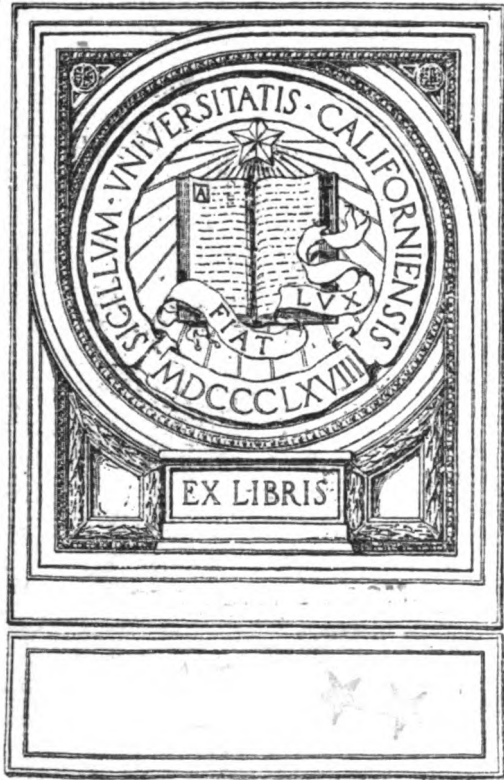

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UNIV. OF
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LIPPINCOTT'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

JULY, 1906



THE HEART OF PAPRIKA

BY JANE BELFIELD

"Why care by what meanders we are here
I' the centre of the labyrinth? Men have died
Trying to find this place, which we have found."
BROWNING.

I.

"I HAVE called him twice, father, but he won't come in. He says he isn't tired and doesn't want to come in."

"Let him stay there, then."

"But the sun is so hot, I am afraid the boy will be sick. Just look at him, Luke. Look at his face!"

The woman laid her hand on the man's shoulder and pointed out of the window, where a frail-looking lad, slight of stature, was busily digging potatoes. He handled his spade vigorously, seeming to enjoy the task. As he turned them over, he examined the potatoes with as much interest as though each possessed a separate and vivid personality; then he piled them neatly in his wheelbarrow.

"His face is rather red, mother," assented the man, "but it won't hurt him. Besides, digging potatoes will do him as much good as that eternal daubing."

"But you sent him out there, Luke, because he had neglected his lesson. You said he must dig for an hour, and he has been working in the sun for fully three hours."

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The Heart of Paprika

"Well, if I pay Gray to teach him, he has to study, hasn't he? Only, for my part, you know, I'd prefer the boy to be doing something sensible. If he must paint, let him daub the barn."

"Stephen does study," replied the woman, "but you must allow something for his moods—they all have moods—folks with talent."

"Moods!" the man interrupted. "What does the boy want with moods? Do I have moods?"

"No," the wife answered slowly. "No—you do not."

"Well, isn't he my son?" he argued. "Where does he get his moods? I settled down to real work at his age. Now, I don't ask him to learn to run the place. The boy may follow his own bent. He may study and play at being a painter, since you will have it so—though I say it's poor work for a man. But he's got to keep at it—just as steady as digging."

"It is summer yet," the mother urged gently, "and Stephen tires so easily. You know, father, that the boy has real talent—and they don't always keep at it, in the beginning."

"I wish he hadn't, that's all—I wish he hadn't. I wish he was different—somehow. He's our only one; and yet, when I look at him sometimes, sitting in the corner, dreaming over the fire, I wonder where he came from."

"Left by the storks!" she laughed. "Left in the chimney-corner—perhaps a little changeling from beyond! But, father, when he sits there, though he doesn't see us, he sees the pictures that he steals up in the attic to paint. Come now, you know you are proud of him. Who can tell what the boy may do? That is, if he is not sunstruck out there. Call him, Luke—you call him—do."

The man leaned his elbows on the window-sill.

"Stephen!"

"Yes, father?"

"I said an hour."

"But I'm not tired."

"Your mother wants you to come in."

The boy nodded assent, piled the remaining potatoes in the barrow, and wheeled his load toward the cellar. The man took up his paper, while Mrs. Loring busied herself about the room. An hour passed.

"I wonder," she said, going to the door, "why the boy doesn't come in."

"Following a precious mood," remarked her husband. "Where is Jeanne?"

Mrs. Loring stepped into the garden.

"Jeanne!" she called; "Jeanne!"

"Coming, mother!"

The voice was low and gentle. A young girl hurried around the corner of the box-hedge, a great bunch of purple asters in her apron.

"I gathered these in the orchard, mother," she said happily. "They are so thick and—oh, so beautiful! A carpet of asters—where the trees are so heavy with fruit that the branches nearly touch the ground. Did I keep you waiting?"

Jeanne, just Stephen's age, was a distant cousin whom Mrs. Loring had adopted. Sitting solemn-eyed beside the couch on which her mother lay dead, the little thing, just beginning to talk, had looked forlornly up into Mrs. Loring's mother-face bending over her, and lisped the words she had heard some one say, "Jeanne— orphan—Jeanne— orphan."

The plaintive cry went straight to the living mother's heart; and she caught the little one in her arms—and had held her there ever since; so that the girl knew nothing different than to give all the love that was in her to this, the only mother she remembered, and to her playmate-brother, Stephen.

"The flowers are very beautiful, dear," patting Jeanne's cheek; "but go and find Stephen now. He has been working in the sun too long. He pretended he liked it, because father sent him out to dig—as a cure for laziness. It is almost dinner-time."

Jeanne ran through the garden, crossed the vegetable patch, and disappeared in the orchard beyond. But Stephen was not in his favorite perch on the seat built high up in the cherry-tree. Perhaps he was lying on a certain broad, flat stone, cooling his heels in the brook; Jeanne hurried hither, only to be disappointed.

"Not in the tree or by the brook," she reflected, "not in the barn or the stables or the fields—oh—I know—he's in the attic."

Singing happily, the little maiden ran back to the house and up to the attic where Stephen studied and painted. She turned the knob softly. The door was locked. Well, he was in there, at any rate.

"Stephen!" she whispered through the key-hole. "Stephen?"

No answer. Jeanne tried again. "Stephen, may I come in?"

"Botheration!"

She waited. Then the key was turned with a sharp click.

"I suppose so," said the boy ungraciously; "but you see, I'm busy."

Jeanne stood on one foot in the door-way and laughed.

"Aren't you coming down to dinner?"

"I'm not hungry."

The girl seated herself on a trunk and comfortably swung her legs. Stephen turned away and went over to the gabled window

where his easel stood. He painted a while in silence; then Jeanne asked demurely, "Stephen, tell me. Are there any potatoes left?"

"Ha! Spying, were you? Why didn't you come out and try it?"

"Because I didn't have to."

"Neither did I have to—all that time."

"What did you do it for, then?"

"See here, Jeanne, I want to paint, and you're a nuisance. Get out—there's a good girl—do!"

"See here, Stephen, I want to watch you. I like it here. Be nice—that's a good boy—do!"

"Why can't you let a fellow alone?"

"It's dinner-time and mother will be calling us. There! Didn't I tell you? She's calling now."

"Stephen! Jeanne!" came Mrs. Loring's voice up the stairs.

"It's always the way," he grumbled, "just when I'm in the humor, I've got to go and eat. When I'm not in the humor, it's, 'Why don't you paint?' and when I *am*, it's, 'Come downstairs and eat!'" But he thrust his hands in his pockets and went out whistling.

Jeanne did not follow. Left alone, she stepped over to look at Stephen's sketch. Yes, she had guessed rightly—the old seat in the cherry-tree. She lingered over the picture for a few moments, touched it lovingly, pulled down the blind, put away and cleaned his brushes,—as she always did,—then hesitated a moment and glanced around the attic. Every corner was dear to her: the long sloping sides, against which chests and boxes, with their familiar treasures, were neatly stored; the double cradle wherein she and Stephen had slept; the white wooden cribs for the babies when they were too large for the cradle; their first toys; the big stable; the old doll-house! Ah, how often she had secretly slipped up to play with that house—when Stephen had said she was too old for dolls!

All these smiled back at her, even the high, cracked mirror in which they used to measure height, and Stephen's wooden rocking-horse, that lost its tail the day they rode to Jericho.

Yonder the red chest, a box of wonders, decorated by Stephen himself with his first paints, seemed the most strongly to invite her to remember.

Perhaps—perhaps they would not miss her yet down-stairs. Jeanne threw up the blind and pulled the chest over to the window. She opened the lid eagerly. She had not looked inside since the day, five years ago, she and Stephen had decided to be grown-ups. Yes, everything was just as they had packed it; his soldiers, forts, and cannon on top. How did they look? Jeanne had half a mind

to take them all out. She fell on her knees beside the chest, and carefully placed the wooden soldiers—as many as could stand—in rows and squares, as had been the order of their last battle. Reds—they had always been Stephen's side—these in the yellow coats—hers.

Perhaps the blow-pipe for bullets was still in the bottom of the box.

"I wonder," she whispered, her cheeks red with excitement, "how good my aim is now. He was always so provoked when my side won."

A dried pea stuck tight in the pipe. Jeanne forced it out with a match-stick. She was living five years back, with the enthusiasm of the very quiet, self-contained little soul that she was. Carefully she took aim. A red soldier fell in the front square.

"Hit! My prisoner!" But as Jeanne darted an eager hand over, a low laugh startled her.

"Well," cried a teasing voice, "here's a jolly mess!"

"Stephen!" exclaimed the girl, springing to her feet. "Why—where——"

"Why—where——" he repeated mockingly. "Are you quite daft? I've been down-stairs an hour. Dinner's all over. Mother thinks you've fallen asleep. What on earth *are* you doing?"

"I was—playing," said Jeanne, meekly dropping her eyes.

"How old are you, Miss?"

"Fifteen, sir—same as you—birthdays on the same day."

"Jeanne—you're a precious little fool."

"Same as you, then! You never take notions, or do anything queer! Oh, no—do you now?" Jeanne turned away with flaming cheeks; but Stephen laughed and caught her arm with a gesture of boyish affection.

"Oh, see here, old girl! Don't pick them up yet. Let's have a real battle. No fooling, mind. I bet you can't knock down ten of 'em. Here goes—I speak for reds!"

"Yellows!" she cried, beaming.

In a moment they were on the floor behind their respective armies. Broken match-sticks, toothpicks, dried peas flew around. Rows of soldiers were mowed down.

"I haven't had so much fun since I can remember," cried the little maid breathlessly. "It's better than the apple-tree."

"Or netting minnows in August," assented Stephen with equal enthusiasm.

"Or the donkey-races," she recalled, "or sliding down hay, or corn-pops, or—or——"

"Chasing chickens," supplied Stephen slyly.

"As if I ever did!" Jeanne pouted indignantly. "Ah, look out! Nearly all of your men are down. Now! I'm winning—three left—I've won! Yellows win. Hurrah! Hurrah!"

"Oh, I say——" began Stephen; but the sudden opening of the attic door cut short his remonstrance. Both looked around in surprise, to see Mrs. Loring standing in the door-way watching them with an appreciative smile.

"Enjoying yourselves, my babies?" she said merrily. "Well, when you are quite through, Jeanne may clear things away. Stephen, Mr. Gray is coming up. And Jeanne, dear, there is something in the pantry for a small child who has forgotten to eat her dinner and whose mother spoils her."

II.

"I WISH," said Stephen, between mouthfuls of cake, "that I were the Wandering Jew!"

Jeanne picked some candle-wax off her share, and daintily munched a bit of chocolate icing.

It was their sixteenth birthday, and they were celebrating in the cherry-tree. Jeanne parted the high branches to look out over the apple orchard, towards the lofty New England hills which encircled the farm. Then her gaze returned to the Loring home-stead, with its regular, box-lined walks. Here was her garden; here, the bees she watched. Beyond in the field she could see her pony frisking and rolling in the grass, Stephen's dog at its heels. Near by, the barn, the yard full of contented chickens, the cat Nixie blinking in the sun. As the sweet smell of hay was wafted to her nostrils and her eyes delighted in every detail of the home picture the girl wondered what more any one could desire. Then she turned to Stephen, the one element not in accord, and waited for him to speak again. For Stephen had thrown away his cake and was frowning at the circling hills.

"Yes, I do," he repeated. "I wish I were the Wandering Jew. For, Jeanne—I seem—I seem to be driven."

"Gypsy blood," remarked Jeanne quietly. "Let's go and look up our ancestors."

"I am tired of it all, anyhow. Oh, you can't understand! I'm sick of the place, the life, the things that never change, the hills that never move, the people here who couldn't be any different. Why, Jeanne, I might as well be one of our own cabbages!"

"Yes?" said Jeanne sympathetically, as he brought his heels together with a savage click.

"And to think I have the chance to leave it all! To think that

I could go abroad and live ! Gray is going; he said he would take me. He spoke to father. I could study portrait-painting. He's going to travel with that English pupil he had, Harry Kent, the one he's always talking about. Just to think, Jeanne, just to think, I could go with them. I could live ! I could really live !"

"Well," she answered, laying her hand gently over the boy's clasped fingers, "why don't you ?"

"Mother doesn't want me to leave her,—you know that; and father thinks it's a waste of time, though he's willing enough for me to stay here and gather mould forever. Jeanne, I hate it all ! I hate it all !"

Jeanne shivered.

"I hate it all," repeated the boy, rising to his feet and pushing aside the hanging boughs. "I hate the life, the fields, the crops. I hate the talk, the people."

"Not—us ?" Jeanne whispered softly.

"Not especially you," he answered. And then, after a moment, "But, oh, Jeanne, I hate myself ! I can't do anything here; indeed I can't ! I might as well whitewash the fence, as father says. I want to *see*—to be a part of things. I want to make the things I see—*live*. Gray says I can do it. He says I ought to go."

"Well," she answered, "go, then. You must go. Why not ?" suppressing a sharp breath.

"And," continued the unheeding Stephen, snapping off a twig, "I don't want to come back."

"Don't, then," sighed the girl; "don't come back."

"You see it's this way. As soon as I look at a place, I want to move on, to go somewhere else. You don't have to look forever at one place to see it. Do you, now ?"

"Not," Jeanne answered absently, "to see the things *you* see."

"Now—what do you mean by that ?" the boy asked, bending down, as was his habit, to peer into her eyes.

"I mean that you only take a quick view," she answered. "But, Stephen, you can't see even these little hills that way. You can't know them, I mean, all at once. You must search and search. Why, the willows are so thick we can't even see the brook from here ! And there are other streams that wind between the hills, where the echo lies. And the knoll where those three slopes meet ! You said once that it was a fairy spot. Don't you remember the day you put me on a big white stone and told me that we were making a story, and I must wait for the eagle to come and carry me away ? Don't you remember how green and thick the moss was there ? And how it grew on the stone steps like a terrace ? And how quiet the place was ? While we waited for the story to happen a

flock of sheep came bleating up the glade. They thought they were alone; and the bell-sheep trotted up the terrace, making a great fuss and noise; but when he saw us the whole flock hushed and stopped and turned back. They must have been coming to the brook to drink. I was sorry we scared them away. So we waited again. And after a while a brown calf ran down the hill-side and looked at us—wild-eyed—and hid itself in the bushes by the brook. You called the place 'The Hopper,' and said you'd paint it some day. So we waited and waited; but that was all—the eagle didn't come that day, and the story didn't happen."

Her deep eyes were shining with the memory of that bygone time.

"Didn't I make it happen, Jeanie? I must have made it happen. My stories always end in getting away, anyhow."

She nodded. "Yes, you did. Because I was disappointed you drew on the stone a valley like that one, where three hills met; and you put in a little girl sitting on a great, flat stone. And you drew the eagle too, as big as the roc in 'Sindbad.' So you *did* make the story happen. Do you remember it all now, Stephen?" Jeanne looked up appealingly. For her these memories lived.

He laughed. "Well, I couldn't leave the little girl sitting on that broad, flat stone, could I? Especially when she wanted to get out of the valley. I knew how she felt. I wish an eagle or any old thing would happen around here for me. Go on, Jeanie. What else is behind the hills?"

"Ah—but you must search for yourself, Stephen. It is all waiting for you there. Do you suppose any place beyond the sea could be more beautiful than the deep ravine, where the ruined mill is still standing, the ravine that leads to the river? The morning we discovered the bridge which spans the cut and first peeped over—not knowing what was below—you said it looked like a place out of a book and you wondered what had happened there. And then, to frighten me, you whispered in my ear:

'And Eugene Aram walked between
With gyves upon his wrist'

Ah, but it was uncanny down there! Afterwards, we used to climb up and look over, on purpose to shiver! So, Stephen, it isn't all the same—when we look deep enough."

"But you have patience, Jeanie—but you are different. There are a million places on earth, each as beautiful as that spot, and no two alike. I want to see them all. You are different."

"Yes," she answered thoughtfully, "I am different. I am happy here." She was smiling bravely now. "I shall stay always—and

after a while, I shall be a respectable, elderly person, making things to send to you abroad."

"And I?" said Stephen abruptly. "What shall I be doing, Jeanne?"

Jeanne's smile faded. "Why, yes—I forgot. How strange that will seem! You will not be here. You will be away—of course—a famous painter of portraits. You will have seen all the things that are beautiful." She paused—then hopefully, "And you will write to us, sometimes—when you think of it. We will read over your letters aloud, of evenings, all together—to make them seem more. Then father will find notices about you in the papers; and mother will say, 'Didn't I tell you the boy had talent?' And I shall come up here very often—just to remember. Do you think you could always write to me on our birthdays, Stephen, and still tell me the things you see?"

"I haven't gone yet, Jeanne," he answered moodily. "Make *this* story happen for me—do! Coax mother, will you? There's a good old chum!"

"I think you will go, Stephen," the girl said quietly. And that day, for the first time, Jeanne did not scramble out of the cherry-tree; but she let Stephen help her down. And he pulled her long braid of hair as he set her on the ground, saying, "Now coax them, Jeanie; I depend on you to get me out of the valley—and make the story happen."

And so, in a few weeks, Stephen did go. "For his restlessness," said his father, "will drive me wild. I always tried to teach the boy patience, since I knew he wasn't born with any—but I seem to have failed somehow."

His father's good-bye was hearty; his mother's, tearful. Jeanne pressed his hand hard, as she held up her face, and whispered, "Don't you forget to write on our birthdays—always."

"I will, Jeanie," he promised; "and I left the picture you like, our seat in the tree—for you. It's in the attic. I'll stay till I've done something better to put with it. Good-bye."

As the train rounded the curve of Echo Hill Jeanne turned the pony towards home—home for the first time without Stephen. She raised her head and listened till the last echoes died away down the valley, across which she and Stephen had so often shouted to each other. Then she said softly, her vibrant young voice a-quiver, "Mother, he never saw the train leave here, he never watched it creeping through the valley but he wanted to go—to go."

For answer, Mrs. Loring drew the girl's head down on her shoulder. Her husband bit his lip and urged the pony on.

"We just have you now, Jeanne, my girl," he said, after a long pause.

"Just you," repeated the mother, "to remember him with us—our Jeanne—always."

Late that night when the others were asleep a little white figure tiptoed down the stairs, tucked Nixie under one arm, and, followed by Prince, made her way to the old tree. The night was warm, and Jeanne nestled down in the familiar seat.

Only yesterday she had come here with Stephen; and now he was asleep far away from home, content with the present—dreaming perhaps of the longed-for future. She knew he would sleep to-night, for last night he had not touched his bed. Early in the evening they had wandered around the farm together, and, hand in hand, said good-bye to what had been their very own. But later, watching from her window, Jeanne saw him go out alone.

Things look differently in the night. Perhaps he would always remember them so, softened and beautified. Perhaps he had been almost sorry to go. She hoped he had.

The wind stirring the branches overhead wafted the scent of box towards her and folded the lonely girl in a soft caress. She curled up and drew the cat closer, while Prince's deep, luminous eyes looked up from the foot of the tree where he stood guard.

"It speaks of something, Nixie," she whispered, "but I—I am so stupid. I don't know what things want to tell me. I only know that they are beautiful. Stephen knows. Perhaps he has gone to find those things. And he has left enough stories for me—for always. The tree will help me to remember. The tree told them to him, Nixie."

Nixie purred; Prince put his nose over the small, bare feet; and in a few moments Jeanne, listening to the lullaby of the boughs, was wafted from a world of wondering into the Place of Wonders, where anything may happen.

And in her dreams Stephen stood beneath the tree, as last night he had really stood under her window. When he looked up, the wind blew back his hair as it had done then, baring his high forehead.

Last night Jeanne had brought her light to the window, and it glistened on the white face upturned in the darkness.

"Jeanie," he had whispered, his eyes wide with excitement, his mouth quivering; "still watching, Jeanie? I seem—I seem to be driven."

But to-night the dream figure beneath the cherry-tree smiled happily at his sister-chum. "Watching?" it said, "still watching, Jeanie?" Then waved its hand in loving farewell and faded into the darkness.

III.

THE sun streaming through high, eastern windows flooded a top-story Parisian art-studio in the Boulevard St. Germain. The room was upholstered entirely in red. From above crimson divans built against the walls, the light diffused itself over rugs and draperies of the same warm hue, glanced from the polished mahogany chairs and cabinets, and lingered, loath to leave, upon the hair of Catharine—where that young woman sat in state, posing for her portrait.

Catharine did not like her hair, though its auburn tints were somewhat redeemed, even in her opinion, by black lashes and brows; neither did she approve of her nose, which she thought decidedly too long; and from the beginning she had objected to her chin because of the absence of dimples.

In a fit of childish discontent, she once had cried to her old nurse, "There are no dimples in my cheeks, Mary, and none in my chin!"

"Dimples!" that practical soul had repeated in surprise. "Why, child, there do be no room on yer face fur dhimples!"

Wilful Catharine, who thought there ought to be room on her face for anything she wanted there, now remembered that bygone time and smiled. Perhaps her smile gave the finishing touch to the cheer and glow of the studio; for just then the artist, a tall, pale man of distinguished though ascetic figure and countenance, in striking contrast with the place and the sitter, looked up from his easel and caught the smile.

"Blue-gray," he said quietly; "I had thought they were green; but now, in this light, your eyes are blue-gray."

Catharine laughed gleefully. "Father says they are any color I choose to make them. That sounds feline, doesn't it?" and she laughed again, a rippling, joyous laugh good to hear.

"Please keep them blue-gray for to-day, then," he answered soberly.

The girl watched the painter as he bent over his easel again, taking what seemed to her inexhaustible pains with every detail.

Her eyes caressed the face opposite,—from the slightly protruding forehead hollowed at the temples, to the delicate droop of the mouth and nostrils,—a face creased with an infinite number of fine lines, as though life, finding the man responsive, had stamped and stamped again.

One inclined to a physical view-point might have failed to understand the intense interest which this slight figure and worn face inspired in the girl opposite—a woman endowed by nature to enjoy and to bestow to the uttermost, vibrating with life to her very finger-tips. But when he raised his eyes, the man's magnetic person-

ality lay revealed—to those who had eyes to see—to those of his own kind.

That Catharine was of this company the sudden tightening of her hands under his glance and the quiver of her sensitive mouth gave evidence—to all but the artist himself; he, unconscious, absorbed in his work, saw not at all.

For although renunciation and restraint seemed to be this man's very atmosphere, the eyes that met hers were vaguely disquieting with their own hardly-won calm, which yet was not peace. The girl saw and marvelled at the devastation recorded there, feeling, without fully comprehending, that the hush had closely followed the hurricane.

It was not strange that Catharine had come to such intimate knowledge of the man, Stephen Loring, in three short months, considering that she had left no opportunity ungrasped, no way unexplored, to know the artist better,—that she put all the determination and energy of an impulsive and almost reckless nature into the effort to break through his reserves. To Catharine Willard he was at once the riddle and the answer, so that she found herself often mentally folded in his arms or as a small child sitting upon his knee.

Phases of him—and his moods were many—came and went. The man himself remained. She loved him as he was. Faults, deficiencies to which she was not blind, all the strength and weakness of him, were gathered by the generosity of that love into one wide embrace of satisfied—yet unsatisfied—acceptance.

It has been said that love needs "space and time and opportunity;" but when these were lacking, Catharine skilfully supplied all three—and yet, withal, maintained her maiden poise.

Indulged by every one, and accustomed to homage, the girl had been at first surprised and repelled by this man's indifference and had withdrawn into herself again and again. But his very coldness charmed and held her ardent nature; even at these moments of his sensitive withdrawals, a word, a look, his unconscious hesitation in the end to let her go altogether—always turned the balance, and, Catharine remained in bonds.

But her woman's nature paid the price of such persistence, for Loring's rare moments of open confidence—his gleams of clear understanding, the general air of sadness and experience enshadowing him—inspired her to love him altogether. Henceforth the enfolding completeness of her love allowed her thoughts but a single channel—Stephen.

Was she acting the man's part—a woman unsexed? No, he was Stephen—and Stephen was not like other men. She felt that his nature was virgin, experienced only through his sympathies,

by what he had felt and thought, not by what he had done; and the study of a nature at once childlike and simple, yet so intricate as not even to understand itself, absorbed and entranced her.

Under such conditions, the girl suddenly became a woman, a woman unloved, but sought as a friend and companion by the man to whose touch every pulse of her responded.

The peculiar circumstances of Catharine's life made such a situation possible. Her father, a man of exceeding gentleness who allowed his only child absolute liberty, had lived during the twenty years since his wife's death the life of a recluse, his daughter the one living link between his lonely heart and a most beautiful past. Yet even for Catharine, who was obliged in all else to consider no will except her own, he would not depart from his seclusion.

With his rich and varied companionship and such expression as she found in books and music, the girl had been satisfied until now—when suddenly there had flashed upon her horizon a man who embodied all the romance of her lonely imaginings, who was in his single self the knight-errant of every romance she had devoured since early childhood, the love-motive of the music she revelled in, the man who might make mistakes, but who, to her exalted notion, could not do wrong, who was absolutely and always to be relied upon.

And Stephen, the man so loved, found the woman merely interesting and unusual, and enjoyed her fresh outlook—the zest and vigor which she put into things. Her sudden friendship—very abrupt, to his mind, since he made his own friendships slowly—he attributed to her stormy way of doing things. Its fragrance pleased him; but he never inquired what had called the flower into bloom. For him the difference in their temperaments served as a piquant sauce to friendship and made her—just a good comrade. Her womanhood gained no more recognition from the man within than if she were a lay-figure sitting beneath his gaze.

Daily Catharine talked while he worked, opened for him the treasure-house of her memory, repeated the tales which most haunted her, recited whole plays or poems, bewildered him with the rapidity of her thoughts and words—altogether, she danced and flickered for his entertainment till she sometimes felt like the lamb in the fable, who danced all day to an admiring circle of wolves—danced until evening—when:

“There was a munching and a crunching—
Of ye Tender Little Thing.”

So the artist separated what came his way, took what he wanted, and let the rest go by, never going beyond his door to seek a friendship. So much came willingly to him.

If he had been suddenly informed that Catharine loved him, he

would have been shocked and benumbed—would have blamed himself. How had he given her cause to love him ? Then he would have tried, in his earnest, conscientious way, to make things right—and so have slain her altogether. “You knew I enjoyed our friendship. Why didn’t you let it alone ?” he might have asked. It was as well that he did not know—yet.

So Catharine dreamed, and lost herself in speculation as to what lay behind his steady gaze, the while she knew that Stephen Loring sought in her eyes only the proper tints to transfer to his canvas.

Suddenly his voice, deep and rich, matching her idea of the man himself and translating him, recalled her wandering thoughts. He glanced up from the easel again.

“Mademoiselle Paprika,”—that was his name for her,—“you did not wear the red gown to-day ?”

Instantly, and with what he called her rapid change, the girl banished reflection.

“No—I did not ! Does it never hurt your eyes, Stephen ? Do you never have enough of red walls, red curtains, red rugs, my red hair—without wanting a red gown ? I wonder you don’t limit yourself to painting Indians !”

“Now, you know, mademoiselle,” he answered quietly, “I have told you before that I adore red.”

“Because you have banished all of it from your own composition !” she cried indignantly. “Because you must revel in it somewhere—outside—to be stung into life. You made this place simply glare, so that you could say to yourself, in a resigned sort of way, ‘Here I am—there it is.’ That is how you get your stimulus !”

She paused breathlessly; but the man continued working in silence, though the corners of his mouth twitched.

“You might add—except when you are around,” he said at last. “I have well named you ‘Sweet Red Pepper.’ You ought to feel complimented. And I suppose I should be quite overwhelmed at that outburst. But, Paprika, would you mind not wringing your hands ?”

“Was I wringing them ?”

“You were—actually—and I have so much sympathy with hands. Yours help you to talk. Some hands are so sorrowful. They speak to me as strongly as faces—nervous, blue-veined, wrinkled, or emaciated hands—telling their pitiful story, from wrist to finger-tips.”

“And mine ?” she asked, spreading out hers. “Do they seem like that, Stephen, to demand sympathy ?”

“Yours ? No, yours do not strike me as especially sorrowful.” He smiled—a slow rare smile which seemed to illuminate things about as well as his own ascetic countenance. “No. They tell quite another tale.”

"What is it—the tale? Tell me!"

"Ah, you are young, Paprika. Wait. The story will unfold itself."

"Wait!" repeated the girl in a tense voice, as she leaned forward, pressing her finger-tips together. "Wait—always—wait! It is your password—your everlasting cry! Why should I wait? I want things—I must have them—in a big burst of 'Now'! There is nothing mine, nothing certain, but just this present moment. To-morrow? I may be dead, stone-cold, to-morrow! To-morrow is not even formed yet. Who knows whether it will ever come at all? Who wants to wait for what may or may not come with it? I tell you, Stephen, if things will not happen now, I will *make* them happen! If things drag too slowly, I will go to meet them, and force them into this present. One may determine really to live, I suppose?"

"I like hands," continued the artist, as though she had not spoken, "that are flexible, with thumbs which bend back."

"Well—mine bend back!" rejoined Catharine indignantly. "See?"

"I know they do. Do you suppose I have watched those hands for nothing? But *my* fingers are stiff. You can't budge them except one way. Look!" He came towards her, holding out his hand that she might try. "Now, Paprika—don't bruise yourself against things. If only you were not so emotional! You seem to be dissatisfied with me—somehow. I am intangible—incorrigible perhaps—and quite too old to be changed."

"How old are you?" the girl asked brusquely.

"So old I have forgotten."

"Absurd! As though any one could forget that."

"Really—I don't know how old I am. I've stopped counting. Yes, I know I am intensely unsatisfactory; but it was understood in the beginning that I was to be unsatisfactory. Why don't you take me, as your friend, the way I am?"

"Because," she answered, inwardly quivering, "I should like you to be different."

"And that is why you continually misunderstand," he continued. "You judge me, not as I am, but as you would like me to be. Do not try to change me—that is where we hurt each other. You have a great store of to-morrows, dear girl,—ten more years of to-morrows than I have,—in which wonderful things may happen—and yet so impatient!"

"Not for certain," she replied earnestly, "not one moment besides this one, for certain—and," continued her heart, just to itself, as woman hearts must, unless they be very bold or very brave.

