, "I'll send for Dr. Bate if you don't stop."

"Get Dr. Fenwick, get her," and he arose from the floor, and taking the maid's hand dragged her to the telephone. At half-past ten Don was aroused from her grief by a loud peal of the telephone. The message was: "Frankle wants you, come. The Judge is dead." She could hardly answer, "Yes." Yes, she would go; she could do this much for him. He was gone, but his child called for her. The tears at last escaped. She must now live life afresh, live alone for others. She had not been all to blame, and yet she had; if she had been strong it would not have happened; if she had been discreet; it was all the result of the imaginings of a jealous mind, i. e., his, the madman's, part in it; it was not of supernatural agency. If she had done her duty, had not listened to Love's alluring voice,

had lived for him and not for self, how different the result! "Duty, not Love, is the Law of Life." She hurried to the house and found the child standing in the hall, the picture of grief. He rushed to her and clasping his arms around her neck, sobbed, "O, my daddy's gone!" She pressed him to her. She could not speak; was she not the cause of his bereavement? "O!" and she groaned and laid her head down close to his. He looked up. "You sorry, too?"

"Yes, dear."

"You love him?" She did not, could not, answer. "You love him?" he again demanded. "What you crying for?" and he patted her wet cheek. "People don't cry if they don't love him." What could she say? Just then Kate passed and Frankie's attention was directed to her. He watched her movements, and then sliding down from Don's arms he took her hand and said, "Come," and he led her upstairs and outside of the room in which his dead father lay. He attempted to turn the handle, it was locked; he was about to raise his foot to kick the door, when she said: "Don't, Frankie; wait a moment." Was she outside of his room? She drew the child quietly away and said, "Let us sit down here," and they entered the sitting-room. She rocked the child in her arms until he at last fell asleep; she attempted to lay him down, but he grasped her and refused to let her leave him; so she sat on with him in her arms. It was an awful night; no one seemed to know of her presence save Kate, and she was busy; she sat there undisturbed. The darkness changed to dawn; the sun arose bright and shed his roseate

hues over the eastern sky and bathed Frankie and her in its splendor. This was worse than the night, but it was hope. She must forget the past, it was behind her; no, rather it was before her as a lesson to her. He was dead, but she was in this world, and she must live like other people. She had sought to be free, to be advanced; but she had failed. The world needed its religions yet; it could not exist without them. It was not materialism; it was not spiritualism; it was Christ. Yes, she had need of a God; but what God could so rob her of her Loved One? Yes, there he lay dead! She groaned. It was awful! She loved him; that woman, his wife, did not, and yet she lived to mourn him after the fashion of the world, while she, Don, could mourn for him only alone in the solitude of her heart, no outward sign could there be. If she could only make some outward sign of grief, what a relief! But, no, there was none for her. She had need of a God, a silent supporter. With the sleeping child in her arms she knelt and prayed, to whom, to what, she did not know; but to something. She felt soothed and better. Why she did not know. She ceased to rebel. A presence was near her. What, who was it? A loving hand rested on her shoulder and a loving voice whispered gently in her ear, "Poor child, you have suffered, I can sympathize with you. I, too, have loved and lost." It was her mother's voice, it was her mother's face.

So far have we gone with Donald Fenwick on her life's journey, her tragedy—and what life is there without one?—has come to her; it shall

tinge her future life. Kaleidoscopic has been her career so far, but such is life; life is not the evenly woven Brussels carpet pattern; no, rather is it the roughly built bird's nest, here a thread, there a piece of twine; here a feather, there a cotton rag; here a stick, there a leaf; it is the patched coat of many colors, the tramp's coat; the ragged coat of what might be. As a child she had thought and needs must be a lonely child; as a woman she thought and needs must be a lonely woman; but with a heart full of love for other lonely souls. Her weakness was her desire to be free, to make others free, to hasten "Angelward."

Books From Our List of Religious Character

THE SINNER'S FRIEND

By Col. C. G. Samuel

New (4th) Edition with alterations and
additions in text and illustrations

Postpaid \$1.00

ST. JOHN IN PATMOS

By (late) Rev. Peyton Gallagher

\$1.00 Postpaid

A BROTHER OF CHRIST

By Ingram Crockett

\$1.50 Postpaid

These and other Religious Works fully
described in circulars, gladly mailed

BROADWAY PUB., CO. 835 B'way, N.Y.

Sam S. & Lee Shubert

direct the following theatres and theatrical attractions in America:

Hippodrome, Lyric, Casino, Dalys, Lew Fields, Herald Square and Princess Theatres, New York.

Garrick Theatre, Chicago.

Lyric Theatre, Philadelphia.

Shubert Theatre, Brooklyn.

Belasco Theatre, Washington.

Belasco Theatre, Pittsburg.

Shubert Theatre, Newark.

Shubert Theatre, Utica.

Grand Opera House, Syracuse.

Baker Theatre, Rochester.