"what would those to-morrows be to me if none held you, Stephen ? The only thing I want to happen in them is for you to love me." But aloud she went on, "I think you are the most provoking man on earth. I wish I were some near relative of yours, just to enjoy the right to shake you !"

"What ! So vexed with me ?" he laughed lightly. "And this the last sitting, Mademoiselle Paprika ?"

"The last—sitting ?" she repeated, rising slowly and regarding him in a dazed fashion. "How can that be ? Is it—really—the last—Stephen ?"

"Yes, I shall not need you again. The picture is almost finished. Have I caught your sparkle ? Come down from your pedestal and treat me to an honest opinion. Come now—as between friends—'lay on and spare not !' Do you like it, mademoiselle of the candid tongue, or do you not ?"

Catharine obeyed quickly and glanced over his shoulder, fearful lest he should divine the trouble in her face. How would this man, so careful in little things, handle the living matter of their parting—vital at least to her ? But she could not see his work for sudden mist, nor command her voice, because it was replying to those other words of his, surging in her thoughts, "I shall not need you again—not again."

So the canvas face looked up, the real face down; and between the two sat the man—unconscious. "Or," mused the woman painfully, "if he prefers either of us, it is that one, his own creation. I am the copy—to him."

At length she gathered courage to answer, in even tones that should not betray their cost of control:

"I am sure the picture is all right." She hesitated. "Stephen—am I to see you again ?"

"Why, of course you are !"

"But—but I feel as though I were not to see you."

"The idea ! I feel as though I had you within hand-clasp. Are you going to tell me, Paprika, whether you like the portrait ? You have never before hesitated to speak, mademoiselle."

"I like it—I do like it," she answered hastily, "but I don't especially care what I look like—just now."—Then, wistfully, "Is—my lord—satisfied ?"

"No," replied the artist slowly; for an artist he was, and sought to do his work well. "Satisfied ? That is a big word, mademoiselle. No, he is not satisfied."

He scanned the canvas thoughtfully, raising his eyes to the face bending over his shoulder, as though to verify the likeness. And then,—for an instant,—the man within returned from a remote

somewhere—awoke—and looked from his eyes into hers. He smiled,—ah, wonderfully he smiled,—“What a baby you are, after all ! No, he is not satisfied—my lady.”

IV.

I AM going to write to you, Stephen. I am going to remember all our happy times together; but I shall never let you read, for you have not even guessed that I love you. And so I may write all I feel. Only my heart shall speak, and only my most secret self shall listen.

For the portrait is finished. The sittings are over. I have been pulling my daisy to pieces, all through these beautiful days—pulling my daisy to pieces, like a child in the meadow—a happy, unthinking child glad of warm sunshine, blue skies, and summer winds.

“To-day I shall see him—to-morrow not. To-day—to-morrow—see him—see him not.” Now there is nothing left but the golden heart of my daisy; and the heart *is* golden, dearest, whether you know it—and want it—or not.

Do you remember that rainy day, that very rainy day, when you thought I would not come ? There was a log fire, and you were reading in your laziest fashion. When I knocked you were so surprised you dropped the book. “Ah, Mademoiselle Paprika ! You out—to-day ?”

“Paprika ?” I asked. “Who is she ? I do not know her.”

Then you smiled: “Not know her ? And you say you are so fine a cook ? Not know ‘Paprika’—sweet Hungarian red pepper ?”

So—you never guessed that it was to see *you* I came ? Though I see you every morning when I awake ; for I conjure up your face, Stephen, that your eyes may be the first to look into mine. All these weeks I have been saying to myself, on the days I was not to come, “Not to-day. There is nothing to rise for”—and so drop off to sleep again. But on the other days, the sunshine days, ah, dearest, I woke at dawn so full of joy there was no need to whisper, “I shall see *him* to-day.” Do you suppose that I remember while my body sleeps ? How is it, Stephen, that I love you whether I wake or sleep, and yet you are not thinking of or loving me ?

You are so wise. You said to me once, “Your thoughts are very transparent, mademoiselle.” Sometimes, when we are together, I am afraid even to think of you for fear that you will know.

There are days when I tell myself that your indifference cannot be real, that you must love me. Why else have you, who dwell within closed walls, allowed me to draw so near ?

Three months—three little months; and yet they are all my cycle. And now—a blank—and I am not to see you. Or if I do, not in the old intimacy of our little world of two—but among outsiders, socially, as friends. Friends! Stephen, I do not want your friendship! I would rather be cut off altogether than take from your hands a stone when I long for bread.

Though I know all the approaches of your strange labyrinth, you will not let me reach the centre. I wander around in the maze, rejoice in its windings—touch the marvellous flowers I may not gather. (See, you make a poet of me!) I break through hedges that you will not hold aside, but never reach the centre, dearest, never stand before the shrine, in the place where I would be—I cannot reach it! I cannot stand there!—I, who would gather all the glory of life into one splendid votive offering and hold it out to you!

How I sympathize with those two—Browning's lovers—who had the one supreme moment, the one deep draught of the wine of life! Afterwards might come separation, pain—death. Afterwards—but there is no "afterwards" to love:

"Why care by what meanders we are here
I' the centre of the labyrinth? Men have died
Trying to find this place, which we have found."

Stephen, have you forgotten all I said to you, and you to me, in our little while? You did not feel my love, which flowed around you, silently, it is true; but, then, you are a dreamer; and we—of dreams—do not need the tangible touch to understand. Ah, the flood never reached your heart, dearest! It only swept about your feet! And so, you have forgotten! But even if you have—what were that same lover's words to the woman in the poem?

"—I love you. I *am* love
And cannot change; love's self is at
your feet."

Was it only to-day, we stood together looking at the finished picture? It already seems so long ago! Was it this very morning that you said you would not need me again—this very morning that you asked me whether I liked the portrait? I could not care, I could not look.

I only answered slowly, "Is my lord satisfied?"

"No, you spoke in the same hesitating way you have when thinking. No—he is not satisfied, my—lady."

Ah, Stephen, if you but knew how welcome they rang in my

heart ! Straight and true to the mark the arrow came—and yet the archer had not even taken aim. I know now how the white rose-bush feels when I tend it—the rose that grows beneath my window. It is grateful for the rain which falls on all alike; but when I come with water for just that one rose, knowing how thirsty it must be after bearing so many roses, I am sure it quivers with something far beyond gratitude.

So you will never guess how I repeat to myself, over and over, till I thrill with the memory of your words and your voice—"My lady, my lady" and yet again, "*My—lady !*"

Dearest, if I might have from out the scheme of things one wish, only one, and all else forever debarred, I would choose this—to be *your* lady—to hear you say to me, meaning that it should be so, "*My—lady.*"

Stephen—good-night—good-night !

V.

A MOMENT since and you were here, Stephen; but—now I do not know whether I am ever to see you again. I may not even let you see these lines. I only know you go from Paris—and from me—to-morrow. Quite suddenly we are alone—the portrait and I ! Daddy must send it home, and then we will follow—he and I—back to our side of the world. I cannot stay on yours without you.

Oh, Stephen, I do not understand ! How can you go away and leave so much unsaid ?

I want to trust you, dear. I feel like trusting you. Shall I know in a little while why you went away like this ? You said one day that I had a superb courage. And must I silently bear now the pain of being separated from you ?

Stephen, do you remember the story of the princess who lost her kingdom ? How, after the last defeat of her armies, she sat in a far wing of her palace, listening to the shouts of the victors ?—you know she looked out of the window and saw the enemy massed beneath the walls, then shrank in a corner of the room and hid her face. But a man of the people who had always loved her had followed the princess to this little chamber. And when after a while she raised her eyes, there he was standing—looking down upon her. The princess was thinking that nothing remained but failure and disgrace, no place of refuge for her—when, suddenly, the man held out his arms.

Happy princess, to lose a kingdom and find a king !

Sometimes you seem afraid to be yourself. You hesitate, as a child who fears to take a step, lest he offend, or bruise something, or for dread that he may be misunderstood, or even beaten.

You said you had no heart; you should have said that you are all heart. I fear that Mademoiselle Paprika is entirely lost therein, and does not count for much individually. Your idea of friendship is giving, but from me you must receive. What is the matter with you, Stephen? Why can't I help somehow? Let me come nearer. I cannot bear to stay so far away, and watch you growing sadder.

That morning I sent the first yellow spring blossoms to the studio, and put them in the large brass bowl you brought from Venice, I sat for a long while looking out the window, over the high roofs—but far away in thought. I was with you in Venice, wondering and wandering with you. Was there some one else, on that other time, in a gondola, at night, on the canal—music around—both of you—happy? For what would even Venice, a gondola, music, and night be—without you? Did that some one else hurt you, Stephen? I wonder—though I scarcely believe that you ever cared tremendously for any one woman—still, you do have an air of wearing scalps.

And yet you think you have lived! So rich in friendship and so poor in love! Friendship crawls through years to reach the understanding to which love leaps in an instant's flash!

Suddenly your voice scattered my musings.

"Paprika," you said gently, "would you oblige me by putting back in the vase those flowers you are destroying? Thank you. Those restless hands! Claspings, twisting—actually wringing each other—pulling the blossoms to pieces! How do you suppose I can paint? It is enough to drive one mad."

"I wouldn't do it," I replied, "if people were here."

"Well, I am—people," you remarked.

"No—you are—person," I said. You never scared me with your moods. I like them—even when they hurt!

How your humor changes—you shine and flicker like a firefly! A sparkle—a flash—and you are gone!

Do you remember, there *was* something buzzing around the ceiling that day, and I was trying not to look and spoil my pose, and so court the politely expressed and carefully modulated wrath of Stephen? Besides, I was conscious, quite shockingly conscious, that you were painting my mouth.

"Really, Paprika," you drawled that morning, "you must do something with your mouth, if you don't want all the world to know your thoughts. When you come here, if things have gone wrong, if you are upset, the corners of your mouth tell me before I see your eyes; and if I watch your mouth, I actually know what you are going to say, before you say it."

Then you looked so solemn—like a dear old owl—that I blurted

out earnestly, "What on earth shall I do with it, Stephen?" And how you laughed! That day you were almost happy.

But that was not often. Ah, if I but knew the magic word to dissipate the mist around you! In story it was the name of the princess who loved an enchanted knight; for this knight had been blinded with a fairy dust, so that he could not see things as they really were. And he suffered long and could not prosper in his quest—until her love rescued him and taught him the magic word—the name of the princess who loved him. But, Stephen, I fear you are not looking for the princess.

Sometimes I feel your atmosphere, like a heavy weight, stealing from the easel to the place where I sit. And then—how hard I do work to make you really smile—the smile that comes from somewhere, away back behind your eyes, and looks out, and lights your whole face, until you look like a little boy who has just found something good. So you are capable of illumination, and you can be really funny:

I had been telling you once about those illustrations of Schiller's story of Pegasus. I ended the tale:

"But as the farmer was beating Pegasus, because he could not plow yoked with the ox, suddenly there was a sound of music, and a heavenly youth appeared who said to the plowman, 'You do not know how to manage this celestial steed. But the horse knows its master!' Then he threw his arm around the neck of Pegasus, who neighed for joy as he unbound the quivering wings. (Just think of binding wings!) And they soared together—the horse and the master—into their own place, the heavens!"

"Ah," you said slowly, your eyes on my face—you are such a good listener, dear—"ah—that's all very well—if you want to go there. Why, Paprika—you want to be in a maze. Don't you?"

"Yes," I answered quickly, "I do want to be in a maze, where there are rows upon rows of Lombardy poplars, straight and tall and green; where white statues peep between the tree-trunks, calm and silent, and nothing breaks the stillness but the far-off echo of the magic flute, where the great god Pan sits—waiting. If I could find such a place, and one stood at the gate, smiling, with his finger on his lips, and beckoned to me, how gladly I would go into that strange life—as when one enters into his very own at last! Indeed it would not be strange to me, for I have known those places from my childhood. Often I wonder where I have seen before the beautiful spots Daddy and I visit—strange lights that fall over new landscapes—shapes in clouds or hanging over desert wastes. But I have imagined them all—dreamed them when I was little; and so when I really see them—it is only to find and recognize the first dreams again."

I suppose I was breathless, for you sat looking at me in a dazed sort of way.

"Well," you said at last, "well—don't worry. You are in the maze—you are in one."

"But I have to create the very maze I am lost in!"

Then you smiled.

After all, Stephen—I suppose I am a fool. But your smile penetrates—your smile glows! It seems to know just what I need—coming from deep down in your soul and shining into me! Stephen, what is it I lack, that you do not love me? If there were not depths of you in me,—heights of you—echoes of you,—should I feel so often that I *am* you? Why, then, are you content so far away?

There is a little verse coming to my mind to-night:

"Then every sorrow I had felt,
Or ever seen or known,
Awoke and cried."

Stephen, Stephen—everything in me awakes and cries for you! You are my world—and you do not know it! You do not know *me*—even when you look into my face!

Ah—is it that—is it my face? I am not beautiful to you? You are an artist; you live in ideals. I may not tell you that I love you, being a woman—and yet, sometimes, my dear, I have—almost—told you. I am so impatient, Stephen! I could tear the mask aside, I could rend the veil—but that I remind myself, "You are the woman!"

If I could make myself over into the shape that pleases you I would endure any change—like that poor little mermaid who gave her beauty and her voice to the old sea-witch, that she might become mortal and reach her prince. She became mortal, she who was a thing of the sea, and found her prince—but she could neither speak nor sing to him; and, although her eyes must have looked worlds, he was of those who have eyes and see not; and, although her whole being must have breathed, "I love you—dearest—love you!" ears he had and heard not. So, although he found the little mermaid altogether charming, this prince never knew that she was woman first of all and his very mate; but he married a beautiful princess, who could never love him as his little mermaid would have loved—if he had only held out his arms to her.

Stephen—Stephen! Blind—blind! Where are you? I cannot see or feel you near me—in the maze—in the place where you used to be. Don't, oh, don't let me lose you! You are sailing away from me out there on the wide ocean. Like the spider that weaves its web from its own breast, I send forth my thought to follow and

touch yours. Will it reach between—that single thread? Will you let it take hold, or will you brush it away? Ah, I hear you say again, “I have always waited, and I am still waiting.”

Yes—I understand—but for the answering face—not mine!

I seem never to sit or walk alone, for you are always there. Sometimes I almost answer, “Well?” so true it seems to me that you have spoken. I turn and see your face—your eyes—close to mine, in the dusk—so true it seems that you are near. Haunt me then, dear ghost! Smile back into my eyes—dear eyes on a level with mine!

There is a sweet-smelling bush at the garden gate. It is full of the hidden beauty of summer nights. I do not want to come near it. I go around the other way; yet after I am in the house, I come out again to smell that bush. The perfume steals through me, faint yet overpowering, like the scent of those Roman lilies you loved so well—all that I have known, all that I have not known and long for—the pain and the rapture of things—the tenderness and the reminder. I bury my face in its fragrance. I gather the blossoms to my heart. And then—I *know* you are near. I will not look around to find you absent. I feel you there, and whisper through the sweetness of that bush—Stephen!

VI.

If I stopped chasing shadows and roaming with will-o'-the-wisps, if I would escape from this dominion of dreams, I might accomplish something, might find myself—you once said. Well, you are a dealer in shadows; and so you ought to understand. Yet you have said that I bewilder you. Would you be bewildered if I openly showed you these my thoughts?

One day in your studio, you sat on one side of the fireplace and I on the other, like any Darby and Joan. The chairs were straight and high and dark—your face outlined against the wooden back—a patient face, the best and dearest face in all the world—with lines and hollows that make my heart ache. Yet my fingers or my lips may not smooth those lines away, nor my love reach the deeper hollows underneath to flood them with joy. Stephen! Stephen! The deeper hollows underneath!

I think these thoughts as I look at you, but I may not speak them aloud.

You waited, with folded arms, for me to begin.

“Stephen,” I said abruptly, “you look as though you had just stepped out of a monastery. Couldn’t you move an inch on that chair, or set your feet a little apart, or let your hands relax? Couldn’t you lounge a bit? You make me nervous. You are such an ascetic.”

“I am a sensualist,” you replied quietly,—with that face, the

face of a St. Anthony, which gave your words the lie,—“almost a sybarite.”

“You must be both, then,” I answered,—“an ascetic sensualist.”

When I look into your eyes, thinking into mine, I am filled with security and content, so that I step almost unconsciously from my own place into a strange country—the abiding place of another soul. And then, quite abruptly, I am reminded: “Trespassers Forbidden.”

You make me feel as I did when a child, looking at some especially green stretch of sward which bore the warning, “Keep off the Grass.” Now, I always longed to run on that grass, Stephen. All the park was wilderness beside that particular stretch. And this interest in me, this confidence between us, which in another man would mean a welcome and an invitation to that greensward, from you—well, Stephen, what *does* your friendship mean? I wish I knew. Did ever woman abide so close in a man’s consideration, and yet remain unloved?

“Paprika, what were you doing at nine o’clock last night?” you asked one day.

I hesitated, because at that moment I had been standing beneath my window watering the white rose-bush, and there came over me such a rush of longing to be near you that I summoned all my strength and courage and cried silently into the night, “Stephen, if there is any truth in the belief that mind can reach through space, hear me now! I love you, dearest, I love you!”

And if it were true—if it were—you would have heard that cry.

But to your question I only answered that I could not tell you, although I remembered quite well. And you replied,—

“Well, if you will not tell me, you will miss hearing something.”

Now, dear, I have about as much curiosity as I can manage; so I wrote to you, that very night, to say that I was watering the rose-bush. I *was* watering the rose—wasn’t I?

And at the next sitting you told me this mysterious something.

“At nine o’clock on Tuesday evening,” you began, “I was thinking of you.” The words came slowly. If I appeared indifferent or too much interested you might not continue. Did you ever peep through the woods, watching a little bird alight near by, nestle a moment in those parts, and then—pouf—it had flown?

So I ventured carefully, as you paused. “Yes—is that all?”

“But I was thinking of you in the way that people think when they *want* the other person to come,” you continued.

I wish you could have seen your face, Stephen! You thought you had been quite bold. I tried to look expressionless.

“So *that* is all,” I said.

"All?" you repeated. "Why, isn't that enough? What do you expect?"

I looked down, that you might not see the laughter in my eyes.

"Did I come?" I asked, gravely enough.

"Well—you—seemed to be there."

"Did I say anything?"

"No."

"But I did say something to you—at that very moment—I did!"

"Well, you see—this sort of thing has to be done scientifically to be successful. We are not experts."

And you never even asked me what I said! Ah, Stephen—Stephen!

Afterwards I came to understand that with you this little incident merely signified you would have had no particular objections to seeing me just then. But at the time I thought it might be with you as with other men—and as it was with me.

But call me again, dearest! I would come if I could! And I would have come ever since that wonderful time in the beginning, when I could not sleep, but stared into the night, dazed—possessed—with the first newness of the knowledge of you! I said to you on one of those mornings, "Stephen, I could not sleep last night, for I have found what lies at the end of the rainbow."

And you answered, looking up,—patiently, dear, as you always do when I bother you,—you said, "Mademoiselle, what do you mean? What lies at the end of the rainbow?"

Oh, Stupid! There was in fairyland a wonderful country overflowing with gold, at the end of the rainbow; but no one has ever found either the gold or that mysterious land. Still, the treasure lies there; and still men go seeking, seeking. Men go seeking, but not I—not I! For I have found that hidden place, and you at the end of the rainbow, where hope faded into mist—I have found you, man of all the world! And still you do not know!

But when you call me, dearest, when you call me and I come, be something more than glad to see me—be something more than glad; for I shall have waited so long!

You have said that women enjoy being mastered, that even the most intellectual relish being mentally subdued by a man. You looked straight at me when you said this, and your quiet eyes grew alert and keen and you laughed at me, Stephen!

"Well," I said, "Gimlet, what do you think you're penetrating now? You shall *not* see—I will shut my eyes." Still, I wonder whether you did see.

"You needn't open them," you answered. "I can tell your thoughts from the back of your head, just as well."

Ah, I wonder !

When you attempted to put this theory into practice, I said to you, "Stephen, I am being managed. Now, I am not going to be managed."

You rose, and wiped your brush very carefully. Then you walked over and stood before me, with your hands in your pockets.

"Paprika," you said, regarding me comfortably, "shall I tell you how often you are going to be managed ?" No answer from mademoiselle. You waited.

"You are going to be managed—just as often as I choose. You know that you are just *yearning* to be managed."

The truth is I *did* yearn for it—yes, and wanted to laugh joyously, though I felt obliged to look indignant. Then you thought a moment, painted at something—background, was it?—and at last condescended to relax.

"Paprika," you smiled, "it is nice to manage—*you*."

If you remembered that afterwards, dear, you must have been quite shocked at yourself—to be guilty of so personal a remark ! This was one of the times when you let me come a little nearer—as the king with amused toleration allows his favorite fool to approach his person familiarly. But what if the fool were a woman, who knew the king well enough to love him ? What then would the fool suffer—allowed to approach but never held dear ?

Is it that your spirit is old, Stephen ? Like the Wandering Jew, have you passed this way before and find no "new thing under the sun" ? Are you already weary of the taste of things—or can it be that you have never tasted at all ?

You remind me of some sombre, cross-legged Indian image, sitting "on the circle of the earth; and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers."

This waiting, longing grasshopper ! And your own particular stretch of sward ! And the warning sign—Stephen ! Couldn't you take it down ? I wouldn't hurt the grass. I should step so lightly you might even be glad of me. We could go hand in hand, and perhaps you would sometime grow into the habit of walking with me. Perhaps then, in a little while, your own heart and eyes—your own lips—would ask for me.

Try, Stephen—take down the forbidding sign, dear, or perhaps—some beautiful day, when you are not watching, I might step over unawares. What would you do then, waking suddenly, to find me by your side ?

VII.

ONCE more back in our New England home. A year since, Daddy and I left Hartford—a year rich with memories—all the witness that I have except the treasured portrait—of those

short-lived hours of joy—high above the roofs of Paris—alone with Stephen !

I was standing yesterday before the picture—our picture, remembering. On such a day he painted the head; on such a day, the hands. The first morning he asked me to wear a red gown, he put in that deep fold.

As I stood there, father came softly into the room and laid his hands on my shoulders. I put mine over them; we stood quietly a while, his head bent to touch my hair.

“Your cousin Alice was married in London last week,” he said. “Loring is to paint her in her wedding-gown.” I started. “All the girls and boys are pairing off”—he gently pressed my fingers. “It seems everybody is in love—but my Kate.” There was a question in his voice. I turned to smile and shake my finger at him.

“Daddy,” I said softly, stroking his cheek, “Daddy, dear !”

“If I were half as dear as my girl ! Is she—is she happy ?”

“Is she ?” I repeated. “Is she, Daddy ?”

For answer, he put his arm around me and turned up my face.

“Kate,” he whispered close in my ear, “my little Kate—is it the old, old grief—the one that hurts the most, dear girl ?”

There were tears in his eyes for me, and tears for her—the mother dead so many years—the mother who would have known what to do for her girl baby—when it came to this.

“Dear old Daddy !” I whispered back. “Shut your eyes.” So he did; and I kissed the closed lids.

“I understand all you want to say, Daddy. You need not worry; I am very happy, I *must* be happy, with such a dear lover as you.”

“Must you persuade yourself already that you are happy, my girl ? Has this stupid old voyager given you too much freedom to steer your little bark ? Ah, I have been asleep and selfish ! When I see you bright and well, I forget there is another Kate who needs looking after, besides the one who talks and laughs and makes things comfortable for her uninteresting old dad. Ah, my girl—*she* will not forgive me if I let her baby break her heart now ! Help me to do the right thing. Help me, dear. Have I put you in the way of shipwreck ? We men blunder at the best, dealing with hearts like yours. You say my love has left you conscious of no void, through all these years ? And yet—is there anything that I can give, or *do*, little girl ? I should feel better satisfied, if there were something I could do.”

I shook my head. “Nothing, Dad—nothing that you can give—or do. It is I who am selfish to seem unhappy. I——”

“Never selfish,” he broke in earnestly; “you have never been selfish to me, in all your days, my dear. But you see, I am old. Perhaps I imagine things. Now you spend so much time alone;

and you have a different look. I tremble to see it in your dear eyes—I who have known the great love. It means everything—or it means—oh, Kate, Kate! I will not have my girl broken-hearted! Kate——” He waited a moment, fearfully dropping his eyes; but I would not let him look away—he should see my eyes smile when he looked into them—my own dear Dad!

So he kissed me then and said, more quietly, “What have you been doing, lately, my girl—upstairs in your nest every day?”

“Writing,” I answered, “and remembering things that have happened.”

“And so keeping them alive,” he added tenderly. “Ah, I see! But I like to have you around. Couldn’t you write of evenings, when we are downstairs together? I wouldn’t interrupt, my dear. I would read or doze, and now and then look up to see my Kate—always a bright spot in the room.” He passed his hand lovingly over my hair, and glanced again at the portrait. “Why didn’t Loring paint your hair as reddish as it really is?”

“Well, Daddy—Stephen doesn’t like red hair.”

“No? Stephen needs to improve his taste then.” He drew from his breast the locket he always wore and touched the spring. “You see how red Her hair was; and Loring’s portrait might—but for that—be Her picture instead of yours. Indeed, little one, for some reason I think the picture looks more like your mother than like you. That is why I spend so many hours before it.” He pressed his lips to the miniature and put it in his breast again; then, turning to me, “How long have you been calling this man ‘Stephen’?” he demanded abruptly.

“Oh, now, Daddy,” I laughed, “do you expect me to remember that? I didn’t always call him ‘Stephen’—because I called him names I made for him. You see, Dad—I grew to know him very well indeed.”

“You did? Yes, I find you did.” He walked up and down grimly a while, as is his way when thinking, his hands clasped behind his back.

“I hope your names fit the man,” he said at last: “I hope he is what you believe him to be. His reputation—the letters from your uncle—my own opinion the day I visited that flaming studio of his—I thought it was all right when I ordered your portrait.” He stopped in front of me and took my face between his hands. “Well, my Kate has good sense, if she does take an occasional flying trip to the moon. We will rely upon that. And now—is my girl coming downstairs to-night to scribble and not mind her old Dad?”

“Of course she is.”

So he kissed me again and was satisfied. And now we sit together

of evenings—alone in this great, old-fashioned house, dear to Daddy, with its memories of my mother.

The fire-light casts long shadows in our little den. They play over the books, the piano, the picture,—*our* picture,—over the great bowl of red roses I keep fresh beneath it because Stephen loved them; and caress Daddy's face looking up to catch my smile.

This is home and rest and peace. Stephen said to me once, "Rest and peace are worth any sacrifice," and I thought then, "Is that all he wants—rest and peace?" Rest and peace come *after* having lived—do they not? Rest and peace seem like death; and I want to live first—and, my dearest, remember—you have said you were never very happy. Can it be that you too have not yet lived? Yet I am sure that all possibilities lie within you.

Still, your voice is in my ear, repeating, "Rest and peace are worth any sacrifice,"—so that I, who have both, am almost content to-night. You are in the world—somewhere. Life, with its unknown turns, stretches before us both. Again I will remember that we cannot see around the next.

Stephen, I stand alone in the maze—and yet—the crying voices are hushed—I am almost content to-night.

In the world's long list of lovers, some have carved marble images of the one best beloved. Some have painted pictures, breathed in wondrous music, dreamed noble poems to make that dear name or face immortal. Others have accomplished heroic deeds, godlike sacrifices, even the silent martyrdom of long, long patience. But I have written you out, Stephen. I have made you live on the paper before me. Your eyes soften and sparkle, your voice thrills. You are hushed—you flicker in the dear old way from the page. And now I shall write of you no longer—only of things as they happen. Though what can happen, Stephen—what can really touch Paprika that has not your dear self in it?

VIII.

I CAN scarcely believe that it happened only last night—so much promises to come of it. I am to look down a wonderful vista—back into Stephen's past. I am to see his home—to know the cousin with whom his childhood was passed—the Jeanne of his boyhood.

And yet it was only last night. "Little girl," said Daddy, "I am longing for the hills; suppose we go early this spring to Cranmere." And just then Sir Harry's card was brought in.

"Why, father!" I cried, looking over his shoulder, "this must be Sir Harry Kent, Stephen's friend! Can it be possible that he is over here?"

"So it seems," replied Daddy. "You did not know that he was in America, Kate?"

"Stephen said he might come over this winter," I replied. "But—oh, Dad, since he is here, Stephen has surely asked him to call on us. We must be very nice to him."

"Slowly, my girl; we will see first what Sir Harry is like. In the meantime our guest is waiting. Color-signals out—eh, Kate? Well, well, let us see what the man is like."

I was too excited to speak further, and remained standing behind father's chair as our visitor was ushered into the library. Stephen's friend—as unlike Stephen as two men could well be! Indeed the tall, blond man who advanced to the fireplace was not at all my idea of Sir Harry Kent. I just had time to note the careless wave of curly hair, his dancing blue eyes, and laughing mouth, as father greeted him.

"Sir Harry Kent? You are very welcome. I am Mr. Willard, and this is my daughter, Kate."

It was not possible to be formal with this man. I held out my hand. "I am so glad you came." At that he smiled and thanked me. Then I drew my chair close behind Daddy's, where I could rest my hand on his shoulder, and in a few moments we three were chatting like old friends. Sir Harry was like a great schoolboy and would have put any one at ease.

Father asked about Stephen; and Sir Harry told of his friend's movements and successes abroad. In the beginning they had studied with the same master in Paris, and together had opened their first studio. I listened, too interested to speak, to his lively account of those early days.

They had painted a narrow strip of Brittany coast together—just for a joke. Stephen put in the water, Sir Harry the fishing-boats. Then they tried a landscape, and quarrelled over the scenery. In fact, although they were such dear friends, there seemed to be a tacit, chronic disagreement: Stephen's bump of order, and Sir Harry's carelessness; Stephen's mild protests, and his friend's escapades. Ah, how many times he used to say to me, "The idea!" when I startled him with my lack of reverence for things as they are—or seem to be!

He told me of their many tiffs and compromises, early failures and successes, till visions of that artist-student life fairly danced in my brain. Finally our guest turned to me.

"And now, if I have not wearied you," he said, "may I look at *the* portrait, Miss Willard? I believe it is one of Loring's masterpieces."

"Really?" I cried, as eagerly as a pleased child. "One of his masterpieces? Does Mr. Loring think that?"

"Yes, indeed he does. He assured me this was the best thing he had done yet."

"Ah, did he say so? The best—the very best—*my* portrait?" I looked away, that this other man might not see how glad I was; and father turned a full glare of light on the picture.

We stepped across the room. Sir Harry walked around, selecting the best view, and scrutinized it in silence a long while.

Then he thrust his hands into his pockets, looked at me, apologized, took them out again, shook his head, and finally went over and leaned against the mantel.

"I promised to give an honest opinion," he said, pushing back the hair which would fall low over his forehead.

"Yes?" I assented, "yes—of course—give it then."

He hesitated. "Well—if I may! Of course any one must recognize the beauty of the portrait, and the excellence of the workmanship—as a piece of art; but as a likeness—well, really, Miss Willard—as a likeness, it is not what one might expect."

Father turned to me with a smile. "Don't look so disappointed, Kate. It is really quite difficult, Sir Harry, to take a likeness of my daughter. She is never twice the same."

"I see," our guest laughed and shot a quick glance at me. "Well,—one might take a sort of composite portrait of the lady's moods. However, the picture is well worth a visit." Then, almost abruptly, "I am here for an indefinite time, and more glad than I can say to find friends. May I come again?"

"You may indeed," father answered cordially; "but we go shortly to our country place at Cranmere. Shall you be in town?"

"Cranmere!" echoed Sir Harry. "Why, I am due there for a visit myself! Do you know that Loring's home is at Cranmere?"

"No!" I cried excitedly. "Surely not—his home at Cranmere—so near us?"

"Yes, indeed, the old farm where Stephen was born, the place where his parents lived—and Jeanne."

"And Jeanne?"

"Jeanne Keith," Sir Harry explained; "a cousin, adopted by Mrs. Loring, and brought up with Stephen as a sister. She is just his age, devoted to him, devoted to the place, living there alone, in fact, and keeping the old home in order—for Loring to come back when he will."

"Why, Daddy," I cried, "it must be that great brick house after you turn up the pike! To think that we should have a country place so near to theirs and never guess it was the same family! Of course, the Loring homestead! You remember, daddy?"

"I know the Loring place, to be sure, but I never connected it with Loring the artist. I did not think he was an American. Our country seat, Sir Harry, is on top of a hill overlooking the Loring farm-lands. So we shall be happy to see you there; but come again

before we go. My girl and I are hermits. Come as often as you like."

Sir Harry glanced in my direction.

"Of course," I hastened to add, "of course you must come." I hesitated a moment. "Did you say Miss Keith is expecting her cousin to return home?"

"Yes," he answered, "although he has only been back once in all these years—during his mother's last illness. Loring is a strange fellow—not like other men." I started. "Miss Keith still keeps his room ready—the one they shared as babies. I have never seen her, but he reads her letters to me, and she has even written to me about him—when he was ill or away from London. Then I have seen her photograph."

"Yes?" I said eagerly. "Yes?"

Sir Harry smiled. "She is about her cousin's height—a little, quiet-looking woman, with a very sweet face and earnest eyes. Indeed, in appearance she might have been his twin sister. Her hair is black, not even turning gray yet,—though all three of us—Jeanne, Stephen, and I—are not far from the sere and yellow leaf." He laughed.

"What does that matter? Mr. Loring said he makes it a point to forget how old he is. I don't believe he really knows. Do, please—go on—tell me more about Miss Keith."

"Well, Loring says his cousin is an example of uninterrupted serenity, living her quiet life among the hills. She hasn't a wrinkle. You have heard the saying that it is every woman's fault if she is not beautiful at forty. Well, Jeanne's face has fashioned itself into such beauty—a sort of shining through, don't you know? But you will see her."

"I shall be so glad to. Daddy, haven't you met or heard of Jeanne—of Miss Keith, when you went prowling alone around Cranmere?"

Father thought a moment. "Why, bless your heart," he brightened, "of course I have. Miss Keith is the providence of the countryside, the woman of whom we all stand in awe! You remember when Knight's gardener broke his leg last summer when the family were away and his wife was so ill? Well, Miss Keith had him and his wife and baby on her own place, and nursed them all three back to health. She keeps a sort of sanitarium back of the barn, for disabled animals; and I can tell you she is the terror of any who would illtreat a dumb beast. I once heard a boy call to a man who was driving a lame horse down the pike, 'If you don't take that horse home, I'll tell Miss Keith on you!' Why, if you go by her pastures any fine day you may see a collection of weak-kneed, bony, and crippled horses, such as no one else can show in the county!" He laughed. "That's her hobby. Why, Kate, she is

the one who had our colored man arrested for stoning a cat, and his boy for robbing nests ! Bless her heart—of course I know her !” Father shook Sir Harry’s hand, laughing heartily—as I had not heard him laugh for a long time. Then, “This little girl of mine is a bookworm; but you shall persuade her, Sir Harry, to do some exploring on her own account, in Cranmere, this summer !”

“I certainly shall try my luck. Thanks—both of you. I expect to write to Stephen to-night, and tell him how much I have enjoyed seeing you. Any message, Miss Willard ?”

“Tell him,” I began, “tell him that I hope to see him at Cranmere——”

“This summer ?”

“If he comes over, certainly,” I answered.

Sir Harry held out his hand again; and I remembered what Stephen had said about hands, and wondered what he thought of this man’s; for in spite of his fine physique they seemed to me to be wabby, to have no special character at all. Then, in a moment, he was gone, and I had dropped on the stool at father’s feet, hiding my face on his knees.

“Oh, Daddy !” I whispered. “Oh, Daddy !”

He bent over me, stroking my hair and face, in his mild caressing fashion.

“To think, Dad, we are really to know Stephen’s cousin,” I began eagerly. “Sir Harry will be there—perhaps Stephen may come. Oh, I can scarcely believe it is true ! I cannot see the end—what wonderful thing may happen now ! I am so glad—so glad !”

“Yes, yes, my dear,” he spoke softly. Then, after a pause, “Kate, I like that man. Why do you suppose he did not fancy the portrait ?”

“Perhaps,” I suggested, “he is too critical. He expects too much.”

“No,” said Daddy; “no—it did not reproduce you to him—that’s all. You see I agree with him there. By the way, my Kate, have you forgotten that you have a birthday to-morrow ? We are growing quite ancient, my dear.”

“Not so very,” I answered; “I am quite the baby of this party.”

“Four years more than a quarter of a century, my dear girl.”

“Well, Daddy—you are fully a half, so you——”

“Had better subside ? Well, so I will. Lights out, little girl ! I am sleepy. It is time to go to bed and——”

“Dream,” I whispered.

“Dream,” he repeated, drawing my arm through his. At the foot of the stairs he kissed me, watching until I reached the top and had leaned over to throw him another. Then he drew his arm-chair close to the fire, beside another empty cushioned seat.

He seemed to have forgotten me directly; for he leaned his head on his hand, gazing intently into the ruddy glow. Then I saw his other hand steal into his breast, to find the locket; and I knew he would gaze at it, sitting there alone, far into the night.

Ah me! Twenty years dead, yet for him the woman lived; and her presence, real and palpable, stole into the chair beside him. I knew—I knew why he passed his arm lovingly across its cushioned back.

I dared not go down again, for it was not *my* empty chair that he presently drew close to his beside the fire. It was not *this* Kate whom the man wanted.

Ah, father dear, we are good at remembering—you and I! And better yet at loving—Daddy! Daddy!

I could see his face, outlined in the soft light, shining now like the face of a young man. The eyes were bright and full of life; only the mouth quivered—wistfully—because it remembered.

I turned away my face. No other eyes should profane that Most Holy Place; and very softly I, their woman-child, stole up to my room and left him there to think of her—alone—or perhaps, as shadows come and go,—I left *them* there—together.

And I began to think of Jeanne, and to wonder, and to love her, because she had been so good to Stephen in that olden time. And in a little while they all came trooping into my room, and gathered around my bedside—father, Sir Harry, Jeanne, and Stephen.

And last of all—when the others faded—only Stephen.

IX.

WE have been in Cranmere a week, and I have met Jeanne—above all else, I have met Jeanne! I am as happy as I can be—with Stephen away. Indeed, I am now in the very atmosphere of Stephen. Sir Harry rides over every day, and yesterday he took me back with him to call on Miss Keith. It was a glorious morning, and I was in high spirits, wondering about her and how she would receive me.

Going over, I made Sir Harry talk of Stephen and their friends in London; then of the dark time when Mrs. Loring died and money reverses came to his father on the farm, so that Stephen determined to be independent. I learned that, knowing of his straitened circumstances, a friend had offered him a position as private tutor, and how for a while Stephen was obliged to abandon his art. During this period Sir Harry was travelling and those at home knew nothing of Stephen's struggles.

"But you may fancy, Miss Willard, how rough things were for the poor chap," continued Sir Harry, "when I tell you that on my return I missed an old clock which Stephen had once discovered in a

curio shop. 'I miss part of the scenery, old boy,' said I; 'where's the Swiss clock?' 'Gone to feed the inner man,' said he. And I found it afterwards in a pawnshop."

"But he did persevere, in spite of all his difficulties. One can be sure of Stephen!" His name, in my pride of him, had slipped involuntarily from my lips. I felt the hot color mounting to my cheeks and was acutely conscious of Sir Harry's thoughts as he surveyed me reflectively before he answered, "Yes, he did; and at first with an ambition that seemed boundless; but by and by he came, like the rest of us, to know his limits. Still he went bravely on, resolved to do the best that lay in him. Then came the portrait of Lady Gaylor—success—orders from the world of fashion; but still the artist in Loring was not satisfied. He travelled, returning to Paris, restless, always looking ahead for something more. He is a strange fellow, as you must know, Miss Willard, if you have seen much of him—with ideas peculiarly his own. But just now he seems listless—stranded among the remains of things. Nothing seems to matter to him, although I scarcely understand why. I do not know of any great disappointment he has suffered. Perhaps it is the usual result of a late and hard-earned success."

"Not happy?" I faltered.

"Not happy; but not speaking much of himself. He shoulders everybody's burdens. He is so vibrant, he ought to live at second-hand, or to have been born a woman!"

"You mean?"

"He ought never to have been obliged to come in close contact with the seamy side himself. He needs some one to shield his abnormal sensitiveness. There was one woman who understood him—Jeanne. He ought to have seen more of her. Perhaps he ought to have married her."

I started, and involuntarily drew away. The rest of the drive to the Loring place Sir Harry's words repeated themselves in my brain, "There was one woman who understood him—Jeanne. Perhaps he ought to have married her." And I was to meet this woman in a few moments. Again, what was she like, and how would she receive me? I was certain that she must love Stephen; and I feared lest she should discover that I too—— Ah, well, I cannot hide it!

Sir Harry interrupted my musings by his cheery, "Here we are!"

He helped me down, then threw open the old-fashioned garden gate, a box of white and red geraniums on either post. Two large dogs came running to meet us and fawned upon Sir Harry.

"This one is the grandson of Stephen's old dog Prince," he said,

"and he is Jeanne's very shadow. She can't be far off. Ah, there she comes!"

I looked up quickly. Walking between the neat box-hedges, daintily holding back her skirts, came a plain little woman, dressed all in white. Plain, did I say? As she drew nearer, I thought hers the most beautiful woman-face I had ever seen. The eyes looked straight into mine—Stephen's eyes indeed—and shone and searched and smiled. She stretched out both her hands towards me. I caught them and clasped them together in mine.

"Jeanne!" I cried, on that very instant; "Jeanne!"

"Mademoiselle Paprika?" she said softly and, oh, so sweetly—and at that, I choked and swallowed—and threw my arms around her!

"Stephen wrote to me about you," she whispered, "when he was painting your portrait. Come, I have known you all along—now let me show you his home."

I looked around for Sir Harry; but, with a low whistle of surprise, he had vanished.

"You must think me very strange to act so babyish," I said to her then, "but I couldn't help it! I never had a real woman friend. Daddy and I live alone. Oh, Miss Keith—you will understand—you are so wonderful!"

"Call me Jeanne," she answered simply. "You are just as I expected to find you. While we are alone together, shall I call you—?"

"Paprika," I whispered. "It reminds me——"

"I know," she smiled again. Then we walked up the box-lined path to the broad steps, my arm over her shoulder. Jeanne was so little I could almost have carried her. Indeed, I wanted to.

"Everything is just as when he was a child, Paprika," she began, "the very hedge, the very flowers. That is the window of his room, over there; this is mine." She paused by the straight, white pillars of the porch and slipped her arm through mine. "On the night before he first went away he stood just where we are standing now. 'Jeanne,' he called softly, so as not to waken mother. 'Jeanne?' He knew I was there, for I had left my light burning when I saw him go out. I leaned over the window-sill. There was a high wind that night, and it blew back his dark hair. 'Jeanne,' he said, looking up, 'I seem—I seem to be driven!' Then he went away, and I have stayed—ever since. This has always seemed the only place for me."

"Is it always that way, Jeanne? Is there always one who stays and—remembers?"

"Perhaps—not always," she answered softly; "but I stayed and learned—to wait. He followed his gypsy blood, and yet has learned the same lesson, as you know. Well, we did not see him

for many years afterwards,—not until mother was so ill. Then he came back, and we were glad—so glad. I met him at the gate; and he held me off at arm's length to see me better, and said that if I grew any smaller he would have to use a microscope to see me at all. Ah, how he had changed in those years, Paprika,—all but his eyes !”

She paused, and I pressed her hand silently.

“He went away again after mother died,” Jeanne continued, “though I really do not know much about his life abroad. Stephen is a poor letter-writer; and I have not seen him since—outside my thoughts. You know more of the manside of him than I do. It is Stephen's boyhood that is mine. Yet he did write to me of you, and I think I know you as well as he does, dear—perhaps—better.”

Jeanne leaned forward to smile into my eyes. She speaks slowly, hesitating sometimes for her words,—as Stephen does,—so that I listened in a dream. Indeed, their voices are so much alike that just to hear her speak is a joy to me.

“He wrote about—me ?” I asked, as she waited. Jeanne makes me feel humble.

“Why not ?” she said.

“He never seemed to care especially.”

She gave my hand a little squeeze. “Oh, he is queer,” she said. “That's just Stephen's way.”

Then she led me into the house, seeming to understand just what I wanted to see. She took me through Stephen's rooms, telling me all the while those little things that a woman remembers,—incidents of his childhood, small traits and ways of his,—until for the first time the man vanished from my thoughts and, in his place, the boy that he had been, the boy with dark, bright eyes, peeped at us from around corners and followed us into the old places where he used to play. Indeed, so strongly did his personality pervade the house, that, as we were going up a winding stair to the attic, which Jeanne said had been his special sanctum, I whispered, as I followed her closely,—

“Jeanne, suppose we met Stephen around one of these little turns ?”

“I wish we might, dear,” she answered,—and I am sure I heard a faint sigh,—“and I wish he were a child again—small enough for me to scold for staying away so long.”

“He didn't mean to be selfish,” I said; “he didn't know how it hurt.”

But to this she made no reply.

Then, as we reached the door of the attic, “I always knocked,” Jeanne said, pausing a moment, “when he was working.”

"Let's do it now," I whispered, and rapped gently on the door. "We'll try it now!"

We waited, like two children, trying hard to cultivate a shiver. I held my breath. Then Jeanne laughed—such a delightful, fresh, gentle laugh! I seemed to feel in it the cool, sweet breath of the early May.

"You see, you break the spell," she explained. "I always knocked alone."

Then she opened the door, giving me a little push. "Enter—Paprika—first!" she cried; but I threw my arm around her waist, and we went in together.

Jeanne stepped lightly across the room to open a latticed window in the gabled roof. Near by stood an easel—a sketch still on it. She beckoned.

"Come and look at my treasure, Paprika."

I knelt before the little picture to see it better, Jeanne standing by my shoulder. It was plainly the work of a boy,—just a three-cornered seat, built high in the boughs of an old cherry-tree.

"Stephen left this for me," she explained tenderly, "when he went away. It is our old play-ground, our meeting place when things went wrong—Stephen's favorite growling spot; but soon everything looked right from out the boughs of the cherry-tree! Afterwards we studied our lessons here. That is, I did. Stephen was not much of a student; but he dreamed many dreams in the tree, and afterwards told his fairy visions to me."

"Because the tree told them to him," I said. "Ah, Jeanne, what a wonderful old tree it is! Even I can find many faces in these strange, twisted branches and queer woody knots! Look here—and here! Do *you* see them, Jeanne?"

"I am afraid, dear," she answered, looking into my eyes, "that I only see the things that are. I am not like you and Stephen."

After a moment she looked up again and smiled out of sweet, unclouded eyes that no one could ever doubt. Jeanne was so exquisite, almost fragile,—like a dainty piece of porcelain,—that I was half afraid to touch lest I should soil or hurt her. Just to be near her was to feel content and good. So I felt very good, there on my knees in Stephen's old play-room, close to Jeanne.

"That boy who lived here, who played between the hedges, who liked the hollyhocks best because they were so tall and their heads danced in the sun far above his reach," a voice like the one I loved was saying, "the child who spun fairy tales in the tree,—the lad who painted what he saw, and went away to be a man,—you know him now, Paprika?"

"I know him," I answered, and my lips must have trembled, for

Jeanne touched their corners gently, with one tiny Dresden-shepherdess finger.

"I knew the boy," she said, "you the man, and knowing, you —?"

"Yes," I whispered; "but you,—oh, Jeanne,—but you——?"

"Always," she answered, and her lips did not quiver; "I have never known anything else."

Then I looked again, long into her deep eyes, shining with that beautiful steady light; and I said to the little face so close to mine,—the little face glorified by its sweet frank confession,—"Jeanne, you are the very best and bravest woman in the whole world."

At that she sprang to her feet with her rippling laugh. "All women are good; or at least we mean to be. Courage, Paprika! We are getting what Stephen used to call 'The Tragics.' Come, I am going now to resurrect some of our old times up here!"

Taking a key from her pocket, she unlocked a great, red chest. Rows of neatly packed, wooden soldiers gazed stolidly up at us, as she threw back the lid.

"Our childhood is packed inside!" Jeanne said softly. "See—I have left them just as I put them away after our last grown-up battle."

"Jeanne," I ventured, "would you think me very silly if I——?"

"Took one?" she asked. "No—indeed. Take a red one. That was his side."

"Then I will," I said. "And now, my little man, you shall stand sentinel on my own mantel! Thank you for the attic memory, Jeanne."

"You must look around," she continued; "I want to show you everything. Do you see that old, double cradle? Notice the cherub's head and wings carved on the hood. We two babies slept there together. That is his crib in the corner, and over there his horse, and my doll-house. Oh, he was a teasing little imp, and not especially strong! Often he would steal close to mother and wrap his hand in a fold of her gown. Then he would look up in her face and say, 'Oh, mother, I'm so tired.' That was because he wanted to be taken up."

Jeanne paused; but I had forgotten her. I was thinking of the little child who wanted to be taken up.

"Are you dreaming, Paprika?" she asked softly, after a moment. "Do you want to see anything else, or shall we go down to Sir Harry now?"

"Wait, dear;" I caught both her tiny hands, "there is something I must say to you. For all you have said to me—for all that you are—I love you, Jeanne. You don't know what it means to me to have some one to talk to about him—some one who understands.

I have been so long shut out. This seems almost like finding Stephen again !”

“Mademoiselle Paprika,” she answered softly, “I do not wonder that Stephen is interested in you.”

“But he is not,” I protested vehemently—then sadly, “he is not, Jeanne.”

“Some fruit,” she murmured, “ripens slowly.”

“And some—never,” I answered.

“And some—never,” she repeated, lifting her hands to my face. “But not your kind, not—yours, Paprika. The fruit which is not to ripen, which never can ripen, is—for me.”

I dared not answer; but I kissed those dainty hands that felt my sudden tears; and I said, very humbly,—

“Do you suppose you possibly could—kiss me—Jeanne ?”

“Possibly,” she answered almost merrily, “if you could keep your mouth still a moment.”

At length she closed the window and locked the door. I followed her down the winding stair to where Sir Harry lounged on the porch, with his head against the honeysuckle.

“At last !” he cried. “You appear ! Where does a poor, hungry man come in, when the eighth wonder of the world is found,—two women who fall in love with each other at first sight ?”

“Not such a wonder,” I said, “when one of them is Jeanne.”

“And the other ?” he gave me a sweeping bow. “Well, do you know it is time for luncheon ? Jeanne has a surprise for us. You would never guess where we are to lunch.”

“Guess !” she said, turning towards me. “Guess !”

I thought a moment, and looked around; but it was Jeanne’s eyes that told me.

“Stephen’s sketch—the seat in the cherry-tree !” I cried, and clapped my hands.

“A picnic !” laughed Sir Harry. “I get there first !”

And soon we were racing like three children—Sir Harry far ahead, Jeanne and I hand in hand !

Oh, that beautiful day ! Green things just opening, bud and leaf—and how merry we were ! Jeanne climbed up like a squirrel; Sir Harry helped me.

“I feel like a milkmaid,” I said comfortably.

“With conveniences,” supplied Sir Harry cynically.

“Anyhow,” said Jeanne, “it is good to be alive.”

Then we settled in the three-cornered seat, Sir Harry entertaining us the while. Words come to him like breathing. Indeed he insisted that it was his turn now; he had been left to himself long enough.

I wondered how Stephen enjoyed such rapid talk; for if I bewilder him, he must be completely paralyzed by Sir Harry. Jeanne and I were too content and had too much to think about to interrupt; so he chattered busily on, though perhaps we neither of us heard half he said. I could scarcely believe that Jeanne was real. So I smiled over towards her now and then and once even reached out and pinched her arm.

It was like a new world up there, with Jeanne, and the memory of Stephen—in their old play-ground.

"I'm a fortunate man," said Sir Harry, when neither Jeanne nor I had spoken for a long time, "to have such an appreciative audience. In fact, I feel quite overwhelmed by so much flattering attention. I am even sufficiently generous to wish Stephen were here. Then I should kidnap one of you—all for myself."

"Which?" I demanded laughing. "Now, which? You had better kidnap Jeanne, for I am lots of trouble!"

"Ah," he said, "that would be telling! I am not going to unmask my batteries until the battle is on!"

At this, Jeanne turned quite abruptly, as though struck by a sudden thought, and glanced at him in quick alarm. A shadow crossed her face—the face that was always unmasked, because the beautiful mind which it mirrored had no thoughts she needed to hide. She leaned towards Sir Harry, raising her glass and speaking very slowly—as slowly as Stephen speaks. "To the one who is absent, Sir Harry—to Stephen!" she said.

He looked full in her face then, and caught the thought which troubled her. Very slowly he smiled and touched his glass to hers.

"To Stephen!" he repeated. "With all my heart! To Stephen—who might as well have our toast—since the gods have given him everything else, and—incidentally—the goddesses!"

After that, something fell across our merriment. Even the sunlight did not seem so bright nor the sky so blue. I felt it, being sensitive to atmospheres; but I did not understand—then. At any rate, it was time for me to go. Sir Harry insisted upon driving me home.

Jeanne promised to come over the next morning to see the portrait, for daddy had humored me even in this and brought the picture down to Cranmere.

"I need not ask whether you like Miss Keith," began my companion as we rounded the curve which hid the Loring place from view.

"No," I cried gladly, "no—for I have spent one of the happiest days of my whole life with her. She is wonderful!"

"I am glad you have had a happy day," he answered, "and that I was permitted to be in the audience."

"A part of the show, rather," I corrected.

"A part of the show then, Miss Willard, and I have a very strong inclination to try the star part."

"Yes?" I said, scarcely heeding his words, my mind so full of what I had learned that day concerning Stephen.

"Yes," he echoed; and then, with a sudden change of manner, "to-morrow—Jeanne comes to see the portrait?"

"Yes."

"Man is proverbially selfish. I shall ask her to wait a day. To-morrow I have something to show you."

"Yes?"

"You do not usually speak in monosyllables, Miss Willard. Have you exhausted your vocabulary?"

"I am not obliged to go on like a toy rattle," I answered. "Sometimes you are a nuisance."

"Sometime," he said, "I will be."

"Why don't you grow up?" I asked, half vexed. "You are just a great boy!"

"So is Stephen," he remarked.

"Oh! Yes—but—Stephen is—different."

"Why, Miss Willard?" He caught at a branch overhanging the narrow road and stopped the horse. "Why is Stephen different?"

"Well," I replied, conscious of a vague alarm and a memory of the shadow on Jeanne's face. "Why is anybody different?"

Sir Harry threw the branch aside.

"To-morrow," he said lightly, "to-morrow," and by the time we reached home he was in his wonted good spirits, or seemed to be.

Daddy was interested, as usual, in what the day had brought to me; and I told him all about Jeanne, whom I seemed to have known always. Yet I longed to be alone to think, and was glad to say good-night, even to daddy; because a little insistent figure waited to take its place among the visions of my heart—a little, tired figure—a pleading, wistful face looking up, the while he twisted his hand in his mother's gown.

"Oh, mother, I'm so tired," repeated the little figure over and over again. "Oh, mother, I'm so tired."

I hope she took you up, Stephen. Surely she could not help it. I know I should, if I had been that mother.

Ah, that some day it might be my happiness to fill any need of yours! And that mine might be the answering face for which you wait!

X.

I DID not see Sir Harry the next day, nor for many days after. Daddy had an illness, quite an unusual experience for either of us. Indeed, if it had not been for Jeanne, who at once came over and took

charge of affairs, I should scarcely have known what to do. She crept into father's heart, as she had already stepped into mine; and when he was very ill he did not seem to know us apart, but was content if either was by his side.

During his convalescence he and Jeanne had long talks together while they sent me to gather on the hills the roses they said I had lost in the sick-room.

Autumn was here; and still Sir Harry remained in Cranmere. Now that Daddy was better, I could not stay indoors. Everything outside beckoned and called. Something good must be going to happen—perhaps even a letter from Stephen. So thinking, I ran away this morning, after breakfast, as soon as Jeanne came over. I wanted to explore, and had a great mind to climb the hill back of Cranmere where the echo lies. From the porch of our house it did not seem very high, but the walk over was longer than I thought and the ascent quite steep.

I made slow progress over the stones. Some strangers were climbing down.

I asked, "Is it very much further to the top?"

"Oh, yes! You are not half-way up," one replied lightly.

I sat down on a large stone, quite discouraged, thinking perhaps I had better turn back, when a small boy came sliding and tumbling past.

"Sonny," I said, "is it very much further to the top?"

"Why, no indeed, lady," he cried. "You're almost there! It's just around that pile of stones."

So I took heart and climbed on; and after scrambling around a huge, smooth rock, I indeed reached the summit.

I was alone, and could look over the waving grass to the hills and the distant sky-line—beyond which stretched the unseen ocean, and yonder and far the land again—and hope—and Stephen.

Near by, Echo Cut, a deep ravine, separated the hills. Jeanne and Stephen had often climbed up here, she said, and had shouted across to each other. A sudden fancy seized me. Once on a time Stephen had thought of me, and wished for me, when I was calling him. Would he hear if I called him now? Yet surely I had called him many times and he had not heard. Ah, there was a name that only we two knew; and, although it had not echoed in his heart, the hills should send it back to me. I gathered up my courage—leaning forward with hands hard clasped.

"Cæsar!" I called, to the distant hills, "Cæsar!" and faintly back came the name I had made for him—"Cæsar! Cæsar!"

"Cæsar!" once again; and once again the name returned—"Cæsar!"

I dropped my arms and listened. What hope, since my cry had not echoed in those other reaches, what hope for an answer from across the sea ?

Footsteps ! Yes—footsteps hastening up behind ! I crouched in the long grass and hid my face in my hands. If I were mistaken ! If it should be rustling leaves or broken twigs—if it were *not* footsteps ! But yes—they were surely coming nearer. I held my breath. I dared not turn to look. Some one—might it be—was it possible ? Some one stood just behind me. Then a voice.

“All views are charming; but—if the lady has not entirely turned to stone, may I walk around and see her face ?”

I turned in sudden dismay, to see Sir Harry standing there, whimsically regarding me.

“You ?” I cried. “You ?”

“Whom did you expect ?” he asked, drawing a step nearer. “Am I intruding ?”

“Did you hear ?” I demanded, rising to my feet, looking and feeling painfully conscious.

“Hear what ?” he said, throwing himself on the grass. “Vastly flattering reception ! I haven’t seen you alone for a month; and I seem to be very much in the way even now. Won’t you sit down again ? Come, I don’t want to monopolize the turf.”

“No,” I answered shortly.

“You look just as beautiful standing,” he remarked easily, as he threw back his head and scrutinized me comfortably.

“I am not going to sit or stand either. I am going home,” I said.

“Not yet, Kate,” he answered, rising and catching my hand; “not just yet. There will be plenty of time afterwards.”

I drew the hand away. “After what ?” I asked, surprised at his calling me “Kate.”

“After what I am going to tell you. Haven’t you any curiosity ? Come, please; stay a while.”

I took the seat he arranged for me on a fallen log, very ungraciously perhaps, but his sudden appearance had confused me. He remained standing in front of me, leaning against a pile of stones, and asked easily,—

“Did you notice the sign at the foot of the hill ?”

“Yes,” regaining my composure, “I think so. ‘Stop—Look—and Listen’—at the railroad crossing, you mean ?”

He leaned over and lightly touched my shoulder. “Yes, Kate, ‘Stop—Look—and Listen.’”

“Well ?” I asked coldly.

“Well,” he repeated, “do it.”

“What do you mean ? Is that meant for a warning ? What is the matter ?”

"The matter is," he replied quietly, "that you are in love with Stephen—and—that I am in love with you."

"Sir Harry!" I said, rising to my feet as calmly as I could. "Sir Harry!"

"Don't be excited, Kate. Just give me a chance—the ghost of a show. It is not a crime to love you—is it? Come—I am not a boy. Sit down again. Just hear me once. Be fair, dear girl. You know how it is."

He seemed very much in earnest. I looked at him. He was Stephen's friend, attractive in many ways that women like, and lovable enough—to some one else. Yes, I knew how it was—but not with this man surely. Harry Kent—spoiled boy, indifferent man of the world! I sat down resignedly, a little distance away.

"That's right, Kate," he began softly; "but not too far away. Now, will you listen?"

"I am listening," I managed to answer.

"But listen generously. Well—then—first of all—has it ever occurred to you that I might have had any decided purpose in coming to America? No? I had. I came to see you."

"To see—me?" I repeated with incredulous surprise.

"Precisely—to see you. Stephen has a photograph of the picture—as you know. I was interested in the face at once, and in little reminiscences of you which—I extracted from him. You know how you have to extract news from Stephen. Well, my desire to become acquainted with the face that charmed me, and the opportunity to go where I please, moved me to drift over. So I drifted."

He paused.

"Did Stephen know?" I asked.

"That I came over to see you?"

"Yes."

"Is that all which interests you?" Sir Harry abstractedly pulled to pieces a little plant growing in a crevice in the rock—a trace of bitterness in his voice. "Well, then—yes, I told him; but he said it was only another of my idle fancies."

"He was right."

"Of course—'the king can do no wrong.' But whatever it was, it is no fancy now." He seated himself on the log beside me, laying his hand over mine, and bending to look in my face. "Kate, you must believe that it is no fancy now. Even if you never come to love me, you must believe that you are everything I want—just as you are. I feel like saying to you what all lovers have said since the beginning. I feel like saying, Kate, dear—that you were made just for me."

"How can that be?" I asked impatiently. "How can that be, when I have been living almost alone over here, and am not even of

your world—when you have known so many women of the world that I must seem like a country girl beside them—inexperienced, uninformed ?”