Opera House, Providence.

Worcester Theatre, Worcester.

Hyperion Theatre, New Haven.

Lyceum Theatre, Buffalo.

Colonial Theatre, Cleveland.

Rand's Opera House, Troy.

Garrick Theatre, St. Louis.

Sam S. Shubert Theatre, Norfolk, Va.

Shubert Theatre, Columbus.

Lyric, Cincinnati.

Mary Anderson Theatre, Louisville.

New Theatre, Richmond, Va.

New Theatre, Lexington, Ky.

New Theatre, Mobile.

New Theatre, Atlanta.

Shubert Theatre, Milwaukee.

Lyric Theatre, New Orleans.

New Marlowe Theatre, Chattanooga.

New Theatre, Detroit.

Grand Opera House, Davenport, Iowa.

New Theatre, Toronto.

New Sothern Theatre, Denver.

Sam S. Shubert Theatre, Kansas City.

Majestic Theatre, Los Angeles.

Belasco Theatre, Portland.

Shubert Theatre, Seattle.

Majestic Theatre, San Francisco.

E. H. Sothern & Julia Marlowe in repertoire.

Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller.

Virginia Harned.

Mary Mannering in "Glorious Betsy."

Mme. Alla Nazimova.

Thos. W. Ross in "The Other Girl."

Cecelia Loftus.

Clara Bloodgood.

Blanche Ring.

Alexander Carr.

Digby Bell.

"The Girl Behind the Counter."

"The Light Eternal."

"The Snow Man."

Blanche Bates in "The Girl from the Golden West."

David Warfield in "The Music Master."

"The Rose of the Rancho," with Rose Starr.

HARRISON GRAY FISKE'S
ATTRactions.

Mrs. Fiske in "The New York Idea."

"Shore Acres."

Louis Mann in "The White Hen."

"The Road to Yesterday."

Henry Woodruff in "Brown of Harvard."

"The Secret Orchard," by Channing Pollock.

De Wolf Hopper in "Happyland."

Eddie Foy in "The Orchid."

Marguerite Clark, in a new opera.

"The Social Whirl," with Chas. J. Ross.

James T. Powers in "The Blue Moon."

Bertha Kalich.

"Leah Kleschna."

"The Man on the Box."

Cyril Scott in "The Prince Chap."

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram."

"The Three of Us."

You cannot go wrong in selecting one of these play-houses for an evening's entertainment in whatever city you may happen to be.

SOME OF THE VERY LATEST
SPRING AND SUMMER ♡ 1907

BOOKS

ASTYANAX

An Epic Romance of Ilion, Atlantis and Amaraea

By **HON. JOSEPH M. BROWN**

With 48 Drawings by Hudson

950 pp.

Postpaid \$1.70

THE TWO FAMILIES

A Novel by

IRENE GWENDOLIN ZIZICK

and

MRS. ANNA BARBARA ZIZICK

\$1.50 Postpaid

THE SINNER'S FRIEND

A Beautiful Religious Poem

BY

C. G. SAMUEL

3rd Edition

\$1.00

Illustrated

ACROSS THE PLAINS

AND OVER THE DIVIDE

BY

RANDALL H. HEWITT

*A Mule Train Journey from East to West in 1862, and
Incidents Connected Therewith.*

With About 80 Illustrations \$1.50 Postpaid

Order from

BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.

835 Broadway

New York

BOOKS YOU MUST READ SOONER OR LATER

The Instrument Tuned

BY ROSA B. HITT.

Attractive Binding, 75 cents.

Limited Edition in White and Gold, \$1.00,

(Author's photo.)

An able and interesting work on a comparatively new subject—Psycho-physical culture—of whose methods the author has made successful application. The book is full of common-sense suggestions and is admirably adapted to the needs of humanity in general.

The chapter-captions will give an excellent idea of the comprehensive and practical character of the work:

Various Therapeutic Agents.
Influence of Mind.
Extravagant Emotions.
Insomnia.
Relaxation.
Harmony the Law of Nature.

Order Note

All of the books named in this magazine to be had from any newsdealer, or

**BOOKS YOU MUST READ
SOONER OR LATER**

Llewellyn

A NOVEL

BY HADLEY S. KIMBERLING.

Cloth. \$1.50.

5 Illustrations by S. Klarr.

Here is a story whose artistic realism will appeal to everyone, while its distinction as a serious novel is made evident by its clever analysis, sparkling dialogue and thrilling and powerful situations. "Llewellyn" will win all hearts by her purity and charm.

Satan of the Modern World

BY E. G. DOYEN.

12mo, cloth, handsomely produced.

\$1.50.

The title of this book will arouse curiosity, and its brilliant contents will fully reward the wide public which it will reach.

A Missourian's Honor

BY W. W. ARNOLD.

Cloth, 12mo. \$1.00.

3 Illustrations.

OCT 18 1907



OCT 18 1907