“Kate,” he persisted eagerly, “no matter how it came to be—it is; and that is all that counts now. The night I saw you first, standing by the fire, your hand on your father’s shoulder, the light on your hair, I thought, Who is that golden woman? Not the original of Stephen’s picture?—so far did you surpass it. What do you suppose this must be to a man, to find now, in his prime, the very woman he has sought all his life—and find her as he would have created her—for himself—yet at the same time to know that she loves another man?”

“It is a pity,” I said, no longer avoiding the eyes which sought and compelled mine, for I could not doubt now that he was in very earnest. “Oh, Sir Harry—it is a pity that such a thing should come about!”

“But, Kate,” he continued, with a sudden change of manner, “it need not be, my dearest, it need not be a pity. This man, so far away, you think he does not love you—though God knows how any man could refuse to love you if you cared. It cannot be possible! It is not!” He stopped and leaned towards me again, saying earnestly, “Kate, it is not possible. The man must love you. Be honest with me, Kate!”

“No,” I answered, humbled and ashamed that this man should know, but determined Stephen should not be misjudged, “that is the plain truth—he does not—he has never wanted to be more than a good friend to me.”

“And you permit such an unnatural state of things to exist—you, a woman born to be sought, to be wooed—to be adored? Oh, I know you, Kate! A man should always remain your lover. You are the one woman able to command such a devotion! Yet you give this great and glorious love—the love of Kate—to a man who does not want it! You are monstrously unfair to your own womanhood. You don’t know yourself. Why, Kate, even if you succeed in making Stephen love you—” I winced, as he meant I should—“what would you gain? Would you be willing to spend the remainder of your days on the humble bench? Trust me—you would soon weary of that, my dearest. Let me save you from unhappiness. Give yourself a chance. Allow yourself to be sought as is the plainest woman’s right—above all, my golden Kate.”

I glanced at the man beside me, whose every word stabbed my already bleeding pride. Did he take this way to win me to his thought? Then I turned to look over the hill, as before—towards the sea—and hope—and Stephen.

“Sir Harry,” I said gently, “don’t think I am insensible to what

you and every one must think of me because I have given my heart away unasked. It hurts—oh, yes—it hurts—more than your taunts—you, who only look on—and I, the woman who has stepped out of her woman's place! It is not only what you say and what any one would think—but most of all—what Stephen will think if he should ever come to know! But, which counts the most with me—your opinion—the sneers of those outside—my own pride—or this dear, great love that I bear always with me—the constant thought of Stephen?"

"I know," looking down and brushing aside the leaves of the little plant he had uprooted, "I know—to my grief—which counts the most with you now, Kate; but that need not be always. Stephen is my friend; but I violate no claim of friendship. It is my right to win the one most dear, if I can. Since you are not his, you may be mine. I will measure my strength with his. Think a moment, Kate. I know Stephen. He is content without you. Let him alone—to go the way he chooses. To him—you know his gypsy blood—any bond, any attempt at possession, would be intolerable. He is a sprite, a will-o'-the-wisp. He does not want any one to put a leash upon his liberty—to own any proprietary rights. To him the demands of the engrossing love you feel would only bring unhappiness; to me—to me, Kate—joy unspeakable—absolute abandonment! Come to me, dear girl, and our love will be so complete that I will make the memory of Stephen seem like a dream—a pleasant dream that you have had."

I hid my face. Was this Stephen's friend who spoke? And could the memories which filled my soul—the face, the voice, the touch of Stephen—ever vanish at the bidding of another man—ever seem to me, desolated away from all of these, but as a dream, a pleasant dream that I had had?

I could not speak. Sir Harry watched me eagerly a moment. Then I raised my head as he went on.

"Put this man out of your thoughts, Kate,—darling—I beg—I beg of you. Stop thinking about him. Since he is so deaf and mute, so blind—so insensible—stop loving him."

I shook my head.

"Kate!" He leaped fiercely to his feet. "Look at me. Am I a blockhead, deformed in mind or in body? Give me a niche in your thoughts, just a foothold, and I will win my way! Only give me that niche. Look at me, Kate! I love you. Do you hear? You *shall* love me, Kate—do you hear?"

"I am obliged to hear," I answered, composed by his very vehemence, "since I am not deaf."

"You are not deaf!" he repeated passionately. "And yet there as'n't been a time I have been with you, since the beginning, that

I have not let you know I love you, and still you are not even aware of it !”

“You are forgetting that I have been all the time thinking of Stephen.”

“It is not necessary to inform me of that !” he cried. “Could I love you and not know where all your thoughts were centred ? But let me say again, Kate, it need not be so unless you wish. Come—you have a firm mind and a steady will. Cast this man out and I will make you think only of me.”

“Oh, Sir Harry, Stephen would not speak so—if you were away and he here.”

“No ? Well, I am not Stephen. Stephen be——” He bit his lip and turned away. “I don’t believe he ever really loved a woman in his life, or ever will.”

“Ah !” I rose and faced him then, goaded to desperation. “Am I so unusual—such a paragon of wit and beauty—so wonderful—that Stephen should strike his colors to me on first sight ? But you—oh, this is no new experience for you, Sir Harry ! I am just one more fancy to you, and it will not hurt you much to feel again what you must have felt many times before. The disappointment will not be fatal. In a little while—another dream—some other Kate——”

I moved away, but he caught my arm.

“You shall not elude me,” he whispered fiercely ; “you shall hear me before you go.”

Then, suddenly dropping my arm, “Oh, Kate—Kate—can’t you understand ?”—clenching his hands hard together. “From the crown of your head to those little stubborn feet, which will not walk my way, I love every inch of you !”

I was silent. In a moment he went on, more calmly, “You say you are only another dream to me. What right have you to think that ? Well, I am not different from other men ; I have not kept aloof like the man supreme in your mind now. I confess that. Stephen is too unfamiliar with love to recognize its lineaments when love comes knocking at his door. But if I have loved before—it has always been with doubt and unsatisfaction. I have only just found you, Kate, but I have looked for you everywhere and always. This time I am sure, and I will make you sure if you will only give me the chance I ask.”

He waited, looking withal so manly in his pleading, that I replied sorrowfully, “Too late—too late, Sir Harry. There is nothing about me that is distinct from Stephen. Indeed, I think sometimes that he is in my veins—I *am* Stephen !”

“When the man does not love you ?” he repeated savagely.

“I love him,” I said simply.

"Kate," he groaned, "oh, Kate—Kate!"

Then I put out my hand and touched his hair. He took the hand in both of his, and kissed it—kissed it so that I tried to draw it away. At that he threw back his head and looked at me.

"Kate," he whispered brokenly, "such love as that—such love as that! Every word you speak makes you more dear. And yet I cannot move you! There is not another woman who can love so greatly—who, being what you are, can hold love beyond her pride—beyond her own worth—love without recognition—without recompense! Other women pass all their lives asleep—content with just being loved. But you are awake—every inch of you. You say I know women; well, perhaps I had to know—that when Kate came I might recognize her. And now that I have found you, I will not give you up."

He leaned towards me, resting one hand on the huge pile of stones, and continued, in a low voice and with great tenderness, "We are alone, dearest—alone on this hill, where I have offered you all my love, my love which is always yours, Kate, whether you take it or not. Before we go down into the valley again, dearest girl—before we go down into the valley?" He held out his arms pleadingly, his face convulsed so that I scarcely knew him for the laughing boy he always seemed.

"I cannot!" I cried, shrinking in quick alarm. "I cannot—I am Stephen's—whether he loves me or not, I wait—for him."

"Yes?" Sir Harry seized my wrists, an ominous control in his voice. "You wait—for him? And yet you, who know what love is, would not give me one moment that I might remember—that might make it a little more possible for me to go on without you! Very well, then—I take it now—so—and so—! The man you love may be adorable—but I—adore! This moment of you shall be mine. Is *this* his, Kate—and *this*—and *this*?"

When he had released me, I climbed down from Echo Hill, whence I had called to Stephen; and this other man—a stranger now—walked silently by my side. He did not look at me again—only once held out his hand offering to help me; but I shrank quickly away, and he went on without speaking—a few steps ahead.

I cannot forget—I hate it all so!

The pain of it—the pain of it!

XI.

THIS is how I came to tell Jeanne.

Daddy had been taking a walk with her in the garden. As she was just a convenient height, Jeanne insisted that he should use her for a walking-stick, as he said. Afterwards, while he dozed on

the porch, we went into the library and she drew me down beside her in a corner of the sofa.

"Now, Paprika, we are 'comfy', as Stephen used to say; so you might as well start right in and tell me."

"Tell you what?" I asked.

"What is the matter with these," she said, pressing her fingers gently over my eyes, "and this," resting them on my mouth.

"Oh, never mind, Jeanne! I can't tell you what troubles me this time; indeed I can't."

"Do you think I am blind, dear?" she answered softly. "Do you think it runs in the family? You manage never to see Sir Harry alone. This very morning when he called he said to me, 'Jeanne, just tell her there's no use in avoiding me, for I have no intention of abandoning the field.' So, you see, he means for me to know. Besides, he has already spoken to your father."

"Really?" I gasped. "Really?"

"So perhaps you would like to tell me how it came about." She gently persisted, hoping to help us all.

"But it was presumption for him to speak to father, after what I told him that day!" I cried.

"What did you tell him?"

And so it came out—all that happened.

"And to think, Jeanne, that he dared to kiss me—that way—he—and yet, Jeanne, I cannot really be as angry with him as I ought; because I know how love hurts. So I feel obliged to sympathize and be just—plainly miserable."

Jeanne's foot softly tapped the floor, the while she stroked my hand.

"I feared it was coming," she said thoughtfully. "Harry is a nice, stubborn boy. He will not be convinced that he cannot succeed in this. It is not, dear, as though you were to marry the other man. Doubtless he thinks that Stephen is just a fancy which you will in time forget."

"But you, Jeanne, know that I can never forget. Do you think I ought to be ashamed of it? Do you, do you, Jeanne?"

"Ashamed of loving Stephen? No, dear—how could I? We both love him—each in our way; but yours is the way that hurts the most."

"But I ought not to have let any one know!" I cried. "And now you all know it—Daddy, and you, and even Sir Harry."

"Well, that is our fault."

"At any rate, I cannot help it. I cannot love him, Jeanne, in any other way than this. Oh, make Sir Harry believe that I will not change; and send him away! Do send him away, Jeanne."

"Can I make him go, dear? I have tried, but you—ah, Paprika—you might still convince him! I have thought of a way. Those letters you said you wrote to Stephen after he went abroad—the ones he was never to see? Could you bring yourself to——?" She hesitated.

I shook my head. "No, Jeanne, I could not," I said decidedly.

"As you will," she replied softly. "I thought they might answer the purpose. However, perhaps Harry isn't worth that much from you. Now, dear—where did he kiss you?"

"Where do you suppose?" I asked.

Jeanne laughed and reached nearer, "One—two—three!" she cried. "There! I have taken them all away."

"You are just a baby, Jeanne," I said, smiling in spite of myself. "I will have to humor you; but nothing seems worth while. What do you want me to do next?"

"Early this morning," she answered musingly, "I went down into the kitchen to see my new maid, a pure greenhorn. She was very carefully ironing, minding her own business so diligently that she did not even look up. She seemed healthy and contented. I went away impressed—determined to do what came next faithfully and to stop worrying about things. Do you remember, Paprika, poor Mr. Dick's advice to Betsy Trotwood? Do you remember, when David Copperfield ran away and came to his aunt, how she was at a loss about what to do with the boy? When she asked Mr. Dick, he said, 'Do with him? I should wash him.' And after supper, 'Do with him? I should put him to bed.' Try that, Paprika—try doing what comes next, each time. It will tide you over until we find a way out of these present troubles. You must *want* to help yourself."

"Well, Jeanne—it is eleven o'clock. Daddy is awake, and will expect me to take a drive with him."

"Take the drive, then, dear—and here is something for you—a reward of merit!"

Then my china shepherdess slipped a letter into my hand and ran away, smiling—turning once at the door to kiss her slender fingertips lovingly towards me.

And it was a letter for her from Stephen, written on their last birthday, telling of his work and friends in London, and ending thus:

"And so, my dear Jeanne, you have met Mademoiselle Paprika, and you say you find her altogether charming, and their country place at Cranmere is near ours, and you wish I would come home all in one breath and not at all like you, Jeanne dear. Why, I have just been home, haven't I, little sister? It is time that Harry was back. You do not say much about him. What is he doing and what is keeping him over

there ? He promised to take a Swiss tour with me. Tell him my gypsy blood is stirring. You must not be too fascinating. You know Harry is a confirmed bachelor, like

Your loving

STEPHEN."

I read it again—hastily, eagerly. Stephen's letter ! It seemed almost like a message from him—though not for me ! Then I went out into the garden. Father said he would not drive this morning, so I walked with Jeanne a little way down the road home, great masses of flowering golden-rod banked on either side.

"Here is your letter, Jeanne," I said. "It was good of you to let me read it; but you see he is going further away again."

"'Going,'" murmured Jeanne, "is not 'gone.'"

"But mighty near it," I answered.

"Oh, he always had the Wander-Lust," she said, "but some day he will come home to us. Stephen will have to undergo an operation for mental cataracts. You know they may form over anything; but it is all right beneath. Ah, here is your opportunity to remove one now from our friend Harry. You see him coming around the bend ? Don't blush so furiously, Paprika. You look too attractive. I will go on and meet him. Afterwards you had better see him alone. You will have to settle it yourself, dear—you know that."

Jeanne walked on; but I hurried back to Daddy. He was standing by the flower-beds, talking to the gardener, and called, in his old cheery way, as I came through the gate, "Kate—the white geranium is in bloom again. I do believe these beds are more beautiful than the red ones. Come, look, dear." Then, as I bent over, he whispered, "I have been talking with Jeanne and with Sir Harry. It would have pleased me, my dear girl—but—it cannot be ?"

"Surely you know—surely, Daddy, I don't have to tell *you* that it never can. When did Sir Harry speak to you ?"

"When we first came to Cranmere, in the spring," he answered, "and again yesterday."

"I wish," I said tremulously, "that he had never come to America—that we had never come down here—that——"

"Had never come to Cranmere, Kate ? Had never known Jeanne ?" Daddy laid his arm across my shoulder.

"Of course I do not forget Jeanne; but you might have refused Sir Harry at the very first, Daddy."

"The man only asked to be allowed to try. I could not refuse that. What reason could I give him, Kate ?"

We were silent awhile; then we walked arm in arm, between the honeysuckle hedges, to the arbor which Daddy had built on a slight incline overlooking the house. From here there was a fine view of rolling country, in whose heart were the Loring farm-lands, with the

red roof of the barn and peaked house-top nestling among high trees. Often I came here to lounge and read and to think of Stephen's boyhood passed under those old-fashioned gables and among these splendid hills. We were about to enter, when Sir Harry stepped around the lattice, pushing aside the vines.

"Good-morning," he said gayly, holding out his hand; "I came up the other way. May I too enter Eden?"

"In what capacity?" I asked, ignoring the hand, surprised that he should act as though nothing had occurred between us. "As the serpent?"

"In any capacity," he answered humbly, "so that I may only be allowed to enter."

The gardener, hurrying up the path, spoke to father, who looked inquiringly at me, and, after my nod of assent, went away with the man. I thought I might as well have it over.

"Sir Harry——" I began.

"Ah, not yet," he begged; "the expulsion from Eden can wait. I am admiring the scenery."

"The scenery is very beautiful," I said sympathetically, "and it ought to be set for heaven." Then I think I must have sighed, for he leaned forward, saying earnestly,—

"And the play, Kate? What is the play to be brought on now—'Paradise Lost'?"

"I never dwelt there with you," I replied, perhaps brutally, but he seemed to ignore or to have forgotten my grieved indignation.

"Ah, true—quite true!" he went on bitterly; "yet I would venture anything—I should fear no result—if I might only once have played that star part I told you of—if I might enter the garden in another capacity—*not* as the serpent!"

I looked at him marvelling. Had I not that very thought myself in regard to Stephen? But I answered slowly,—

"Do you think you would be any more content to be expelled into a wilderness afterwards?"

"I know it, Kate," he said passionately; "I know it."

"Don't!" I begged.

"It is good of you not to reproach me for that other day," he continued, "though you must understand that I am not sorry. I do not regret anything—except what I could not make my own."

He paused, watching me closely. A great yellow butterfly settled on the honeysuckle, hovered over our heads, and brushed past. I followed its flight a moment in tense silence. I did not want to meet the eyes bent imploringly on mine.

"Kate," he broke in suddenly, "am I altogether beyond the pale? Why won't you love me?"

"You know why, Sir Harry. Don't make me say it again. I *do* not love you—it is not because I will not."

"It is because you still think you love Stephen."

"I know I do."

"But, I repeat, you can not always love a man, far away, who regards you with indifference, when by your side is the man who loves you to the very length and limit of loving?"

"To the very length and limit of loving," I repeated, steadily now meeting his gaze. "Is it so, Sir Harry—'to the very length and limit of loving'?"

"It is so—Kate," he answered gravely.

"And you want for your wife a woman who loves to that same length and limit—another man?"

He moved uneasily. "If the woman were you, Kate, I would take my chance. I tell you again—you don't know yourself. You can't keep it up alone. It isn't in you."

"Wait for me here," I said, coming to a quick decision; "I have something to show you. I'll be back in a minute."

Running up to my room, I took from their hiding-place the letters I had written to Stephen—rather, written to my own heart. With these in my hands I hurried back to the arbor, before my courage failed.

"Sir Harry," I said in breathless agitation, "I never thought to show these to any one; but, because you are his friend and Jeanne's friend, and because I am sorry, I want you to believe that I do and always must love Stephen only. I want you to read these." Thrusting the papers into his hand, I turned away my face; but he caught my arm almost roughly.

"What is this? No—I will not read. These letters are not for me."

"You must," I repeated firmly; "I wish it. The letters are mine. I never intended that any one should see them, but now I do ask you to read them. Indeed, if you love me as you say—I may command you in this."

Then I looked away again, out through the honeysuckle to where Daddy and the gardener disputed by the geranium-bed.

For a long while I was conscious of nothing but the rustle of paper, and once—only once—of a quick indrawn breath. I felt as though the passing of time had been stayed, and I were sitting there—solitary—in the honeysuckle arbor looking endlessly out over the same landscape. I dropped my eyes. Across the wooden floor great black ants chased one another. In one corner a huge spider hung in the centre of its web. My head fell forward on my arms—the very life and strength even of my long waiting and resistance seemed

to have gone out of me. I was so tired with loving Stephen—I was so sorry for Harry.

Presently a shadow fell across my lap. I looked up to see Sir Harry standing close beside me. He was quiet now and very pale—less than ever like the boy he had always seemed. I glanced mechanically at his hair to see whether the boyish curl had gone out of it—then back to his eyes again—strangely enough no longer dreading to meet them.

“Kate,” he was saying, in a voice so low and tense I strained to catch the words, “My golden Kate—I shall always remember what a brave girl you were. And now—one last, generous favor! May I keep these letters, Kate? Will you trust them to me—for a little while?”

I continued to gaze at him, bewildered, scarcely comprehending the request.

“Will you trust them to me, Kate?” he repeated, his voice lingering on my name with the fervor of a caress, yet reverently withal, as one touches his lips to the carven image of some beloved saint—“A token of forgiveness—of confidence? Will you trust me, Kate?”

I bent my head. “Yes—if you wish it—yes,” I faltered—still not comprehending—not guessing that on many a golden afternoon like this, his face and the memory of his words were to haunt this quiet spot, where, if Harry did not find his Eden, he found his better self, and sacrificed what he wanted most to what he loved the best.

“I thank you, Kate—now and always—and *always*,” he was saying. “Good-bye, and remember: ‘to the very length and limit of loving.’”

He bent over my unresisting hand a moment, laid it gently back in my lap, and turned and looked at me—lingeringly from the arbor steps. I recalled that look long afterwards, oh, many times—for the man’s soul was in his face and seemed to be saying to me, resolved yet mournfully, “I shall never see you again. Do you *know* that I shall never see you again?”

But his lips only repeated once more soundlessly, “Good-bye.” And he was gone—gone before I realized what had happened and that another man had in his possession—my letters to Stephen.

It was too late now to try to alter anything. I still felt dazed, and immensely tired. Somewhere a clock struck three. What would Mr. Dick advise? Father must have wondered why I had not come to luncheon. The gardener was gone. What did I usually do about three o’clock? What was “next” to do? Ah, yes—it was time to read to Daddy. I would go and get the book.

XII.

WHY do you make it so hard, Stephen—so very hard? I try to be patient—but, ah, you don't know! I wake in the night, feeling as though I had never slept, and stretch out my arms to you. Come to me, dearest—come to me—come!

If it were not for Jeanne, who never intrudes, but just silently helps, how should I bear these days? Ah, well—if you did not love Jeanne!

There is something Jeanne knows, I reflected, but she is not ready to tell me. I must question her this very day. She looks at me uncertainly now and then, and asks whether I watch the mails—as though I had really been watching anything else since Stephen went. I wonder how Jeanne can be so stupid! Father does not say anything. He is as good as he can be. Just now he told me he had been trying for a week to make me laugh. "For fear, my girl, you should forget how," he said.

Sir Harry went back to England. I did not see him again. In a few weeks it will be time to return to town—to leave Cranmere and Jeanne and her memories is like parting from Stephen again.

Why don't they let me alone, and not keep suggesting things to do, I thought. I cannot rest—I can scarcely sit through meals. Something will happen—something *must*—and then I can eat again and sleep. It is surprising how long one can live on plain water.

Then I heard Jeanne, talking to Daddy at the gate. She wanted me to go home with her, promising to bring me back before dark. I supposed I might as well do that as anything else—then, too, she might at last tell me the wonderful news; she says it can be told only in one place. As we left, I heard her whisper to father, "and by that time the mail ought to be in."

So we walked back together. I believe Jeanne said it was a beautiful morning. She was in such high spirits I could scarcely keep pace with her. Indeed I looked at her reproachfully, as she flitted on ahead and beckoned for me to hurry. I did the best I could—with leaden feet.

When we were side by side in her favorite perch in the old tree, Jeanne suddenly became very grave and regarded me doubtfully.

"The news—Jeanne!" I said impatiently. "What have you been keeping from me? I can't wait another minute!"

She hesitated. "Paprika, it is a fearful risk to meddle in the private affairs of another body. I haven't enjoyed it and I am almost afraid to tell you."

"What in the world have you done, Jeanne?" I asked, wondering.

"Nobody can tell," she continued gravely, "just how things are

with the other person; and an outsider has no right to take the helm. No matter how much such a one may love the other, the probabilities are that he or she will be considered an intruder and banished forever."

"It is a risk," I answered, "that some of us who love and are brave have taken before."

"Well, I have taken it," said Jeanne earnestly, "now and with you."

She drew closer and took both my hands, pressing them gently together in hers.

"Before I speak, Paprika," she began, looking deep into my eyes, "do you believe that I love you both—you and Stephen—that it has all been done for love of you—you and Stephen?"

"What?" I faltered. "I will believe anything, Jeanne, if you will only tell me! I am so ashamed and disgusted with myself, that nothing can make things right. But I have only to look at you, Jeanne, to know that you are altogether true and fair to all of us."

"It has gotten into the grain of me," she answered simply, "to think that things must come right. Now, listen, dear. That day Harry left you on Echo Hill he came home in a humor—which I leave you to imagine. We were honest with each other; and I said, when we were alone that night, 'Harry, you have been——' 'A brute,' said he, 'and I am not sorry for it either, Jeanne.' Then he told me all about it—since he said I would find out anyhow. He said he knew we both, you and I, cared only for Stephen; but he would take his fighting chance. He would not be convinced that he might not succeed with you—and that was all there need be said—except"—Jeanne regarded me whimsically—"except that Kate was delicious and made just for him."

She paused—again looking at me doubtfully.

"Yes," I suggested, "and then——?"

"And then you let him read those letters;" she gave my hands a little squeeze. "It was generous of you, Kate. I don't know what happened between you; but Harry came straight to me with the packet in his hand—not to read, oh, not to read—" for I had started nervously—"he just showed them to me. I will not tell you how he looked; but you must hear what he said. You are listening, dear?"

"I am listening, oh, Jeanne, I am listening!"

"He said, 'I take the next boat back—to Stephen—with these letters. I do it for Kate's sake—understand that, first of all—then for his and also for my own. If there is anything in him—any love—which I hope to God there is not—he will respond to these. She shall have her chance.'"

"Jeanne!" I cried, rising to my feet, unable to control my

horror and indignation. "Do you mean that you allowed that man to go—to take my letters—to *show* to Stephen?"

Jeanne silently bent her head. She says I put my hands on her shoulders and shook her, exclaiming passionately,—

"How dared you! How *dared* you do such a thing? It was cruel—it was cowardly of you! Stop him! Stop him, then! Cable to Stephen not to read them. What will he think of me? How long has it been? Has Harry landed? How dared you do it, Jeanne, how dared you?"

"Wait," she answered slowly; "Harry has been gone nearly four weeks—he has seen Stephen—and here," she drew a packet from her gown, "are your letters and a note from Harry."

I threw down the letters—tore open the note with trembling fingers, and read aloud:

"KATE :

I have played for you and won—for myself, and have lost. You can afford now to forgive a man who has proved that he loves you 'to the length and limit of loving.'"

"I do not forgive any of you!" I cried. "You have not been honest with me, Jeanne! I am living in a house turned upside down. You all torment me—I am so ashamed before you all! You have not been honest with me, Jeanne."

But instead of being overwhelmed with confusion, Jeanne made no reply, still studying Sir Harry's note, her brows knit in a perplexed frown.

"—and lost'," she repeated slowly—" 'and lost.' Who wins, then? Who wins? Ah, he says he has played for you and won. Paprika, I am sure the mail is in or there is a message waiting. Let us go home."

I struggled to regain some trace of composure. "Jeanne," I said brokenly, "I know you could never have intended any wrong towards me; but I am unutterably distressed and ashamed. I have been such a fool! I have not a rag of pride left to hide in. I should never have shown those letters to Sir Harry. You should not have allowed him to take them to Stephen. Now I can never see Stephen again—never! I would rather die than see him. I shudder to think how he must regard me. I shudder at myself. There is nothing that could possibly happen to make things right now."

"Isn't there?" said Jeanne absently. "Ah, Paprika, here comes your father!" She pointed up the road in sudden excitement. "I wonder why he has driven over so early. He must have the mail."

"Mails," I answered indifferently, "don't matter now—nor anything else."

But Jeanne had jumped down, paying no attention to me, and was flying across the lawn to meet Daddy. I saw her question him; he smiled and patted her cheek and showed her something inside his pocket.

At that, my china shepherdess seized father's hands and kissed him and laughed and danced around him, two bright spots glowing on either cheek, as she called to me to come quickly.

"Is the house on fire?" I asked, walking leisurely across the lawn. "You know, Daddy, Jeanne always flies off our perch; but I tumble down."

Jeanne hurried me into the cart without speaking and vigorously tucked my skirts around my feet. As we drove off, I saw a twinkle in her eye.

"I am glad you are happy, Jeanne," I said, bending down. "Is there anything to laugh at?"

"There may be," she answered, smiling happily. "I am coming over in the morning."

As we turned the bend, I leaned forward, laying my hand on father's arm.

"Daddy," I asked tremulously, "what—what is it?"

"This," he said tenderly. "It should have come earlier; but there was an accident on the up-train and all the mails were delayed."

Then he handed me a letter—in Stephen's handwriting! And this is what my dearest wrote:

"Paprika, sweetheart, I am an unutterable idiot. If you can, will you wait to hear me? I shall be with you almost as soon as this, to say—my hand blunders—how shall I say it? I have been bewildered—in a mist; I have only seen you as through a mist. But you will forgive—you who know I am a dealer in shadows—you will forgive me that for so long I was not conscious of you. Consider that you have been dealing with a man asleep, benumbed—but now awakened; a man unversed in the ways of love. Think of me so, Paprika—benumbed, but now awakened; and teach me to say, I love you—My Lady!"

XIII.

AND so the heavens were opened.

Stephen, it is morning—morning, my own love! I may write the words now, and not be ashamed for you to read. Daddy says that in my baby days, when I awoke in the morning, I used to call to him, "Day! Daytime!" And on Christmas eve or my birthdays,

when I wanted the day to come very badly, I used to say, "Oh, Daddy—please *make* the night pass!"

But last night it was for very joy that my eyes stayed open till the dawn. Why should I sleep, now that it is always morning—I who have all the rest of life to sleep in—when this wonderful new thing shall have become familiar?

For now I know I am loved by you, Stephen. I am altogether the woman set apart by you.

Was it yesterday? When was it, Cæsar, that you came to tell me? You seem to have just gone home to Jeanne—and yet in a few moments I shall see you again. For you have not really gone at all. I have been talking with you all the night. Your face is beside me on the pillow.

Ah, I am so happy—so happy! I stretch out my arms for very joy. Daddy! Mother! You who were happy once—listen to the child born of your joy! When you sit alone with her to-night, tell her, Daddy, that her woman-child is glad—so glad of life!

It is good—so good—just to breathe and toss about—and wait for Stephen to come again to tell me that he loves me!

For I went up into the arbor, Stephen, with your letter in my hand—which would indeed not let it go! Daddy said, "I will send him to you, Kate. You would rather wait alone."

Alone! Waiting for you to come through the garden—you—not my dream of you; for you, the man Stephen, were surely coming at last. I listened for you—straining my eyes into the darkness. Darling, darling—I think I should have died if you had not come!

The moon rose over Echo Hill. I heard the whistle of the train crawling through the cut. I waited—wheels at the gate—Daddy's voice greeting you—steps up the path—yours! Another voice—*your* voice calling—*me!* I grasped the lattice. My heart hurt, it throbbed so hard and fast, and refused to be quieted when Stephen called. I pressed my hands against it.

And then—I opened my mouth to breathe; for the step and the voice were one. You brushed aside the vines—you stood on the threshold—you were beside me—there—in the shadow. One instant—and your face was pressed to mine—your arms enfolded me!

And I have not known anything else very clearly since.

I passed my hands over your face, as I have done, dear love—oh, so many times in my dreams! I passed my hands over your face, as the blind do, to make sure that it was truly you—and I whispered close in your ear, "Stephen—are you *real?*"

Yet I was awake—I know I was awake; for your voice kept repeating, "Paprika—dearest—my dearest"—as no one ever spoke in dreams. And you took my hands down and kissed them; and you

took my face between your own dear hands, and turned it towards the light, as the moon rose higher over the hills, that you might look into my eyes. And you did look, Stephen, long and searchingly; and I let you see—now.

“Paprika,” you murmured, “I did not realize. I did not understand; but you have awakened me, sweetheart! I love you—I love you! Is it enough? I will make it enough—for all your love—and all your waiting. Is it enough? I love you—My Lady!”

“Smile, Stephen,” I whispered back. “You will not look sad to-night? The old smile that comes from somewhere behind your eyes. Only this time—smile just for me.”

And so you did—and then—you kissed my mouth. After that nothing mattered, or ever can matter, in all this world to me. For you stand with me, dearest, at the end of the rainbow—in my own country—with my own love.

And so I came, like the princess, to the end of my story: “The man held out his arms.”



A FLORAL FOURTH OF JULY

BY MINNA IRVING

THE trumpet flower above the door
 On all its trumpets blew
 A loud and stirring blast that woke
 The daisies in the dew.
 The ragged sailors fell in line
 Along the garden walk,
 And every rocket stood erect
 And ready on its stalk.

The bluebells and the morning stars
 Appeared a perfect square,
 The poppies formed in flaming bars
 Between the lilies fair;
 And when the colors of the flag
 I saw them thus display,
 Behold! I knew it was the dawn
 Of Independence Day.

“WORDS, WORDS, WORDS”

By *John Foster Kirk*

Author of “History of Charles the Bold,” etc.



AT a dinner of the Saturday Club in Boston many years ago, Dr. Holmes held forth on certain peculiarities of diction which, apart from differences of voice and pronunciation, would enable one to distinguish an Englishman from an American. Turning to a guest who, though of British birth and origin, had passed most of his life in the United States and had long parted with his native accent, he remarked, “I detected you at once by your saying ‘different to.’”

Hereupon Lowell related that, when coming home from England in 1852, in the same steamer with Thackeray, he was asked by the latter to admit that in “Esmond,” then recently published, the style of Addison and other writers of the time to which the book refers had been very nicely imitated. “Do you think,” said Lowell, “that they wrote ‘different to?’” “Ah, you have me there,” was the submissive reply. “I found out afterwards,” Lowell went on, “that I was mistaken,”—adding, with a candid laugh, “but I took care never to let him know it.”

The suggestion was then made by another of the company—Sumner, if my recollection be not at fault—that it was at the period in question, the reign of Queen Anne, that the construction with “to,” copied from the French *différent à*, had first come into use, English literature being then much influenced by that of France. This theory met with general assent, no one, apparently, being aware that *différent à* is not French,—except “after the scole of Stratford atte bowe,” or of Boston atte Baye,—the correct phrase being *différent de*; while all were naturally ignorant of the fact, which we have since learned from the “New English Dictionary,” that the two forms “different to” and “different from,” have both been in common use from the sixteenth century, the former having as shown from the examples adduced, somewhat the advantage in priority.

A question that naturally suggests itself is, how to account for the fact that a verbal usage prevalent in England from an early period to the present day seems never to have found its way to America. The explanation lies, I suspect, in the earlier and more sedulous cultivation on this side of the Atlantic of “the art of speaking and writing the

English language with propriety.” The acknowledged “ father of English grammar ” was an American ; and the Puritan writers of New England, with whom our national literature begins, while totally lacking in imagination and other essential elements of artistic creation, were almost exclusively a scholarly, if not an eminently learned, class. Eschewing “ stage plays ” and other productions of a popular character, to which the vocabulary of the language owes so much of its richness and variety, they followed models in which colloquialisms and common idiomatic phrases had no place. They dealt chiefly with serious matters, and in a serious or solemn manner. They were always dignified and formal even in their more familiar writings. There was no Pepys or Evelyn amongst them, and they are as free from the rugosities and quaintnesses of Sir Thomas Browne as they are devoid of his sublimity and charm. In fine, they established a standard of style and diction which, for good and for evil, retained a certain influence after our literature had broadened in scope and power. Indeed, some slight traces of this influence are still perceptible, as in the preference for such forms as “ arise,” “ around,” “ until ” in ordinary narrative or description (“ He arose from bed, or from his chair; ” “ He walked around the table; ” “ The reception lasted from 4 o’clock until 7 ”), which in England are usually reserved for poetry or for figurative or elevated prose. Formerly one might perhaps have added to these instances the almost universal use of “ commence ” instead of “ begin; ” but this has now become so general in England that one is led to doubt whether the Anglo-Saxon form will not be entirely superseded by its Norman-French synonym, introduced originally as a legal term and gradually extended to ceremonial and formal phraseology in general. “ Commence ” does not occur in the English Bible, in Milton, or in Shelley ; it is very rare in Shakespeare, in Pope, and in Tennyson ; and if I may trust my own observation and memory, is infrequent in our best writers generally, except in connection with some elaborate course of action, or in such semi-technical and somewhat obsolete phrases as “ to commence Master of Arts,” “ to commence poet,” etc.

George Eliot has a hit at the prevailing usage in “ Middlemarch,” where Trumbull the auctioneer says to Mary Garth, “ ‘ I have just been reading a portion at the commencement of “ Anne of Jeersteen.” It commences well.’ (Things never began with Mr. Borthrop Trumbull ; they always commenced, both in private life and on his handbills.) ”

Among writers who especially affect “ commence ” in ordinary narrative, Herbert Spencer is a somewhat notable instance. The philosopher does not, like the auctioneer, absolutely ignore “ begin,” but his preference for the alien word is very marked. In his Autobiography— a very interesting work, if only as surpassing in the fulness and minute-

ness of its personal details all former “trivial fond records” of a like nature—he is not content with “commencing” the profound and elaborate investigations and expositions appertaining to his great discovery of “universal” Evolution. Most of his minor proceedings and experiences come in this respect under the same category and receive a consequently heightened importance. His school-boy tasks,—very unprofitable ones, he tells us,—his acquaintances and friendships, his “cardiac disturbances,” all “commence.” He “commences a brief diary.” He “commences” dining with Huxley, and keeps up the practice for many years, each occasion being doubtless a feast of reason if not exactly a flow of soul. He commences Kant’s “Critique of Pure Reason;” but drops it immediately, having detected at a glance the absolute falsity of its fundamental propositions. He commences the second volume of a novel,—not “Anne of Jeersteen,” but “A Daughter of Heth.” One might call him, in short, a great “Com-mencer” if, happily, that word had not failed in its brief efforts, chiefly American, to obtain a foothold in the language.

Very probably the reader will consider this discussion a much ado about nothing. “What,” he may ask, “is the objection to the use of ‘commence’ in such cases as have been cited?” To which one may reply, “What reason is there for displacing a simple, racial, generic word in favor of one that belongs by its origin and associations to formal and elaborate procedures, and which consequently, when used in any other connection, cannot but appear stilted?” We do not so use it colloquially. We do not say, with Mr. Borthrop Trumbull, that a book commences well, nor do we in our conversation or our letters apply the word, like Mr. Spencer, to our reading, dining, walking, or other common actions. Adherence to good colloquial diction is among the notes of a good style in poetry or prose. Take the Shakespeare Concordances, and consider whether in any of the two or three hundred instances of the use of “begin” it would be any improvement, and not rather the reverse, to substitute “commence;” as also whether in the half-dozen instances of “commence,” “begin” might not at least as well have been used, except where the former word was adopted for the sake of the rhyme. And turning to prose, would one be willing to substitute “commence” for “begin” in such phrases as the following: “Here beginneth the first lesson” (Book of Common Prayer); “Learning hath its infancy when it is beginning” (Bacon); “Things which begin and end their existence” (Berkeley); “The Father of Waters begins his course” (Johnson); “He who begins a wandering life” (Johnson); “He was to begin his journey on the morrow” (Miss Austen); “He was beginning a new period of existence” (Miss Austen); “The Renaissance had begun” (Pater); “Man begins life

helpless” (Emerson); “The town of Concord begins, this day, the third century of its existence” (Emerson); “My father began business as a wine merchant” (Ruskin); “With the *Essay on Milton* began Macaulay’s literary career” (M. Arnold); “I begin the song of Demeter” (Pater).

But how about the “Americanisms” that were formerly supposed to disfigure almost every book that found its way to the other side of the Atlantic? The *Saturday Review*, in the days of its youthful hilarity, had a keen scent for such solecisms, and sometimes denounced a word which its own writers were in the habit of using, as of Transatlantic coinage. Mr. Freeman also was down on such supposed novelties, and was somewhat taken aback when he learned that they were of English paternity and as old as Shakespeare or older. Sometimes, indeed, an incorrect usage almost as distinctively English as “different to” was assumed to be of American origin. Such has been the case with “expect” in the sense of “surmise,” “suspect,” or “suppose,” applied to a past or present event or condition, without any direct suggestion that things will turn out according to the “expectation.” This misuse of the word, as Dr. Murray remarks, “is often cited as an Americanism;” “but,” he adds, “it is very common in dialectal, vulgar, or carelessly colloquial speech in England.” Among the examples which he gives, extending from 1592 to 1877, only one is from an American writer,—Jefferson (“I say has been, because I expect there is one no longer”). It would be difficult to find an instance of this perverted use in an American book of the present time, except—and this rarely—as a vulgar or dialectal colloquialism in the mouth of an uneducated person. On the other hand, it would be easy to adduce numerous examples from English writers speaking in their own persons or putting the word into the mouths of educated people. Among the writers quoted by Dr. Murray are Whewell, Dasent, and Mallock; and to these might be added many others, such as J. A. Symonds, in a letter (“I expect I had a very favourable instance of this at Mürren”); Huxley, in a letter (“I expect you are in much the same case”); Roby, in his *Latin Grammar* (“Doubtless such expressions . . . are much older than any literature that we have, but so are also, I expect, such expressions as *cordi esse* . . . and others”); W. M. Ramsay, in “*Impressions of Turkey*” (“One would expect that it was formerly inhabited by a rather primitive people”); Herbert Spencer, in a letter (“I expect I am now beginning to fill up”); Arthur Balfour, in a speech (“I rather expect that the honourable gentleman did not hear the answer that I gave to the leader of the Opposition”). Colloquially this usage is sometimes carried to an amusing extent. Mr. A. G. Bradley, in his pleasant “*Highways and Byways in South*

Wales,” writes, “If you knock at the door of a Ty-glyn farmer and ask whether Mr. Jones lives there, and that worthy himself answers your summons, he will seem to dissemble in the most unnecessary fashion, and commit himself no further than to say that he ‘expects so.’”

The common American equivalent in such cases is, of course, “guess,” which is objectionable only when used, like the Welshman’s “expect,” in reference to matters not of conjecture but of knowledge. But this use, always a mere colloquialism and never regarded as correct, is much less frequent than formerly; while “reckon” and “calculate,” employed in the same way, have always been local vulgarisms.

All the dictionaries, English and American, agree in limiting the use of the word “car,” as applied to a steam railway vehicle, to the United States. The “Century Dictionary” goes further, defining “car” in the sense peculiar to this country simply as “a vehicle running on rails.” But “tram-car” has always been regularly used in England, where also the Pullman cars, and others of a similar form on Continental railroads, retain the American designation. The fact is that the dictionaries are in error in regarding this use of the word as of American origin and devoid of English authority. So far is this from being the case that it was common in England before any American railroad had been built. The earliest English railroad, the Liverpool and Manchester, was opened—not to public travel, but for an invited company—on the 15th of September, 1830. Among the passengers were the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Huskisson. The train stopped at Parkside to take up water. The passengers had been warned not to descend, but many of them did so, among others Huskisson, who went forward to greet the Duke, and at the moment of taking his hand was struck by another train and so injured that he died the same evening. In modern accounts of the accident the vehicles are spoken of as “carriages,” but in most of the contemporaneous reports the word used is “car.” Thus, Thomas Creevey, writing on September 19, says, “Jack Calcraft has been at the opening of the Liverpool railroad, and was an eye-witness of Huskisson’s horrible death. About nine or ten of the passengers in the Duke’s car had got out to look about them, whilst the car stopt.” As the work in which this entry occurs (the Creevey Papers) has only recently appeared, it is not, of course, cited in the dictionaries. But it seems odd that a similar account, in the first volume of the Greville Memoirs, published in 1874, should have escaped the notice of Dr. Murray’s readers. This entry is dated September 18, 1830, and is as follows:

“While the Duke’s car was stopping to take in water, the people alighted and walked about the railroad; when suddenly another car,

which was running on the adjoining level, came up. Everybody scrambled out of the way, and those who could get again into the first car. This Huskisson attempted to do; but he was slow and awkward; as he was getting in, some part of the machinery of the other car struck the door of his, by which he was knocked down.” In some other contemporaneous accounts the words “car” and “carriage” are both used, but the former more frequently, as was natural, for, the steam railway being a development of the tram-way, the word used to designate the vehicles on the one could hardly fail to be applied to those on the other, especially as the carriages originally used were similar in form and size to the tram-cars, being some of them closed and others open and long enough to accommodate twenty-seven passengers.

Somewhat later the word “coach” came to be used in the same way, especially by railroad officers and employees. This was naturally suggested by the shape that prevailed for passenger vehicles, especially those of the first class, which is that of the stage-coach, while what we call “freight-cars” and “baggage-cars” are termed in England “goods-waggon” and “luggage-vans.” That “coach,” as a more specific and appropriate term than “carriage,” did not come into general use in this application must be ascribed to the fact that it was virtually a monopoly of the stage-coach, which was then, and long remained, the common means of public travel.

On one of the earliest American railroads (the Mohawk Valley road) the vehicles first used were also called “coaches,” being in fact simply the bodies of old stage-coaches placed on trucks. Recently this name has again come into official use, on some American lines, to designate the ordinary passenger-cars, in distinction from the “parlor-car,” etc. The reason for this is not obvious. One may suspect that the term has been adopted as a finer, more “high-falutin” word than “car,” in ignorance of the fact that the latter has much grander associations, as in the triumphal car of the Roman imperator, the “car of Phaethon,” the “car of Destiny,” etc., as contrasted with the stage-coach, the lord mayor’s coach, etc.

“We speak American, but we understand English,” a witty friend of mine once said to a visitor from the “old country.” Englishmen, on the other hand, sometimes tell us that they don’t understand American. Dickens, for example, professed to have been puzzled by the waiter at the Tremont House who asked him if he wanted dinner “right away.” A more common stumbling-block is the word “rare” applied to meat, in the sense of “underdone,” which is its English equivalent. Matthew Arnold, one evening, in a post-prandial conversation, inquired how the word had come to be thus used. No satisfactory explanation being offered, he concluded that it had reference to the texture of the meat,

as being when lightly cooked less dense or compressed than when thoroughly done. This was on the assumption that the word in this sense was derived from the Latin *rarus*. But it now appears that it has an Old English form, *hrer*, and a long history in the English language, but as an epithet applied to eggs; the first example of its application to meat given in the Oxford Dictionary bears date of 1784; and while in 1820 Charles Lamb could speak of “rare flesh” with the assurance of being understood, forty years later an English sportsman visiting the United States is struck by the unfamiliar term and pronounces it an Americanism. The emergence and submergence of words, or of uses of words, is one of the great and often perplexing curiosities of language.

As a final instance of a difference of verbal usage which seems to require explanation, I may cite the fact that what in England is called a “sanatorium” is in America as invariably termed a “sanitarium.” Why this difference? How did it come about? Are both forms correct, and, if not, which of the two is incorrect?

For an answer to the last question we must look at the derivation. “Sanatory,” from *sanare*, to cure or heal, means conducive to health, restorative. “Sanitary,” from *sanitas*, health, means pertaining to health. The sanitary condition of a place is its condition, good or bad, as regards health, and the business of a sanitary commission is to investigate that condition and to improve it if necessary. It was probably the special familiarity with this phrase at the time of the Civil War which led to the adoption of “sanitarium” in the sense of “sanatorium.” The word, if it have any real *raison d'être*, should mean an institution for investigating or suppressing conditions adverse to health, not a hospital or place of cure, which is properly a sanatorium.

Although English “as she is spoke” or written will perhaps never be quite the same on the two sides of the Atlantic, the general tendency is probably toward assimilation rather than the reverse, such being the common result of closer association and greater conformity of conditions. The innovations, real or supposed, have been mostly on this side, where, however, they are now less extreme than formerly, especially as regards spelling and pronunciation. There is a conservatism that still, with or without reason, resists such forms as “center” and “theater.” On the other hand “honor,” “favor,” etc., are more likely to find currency in England than to be disestablished here, though one word of this class, “savior,” in its specially sacred sense, did not assume this form without an occasional protest. The famous Cambridge proof-reader, Mr. Nichols, whose corrections used to be the terror of the *Atlantic* writers, once said to the first editor of that periodical, “Mr. Lowell, before I would print the name of my Redeemer without the *u* I would consent to be——” I was not told the final word.

BY WAY OF THE ATTIC

By *Walt Makee*

“BUY it!” exclaimed Doughty, turning quickly to face his wife and daughter, reclining in the cushioned depths of the speeding auto-car. “Buy it! *To-day!*”

Mrs. Doughty returned sharply, “Do you suppose we brought you all the way up here to Chester County merely to observe the beauties of the landscape?”

“But I——”

“Never mind, father,” Rosina began, “if you think best——”

“It isn’t a question of what your father thinks, Rosina. He has shown me very clearly that he has thought all he intends to think about the matter. When he gave his consent to our suggestion some days ago, he closed the deal, so far as he is concerned.”

“Not a bit of it! No deal is closed until——”

“Your father has changed his mind and wants to break the news gently.”

“True, I gave my consent; nor have I changed my mind. I want Rosina to have a country place as my wedding gift, and I want her to have what she likes best. I’m willing to spend an even ten thousand, but, my dear, we must proceed with caution.”

“As usual, Rosina, your father has green lights on his mind.”

“It isn’t that, Fanny, but Rosina will not be married for another month yet, and, moreover, she will not want to use a country seat until next summer, so there is really no need for haste in the matter, so far as I can see.”

“Then look a little further, Mr. Doughty. This is October. Suppose she could not find exactly what she wants. Suppose the place she finally decides upon would need a lot of repairs; suppose, indeed, that she merely decided upon the ground and would have to build an entire new house? That takes time. It is not at all probable that Rosina will find a place just to suit her.”

“How eternally feminine!” And Doughty looked off across the fields.

“But this one does suit me, mother.”

“Eh?” From Doughty, suddenly interested. “What one, Rosina? Have you and your mother been up here before?”

“A week ago, if you please.” Mrs. Doughty lifted her lorgnette to

look at a farmer seated upon a wagon-load of potato-baskets. "Rosina has found the very place she wants, and all there is to do now is to find the price of it and settle the matter at once."

A touring car passed them in a flurry of dust, leaving in its wake the repugnant odor of boiled gasoline.

"What a horrid hat she wore!" Rosina observed.

"Never mind hats just now. We are talking realty."

"You hear, Rosina, your father has at last condescended to discuss real estate. If you will listen attentively, he may offer to buy you a country place as a wedding gift. These retired soap-makers become exceedingly generous at odd and unexpected moments."

"I want to say to you and your mother, Rosina, that there is a time for all things and proper ways and means. Real estate buying and selling should be left to specialists in that particular trade. There is an art 'n knowing the how, when, and where of lands. I would suggest that you choose two or three places that seem to suit you, and then by inquiring find whether they are in the market, after which we will employ an agent——"

"Your father, my dear Rosina, always believed in climbing to the attic in order to reach the dining-room."

There was a profound silence for some time thereafter. Then Mrs. Doughty took up the broken thread:

"Real-estate agents always double a selling price for their commission. You may just as well save the commission, Rosina. Men are so negative in these matters. I sometimes look in wonder at Rufus Doughty and marvel that he could make the fortune he has made by such roundabout methods as he always suggests to us." She paused to assume a commanding tone. "Have you your check-book with you?"

"What for?"

"Answer my question!"

"I am never without it, unless I am without my family."

Mrs. Doughty turned to her daughter. "You remember where that little frame house was that stood back from the road? You know, the one with the stony lane leading up to it; the lane you thought could be turned into such a beautiful drive-way. Where was that?"

Before the answer came, Doughty said, "We should have brought a map."

"I'm talking to Rosina."

By way of showing his utter indifference, Doughty gave the chauffeur a cigar and mentioned the condition of the roads.

Rosina said, "It was just beyond that little stone church. You recall, mother, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, the little church without a steeple."

Doughty turned about again. "That's one thing I always admired about country churches; they don't let the steeple builder get the advantage of the congregation by getting nearest heaven—first."

No one seemed to hear him, but the chauffeur, who, as was customary, smiled.

"Oh, yes, we stopped opposite the church," Mrs. Doughty concluded; and then, leaning forward, she said, "Tomson, stop at the church."

"And then what?" asked Doughty.

"Never mind, Mr. Doughty; Rosina and I are quite capable of conducting this affair alone. All we ask of you is to remain comfortably seated until the real work is over, and then you may arise and share in the glory."

"Or the costs."

"That's always the way with you, Rufus. We came out for enjoyment. We should have expected you would put a damper upon it. Did you decide upon the trimmings, Rosina?"

Doughty said, "I would suggest gable ends and mullioned windows."

Mrs. Doughty went on, "Do you think the lace will do?"

"I think it will, mother. It's very pretty."

"Oh, it's clothes now, is it?"

"Do be quiet, Rufus. When we need you, you will be consulted."

"About bill time,—as usual."

This was ignored.

The chauffeur turned the car in at the church and stopped it.

"This the place?" Doughty queried, somewhat amazed. But his wife went on gathering her wraps together. "I say, is this the place? If it is, I'd estimate it at two cents an acre. Chances are the church is mortgaged up to the limit. I suppose you'd transform the tomb-yard, back there, into one of those fool 'gawf' links——"

"Let h'im alone, Rosina. Perhaps he'll discover after a while that we are a quarter mile from our destination."

"Well what in thunderation did you stop here for? I never knew before that there was a religious side to real estate."

"There isn't," his wife assured him, "but we have to go along that rocky lane there to the house. It's just over the knoll."

"Nature isn't very clever at road making," he observed, as his wife and daughter alighted. "Now, don't be long. It's after four o'clock. Just tell the man to wrap it up and send it home for you——"

Mrs. Doughty was saying, "Not a bit unhandy. It's only four miles from the main line, and you'll only use it in summer anyway. I wouldn't make it too pretentious. Perhaps you can replan the farmhouse instead of building an entire——"

"Yes, Rosina, your ma will show you how to rip it up the back and put a few box pleats in it. Why, when I first began to peddle soap at five cents a cake——"

"Come, Rosina, your father is becoming reminiscent."

The two passed on beyond his hearing.

They were silent as they picked their way up the stony lane, fraught with danger for wearers of high-heeled shoes.

At last Mrs. Doughty paused, out of breath. "There doesn't seem to be any one at home. The house is all shut up."

"They probably live in the kitchen," said Rosina. "They tell me that country folks generally do."

So they went around to the rear of the house, frightening some chickens that were bent upon the destruction of a chrysanthemum bed.

"There's an old man chopping wood, Rosina."

"You speak to him ma."

"No, you do it. It is to be your house, you know. But I do hope you'll have that lane paved if you expect me to visit you very often. It would prove rather troublesome to Clarence, too, if he should stay out late some night with the boys."

By now Rosina had approached the grizzled old wood-chopper from behind, and began,—

"I beg your pardon, sir, but how many acres have you here?"

The woodchopper went on with his work utterly oblivious of Rosina's presence. She raised her voice: "I say——"

A dirty-faced little boy appeared upon the back porch to announce: "Grandpop's deaf. What's ya want?"

"Is your father at home?"

"Yeh."

"I'd like to speak to him."

"He's shavin'."

"I'll wait, if he won't be too long."

"Better not. He don't like no trespassin'."

Rosina tried to squelch him with a lowered countenance. He stood a moment in some hesitation, then, making a very wry face, he turned upon his bare heels and went within, slamming the door after him. A moment later a man appeared, wiping the lather from half his face. He nodded toward Rosina.

"How many acres have you here?" she asked.

"Huh?" The towel ceased circulating over his cheek while he waited for Rosina to repeat her question.

"How large is this farm?"

"Ten acres, more or less; prob'ly less."

"What is it worth?"

"I dunno. Why, are you assessing?"

"I want to buy it."

"Oh. Is it for sale, you mean? Well, I'm not sellin' it to-day, miss. Anything more I can do for you?" He turned half around toward the kitchen door. Several faces—most of them were large-eyed and dirty—had appeared from time to time at first one and then another of every visible window.

"You'd surely sell if you got a good figure?"

"Nope."

"Say,—seventy-five an acre. That's seven hundred and fifty dollars. You could do a whole lot with that much money."

"Yep; spect I could."

"The house is probably too large for your needs?"

"'Tis, a bit."

"And at—say a hundred dollars an acre——"

He wiped his hands slowly, while Rosina argued that the pig which was approaching her was perfectly harmless, although she experienced a slight chill as an accompaniment to its grunts.

"I'd be perfectly willing to give you a hundred and fifty," she said, half desperately.

"All my family's been born under this roof," the man began, meditatively. "The old place is heav'ly mortgaged, too. Then the children's attached to it——"

"I see. You want to hold it for purely sentimental reasons."

Mrs. Doughty came slowly around the house to Rosina's side. She said: "Perhaps the gentleman would take two thousand dollars in cash for it?"

"To tell the truth, it ain't worth that much, ma'am, but——"

"We'll offer three thousand——" from Mrs. Doughty.

"Mother, do let *me* manage this."

"Very well, since you seem to know so much about it."

"Now, as my mother says, thirty-five hun——"

"But I didn't. I said three thousand."

"Never mind, ma. We'll offer thirty-five hundred—does that pig bite, Mr.—eh? Why don't you keep it penned up? We'll offer four thousand; but be quick, please. That's surely enough to overcome your sentiment in the matter, Mr.—eh, what's your name?"

"Dorfing, miss," the other replied, as he shied a stick of wood and struck an integrated pork chop. "And I'd like to oblige you by moving out, but mother's sick abed and it might be fatal. There's Jergson's a mile beyond. Ten acres of good ground, and he'll sell cheap. You could farm it in corn or potatoes, or it might make a good hen-hatchery——"

"But I've taken a fancy to this particular——"

"I understand, miss——"

"Oh, pshaw! Rosina, what's the use haggling with a man like this? Offer him five thousand and be done with it. That's evidently what he's after."

"No, ma'am. It isn't that, but you see——"

"Yes, I do see. You want to take the usual advantage of two women in a business deal. That's just like a man! Come, Rosina. I'd be afraid to trust him any further."

"Don't be hasty, mother. Perhaps Mr. Dorfing will consider six thousand. That's our last bid."

"Don't be a fool, Rosina. The place isn't worth five hundred dollars. It's dirty and unkempt and full of gullies."

"Mother, I beg of you——"

"And I beg of you——"

"It's to be my place——"

"And I don't care if it is. I'll have my say——"

"But I think I should be let to choose——"

"Rosina, there's no business in you. Just as your father has so often observed. You jump at conclusions. You don't seem to understand the first rudiments——"

"Mother, we're in public."

"I trust Mr.—er—Mr. Doorstep appreciates the comp——"

"Dorfing, ma'am. D-o-r-f-i-n-g."

"I guess I know how to spell, sir!"

"Mother, do behave. Perhaps Mr. Dorfing will con——"

"And perhaps he won't. I wouldn't give him ten cents——"

"Be calm, mother. I know the situation exactly, Mr. Dorfing. There are memories clinging about an old homestead——"

"An old ruin, you mean!"

"Ma! There are memories——"

"Well, we're not buying memories. It's real estate, and if——"

"Mother! Do be quiet. But, as my mother observed, Mr. Door-sill——"

"Dorfing, miss, and I want to say——"

"As my mother observed, Mr. Dorfing, you can't expect us to pay you for your memories. The place is rather dilapidated. But surely you wouldn't hesitate at ten thousand——"

"That was to include everything," her mother said, in a frightened stage whisper.

"I know that, ma; I just wanted to give Mr. Doorknob a chance to compromise the matter. I should expect him, as a gentleman, not to .

accept a cent more than the place is worth, which is, I should say, about one thousand dollars."

"I'm sorry, miss, but I——"

"You mean that you would refuse eight thousand dollars for a ramshackle, old, tumble-down ranch like this! Very well! Not another word, Mr. Doorjamb. I have finished. I recall all bids. I wouldn't have your farm as a gift."

"Rosina! Don't be cruel. Here is my card, Mr. Thingabob. In case you should change your mind, just drop us——"

"He needn't drop us anything. A man like him——"

But the short, fat form of father Doughty appeared around the corner of the house. It was evident from his facial expression that he had been an amused listener.

"Since you've decided that you do not want the place, Rosina, I'd like to ask Mr. Dorfing one question."

"What's the use of asking a man like that anything. Can't you see, father, that he hasn't the first idea of business?"

"Rufus, come. We've wasted enough time here already."

"But just a moment, Fanny. Mr. Dorfing, do you own this farm?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"That's all. Thank you. Good-day. Come, ladies."

And Rufus Doughty, muttering something about climbing to the attic in order to reach the dining-room, led the way down the stony lane toward the touring car.

Two women straggled after him, burdened with a heavy silence.



THE NARCISSUS POOL

BY MARGARET ROOT GARVIN

DOTH the fickle mirror trace
 Lines unlovely on thy face?
 Scorn it as time's servile tool!
 And, for thy narcissus-pool,
 Look in loving eyes, for there
 Thou shalt find thyself still fair.

“CON APPASSIONATA”

By Joseph Blethen

THE mist-ships, those wrecks which eddy forever in the ebb of night, were drifting westward straggling and torn across the coulee. Surprised by dawn's forerunners, much as a bevy of belated, weary-eyed maskers, dragging home to bed their discordant gowns and tortured limbs, might be shamed by the appearance of fresh-cheeked country-girls coming to market with the sun, these gray derelicts sulked as with a pitiable consciousness of guilt. Night had free run of the coulee; always there came carousal with the shadows. The drifting coyote smelled out the hidden mud flat, and raped therefrom the fattest drake. The wolf, straying from the higher ranges, nosed the air for rabbits, or, good luck attending, a freshly killed steer tossed from the track by yon roaring locomotive. In a setting of gorgeous walls the coulee became a stage on which the shadows assumed masks and played at fantasma; the very stars above it twinkled and danced in an abandonment unsuspected of such fixed things.

Drifting to the westward in straggling masses, like an insolent rabble urged from the square by trim-garbed policemen, the mists lifted their heels slightly. Gray light, spent in its eager rush to brush the mist-dust from the path of the oncoming dawn, crept over the camp where five men lay in blankets. Roofing them stood a cook-wagon which reeked with dew, the libations spilled during the long carousal of the shadows. Slowly one of the blankets stirred, opened, and disclosed a weary-eyed, bearded face. For him who wakened at the touch of these spent messengers in gray there was a domestic routine; his to make the cheering coffee for the other sleepers. Stiffly he arose, doggedly kindled the camp-stove into life, and dragged his water-cans down beyond the picketed cayuses to the coulee-bed, there to stampede the waking ducks and send them whirring off with the mists.

The occupant of another blanket moved slightly and then was still again. Possibly the stirring of the camp cook wakened him; possibly it was the rush of the overland train yonder by the head of the coulee; possibly the thought of the resting herd to be driven that day still

nearer the shipping place; possibly Memory herself, whose pictures often threw his eyes staring wide. Without lifting his blanket he was aware of all about him; the mist, the wagon, the cattle, the rumbling train. But nature claimed one more stretch and one more deep breath before the call to the coffee; and under Nature's anæsthetic the brain sank again from the pain of necessity to the dream of its own identity. Then within the brain itself there was re-enacted that scene of all scenes which he, whom his sleeping comrades called the Count, wished to forget.

In place of the mists of morning, the dreamer saw the piercing lights of a great opera-house. In place of the beard, the rough clothing, and the swathing blanket, he stood in the glare of the footlights clean shaven and clad in the mode. In place of the bordering sides of the coulee, now receding down Nature's groves at the approach of dawn, he saw the flashing proscenium. Instead of a roofing cook-wagon, he saw a vault blazing with incandescents and swept about by the glinting white of human faces. In his ears, of late accustomed to the thud of hoofs and the pounding of wheels across the steel-strung desert places, there surged the harmonies of blended instruments and the pulsing of a musical message. There before a great orchestra, the Maestro Kringle leading, he stood ready to sing. He, Francis Worth, the American, whose tenor was already famous among the singers of grand opera. To-night he should sing what other and greater artists had sung; to-night the music world should hear and judge; to-night she, the prima donna whose soprano was unrivalled, and who was standing there in the wing hoping against fear over this crisis of her husband's career, should hear and be convinced. She should be proud that her husband was even a greater artist than she.

The firm, penetrating, ample tones rang to the uttermost parts of the auditorium; but the Maestro, bending his head slightly to the sound, turned for one look at the singer and then calmly went on leading. Throughout the applause and the encore the Maestro was unmoved. Then, in the intermission, as he stood behind the great curtain, the soprano—she who had been Myrtle Collins, she who was Mrs. Myrtle Worth, and she whom the program said was Mlle. Collino—laid her hands in his, and spoke her doubt:

“ Maestro, tell me. *What* was it? ”

“ It was like a voice without a soul, Collino. He stood like an instrument and made only sounds. Tell him, when you come on for the duet, to sing *con appassionata*, Collino. Tell him to sing as if he loved you. ”

“ *Con appassionata*, Maestro, ” repeated the great singer. And then she added, “ I will tell him. ” But in her heart she knew the futility

of it. "Like an instrument making sounds!" Ah, there was the truth. Francis Worth, even with his wonderful tenor, had everything but love; and love only can make song the message of angels.

Even he felt it, but jealousy whispered that he was not appreciated. The applause that had been his was but applause. When she, his own wife, the great Collino, had sung, the audience had risen and cried out. Women had unguardedly wept; men had moved their lips over inaudible sounds. Love, love, love! The one thing worth it all in this life had poured from the woman's soul and had swept the audience before its commanding force. But the tenor, so rare in tone, yet lacking that one quality, stood apart and listened to the Genius of Discord.

In the second part Mlle. Collino and Mr. Worth were to sing the *Miserere* from "Il Trovatore." "*Con appassionata*," the Maestro had said. "Sing to me, Frank," the woman had said; "sing your love for me." But the rare, full tenor rang true to its training only; love there was none. And when the woman threw her own love into the song, as if she were purposing so to flood him with her passion that at least an echo of it would tint his magnificent tones, the people rose to her, and he felt the sting of that which conceit said was misconception.

In her dressing-room the prima donna wept. "What shall I do to awaken him? What shall I do?" For in the moment of her own triumph, she thought only of his disappointment.

In his room the man paced and was moody. He should leave the company. He should head a new organization of his own. The people were crazy over sopranos, said his disappointment. A tenor went over their heads, said his pride. Once free from the domination of a woman's presence an audience would rise to a man, said his selfishness. Ambition and wounded pride made clever conspirators; and then he went to her room. He who is dying of jealousy desires that some heart shall wring with agony at the spectacle.

The great Collino threw her arms about him and sobbed aloud. The maid, nervous even in a nerve-testing profession, slipped out and stood guard at the closed door.

"My dear, I feel so ashamed," Collino whispered between her sobs. "When those silly people rose to me I hated them. I wanted them to know you, Frank. I wanted them to hear your voice as I know it. They wept with me when I wanted them to be in love with you! Oh, can you forgive me?"

The sweetness of her love was lost on him. Jealousy fattens on concession: her loyalty made him hungry for further sacrifice. Grimly he put her from him.

“ Before I married you I was somebody.”

“ Frank ! ”

“ Now I’m Collino’s husband— I’m going by myself. I’ll take an Italian name and the fools will say I’m great.”

Womanhood and art may blend when each finds satisfaction in the same object; but when the artiste is rudely shocked it is her heart that suffers. Myrtle Collins felt tenderly for her disappointed husband; Mlle. Collino faced the man as an artiste facing an unappreciating critic.

“ Before you married me,” she said in level tones, “ your heart was in your work. You sang to me as I have not heard you since. You sang for the public as a lover singing his joy to the world, and the public felt your greatness. Since you married me your heart has been,” she choked over the word, “ has been empty. Even to-night the Maestro said it; you had no love, no soul.”

“ Then I’d better go away and be a man again.”

The wife winced, but the Collino stood firm: “ Your heart must be stirred, my friend. If I—if I have lost your love—you are free to go.”

He looked at her in surprise, and her conscious power jarred upon him. Without a word he left her. The maid entering found the great Collino prone on the floor, for now the wife was crying in wild abandon.

Francis Worth went out into the lights of Broadway, and sought among the tables of a café till he found that greatest of operatic managers.

“ I’m on the war-path,” said the tenor. “ I want a company of my own.”

The manager, accustomed to gauge a singer’s power by feeling the pulse of the listening public, replied calmly, “ Get some one to write you a good light opera. I’ll put you on in it.”

Light opera, indeed! The tenor assumed to pass it off as a jest. Was he not Francis Worth, of the Metropolitan? “ I want a good concert company,” said he. “ You would make a handsome thing by handling me.”

The manager looked him over with an indifference that was cutting. “ I might have done so before you married, Frank. You were a promising youth. Another season at the gait you were going and you could have starred. But you have been standing still. Take your wife for your pace-maker, Frank. She’s the real thing.”

The tenor struck the table in anger, rose, and walked pettishly away. A sleepless night led to a more ugly day, and at its close Francis Worth stood at the station fleeing from the metropolis in anger,

his bitter heart assuring itself over and over that she—that they could not do without him, that his absence would sting them to a hundred times the agony of his present shame.

Then the picture faded and he awoke to the sharp call of the present.

“ *Grub pile!* Come on, boys. Here’s a sure enough hell-stew.”

Worth opened his eyes to the cutting light. Hatred sprang into them. Why must his brain live over and over that horrid crisis? Why must the dawn eternally remind him of that unforgiven moment when his wife had loyally defended her art against his jealousy? What keener thrust of fate than that he, a tenor of grand opera, should be coaxed to sing simple melodies for them over their campfires? Why should even his dreams be so colored that his mutterings of a certain name were taken by his blanketed mates to be pure Italian, and he be called in a manly spirit of appreciation Count Collino?

The second tins of coffee had passed and the men were rolling cigarettes. One stretched and declared it to be a fine morning. Another said, “Two days more and we surely will be at the water-tank with them steers.”

“Then back to the ranch for more cattle,” growled a round, deep-chested, liquid voice. “I’m getting tired of it.”

The cowboys looked at their Count and believed him. His voice was his glory, even here in a coulee-scattered corner of the desert. With it he swayed them. For it they were proud of him. Daily they expected him to take wings for a wonderful life of which they knew not.

Rimsey, the cowboy who had acknowledged the rare beauty of the morning, put their thought into words. “Not meanin’ to be a whole lot officious,” said he, “it looks to me like the Count is surely yearnin’ for Delmonico grub, white table-cloths, countesses, long-haired virtuosos, and other appurtenances of that there opery business he used to be in. Meanin’ it for the benefit of all concerned, I motion that when we git them steers loaded we lopes off to the agency there by Coulee Seven and holds a concert show. The agent’s wife has a pianny, and plays the same in a manner that is famous from the Cascades plumb to the Rockies. I takes it she would be pleased to pull off a what-you-call-it kind of a musical stampede with the Count at the head of the herd, to say nothin’ of a square meal for him at the end, with finger-bowls and other hints of the effete East.”

“Now you’re surely shootin’,” said the cook.

“All I need is a good manager,” said the Count, and in spite of himself there flashed across his mind that hateful scene in the café when a manager had ruthlessly told him the truth.

“Which the same appeals to me as indicatin’ I’m the unanimous

choice of this convention,” said Rimsey. “ When them steers is loaded and you-all is in the light-house station with the shipper properly keepin’ the barkeep busy, I’ll assume the duties of advance man and lope down the breeze to Coulee Seven. Do I take it that you’ll be along soon thereafter, Count Collino?”

“ With pleasure, Rimsey,” replied Worth.

But all day long while the cattlemen worked and sang, the Count only worked. A white table-cloth, indeed! Why had an idle word from the cheerful, competent Rimsey so stirred him? White linens, cut glass, clean faces; music, song, Collino! The thread of thought was sure; the secret of it was a deep yearning for the old life, a ripe appreciation of the wife whom he had left. Francis Worth had thrown himself upon the West to find it no longer a frontier. From city to city he had gone, ever looking for the edge of things, until he reached the coast. Then he had turned back, and within sight and sound of an overland railroad had buried himself on a ranch. The open-air life and the freemasonry charmed him after his metropolitan disappointment. Hard work eased his temper and employed his well set-up muscles. Slowly he ceased to hate; gradually he began to weigh himself. He needed no magazines or musical chronicles to tell him the world which he had left was wagging on. He recognized the fact along with a slow-coming recognition of self.

Soon it had become a pleasure to make a place for himself among these competent men. His voice became his welcome to any camp-fire. From simple songs, caught up from the memory of his earlier studies, he would pass to stronger themes, and on again to grand arias, noting proudly that these men sat hushed, entranced by a charm and force they felt but could not fathom. Once in a carousal at Coulee City a cowboy, spying a stranger in the Count, had covered him with his gun and ordered him to dance. But the Count had thereupon commenced to sing, and had sung the cowboy off his guard and disarmed him. Then the crowd had carried the Count to the piano, and a concert followed which became the wonder of a month.

The ranch life about Coulee City had shrunk to a shut-in life; the ranges were no longer unlimited. In the low places were irrigated ranches, and on the higher places miles of wire fences proclaimed the wheat. But among the ranches whence cattle came through these coulees to the water-tanks for shipment, the tenor’s fame spread independently and was defended sincerely. Ranchers with wives and daughters looked askance at him; they suspected a man of such power when they found him riding herd. But Rimsey, and Calkut, and Slumpy, and “ Swampy ” Cross were all loyalty.

“ That there Count boy can sure sing the guns out of a bad man’s hands,” they said, and they were proud of him.

“ Yonder’s the water-tank,” said Rimsey. “ To-morrow we loads this beef and then we’re surely due to hear some good music.” Drifting up beside the Count, he said diffidently, “ Seein’ how you always plays the pianny for yourself when you sings, we’d take it as a favor, Count, if you’d lay off to-morrow and rest up them hands.”

“ All right, Rimsey.”

But next dawning, when the drift-ships eddied over him, Francis Worth again dreamed the parting from his wife, and arose to plunge into the oblivion of physical tasks.

“ If I didn’t know it any other way,” said the dubious Rimsey, “ I’d know that Count boy was a real musician just from he’s so contrary.”

But the contrary fit passed, and after the noon-hour Worth was glad to be sent to the shade of the Holly Tree Saloon to rest. There on an old, discordant piano he limbered his fingers, and then went to his own blanket under the cook-wagon to think. A keen pleasure, at which he could but smile, dominated him. Set apart by these rough men to perform his peculiar mission, he was as much honored as ever Collino had been honored by that far-off metropolis setting her apart from all tasks except that she sing. Here was the recognition of the artist. No extravagant word of praise, no tumult of applause, but sincere admiration, proud comradeship, and a silent easing of his work that he might give his strength to song. In him, as he lay apart from the day’s tasks, there welled a new feeling that smarted in his throat and moistened his eyes.

The tenor’s great chest rose and fell regularly; his pulse settled to the rhythm of slumber. Through the long afternoon Nature poured new energy at the sources of his being, and his awakening found his heart calm from very fulness. At supper with the men he was gay; even the sombrero, the neck handkerchief, the blue shirt, the store trousers, and the bear-skin chaps could not dim the sense of an impending artistic triumph. He ate from tin, but his mind teemed with pictures of white linen, of a certain beautiful woman in a rare white gown, and of bright-eyed men in evening dress.

He hummed a scale, trying his voice against the echoless flat of the desert, and felt himself to be in his dressing-room at the Metropolitan. The deference of these rough fellows was genuine; soon he would be at the piano singing to them; then he would dominate them, play on their sensitive hearts, and possess their unbiassed souls. What minstrel ever warmed to a more welcome task?

Rimsey, leaving the boys for a half-hour’s libation at the Holly Tree, loped off toward Coulee Seven, a short two miles over the flat. Worth, with an artist’s disdain of all but the approaching perform-

ance, walked alone in the gathering shadows. The very air seemed to be tuned for song,—keyed and ready to break silence when he should turn its emptiness into living tones. When he caught himself he was singing the Miserere: “ *Non ti scordar di me.* ”

Had she remembered him? Ah, were he to sing that to her to-night surely she would remember. The very music, as well as the rippling Italian words, prayed for remembrance. To-night, in the hush of his own passions, the form of the song was forgotten; its substance touched him and he glimpsed therein the mission of song.

Other cowboys, learning that the Count was to sing at the agency, asked frankly and were with equal pleasure bidden to come. Through the shadows they rode, the Count listening to the talk and feeling the subtle delight of their deference to him. Free, complete, independent as was their life, yet he had that for which they hungered.

The steady loping brought them quickly to the agency, but no exuberant Rimsey was there to hail them. Instead a bareheaded, soft-voiced Rimsey came out alone and laid his hand on the Count's.

“ I'm sure a bad guesser, Count, boy. You're to forgive me for bringing you and us a disappointment. The agent and his wife are upstairs, and this house is a house of sorrow. Their pretty little six-year-old died to-day. The body is in the side room. It's that pretty — You're all to take a look, the agent says. Then we'll go away.”

But to the singer there came a rushing desire to be one of that household. Reverently he led in the startled, awkward men. With him they looked upon a blossom plucked by the Hand none may deny. Then he led them to the parlor, seated them by a glance of his shining eyes, and went to the piano. Softly he drew tones of sorrow from the keys, gradually swelling till the music, ever low and ever reverent, vibrated through the house and even hushed the assembling Indians about the doors. The rare, sympathetic voice crept through the rooms and into the hearts of those dry-eyed, weary ones above-stairs. The greatest arias he knew became so simple in that moment that even Rimsey and his bearded comrades wiped away their shy tears and were of one mind. Through all the modulations of sorrow, of praise, of consolation, the voice sang on, and then it was raised in a hymn of hope, soaring out to all who might hear, ringing with a man's whole heart, *con appassionata*.

In the room above a mother's heart softened to the song and the woman wept blessedly. The man, seeing the wonder, blessed the unbidden guest and stole down to thank him. The Count, turning about, his song ended, his own eyes full, saw a man whose eyes told him the message for which he had sought, but now for the first time had found, the answering sigh to the heart-beat of true song.

Back through the shadows they rode, but now they were silent. It was not that their Count had sung the doors of their shy hearts wide open; it was that he sang truly, and in the right place and at the right time. No solemn-spoken words of garbed priest could have so turned their thoughts for a moment to the contemplation of eternity.

At the Holly Tree they sat outside and were still. The Count crossed the dusty road to the station platform and, perched upon a box of wall-paper, watched the stars snap and quiver, hummed an aria, drummed his heels, and was orchestra, soloist, and audience all in one. He knew that he had conquered; not only his hearers this time, but himself. There had been that in his song in the house of sorrow which even he had never felt in the former day. His mind rang with his wife's words: "Sing as if you loved me, Frank."

When a head-light appeared down the track to the east, the Count was undisturbed. Even when the station agent came out to remark that it was a passenger special running west against time, he went on softly singing the tenor part of the great Miserere.

As the train drew in, it slowed and stopped for water. The Count saw that the train consisted of a baggage-car and two brightly lighted Pullmans. He saw the cowboys draw near and stand looking at the rear car. With a deep breath he hummed again and nodded his head in unison with the plunging pump of the locomotive.

"May be friends of yours," said the station agent, walking back to him after chatting with the train crew. "One of those big prima donnas with a concert troupe."

The Count's humming ceased. His heels pressed against the box and remained there. His heart slowed a moment, then plunged and beat and pounded in his throat. Could it be? Was ever such a chance possible?

Quickly he slipped around the station house and from its shadows looked in at the last car, a brilliantly lighted private Pullman, with its name hidden in the shadow of its own bulk. As he looked he heard a woman's laugh. Clear, ringing; with the music of a rare voice and a pure heart. Then he raised his eyes to the brass-railed rear platform and knew that he should see her.

It was one of the Collino's characteristics that she loved white. To-night she stood on the observation platform looking at the desert, scenting the acrid sage-brush, and returning the frank fellowship of the cowboys who came near to doff their hats. She was in white from head to foot. Her simple costume called up reverent memories in the minds of those rough men. They drew near to speak, and stood silent and happy at the edge of the track. But to the one man, crouching in the shadow of the station, the sight was as a vision from heaven.

Looking along the train again, the Count saw in the forward Pullman several faces that he knew. One thrilled him with a sudden purpose. One, Annette, the diva's favorite accompanist, was at the very moment leaning from a window for a breath of the evening air. Stepping along near her the Count spoke her name:

“Annette, Annette.”

The girl, surprised into drawing back, again leaned out of the window. The tones were tantalizing. Where had she heard them?

“Annette! Do not be surprised. Do not speak. Listen. I am Francis Worth. You know; the Collino's—”

The girl's hand went to her throat, and a low cry, half pain, half joy, escaped her.

“Oh, Monsieur Frank! *Mon Dieu*, I'm so glad!”

“Hush, girl. Listen. Go into the Collino's car. Speak to no one. Open a window by the piano. I will stand near beside the car. Play the *Miserere* from ‘*Trovatore*.’ You understand! Our duet, Annette! Our duet!”

The girl drew back, looked about within the car, hesitated a moment, then shook herself erect and smiled. Throwing a kiss with both hands at the man in the shadow, she raced through the car and crossed into the Collino's private apartment.

The Collino stood at the rail of her rear platform and was venturing a remark to a cowboy. Such picturesque, manly fellows, she thought. Besides— She knew that the One Particular One was lost somewhere in the great West. This was surely West. Perhaps — What woman's heart is ever silent when its love is absent?

The firm touch of Annette sent the opening bars of the duet pulsing upon the night air. The Collino half turned to inquire at the whim of her loved accompanist. She saw the cowboys shuffle in their tracks. She heard them murmur in pleasure. She felt a sudden appreciation of the secret message which this music had for her in this West—his West. She hummed the first part of the duet—their duet! Then she was rooted to the spot.

The cowboys knew their Count's voice with its first swelling note: “*Ah! che le morte ognora.*” They stood in wonder, nor could their eyes find him. His voice, mounting on and on in a song they knew not, seemed all about them; over, under, within; commanding, pleading, loving! It was such a voice as that with which Divinity spoke when man's redemption was announced across the waste of time. Their eyes, roving about, settled on the white figure above them. They saw her hands at her throat; they saw the slightly bent figure go slowly erect; they saw the magnificent bust swell over its accumulating power; they saw, as she turned about, a rare light in the wide eyes.

Then, with a suddenness unexpected to them, the woman's head was raised and the woman's voice flooded the night with an answering song: "*Sull' orrida torre ahi! par che le morte.*" If the first voice had proclaimed Redemption, then this was the voice of the Redeemed.

As she sang the great Collino crept to the side of the platform, leaned out, and peered down the shadows beside the car. But shadows and tears blinded her. She could hear, but even the faintest outline of this, the One Particular One, was denied her. So singing on and on she went to the end of the duet, putting her love into her voice that he might hear it.

In the silence the awed cowboys heard the sob in the woman's throat, and heard her trembling voice utter a man's name in unmissaken tenderness. But even when Annette, running to the platform, had dropped on her knees and grasped the Collino's skirt, as a child flees to its mother at a crisis, the shadow still held its own.

"It was he, it was he!" cried Annette. "He called to me and asked me to play. But you are weeping, Collino! *Mon Dieu*, what have I done?"

The Collino hushed the frightened girl and stood listening. The artiste's pride battled with the woman's love; should she call to him again or be silent?

But Annette could not contain herself. She appealed to the cowboys: "Ze man is her husband. Dolts! Have you no hearts? Go get him!"

They ran around the car, but as they ran Annette's voice exclaimed in ecstasy. Looking where she pointed, the Collino saw an erect figure topping a rise, and knew the man even in his rough dress. The searching cowboys peered under the car and came back just in time to see a figure in white flit away into the shadows. They followed a few steps impulsively, but stopped. Through the tingling air had come to them one word in their Count's voice; one word freighted with the love of a man's heart: "Collino!"

Indistinctly they saw two figures in the shadows melt and become one. They heard the woman's voice again, but it was broken under its weight of emotion.

Rimsey, repeating under his breath, said over and over, "Collino—Collino?" Then, as a ray of blessed light penetrated his mind, he touched each cowboy and led them back beyond the car.

"I don't pretend to follow that foreign talk so close as to get personal," said Rimsey to them. "But that word 'Collino,' spoke up as we just heard it with a man's whole heart just bustin' over it, surely says there's a love-story doin' business to-night out here in Coulee Seven. Furthermore, and not meanin' it more on you than on me, I

want to observe that the ring of love in that there Collino girl's voice when she stood out on that there platform and heard the Count, is the nearest to the sound of an angel's voice we sinners will ever get."

The roar of applause rumbled and crashed on and on. The Maestro Kringle stood still, outwardly calm but inwardly stirred to his depths. The Collino bowed and the great Worth bowed; and when she flicked a tear from her lashes the womanhood of that great audience rose and extended eloquent arms to her!

Again and again the roar dropped to a rumble and then returned swelling to a roar. But the end came, and with it the Maestro stole out to the wings and threw his arms about the tenor.

"You have found yourself, my son. All the love of heaven was in that duet."

Then the Maestro seized the Collino's hands and kissed them.

"You have found him, Collino. Out of the West you brought him. Tell me; what did the miracle?"

But the Collino put a finger on the Maestro's lips.

"Maestro," said she, and her eyes were as that night in Coulee Seven; "Maestro, the West is like Wagner when the great orchestra plays him: it is Wonderland, Maestro. Wonderland."



USURPATION

GRACE F. PENNYPACKER

MISQUOTED Justice! They who loudest claim
 Their just deserts love least thy honored name.
 Experience is defied by callow youth,
 And error fain would trim the lamp of truth.



Doing all one can to make the world move, is better service than trying weakly to "make it better."

THE LETTERS OF A SCOFFER

A CEREAL STORY IN ONE CHAPTER

By Melville F. Ferguson



“REMEMBER that when I was a boy, and laboriously traced the maxim graven at the top of my copy-book, variety was reputed to be the spice of life,” casually remarked the Man, gravely contemplating the steaming breakfast food before him. “How times have changed! How fickle the fashion in spices! Pass the cream, please.”

His wife cast a sidelong glance at him over the top of the coffee-urn. She was used to his circuitous method of attack, and more than suspected what was coming. Therefore she held her peace.

“This—er—pasty substance,” said he, holding up a spoonful and allowing it to plump back into his bowl in a long elastic gob—“haven’t I seen something like this before? Didn’t we have it yesterday? Didn’t we have it day before yesterday? Has there been any day this month, or last month, or the month before, when we didn’t have it?”

“I thought you were so fond of cereals!” deprecated the woman.

“Cereals—yes. This particular cereal, to the exclusion of all others—no. Come, now, be honest. What’s the prize? Tell me about the premium. Enlighten me as to the generous offer of the philanthropic manufacturer. Ah, are you there, old truepenny? What is it?”

“Oh, I dare say it’s very amusing,” retorted his wife, with an ominous snap in her voice. “You’re an ingrate. But for my interest in the things you sneer at you wouldn’t have the coat you’ve got on.”

It was true. He wished he hadn’t. He was attired in a vivid green smoking-jacket tastefully trimmed with purple walls of Troy about the collar, cuffs, and tail. It was a nightmare his thoughtful helpmeet had brought upon him by succumbing to the offer of what was described as a “magnificent \$20 house-coat to be given away absolutely free” with a thousand cigars—of awful memory. He sat in a chair to obtain which as a “gift” his better half had made herself obnoxious throughout the neighborhood by forcing upon unwilling friends and acquaintances unbelievable quantities of soap, starch, and

perfumery that they didn't need and didn't want. He ate from dishes that had been procured by the assiduous collection of reams of vari-colored trading-stamps. The abortive urn in which was served the morning ration of coffee represented weeks of nauseating effort to dispose of the ten pounds of chiccory and charred peanuts with which it had been presented. Mustering these fortifying facts in martial array in his mind, he returned to the charge.

"What are we going to get for nothing this time?" he demanded. "Come, tell me how it works."

"I just knew you'd be perfectly horrid about it," said she. "It's a beautiful gilt boudoir clock—something I've wanted for ages and ages. You see, there is a little pasteboard letter in every box, and when you get enough to spell the cereal people's name they give you the clock as a present. It's grand; Mrs. James has one, and it didn't cost her a penny. I wish you could see it."

"Didn't cost her a penny, eh? No, I can't see it," rejoined the Man, with sinister *double entendre*. "How much do you pay for this stuff? Fifteen cents a box? And we've been using three packages a week for say twenty weeks—that's nine dollars. Seems to me you must have bought enough letters to get two or three clocks. The fellows who got up this scheme must have a name long enough to reach all the way around the box and lap over some at that. What do they call themselves?"

"It's the name of the food you have to spell—not the company's. The letters are P-r-e-t-t-y-m-a-n-s P-r-e-d-i-g-e-s-t-e-d O-a-t-s, and I have them all but one. I've four or five of some of them."

"Well," said the Man, glancing at his watch and shedding his giddy house-coat hurriedly, preparatory to the usual rush for his train, "if your heart is set on getting this clock for nothing, let us hope you find the missing letter before I am bankrupted—that's all."

Oats was a dangerous topic for many days. The Man absorbed his fodder in silence morning after morning, leaving a constantly increasing quantity in his bowl on the plea of allowing himself more time to reach the station. At length he determined to assert his authority as lord and master of the household and plant his heel firmly on the neck of the breakfast-food tyrant. The fatal moment arrived. He sparred for an opening.

"How is the alphabet coming along?" he asked. "Hasn't the shortage been supplied?"

"Why, no," his wife replied. "It's very aggravating. I got three 'M's' this week, and I already had four."

"See here," he said; "I'm going to buy you off. You let up on this Predigested Oats business, and I'll buy you the prettiest

boudoir clock you ever saw. Chuck the whole thing up, and ring in a change on the breakfast foods. What do you say?"

The woman didn't know whether to be angry or appeased. She decided to be appeased. It was much more becoming. So she said:

"You're dreadfully extravagant, but you're a dear boy. It's a bargain."

That day the Man stopped in at a fashionable jewelry store down town and asked to see gilt boudoir clocks. The clerk affably produced half-a-dozen. The most inexpensive was fourteen dollars.

"Haven't you got something at about three or four dollars?" asked the prospective purchaser.

The clerk looked him all over with a critical eye. "I think I know about what you want," said he, "but you've come to the wrong shop for that sort of thing. You might find one at a pawnbroker's."

The Man went home thoughtfully that night. The next morning he casually asked his wife which letter in the magic name she had so long unsuccessfully sought. It was the "Y." He left the house five minutes earlier than usual and stopped in at the corner grocery on his way to the train. When he emerged it was with a decidedly guilty air. Under his arm was a small square package wrapped in brown paper.

At the office the Man opened his parcel surreptitiously and drew forth a carton of Predigested Oats. He slit the top with a penknife and groped in the interior until his fingers encountered a small square of pasteboard. With far greater agitation than moves the professional stock-gambler who notes on the ticker the gain or loss of thousands, he examined the little card. It bore the imprint of an "M." He shoved the carton into the top drawer of his desk in disgust, and muttered an imprecation against the rascally grocer.

Somehow the Man could not fix his mind on his business. A little leaven had leavened his whole lump. So by and by, after a vain effort to dismiss the accursed scheme of the breakfast-food makers from his mind, he summoned the office boy.

"Here's forty-five cents," he said. "Go around to the nearest grocer's and get me three packages of—of—what are you staring at?"

It seemed to him that the boy was favoring him with a peculiarly knowing look—with something of understanding mingled with pity and contempt. But the inoffensive lad was in reality only figuring how long he could safely stretch the errand, and disclaimed any intention of staring.

"Get me three packages of Predigested Oats," snapped the Man, "and be quick about it."

In the secrecy of his inner sanctum the Man ripped open his new

acquisitions. The first contained an "A," the second an "S" and the third another "S." He laid the three letters on the desk before him and regarded the combination with a grim smile.

"I plead guilty," he murmured. "I'm certainly an ASS, all right—but I wonder how they knew?"

Queer things transpired at the office within the next week or so. Each morning the Man appeared with two or three packages under his arm, and yet he never took any bundles away with him. The boy was sent so often to various downtown groceries for Predigested Oats that he confided to the janitor his fear that the boss was turning into a horse. The janitress querulously complained that a poor woman's life wasn't worth living, the way No. 242 littered up his carpet day after day with that brownish powdery stuff that was so hard to sweep out. The Man himself began to get cramped for room. His desk was full of oats. His coat and overcoat had to be laid over the back of a chair during the day—the clothes-lockers were crowded with square boxes. The stationery closet was bulging with predigestion.

There comes a point when the addition of one little straw to the camel's burden brings that faithful animal to an untimely end. In desperation the Man one day bought a dozen packages of the detested oats at one fell swoop, and found within them a dozen duplicates of letters he already had, but no "Y".

"This game is an infernal swindle," he cried, hurling a shower of oats and cartons through the open window into the light-shaft. "By the Great Horn Spoon, I don't believe there ever was a 'Y' in any of their boxes! It's robbery, but they tried their game on the wrong man when they tackled me. I'll see whether there's any law in this land!"

Determined to strike while the iron was hot, the Man telephoned to his attorney, who roosted several stories higher in the same skyscraper, asking him to stop in on his way to lunch. Within an hour the lawyer appeared, and listened attentively to the Man's recital of how his wife had invested vast sums on the representations of the cereal manufacturers, and of how much evidence she had acquired by purchase of the absence of an essential letter from the packages. In thus setting forth the case the Man deemed it irrelevant and unnecessary to mention his own purchases. For the sake of convenience he simply added his expenditure to hers and represented the sum total as her outlay.

"Now, tell me, Calloway," he concluded, "is there no way of getting back at these people? Couldn't we get at them through the postal laws, if by no other procedure? Are they to go on robbing the public indefinitely?"

"Well," said the lawyer, pressing his finger-tips together reflectively, "I could tell better if I were acquainted with the exact terms of the company's offer. I suppose they are printed on the package. Couldn't you bring down a carton to-morrow?"

"Certainly. Come to think of it, I believe I have one of their old boxes down here somewhere. Let me see—where did I put it? You're taller than I am—just look on top of that bookcase, won't you?"

As Calloway turned his back to grope for the carton on the bookcase, his client hastily slid open a drawer of his desk, grabbed the topmost package, and pushed the drawer home.

"Oh, here it is; I had it in my desk," he said, passing it to the attorney.

The latter read the printed proposition carefully and glanced over the top of his spectacles at the would-be litigant.

"What did you say was the missing letter?" he asked.

"It is 'Y.'"

"'Y'? Where does 'Y' come in?"

"In Prettyman's, of course. P-r-e-t-t-Y-m-a-n-s."

The lawyer looked at him suspiciously. "You're not trying to 'josh' me, are you?" he asked.

Plainly the Man was puzzled.

"See here," said the lawyer; "without prejudice to your general intelligence, it seems to me that in this particular instance you've been making a monkey of yourself. Here is Prettiman's spelt in letters an inch high on the carton—P-r-e-t-t-I-m-a-n-s."

The client took the box incredulously and looked for himself. His face was very red. He tossed the package a foot or two in the air, and as it descended he met it half-way with a kick that sent it hurling to the ceiling, where it smashed three globes on the chandelier and produced a snow-storm of oats that would have made the stage manager of an Uncle Tom's Cabin company turn green with envy. And the lawyer's fee was fifteen dollars.

Do you think that Man went home and made a full confession to his wife? Not he. He "cashed in" what letters he had acquired, gave the clocks to the stenographer and book-keeper, made an exaggerated pretence of discovering his wife's error all by himself, and twitted her about it for two months. For he was a man.

WHAT IS A LADY?

By Minna Thomas Antrim



A LADY is the feminine antithesis to a vulgarian. Gentle blood counts, but personality wins. Ladyhood has little to do with heredity. Titular rights to the name may come through ancestry, but to be a "Lady" in its truest sense is to be something higher

It may take three generations to make a gentleman. A Lady can be made in one. It is the thing that she is not, that proclaims what she is. A paradox worth our solving. Not to be, is her subtle answer. What a Lady is not, therefore, should initially concern us.

She is neither a social reformer nor a censor. She has no vocation for preachment, nor is she a "mission-seeker." She is not conspicuously a man's woman nor a woman's woman. She is not proud. The approach of a worldling she may not rise to, but cometh the lowly, who so alertly cordial? She is not argumentative, but her principles are Medean in firmness. Her opinions challenged, she speaks with calm. She is not self-seeking. She may be a de Stael in wit, a petticoated Solomon, but plants she no thorns during her itinerary. Frankness, that blurts verity with feline unreserve, appalls her, and rather than hurl a bitter truth or tip a dart with malice she would opportunely—faint.

She is not a disturber of ancestral bones: her grandfathers sleep well. Worshipper of false gods is not our Lady, nor hobbies has she. Rideth she no cock-horse, to the terror of friends or encrimsoning of kinsfolk.

Her preferences behind the closed doors of her mind she keeps. She is not an egoist; neither over-rating nor under-rating herself, her poise is maintained. She is not innocently ignorant, nor ignorantly innocent, so escapeth the quagmires.

Woman's inhumanity to woman has made countless millions mourn, but a Lady is not inhuman toward woman. Her humanities are many-sided, but they all trend toward peace. She is essentially a peacemaker.

She is not a suspecter of—personages. Nor is she a respecter of nobodies, rightly contending that in these days to be nothing is a—

blunder. *Per contra*, she is charming rather than magnetic. From a respecting distance others gaze rather than with elbows touching and lips to ear. Her greatest characteristic is tolerance. Having found her own balance and discovering no clue for egotism, she values others more highly. Simplicity is her *métier*; dignity, her shield. Her simplicity, be it noted, is not twin to stupidity: she is a keen observer of things and of persons, and wears no blinkers.

In verbal repression lies her strength. She says but half that she thinks, and forgets half that she hears—if unpleasant. She wears her dignity with charm. From insult and impertinence is she therefore immune. Nevertheless, she is “broad-minded.” Stops she never fearing a shock. Errs a sister? Who save a Lady, ignoring the error, shall so comfortingly indicate safer paths and brighter days? Strays a brother? Who so tactfully shall lead him, without censure, from darkness out into the light?

Scoffs rumor? Who calms turbulent tongues or modulates inflamed vocabularies so swiftly? And how? By gentleness—in brief, ladyhood, the good in her dominant. And yet she is not “easy to know.” She has not the “come-see-me” habit. To admit strangers into her home means a card of admission at least to the vestibule of her regard; hence her invitations are not carelessly showered.

Hospitality is her delight. She may become very poor; no matter, her welcome is gracious and serene. The cup of tea she serves you will be a perfect brew, and though, alas, her napery may be coarse, her china sans pedigree, it will be of a cleanliness positively godly, and—you’ll “drink it down” as a goddess sips nectar.

Entertainment after the modern idea requires the purse of Fortunatus and the strength of a mad-woman, but hospitality is as the “gentle dew from heaven” benignly possible.

Socially a Lady is an illuminating exception to the “Crowd.” She has old-fashioned notions that puzzle the majority and delight the few. She has no longings for a career or for suffrage. She detests snobbery, but refuses to know any save the “best people”—for her to know. Those who paint pictures, hew marble, and write books or give to the world the worthy products of her talents are among her “best people.” Not that she looks upon great wealth as a bar sinister to social eligibility. What has money to do with ladyhood! But she knows the need of money is the root of much evil; therefore among her friends are women whose millions are but golden addenda to their thrice-charming selves,—indeed she often is born to the purple or acquires it by marriage. Many are called upon, but few are chosen as a Lady’s intimates. To all she is careful to be polite, and so escape the snare of petty broils and spiteful “roastings.” Friendships that are born in

a night, and die in a fortnight, she rejects. She confides in none. If unconsciously she incites, she never invites, confidence, but when trusted is loyalty's synonyme.

Enthusiasms that are chiefly vocal affects she never. She is not a one-ideal woman. When musical, she is not music-mad. When literary, she eschews not all else. When richly gifted, no tomtom beats she to evoke loud pæans.

She is not "stunning," albeit she may be stylish. Behind la mode would she rather lag, than herald it with trumpeting creations.

She is not a prude, but modesty is one of her inbred qualities. Aggression has no part in her. Subtler methods uses she to win converts to the better way.

"A good fellow in skirts" fills her with horror, but she is delightfully companionable.

As a maiden, how behaves she? Beautifully. Lovely of face she may not be, but oh the daintiness of her, and oh the sweetness of her smile and her merry-heartedness! Clad thrice is she who wears her garments well. She does. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and yet no fool is she. She is not familiar. Her little aloofnesses enhance her prestige. Being betrothed, she is a "sweetheart" literally, and far removed from her are those shallow coquetries and senseless caprices that cheapen their possessor. She wears no shoulder chips. Nevertheless, a fine spirit has our Lady and shows it when crossed. She is not selfish nor will she wed the brute—knowingly. She drives to cover every little black beast that she sees trying to gnaw the fine fabric of honor. Nothing save things that threaten future disaster wakes her to opposition. Trivialities a Lady lets pass for the sake of—harmony, a thing she adores.

Public endearments are not in her category, and in private correspond in quality and quantity to rare cordials at a dinner. Wise maiden.

The butterfly amusements appeal in no way to the average Lady, after marriage particularly. To improve her mind and to qualify for better motherhood and wifeness use up the major part of her waking hours.

The opera, the play, concerts, musicals, and an occasional function at home, or with friends, occupy her leisure. She makes time for worth-while things. She travels, strange countries for to see, when the ducats are plentifully forthcoming. When they are not, she travels in Bookland. Being receptive, she sees and hears infinitely more than "smarter" women who rush through foreign countries the sooner to arrive in Paris, the Mecca of Clothes. Inept men speak of her as a "model of good form," alack, to their spouses and sweethearts, which

explains why resenting women look upon her with darkening orbs and dub her "sly." They malign her, for "sly" she's not. Old men treat her with deference; young men, with awe.

The home life of a typical American Lady is the sincerest index of her ego. In it she indelibly expresses herself. Here it is that she exercises to the maximum her potentiality and that her personality scores. Presumably she is a wife and mother. Her age? *Pouf!* a Lady of cleverness nonpluses Time.

Supposedly she is well housed, husbanded congenially, and is mother to a man and a woman child. How wields she her ladyship? Wears she the bifurcated essentials to conjugal supremacy? Is her rule iron-clad, her home the house of rigid discipline? Heaven forefend! She is her son's best girl, her daughter's chum, a hostess *sans reproche*. She rules her home with thrift and skill. Her husband safely trusts in her, and her price is above her birth-stone. Her lord is neither pedestaled nor door-matted; his outgoings are cordially speeded, his incomings tactfully untimed. Where he listeth there goeth he and goes she not persistently along. She respects the individuality of every sentient creature, including the one she married. Knoweth she well that man also is—devious. Does he smoke? Smokes he then in comfort, vicariously she revels. A husband's individual right to be heard . . . she admits. Reluctantly, but she suffers it, thus a Lady's husband often through her courtesy becomes his own dupe.

Pretence never finds a foothold in a Lady's ménage. Display seems to her well-poised mind not only belittling, but savage. She never confounds litter with furnishing, or junk with art.

Her house is beautiful, its atmosphere fine and clear. She is never too busy to listen to her "boy" or advise her "girl" or read to their father. Young people en masse delight in her. She is their ideal mother and friend. Laughter is never hushed in her home. Music is welcomed, and budding merit of whatever sort finds in her an earnest and sympathetic ear.

She is invariably courteous. The quality of a Lady's politeness is rare. It has its undertow in consideration; therefore, if, for example, wine is an adder in her estimation, she prefers manifesting it otherwise than by a tip-tilted glass if a guest, or by tying herself up in blue ribbons to be known of all men.

Toward all our human frailties has she as catholic a tolerance. She knows that temperament rules the world and that the devil rules temperament; hence her judgments are lenient. Satan is very smart, and that he patronizes a good tailor she has noticed. Moreover, well she knows that he is of a subtlety past credence. Who is she, she asks, that she dare cast a stone at poor Folly, who, listening to him with fond believing ears, strays, and is *perceived?*

Never utters a Lady a condemnatory word, for her religion is very vital. It is used every day, and yet strangely little says she concerning creed or the wickedness of this dear old world. Eschewing the pomp and vanities, she lives her life simply, which means as best she may.

Summed up, we may define a Lady as a woman of fine quality, God made and self polished.



SONG

BY MARGARET RIDGELY SCHOTT

SALT whistling wind for the hometurned sail,
 The siren song for the sea,
 The nightingale for the lotus vale,—
 But the voice of my love for me!

The lighthouse flame for the angry deep,
 The star for the twilight tree,
 The flashing dream through the mists of sleep,
 But the eyes of my love for me!

The buried pearl for the ocean bed,
 The egg for the tree-swung nest,
 Rare gems and gold for the crowned head—
 But the heart of my love is best!

Oh heart of my love! Oh voice, oh eyes!
 All gifts of the world to me
 Are as ropes of sand, since I've found life's prize
 And its star and its song in Thee!

THE ALGERIAN SWORDSMAN

By Fred Gilbert Blakeslee

Author of "Sword Play for Actors."



“FOIL-PLAY is pretty, but it is not sword-play. A man does many things with a buttoned foil that he would scarce dare attempt with an uncovered point.”

M. Beaupré, ex-officer of chasseurs, sat in the *salle d'armes* of his friend Roget Rouleau watching an assault with foils between two pupils of that celebrated master.

“Who, for instance,” continued M. Beaupré, “would risk making such complicated movements as counter-parries, doubles, and ripostes with the disengagement, in an actual duel? Elaborate combinations are well enough in the *salle d'armes* where one risks nothing but a touch on a padded jacket but they have no place in the play of a man who is fighting for his life.”

“There is truth in what you say, Pierre,” responded M. Rouleau; “but do you not think that a knowledge of this nature serves to develop to the highest degree that fencer’s judgment which is of the greatest importance to a man who engages in actual, instead of mimic, combat?”

“Undoubtedly, my friend, the training of which you speak is excellent so far as it goes, but it is not varied enough. The fencer is usually taught to defend himself with but one type of weapon and in a certain rigidly prescribed manner; a thoroughly competent swordsman, however, should be able to fight with all weapons and to withstand attacks, no matter how irregular they may be. What chance, for instance, do you think one of your pupils would have if called upon to defend himself against a half-savage Algerian, whose method of fighting violates every principle of the fencer’s code, but whose utter unconventionality makes him all the more dangerous an opponent? But you shall hear, and draw your own conclusions.

“While I was serving with my regiment in Algeria, we were stationed at Wargla, a dreary post lying on the outskirts of the great desert, where there was little to do except eat and sleep. We had been there for some months without anything occurring to break the monot-

ony of our existence, when to our great delight, we were one day ordered upon active service.

“Reports had reached headquarters that a certain Mohammed el Hadid had declared himself to be a prophet and was inciting the desert tribes to join him in a Holy War. We were ordered to take the field at once, find the reputed prophet, and stamp out the rebellion before it had a chance to spread further,—orders which you may well believe afforded us the keenest pleasure.

“Our force consisted of my own regiment of chasseurs, a battery of desert artillery,—both guns and ammunition being transported on the backs of pack mules,—and a detachment of native scouts. After a five days’ march through the desert we discovered Mohammed encamped at Hassa Insokki, on the Moussa River. We found, however, that the prophet, with a military skill for which we had not given him credit, was strongly entrenched among the foot-hills with which the country at that point abounded, and it was at once evident that dislodging him would be a task of considerable difficulty.

“We accordingly encamped in front of his lines, and, having thrown up hasty entrenchments and established suitable outposts to guard against surprise, we settled down to study the hard problem before us.

“It was evident that Mohammed was the mainstay of the revolt, and that if he could be either killed or captured the rebels that had joined him could, lacking a leader, be easily crushed. But it did not seem possible to get at the prophet in any way except by a general assault, and our colonel had about decided upon that course, when quite unexpectedly a way out of our difficulties was opened for us, and an opportunity presented to show the fanatical Mohammedans that their belief in the reputed powers of their prophet was in vain.

“Mohammed was noted for his great skill in swordsmanship and possessed a blade which was said to be able to cut through the sword of any infidel. Judging that a single-handed victory over a Frenchman would enormously increase his reputation, as well as his influence over his followers, he sent a message into our camp saying that he defied and cursed us, and daring us to send a chief to fight him with the sword between the two armies.

“Our commander received the messenger, told him that we would accept the challenge and send an officer to meet the prophet, and that we would show his followers how little they could rely upon their leader’s promises.

“After the messenger had gone, the colonel called the officers together to select a champion for our cause. All of us were anxious to volunteer, but, as our chief pointed out, it was absolutely necessary for us to send our best man, for a defeat at the hands of the fanatical

prophet would immensely lower the prestige of our arms, while victory might break the backbone of the rebellion at once. As I was even then universally acknowledged to be the best swordsman in the regiment, the selection naturally fell upon me, and I was formally assigned to uphold the honor of the French arms,—a decision, my dear Roget, which you may well believe afforded me the greatest pleasure.

“It was just before sundown when I stepped out from behind the shelter of our guns and advanced towards the enemy’s lines to meet their redoubtable champion. I was clad in the uniform of my rank and carried my drawn sword in my hand, having discarded my scabbard so as to avoid the risk of accidentally tripping over it in the coming encounter. My weapon, the regulation cavalry sabre, was a good one and I knew that it would not play me false.

“Midway between the two forces my savage adversary awaited me, and as I advanced towards him his tall spare figure standing outlined against the red disk of the setting sun was truly an awe-inspiring spectacle. He was robed entirely in white, and held in his right hand his famous scimeter, while his left gripped a small circular buckler of hippopotamus-hide. A great silence had fallen over both forces, and, as I walked briskly over the heated sands of the desert, it seemed to me that I had never known the air to be so still.

“Within a dozen paces of my adversary I halted. Then for a few moments neither of us moved, but each subjected the other to the keenest scrutiny, seeking to discover some weak point of which he might take advantage.

“I saw at once that the possession of the buckler gave the Algerian an enormous advantage over me, since it enabled him to both cut and parry at the same time, while I had to rely upon the sword itself for both attack and defence. The native swordsman, when provided with a buckler, parries attacks delivered against his left side with it, using the sword for the defence of the right side. I knew, therefore, that it behooved me to be wary and to avoid making attacks to the left, lest my opponent parry with his buckler and at the same time cut me down with his sword. One point alone was in my favor as regards our weapons; my sabre being nearly straight was adapted for both cutting and thrusting, while his scimeter being very much curved could only be used for delivering cuts. I made a mental note of this and resolved to profit by it if I could.

“For what seemed minutes we stood gazing intently at each other; and then with a wild cry of ‘Allah!’ the Algerian raised his glittering blade aloft and rushed upon me.

“With my sword in tierce I stood my ground and let him come.

“Down came his blade with a vicious cut for my right shoulder,

up sprang my sword and met the blow, back went my point for his breast, only to be put aside by his buckler while he cut again, this time for my head. I successfully parried his head cut, and, seeing that it had failed, he sprang quickly back in time to avoid my riposte. For a few seconds neither of us moved, except that I shifted my ground a bit so as to get the sun on my left, instead of in front of me as it had been at first. Then with another shout he charged me again. This time he led for my head, and, upon my returning upon his cheek, he parried as before with his buckler, and delivered a cut for my waist, which I barely avoided with a quick leap to the rear.

“And so the fight went on, until our breath came in hoarse quick gasps and the perspiration streamed down our faces, well-nigh blinding us. My savage opponent was not governed by any conventionalities in his style of fighting, but rushed at me now from one side and now from the other, uttering all the while fierce cries and delivering cuts wherever he saw an opening without regard to whether they would be considered fair or foul in a civilized *salle d'armes*.

“And yet, with all his apparent recklessness, he guarded well, and try as I would I was unable to get in a fatal stroke. Time and again I sent the point back to him after a parry, only to have it dashed aside by his buckler, or tried to use the edge, only to have it met with his sword. Once in delivering an attack I slipped and fell. Before I could recover myself the Algerian was upon me. Down came his scimeter with a fearful cut for my head. He was so near me that I had no chance to parry with my sword, but, as the glittering blade descended, I, by a desperate effort, clutched his wrist with my left hand and thus arrested the blow, and not a second too soon either. And thus for a moment we remained, I down on one knee, with the tall prophet towering over me and seeking with all his might to tear his imprisoned wrist from my grasp, while I strove with equal energy to thrust upward beneath his guard. Realizing the danger in which he stood, he with a mighty effort freed himself, and, dashing his buckler in my face, sprang backward, giving me a nasty cut across my left arm as he went.

“The red sun had by this time sunk below the horizon, but still we continued to struggle, sometimes out of distance and sometimes locked so close together in *corps-à-corps* that each could feel the other's hot breath on his cheek.

“However, it is evident that such a combat could not go on forever, and at last I determined to risk a ruse—a trick which was sometimes employed successfully by the rapier-men of the sixteenth century.

“Being at the time somewhat out of distance, with Mohammed watching me as a cat does a mouse, I advanced my right leg more

than I had previously done, pretending at the same time to overbalance myself. The prophet was quick to see the opening and to take advantage of it. With a triumphant cry he sprang forward and delivered a terrific cut against the inside of my exposed leg.

"It was a fatal error. As he cut, I slipped the leg back out of danger and, at the same time bending my body forward, I ran him through the heart with a straight thrust over his arm.

"There is little more to tell. Just as the colonel had prophesied, Mohammed's death broke the backbone of the rebellion, and we had little difficulty in dislodging and dispersing his followers.

"I was warmly congratulated upon my victory by my brother officers, and received from the government this cross of the Legion of Honor."



SWEET-PEAS

BY LUCY LIFFINGWELL CABLE

YES, you *are* like her—very like!
 With that shy, mocking grace of yours,
 And that fair, upturned face of yours,
 And your petals blush with the same pink flush
 That is in her cheeks.
 Truly, that lustrous, shadowy hue
 You stole from the depths of that hair of hers,—
 And you've caught that winning air of hers,
 As you nod and smile on me the while
 I speak of her.

Do I not see her lips' pure curves
 Within your soft folds lying there,
 Now gentle, now defying, there?—
 Yet, you are *only you*, and so
 She'll never know, she'll never know!



The halo of Egotism is self made, and generally fits atrociously.

Destiny has a most uncomfortable habit of stealing upon us unawares.

THE BROTHERS

By Inez Haynes Gillmore



AT half-past six the alarm purred faintly. To be sure of waking, nowadays, Delia had to hang the clock by cords from her bedpost; even then she heard it only as a far-away murmur. She arose, trying by the languor of her movements to fend off the dizzy attack that for ten days had haunted her uprising. But the vertigo caught her: it seemed to shake her whole body, damp with the tension of her thick sleep. The mental burden, of whose proximity she had been aware all through her troubled dreams, sprang like an agile old man of the sea on to her back, and clutched, with its strangling hold, at her flaccid spirit.

She went over to the window. It was to be another scorching day: the evidence lay all about her. The smoky sky, whose inner surface the sun was burnishing dully, the look of the dry, still street, the dusty smell and the stale taste of the air that heavy as lead lay between the houses,—all proclaimed a dewless night and a breezeless morning.

Her head still whirled. It was worse than ever. How was she ever going to get through the long noisy hours that lay before her, she wondered. Her head should be clear, because she must surely make up her mind that day. It was the last day before her vacation. She did not want to make up her mind. For one thing, she dreaded going over the whole thing again. For nearly a week now her thoughts had broken and scattered whenever she had tried to bring them to a head. Underneath she had the feeling that one conclusion was inevitable. She did not want to come to that conclusion.

Oh, what could save her? she thought wildly. If she could only break into her quarrel with Dan and tell him how unhappy she was. If only he had not sided with Annie against her. The thought of that cut as deep as at the moment of her first knowledge of it. Perhaps she could bring herself to go to Annie Doyle and make it up with her. Could she? Curiously enough, she had never thought of that. If only she had kept her temper the day Annie had unburdened herself about Sullivan. It wasn't what Annie had said that so enraged her, but that, when she herself flared up, Annie had not immediately

eaten humble pie as, in all their ten-year friendship, had been her sweet-tempered wont. Even then there would have been no break if Annie had afterward made a single overture. And Delia expected that of the Annie whom she had always ruled with a rod of iron. But Dan had interfered and taken Annie's side. Could she go to Annie? Her thought reiterated itself hopefully.

Delia threw on her wrapper. She stopped on her journey downstairs, to rap on her brother's door until his movements, purposely-awkward, proved him to be awake.

The little kitchen had a dreary look of neatness in the meagre light of the lifeless day. Mechanically, she let out the cat, started the fire, and brought in the breakfast from the ice-chest. Dan came in as she put the last things on the table. Delia glanced covertly down at him as she placed his tea beside his plate.

He was a handsome fellow in a silent, saturnine way. His crisp hair, black as jet, curled a little, in spite of the remorseless frequency of his visits to the barber. Through the porcelain-like white of his long lean face, his beard pricked purple. His eyes, under ominous black brows, were a furious blue, swift-glanced, searching.

His eyes were downcast. He did not notice her look. His face bore its most sullen aspect. The inclination that Delia had known every morning of their year-long silence—to break the misunderstanding by explanation and apology—clamored within her for expression. But her wrongs grew voluble too, and in the end they withheld her from explanation, as they had withheld her so many times before. He ate his breakfast in silence, then left the table. Presently she heard the front door shut.

She cleared away the breakfast things, washed and wiped the dishes, reset the table. Then she plodded wearily upstairs to dress for the day.

This preparation involved many things: a bath, the training of her abundant hair into taut Marcel waves, the drawing on of her rattling duck skirt and the fragile lingerie waist, the careful manipulation of her collar and belt until her slim figure was as trigly smart as any dress-model's. It took an hour. But Delia's sense of bodily fitness compelled her to rise an hour earlier than was necessary that she might live up to her ideal.

Her thoughts during this process were not pleasant ones. It was the last day: she kept reminding herself of that. She must make up her mind for good and all before she went to bed that night. She did not deny to herself that the prospect tempted her. She loved New York, and, in case she accepted Sullivan's offer, it meant, of course, that she would always live there. It would be more expensive but,

then, the new salary was surprisingly large. Her thought caught here on a little irritating cog of fact. But, instinctively, she pulled away and it slipped on. She did not like to acknowledge to herself that it was, undoubtedly, Sullivan's "pull" with the new firm that had made the offered salary so large. Sullivan puzzled her. In her inmost heart, she knew that she did not like him, that she did not quite trust him. And her strict training in an Irish-Catholic community whose *morale* was rigidly chaste taught her that there was a kind of looseness in him and in the "crowd" to which he had introduced Annie and herself last summer at Summit View. If she affiliated with his set in New York—and her friendless condition made that inevitable—she would do things and go to places that— Well, she must make up her mind to be a different girl from what she had always been—less careful and more free. She shrank from the thought.

On the other hand, things could not go on much longer at home as they were now going. Formerly, in the days before the quarrel, before Annie had moved to Dorchester, the house had rung with their three-fold gayety. Annie would come running in at any time, mornings while they were at breakfast, evenings just after supper, Sunday nights when they expected callers she would rush up to the piano and dash into "Funiculi, Funicula." Wherever they happened to be—Delia and Dan—it was the rule of this three-cornered game, they must join in with her, Dan with all the height of his clear tenor, Delia with depth on depth of proud contralto.

"Some THINK the world is made for fun and FROLIC,
And so do I
And so do I."

And from there on, to the end of the song, it was a mad race with the piano and with each other, to see who could beat.

Now, except for the rare occasions when her friends came to see her,—and, knowing the invisible barrier between brother and sister, they were of course coming with less and less frequency,—there was not a word spoken in the house. The silence had hung on her like a tangible weight from the very beginning. Now it choked her. Her nerves fluttered under it, impelling her to crazy impulses. It seemed sometimes, when Dan and she sat opposite, doggedly eating their wordless meals, that she must suddenly jump up and down, screaming at the top of her lungs.

She looked longingly at the two pictures that she had skewered into the corners of her mirror. The girl, standing with uplifted club, ready to drive off, was Guendoline Hurlburt. In the other picture—and, somehow, from the careless attitudes of the two figures in it, Delia had always suspected it to be a stolen snap-shot—the same girl was

listening to the instructions of a man. He was handsome in a clean-cut athletic way. He was Phil Hurlburt, the famous half-back brother of a no less famous golf-champion sister.

Guendoline Hurlburt was a passion with Delia. She herself had been one of those phenomena familiar to every neighborhood, a tomboy, whose prowess in running, jumping, and pitching, few boys of her age could surpass. If Delia could have picked out an avocation for herself, it would have been that of champion golf-player. Aside from that, Miss Hurlburt's whole personality had made fascinated appeal to her, and, in the way that her companions filled scrap-books with pictures of the more full-blown beauties of the theatrical world, she devoted one to the entire service of her lithe young divinity. She watched the magazines and the newspapers constantly for news of her.

"I don't suppose you ever quarrelled with your brother in all your life," she thought wistfully. "Rich people don't have anything to quarrel about. They have their own money—so there's never anything to trouble there. And then he's just as proud of you as he can be. And he can be with you all the time he wants to. Why, you're *friends*, just as if you weren't brother and sister. I'd like to see Dan teaching me how to play golf—even if we hadn't quarrelled."

Delia's reflections accompanied her into the car that she took on Bunker Hill Street, that carried her out of Charlestown and deposited her at the door of Black, Mellen & Co. But she kept trying to quiet them with the iteration of the one thing that seemed possible to do. "I will go to see Annie, to-night." "I will go to see Annie to-night." "I will go to see Annie to-night." She let it accommodate itself rhythmically to the noise of the car, and after a while she did not have to think of it: it shrieked itself into her ears. She left the car in a kind of apathy, her mind at rest.

She registered the scrupulous eight o'clock of her arrival on the time-clock and went straight to her locker. By five minutes past eight she had adjusted her black apron, had pinned over her fresh waist duplicate sleeves of brown paper. She was just about to return to the basement when the sound of her own name, floating over from the next alley, caught her attention.

"Oh, no," the voice said, "I never go there now; it's too stiff with them not speaking to each other. Delia makes me tired. She's in the wrong anyway—everybody says so—Annie Doyle's always given in to her in everything. But she won't give in this time because Dan's behind her. They're engaged to be married, as sure as you live. He's out there all the time. I never caught on until the other night. Then I got Theresa alone and asked her up and down if they weren't engaged. Theresa wouldn't say that they were, but she didn't say that

they weren't. They are just the same. I'd like to see Delia's face when she finds it out—although I don't know of anybody who'd have the courage to tell her."

It came to her like a bolt out of the blue. Delia swayed back against her locker and panted for breath.

So Dan was engaged to Annie Doyle: the possibility had never entered her head, but she did not doubt it for an instant. He had been spending all his evenings in Dorchester when she had supposed him at the Gym. How amused all her friends must be! Her face flushed a deep red and, in the midst of this permeating color, her lips set themselves in thin bluish lines. Her eyes blazed out of their hollow shadows. Every line of her figure was tense. The next thing would be a note from Dan, apprising her briefly of his engagement, and settling the exact date when his weekly contribution to the household finances would end. Perhaps he would offer to let her live with them if she would eat the requisite amount of humble pie. Delia had a picture of herself living in Annie Doyle's house—Annie Donovan, she corrected herself, and the sound of the combination of names made her rage. Her cheeks burned and her thoughts whirled. Well, one thing was certain: she would never speak to either of them again.

Annie would probably use Dan's half of their mother's things. She would fight for her own share if she had to take the matter into court. The silver and the linen ought to belong to her. Those things always went to the girls.

Annie would change everything in the house: she would have to do that to make room for the wedding presents that would come in, in hundreds. Probably she and Dan would have their mother's room, that Delia had taken such pride in fixing up for a den. They would pull down the cozy-corner and—

At noon she left the building alone. She walked conscientiously through the shopping district, gazing with unseeing eyes into the windows that usually held her attention, doing what she called the "grand square"—Winter, Tremont, Boylston, and Washington Streets—and, leaving for a final *bonne bouche*, what she called Boylston-beyond-the-Common.

It was so hot outside that she had the feeling that she was walking in a steaming bath. But she did not mind. It was even rather pleasant, especially as she had stopped thinking. Her mind was all made up. It seemed as vast and empty as a great deserted store-house with her decision, like a bundle, all packed and ready to go, in a corner.

Ahead of her as far as she could see, hundreds of girls, the noon-exodus of the great stores, packed the sidewalks. They were bare-headed, most of them, and bare-armed—they were all in white. Girls in

white muslin, girls in white lawn, girls in white linen, piqué, crash—they floated along, like processions of saints and angels, Delia thought dreamily. Somehow she could not feel that she was one of them.

At a conscientious one o'clock she was back in the office. All the afternoon she clicked with ferocious rapidity, to stem the current of Reardon's shouted commands. By five, she had petrified in her seat—all but her flying magic hands. She seemed to be fixed alone, somewhere in gray space, receiving Reardon's words as through a trumpet from another huge distance.

But on the gray eternity that stretched before her, pictures kept painting themselves airily. In them Guendoline Hurlburt was always the central figure, by right of her own grace and beauty and her brother's devoted attentiveness. Guendoline Hurlburt on a yacht, slim and trim in a smart Peter Thompson suit, her brother teaching her how to steer; Guendoline Hurlburt dressed for golf, her head and her delicately-sinewy arms bare, pairing off with her brother,—the links a stretch of rumped, emerald green, dotted by green-coated and red-jacketed couples in picturesque proximity,—and, always, a deferential group of interested caddies and admiring men, breaking eagerly to allow the champion egress from her last triumphant put; Guendoline Hurlburt in the golf-house, dishevelled, breathless, but, vivacious with success, consuming with a dainty ravenousness the sandwiches with which her brother plied her while talking over the score animatedly with him; Guendoline Hurlburt, in the cool of the twilight, starting on a drag-ride, her brother beside her on the box-seat teaching her to handle the reins that stretched to a perilous extent over the backs of the six curveting horses; Guendoline Hurlburt in evening dress, her pretty neck showing, above the tulle of her corsage, its line of summer brown, romping through a two-step with her brother.

At six Delia walked tranquilly into the dressing-room and divested herself of her apron and sleeves. She collected her few belongings and said good-bye to the girls as one girl says good-bye to others when she goes on her vacation. She answered their good wishes with a careful nonchalance. And she walked out of the door sure in her own mind that she would never enter it again.

She stopped once on her way home. Her telegram ran: "Accept position; will arrive New York at three-ten to-morrow."

The coach was crowded. Only one seat, near the end, promised her shelter, and that was occupied by a young girl whose head, persistently turned towards the window, moved only slightly to nod dissent when Delia said, "I beg your pardon, is this seat engaged?"

Delia sat down wearily, adjusted her things, and looked about her.

On her travelling companion's lap an open magazine lay. Delia, glancing at it casually, discovered that it was "The Golfer" and that there was a new picture of Guendoline Hurlburt on the page nearest her.

"Oh, excuse me," she burst out impulsively, "will you let me see that picture? I'm a great admirer of Guendoline Hurlburt's," she added in explanation; "I have almost all the pictures that have been published of her, I guess."

The girl turned slowly towards her and, without speaking, held out the magazine. Delia glanced greedily at the cut, then up to her companion's face. But her, "Thank you ever so much," died on her lips.

For her gaze, lifted from the eyes that looked directly at her out of the picture, met, no less directly, the beautiful blue ones of its flesh-and-blood reality. It seemed a long time before she realized that those eyes were reddened from weeping.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Hurlburt," she faltered; "of course I didn't know it was you. But it's a great pleasure to see you: I've thought so many times that I'd like to know you—I have three of your pictures where I can look at them when I type-write—you're such a wonderful girl—I like the one in the low-neck best."

They were a perfect contrast, the two girls. Delia's purple-black hair drew up into a firm roll, graduated by undeviating rows of Marcel waves. Above it flared a high pompadour hat. Her long, clear eyes were gloriously Irish,—a color that may be gray, occasionally hazel, often green, but never blue. Her full figure was pronounced at all its points.

Miss Hurlburt was vigorously slender. Her skin was the delicate powdery brown of the tanned blonde. She had china-blue eyes. From her beautiful forehead her dull yellow hair arose modestly to soft coils.

They were dressed, curiously enough, almost alike, in brown linen suits, Miss Hurlburt's rigorously simple, Delia's ornamented with straps and tucks. Miss Hurlburt's shirtwaist was of white linen, embroidered in a conventional figure. Delia's was of lawn, perforated with many sizes of little holes. Through them flashed piquant glimpses of the blue ribbon that was run in her underwear.

Miss Hurlburt smiled once or twice at Delia's enthusiasm, but she did not speak. Her teeth were small and twinkling.

Delia began again, awkwardly making escape from the conversation impossible, the while her lips burned with embarrassment.

"I read in the papers once, that year when you decided to compete for the golf-championship, how your brother went over the links with you every single morning, to coach you. It made me admire you both so; you see, I have a brother too,"—she paused an instant, but

her voice steadied—"and I've often thought I would like to feel so well acquainted with him as that. I mean to be the way you are with your brother. But my brother works all day—and so do I—and we've never had much time together. He's an athlete too—Dan's a jumper and hammer-thrower. He's broken records at picnics in the summer. I'd love to learn how to play golf, but Dan would never have the time to teach me."

Miss Hurlburt had turned to the window. Suddenly her shoulders began to shake; she took long heaving breaths. Delia watched, hardly believing her eyes. For an instant Miss Hurlburt hunted, in a futile sort of frenzy, for her handkerchief. Delia pressed her own into her hands. Miss Hurlburt held it silently to her eyes for a whole minute. After a while she began to speak.

"Oh, you don't know how glad I am that you spoke of Phil's kindness to me," she gasped. "I need now to think of everything that I can that will make me love and pity him. My brother has—my brother is—he's met with an accident. Oh, I don't know what to do. There's nobody I can turn to. I did not go into the chair-car for fear I might meet somebody I knew. I wonder if you could help me. Please tell me what your name is."

Delia told her, frightened.

"I'm nearly crazy with the responsibility. My father and mother are away on a coaching-trip, and, last night, there came a mad telegram from Walter Armstrong—he's one of Phil's college friends—Phil's been staying with him in New Haven. I opened it because I—I—it said that Phil had met with an accident and to come at once. Oh, I wonder if you can help me. I'm going to tell you something now that I've never told to anybody outside of the family. My brother is a dipsomaniac,—a drunkard," she explained tremulously, at Delia's look of incomprehension. "It's been awful—the things he's done. He didn't drink when he was in college—he couldn't, of course, while he was in training. But ever since then our life has been a horror. Ever since the first time he came home drunk we've never known how he will come back to us. Once he was brought home senseless, with his head all cut open where he'd got into a fight. Sometimes he's gone for a week at a time—and he always comes back in such a condition—often he does not know, himself, where he's been. He's as honorable in everything else as a man can be, but in this his word is good for nothing. We cannot trust him. He has sworn on his sacred word of honor more times——" She stopped short; it was becoming hard for her to speak.

Delia listened, petrified.

"And now, I know, though this telegram says nothing definite,

that he's got into some terrible trouble. And yet, I'm not sure: it may be only a street-fight. I didn't want to alarm father and mother—and spoil their trip all for nothing—and so I didn't write or telegraph. I thought I'd go up there first and see what the matter was. But he may be dying—he may be dead. I shouldn't have taken all that responsibility." She covered her face with the handkerchief.

Delia waited a moment. Then, like a star, a wonderful idea shone in her mind. "Miss Hurlburt," she said, "will you let me go with you to New Haven? Perhaps I can be of some use. Two heads are better than one, and I'm just the kind of person to have round in case of sickness—mother always said she'd rather have me any time than a trained nurse. Perhaps you won't need me, after all, but I think you'll feel better if there's another girl with you."

"Oh, could you—would you—it would be such a help? But your own plans—what will your people think?"

"Oh, that will be all right," Delia said hastily. "They are not expecting me home. You see, I'm going to New York on a vacation," she continued evasively. "It doesn't make any difference when I arrive, as I'm all alone. Oh, yes, I'd love to go with you—if I can be of any help."

Miss Hurlburt wiped her eyes and sat up straight. "Oh, you don't know how you comfort me," she said. "I'm a goose—I don't believe that anything dreadful has really happened. At least I'll not feel so as long as you stay with me." She reached over and thrilled Delia by taking her hand.

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A man came elbowing a swift way through the crowd at the New Haven station. "Miss Hurlburt?" he asked, and, at the latter's quick, "Yes, yes," "There's a carriage, miss."

He helped them into a shining trap, and they proceeded at a smart pace out from the detached station into the busy town. In the distance there were glimpses of the deserted university world. Presently, plunging under arches of elm, they came upon the residential outskirts. Delia sat with Miss Hurlburt's hand still in hers watching with bewildered eyes, a panorama of wealth and exclusiveness such as she had never before seen. They stopped, after a brisk mile or two, at a big yellow and white house that was swathed in drooping trees and barricaded by hedges. The long drive curved, finally, past a roomy porch.

There, with every appearance of anxiety, a slim blond fellow stood waiting. "Miss Hurlburt?" he said nervously.

"Mr. Armstrong—yes. Phil—how is he—what is it?"

"He's in bed—it's not serious—the doctor was here yesterday—he said he couldn't do much." His information came in hesitating dashes,

as he helped them on to the porch. "There's nothing to worry about—I feel sure of that."

"My friend Miss Donovan," Miss Hurlburt said briefly. "Let me see him at once. My mother and fath——" Her words were cut off, as with a knife, by a piercing shriek from the house.

She opened the door before Mr. Armstrong could get to it. "I don't know that you ought to see him," he called excitedly. But Miss Hurlburt had leaped through the doorway and was making for the stairway. Delia followed.

Inside a huge hall ran through shadow to a brilliant arch of light at the other end of the house. Half-way up the broad slippery stairs, they came to a landing. A window inundated it with sunlight. The shriek was not repeated, but a strange sound came floating in its wake,—an uninterrupted mutter, cunning, malignant. Delia heard Miss Hurlburt groan. With a bound she gained her side and thrust one arm about her. Together they followed the mutter. Delia caught kinetoscopic glimpses of rooms on every side, dens and libraries, exotic with foreign treasure, shaded living rooms dignified with mahogany, bedrooms where the sunlight glowed on cheerful chintzes that matched flowered wall-papers. A bathroom, reflected in the mirror in one of these, was a glittering wonder of nickel, tiles, and snowy porcelain. Together they entered an open door.

"Oh, merciful heavens!" Miss Hurlburt shrieked, "what has happened?"

On the bed a thick bundle lay. It was a man, or had been one, for at one end it had a swollen globe of flesh that looked like a head. It was swathed in a canvas coat that held the arms, as if by pinions, at its side. Two straps, one running across the chest, another over the legs, kept him on the bed. Rivers of sweat flowed down the shapeless face—sweat slightly tinged with pink. The eye-sockets were slits in which a glittering brown ball rolled ceaselessly back and forth. His lips muttered—muttered—muttered. And the burden of his agonized entreaty was fear.

Two men, one on either side of the bed, stood keenly on the watch. They moved their eyes in the direction of the doorway, but they did not answer Miss Hurlburt's question.

"Oh, what is the matter?" she moaned again.

Mr. Armstrong was behind them, by this time, panting. "Well, we don't quite know—the doctor isn't sure—he thinks——"

"I know what's the matter," Delia's voice broke in indignantly; "he's got the D. T.'s—delirium tremens," she added, at Miss Hurlburt's woeful face of non-comprehension.

"Send for the doctor at once," Miss Hurlburt begged agonizedly.

"A doctor won't do any good," Delia informed her. She went over to the bed and leaned over the thing that lay there. "Listen," she commanded; "there's nothing here that can hurt you." She spoke in a voice as clear and cool as a mountain stream, but it vibrated in the quiet room like the peal of a silver bell. "I am going to stay and take care of you. Nothing can touch you while I am here."

She sat down on the bed and took the hand that, protruding from the stiff tube of canvas, moved feebly but continually back and forth. "See," she began, and her voice was dynamic with conviction, "I've taken your hand. As long as I am here nothing can touch you."

The muttering stopped short. The bruised swollen head turned slightly. The eyelids tried to lift. For an instant the eyeballs stopped rolling. Their look surveyed her. Then he shrieked.

"Don't leave me!"

"I'll not leave you. Remember," her voice took on fresh stores of faith. It was electric with assurance. "Nothing will touch you while I'm here."

She sank down close beside him. His fingers closed on her hand with the grip of a hand of mail. The eyes fixed themselves on her eyes. The lids fluttered, drooped, were raised, fluttered, drooped, were raised, fluttered, drooped and sank for good.

At intervals the voice said, "Don't leave me," and always her answering, "I won't leave you," rang through the room like a clarion.

At first his frantic appeal was a loud, hoarse scream; then it sank to a piteous cry, to a soft murmur, to a breath, to a fluttering movement of the lips. At last it blurred into silence. Sleep came.

The men watched with the look of the incredulous on their faces. Finally, at a sign from Armstrong, they tiptoed out. He followed them. Miss Hurlburt had fallen into a huddle in a chair. But she watched, her head thrust forward, as if tensely on the spring for an awful inevitability that she anticipated. Finally she came to Delia's side.

"What can I do?" she breathed into her ear.

"Nothing," came back in a thread of a whisper. "Go and leave us. He must have sleep. When the doctor comes, tell him that he's sleeping—he won't bother us. I'll stay here as long as he needs me. If he wakes, I'll call you, but he won't."

The doctor—benevolent, white-bearded, keen-eyed under shaggy brows—stood on the threshold for a long moment, then disappeared. Delia heard him whispering directions in the hall. Miss Hurlburt, after an immeasurable interval, returned. It was to bring her lunch. Delia gestured her away.

She sat silent there through the half that remained of the long hot morning and the whole of the longer and hotter afternoon. Dusk came and still she sat, her hand a paralyzed bloodless mass of flesh in the adamantine clutch of the sleeping man.

But in those hours she dreamed dreams and saw visions. Pictures came, as they had come the day before, the last time she had type-written Reardon's shouted orders. They painted themselves, with every possible precision of line, every possible verisimilitude of color, into the silvery morning air, the golden afternoon, and the liquid twilight.

First, she saw her father in the last attack that had been his death. Then too she sat with the old man's hand in hers. At intervals he would beg her not to leave him.

Into some of the other pictures came her mother, old, bent, shaken, patiently accepting the inevitable, and sinking slowly, after her thirty years of martyrdom, to an uncomplaining death.

But Dan was in every one of these pictures and it was mainly Dan that she saw,—Dan coming in to feed her while she held her wearisome vigil by the old man's bed; Dan filling her mouth with food at the actual moment that the wheezing, rasping breathing stopped with a clang that echoed through the whole house and was taken up by the widow's keening cry from below; Dan at his father's funeral, helping their mother's stumbling figure up the aisle; Dan at their mother's funeral—the two deaths were so near together that she could never think of anything that happened between—the big tears streaming down his sullen boyish face; the radiant Dan when Annie was in the house, the humorous annoyance of his perpetual jokes; Dan shouting "Funiculi, Funicula," in his splendid tenor; Dan when they quarrelled, arraigning her mercilessly, taking Annie's side; the Dan of the last year, saturnine, moving like a shadow through the house. Last of all,—Dan placing a little roll of bills every Saturday night on the kitchen table.

And suddenly the future opened a little and she saw into it. She realized that, no matter how much Dan loved Annie or how much he might grow away from his sister, every Saturday night as long as she lived that roll of bills would be waiting for her on the kitchen table.

The grasp relaxed. Delia turned. Her charge stirred—moved—turned over—dropped her hand—sank with a sigh to more restful sleep.

She arose on unsteady legs and walked, with feet that seemed as if they could not be hers, out into the hall. Her body swayed drunkenly. Miss Hurlburt met her. She put her arms about Delia's body and her lips to her cheek. "You've saved his life, the doctor says. Oh, what I owe you! Now come and rest."

"Is there a telephone here?" Delia could not recognize her own voice.

"Yes—in the library. Tell them you must stay to-night." She took Delia into a big room that seemed built of books. She left her.

Delia murmured some directions into the transmitter.

She listened.

"Is that you, Dan? Dan, I've been in the wrong for over a year. I was in the wrong with Annie. I was in the wrong with you. I've treated you both like dogs. But I'm sorry. Don't mind the note I left. I'll be home to-morrow. Tell Annie I'll come right out there and make up with her. Tell her I'd rather have her for my sister than anybody I ever knew."

She listened.

"Oh, Dan!"

She listened.

"Dan, there never was such a good brother as you—never in the world."

She listened.

"Good-night, dear."

She dropped forward before she hung up the receiver; the last outpost of her strength had been taken. And then, suddenly, she sat up again, tears struggling with the smile that flashed a ripple of perfect happiness across her face. Out of the receiver came floating to her ear a single broken-off strain. Dan was whistling "Funiculi, Funicula."



THE GOLDEN ROSE

BY ELIZABETH R. FINLEY

I HAD a rose,—a golden rose,—
 And they who passed the garden close
 Begged each a petal, but I chose
 To keep my rose!

For you, dear master, you might miss
 One fragrant petal, one lost kiss
 From out your garden!—And for *this*
 I guard my rose!

FADDISTS OF THE ROAD

By Sarah Comstock



THEO'S nose, pressed flat against the window glass, made disks in the steam at a distance of only four feet seven inches above the floor. It is tough anyway to be left alone on a ranch at night; and it is especially tough at that age. His mother and father had gone to Red Hump and it was the men's and the Chinaman's night off.

He looked out over the range into blackness; but presently came a round, light spot where the moon rose. Its rays did not penetrate the surrounding clouds; except for the round spot, everything was black. Suddenly a silhouette appeared, thrown sharply against the light: the figure of a man riding. It vanished and the spot hung blank as fresh canvas for seconds; then came the figure of another man riding and this was at once followed by another, another, more. They were like pictures Theo had seen thrown by the biograph. They had shot from one darkness into another and were gone; but they left the little boy quivering with excitement.

Who could they be, riding hotly across the range in the night?

He saw nothing more. He went to the Morris chair to think the matter over with his decisive little three-cornered chin in his finely moulded hand, his big eyes staring into the fire. He thought so hard that the Morris chair, the fire, the ranch house, everything near slipped away and he jumped violently at last when he heard someone knocking.

He had not noticed horses' hoofs, but there stood a horse in an obscure place and at the door its rider waited impatiently to be admitted. He came in at once with a rush as if he were the owner of the house.

"Whew! You don't mind keepin' a feller standin' out in the damp awhile, do you?" the stranger said, slamming the door behind him and striding over to the open fire. "Been knockin' five minutes."

"How are you? I'm mighty glad to see you," Theo said. His accent was southern and delicate. "I'm sorry I didn't hear you sooner. My father isn't here—nobody's here but me."

The stranger nodded as if he knew all about it.

"You're a road agent, aren't you?" Theo went on.

The man started. "What in thunder makes you think that?" he asked in a crashing voice.

"Pardon me—no offence, I assure you. I didn't know anybody else wore that kind of a thing." He pointed to a handkerchief which screened the lower part of the man's face.

"Well, by jing, I didn't know I had that blame thing on yet," the stranger muttered, jerking it off. "I'm plumb flustered to-night. Why, you see I had a bad toothache and I tied up my mug."

Disappointment shadowed the keen, sensitive little face. "I'm sorry," Theo said. "I was in hopes you were a road agent. I'm very much interested in them—in fact, that was the main object of my coming west—to meet some of them and learn the ropes."

The man stared at him. "Ain't you afraid of 'em?" he asked incredulously.

Theo reflected. "Well, I don't believe one would bother a youngster like me, because he'd know I didn't have anything worth stealing. And if I could get acquainted with him and explain to him that I'd like to go into the business too"—his face lighted wonderfully—"you see we'd be friends right off. I'd like to meet a road agent looking for a partner. I'm the man for him. Of course I'd be the honest kind and give back all I stole; but as my father says, it's the strenuous life appeals to me."

The man's stare increased. To his experience, this was a new species of the genus kid. The boy was ablaze with earnestness; crimson had shot into his cheeks and the blue of his eyes was lost in brilliant, dilated pupils.

"Well, if you ain't the freakiest brat!" The words brought Theo back sharply and he flushed. "Here I am, keeping you standing," he said with distance and a quick reserve, motioning toward the Morris chair. "And I forgot to ask what I can do for your toothache. Would you like some oil of cloves?"

The man chuckled as he sank into corduroy depths. "No thanks, sonny, I ain't pertick'larly addicted to doctorin'. Maybe your Dad's got somethin' standin' around, though, that'd revive me a little?" He glanced toward the portly sideboard of old mahogany which the gentleman rancher had transplanted from one stronghold of hospitality to another when he left his Virginia home for California. "I've been leadin' a pretty strenuous life myself this evenin'."

"This is what my father says warms the cockles of his heart," Theo said, producing a bottle. "Are the cockles of your heart feeling cold?"

The smooth, adult liquor slid down like a satin ribbon and left the stranger's face in creases of pleasure. "Your dad knows the

genuine article," he said, relaxing again into the cushions of the chair. "It fits in like a pair o' cog wheels." He paused, gazing into the fire. "You see, I needed a bracer. I have troubles of my own."

There was another pause. Theo felt interesting confidences hanging in the balance and with an inherited instinct he asked nothing, but handed the stranger one of his father's excellent cigars.

"I'm misunderstood," the man went on with a slanting smile at the fire. "The truth is, I have the same kind o' ideeas as you have—I have a fancy myself for the sport o' the road—an' when folks finds that out they seem to think I'm out for the goods instead o' seekin' a little harmless amusement."

He had been talking to the fire; now he looked around to see the fine, intense little face glowing. The boy was leaning forward, drinking in the words.

"Then you *are* one?" he panted.

"Well, I'm what you might term a gent o' leisure, followin' the life as a sort o' fad—same's you'd like to be yourself." The man's slanting eyes twinkled and slanted more than ever as he looked into the rapt face close to his own. "I reckon we're a team all right," he said.

"We're pards," the boy answered solemnly, holding out his hand.

The faddist of the road clasped it, laughing gently. "Well, seein's you're broad-minded, I'll explain the sittawation. It's this way: I met a gent goin' to Red Hump aways back and for the sake of a little sport I disengaged him from his watch but I didn't hinder him from keepin' his engagement. But that blame sheriff back in Red Hump got a lot of his friends together an' I had to do a little ridin'. They was after me all the way to the rocks up there an' then I managed to swing around an' come back this way an' they're ridin' ahead yet, I reckon."

At this the two chuckled tremendously, smiting their knees in delighted smacks. A sudden thought startled Theo.

"Of course you're the honest kind, all right?" he asked.

"The what?"

"I mean you give back all you steal."

The man burst into a laugh that fanned the fire like a bellows.

"Well, I don't allays find it feasible, owin' to not knowin' the addresses. Persons ain't particklar enough about havin' 'em engraved in their watch cases."

"Well, I s'pose you aren't to blame for that. But you return them when it's feasible, don't you?"

The man's eyes grew very slanting indeed. "When it's feasible—yes," he said.

Theo was reassured. They settled down like old pals, discussing their profession, calling each other Theo and Chris. "You're the pard I've been waiting for," Theo exclaimed in the heat of congeniality.

The man looked at the child with a glance that levelled his slanting eyes for the moment and softened the lines about his smoke-colored chin. "I wonder if—I'd had a pard like you sooner—" he muttered—then he patted the boy's head.

Theo was ruffled. "Pards slap each other on the shoulder," he said, and the man laughed and corrected himself with a huge slap.

"The posse may track me here," Perkins said—Mr. Christopher Perkins was the name he gave. "If they do, you may have a chance to show how good a pard you are."

Theo's eyes shone in a way that somehow suggested a great fire in a frail little paper house. "I'll show you—you'll see," he cried. "I'll fight for you—I'll risk my life—" His breath caught with a sudden idea. "Do you know about the tunnel?" he whispered.

Perkins was smiling indulgently at the heroics. "What's the tunnel, kid?"

"You'll have to know about it. It's my secret. Come on—come along—" he seized the man's hand and pulled the big, laughing fellow outdoors.

Near the house lay two small, almost parallel canyons, a dry stream bed in the bottom of each. The rock wall that parted them was pierced, Nature only knows how. The tunnel was as smooth and straight as if pricked by a giant needle and it was hidden at both outlets by a green tangle.

Theo explained. "I play road agent here every day all by myself. I have my horse standing in the second canyon waiting. Then when the sheriff chases me I run into the first canyon and he follows me and I slip into the tunnel and he can't see where I went. While he's hunting I run through the tunnel into the second canyon and jump on my horse and ride off."

Perkins looked him over. "You've got a head as don't belong above trousers of that shortness," was his solemn opinion. "There's nothin' the matter with us gettin' ready right now to play that little game in case there should be an emergency." And he went for his horse. A few minutes later it was standing ready at the farther end of the tunnel and the pards were once more chatting before the fire.

It was the shout of a man that broke their chat. Rains had wrought a paste of the earth, deadening to hoof beats.

"Come on back 'ere!" they distinguished.

Perkins slid through a window into a great geranium vine outside. Theo peered from another window, his heart strumming.

The posse was riding back. They rode slowly at some distance and were passing the house—all but one. He, apparently, was heading for it under opposition.

“Come on back, he wouldn’t have the nerve to go there, of all places.”

The man reluctantly went back to the group and the two saw them all ride past. Perkins climbed back. “Pretty narrow, wasn’t it, pard?” he said easily and lighted another cigar.

Theo was puzzling. “What did they mean about your not having the nerve to come here?” he asked.

“Oh, I reckon they thought I wouldn’t be makin’ social calls. I’ll just have one more smoke while they’re gettin’ back to Red Hump. Then I must say so long and proceed on my little jant.”

He seized the tongs and put more wood upon the fire, beating log after log into place with the clashing iron. His powerful arms struck resounding blows, raising a din; the ground outside was a paste; the posse was almost at the house before the two heard them.

“They’ve come back,” Perkins whispered in fierce gutturals. He started for the geranium-clad window, then dropped suddenly to the floor. “They can see me against the light, comin’ from that side,” he said. “I’ve got to hide in the house. Rustle a place for me, kid—where?”

Theo’s whisper was hoarse and trembling, but he could think. “The kitchen,” he said and opened a door. Perkins slid in on hands and knees. He drew the door almost shut and whispered orders sharply through a crack while the stamping of many muddy feet made a chorus outside.

“Keep ’em jollied. Turn ’em back to Red Hump—but if you can’t, get ’em into the house and keep ’em while I get to my horse.”

Theo’s head swam and his heart seemed not to beat at all but his lips were tight and sure. “I’m your pard,” he said, and it was an oath.

Then he flung open the door to the noisy knocks. “Good evening, gentlemen, I’m mighty glad to see you,” he said with all the South and the West fused in a hearty welcome.

“Hello there, Little Tenderfoot,” greeted him in many burly voices.

“I’m sorry my father isn’t at home,” Theo went on. “Is there anything I can do for you?”

The sheriff of Red Hump stepped forward. “I’ll tell you the purpose of our call. We rode past and then we rode back at the urgin’ of this ’ere idiot, Whiskers Price. He’s got a hunch that there’s a stranger lurkin’ summers around this ranch. Have you seed such a person?”

"A tall feller?" Whiskers put in eagerly.

"Aw, he ain't here." "He wouldn't have the nerve." "You take to the tall timber with your hunches," grumbled the crowd.

Theo choked for a moment. The color left even his lips and his voice staggered, then he mastered it. "There isn't any stranger around," he said conscientiously and firmly.

"A big feller on a small horse," Whiskers persisted. "His name's Hot Stuff Chris and he's the worst man in the state. We want him for holdin' up——"

"Shut your fool mouth," growled the sheriff under his breath. "Don't let on to the kid—it'll scare him stiff. This'd be the last place he'd think o' comin'. Will you dry up?"

Whiskers shook his head plaintively. "He's around summers," he repeated.

"An' here we've rode all this way back jest to satisfy you because you're a seventh son born with seven red hairs. Now if we all ride up to them twin canyons an' look, will you be satisfied to go home?"

Theo's breath halted. The twin canyons—and Perkins' horse standing there—he thought he caught words hissed through the keyhole behind him. "Hold 'em for God's sake!" they sounded like.

"Don't——" he began, and his voice gave out in terror.

"Come on, boys." The sheriff was mounting.

Theo made an effort as one lifting a bowlder. "Don't—won't you come in first?" he cried. "Won't you have something to drink before you go?" They heard at last.

"The kid's goin' to set 'em up, boys," shouted the sheriff. "All right, Tenderfoot—when we come back." Theo was dismayed. But a disapprobatory murmur among the posse brought their leader to a diplomatic course. "Well—I s'pose we might as well sample his brand now," he said.

"Hooray for the kid!" they all chimed, and they entered in a jubilant stampede. Except Price.

"You can go in if you want to," he whimpered. "I'll stay out here an' watch. There's no tellin' but he's hangin' 'round summers outside."

Theo's heart had pounded joyfully when the men entered. Now it grew silent again. One man outside to give the alarm was as bad as the whole posse.

"Come in, do, Mr. Whiskers," he urged. "It's a right chilly night."

"No thanks, sonny, somebody's got to attend to duty."

"But my father never lets anybody go away without a drink."

Whiskers only shook his head with the gentleness of the stubborn. "I'll watch," he said.

Theo turned back in despair, leaving the seventh son to nurse his hunch in the raw wind. The crowd was already at the antique mahogany sideboard, impressing it into as rapid service as if it had been the bar in the Red Hump Flatiron House.

Whiskers must be inveigled in—but how?

“I’m glad to see you gentlemen make yourselves at home,” the host assured them warmly.

“There’s nothin’ the matter with you if you are a tenderfoot,” replied Bill Holt. “Here boys—to the Kid!”

The toast was bellowed with enthusiasm. Theo, near the kitchen keyhole, heard softly, “You’re an all-right pard. Keep up the good work. He’ll come in.”

The crowd grew noisier and merrier as the bottles grew lighter. Glasses were rattled and banged, logs were tumbled upon the already roaring fire, shoulders were whacked. Now and then they noticed the man outside. “Nice an’ summery out there, ain’t it?” Somebody caught at the word, whooped a bar of “The good old summer time,” and the crowd burst into song. Theo slipped into the kitchen.

“Great thunder, can’t you get him in while I drop out the winder?” Perkins whispered. “The mule looks like he was goin’ to set out there all night, an’ the moon’s gettin’ brighter every minute. Might as well try to sneak into the canyon at noon.”

It was so. The flat ground lay exposed all the way to the canyons and it was radiant with a violet whiteness like that of an arc light.

“He won’t come in for a drink.”

“Maybe he’s the kind o’ chump that’d rather eat. We’ll try everything.”

Theo’s proposal of a flapjack supper was welcomed explosively by the gang. “I’ll tell the Chinaman,” the host said, and soon the aroma of frying crept in and spread through the room, tickling nostrils. “Want a smell of ’em, Whiskers?” Bill Holt inquired, opening the window.

Theo fancied that the seventh son’s face looked more wistful than before but he declined all the young host’s invitations determinedly. Then, on the edge of despair, Theo hit upon a plan.

“I’ll fix you up pretty soon,” he told the guard confidentially and returned to play waiter to the men.

“Sit down an’ jine us, kid,” Bill said. “Let the Chink fetch ’em in.”

Theo flushed. “Well, you see the poor Chinaman’s so bashful he’s afraid of such a lot of people,” he explained nervously.

Batch after batch slid down the monster, yawning throat of the posse. They were gathered in a boisterous, hungry, still thirsty group

around the big table. All available bottles had been added to the feast.

"Boys, who says this 'ere function ain't the affair of the season?" Bill inquired, folding his last cake over his fork and stowing it away with one thrust.

"Hooray for the flapjack party," somebody shouted, and cheers burst forth.

Theo stole away to Price under cover of the noise, thinking it his chance. "You go and eat with them and I'll watch for you," he said.

Poor Whiskers' longing had reached a climax by this time. "Are you sure you can keep your eye peeled every way at once?" he asked anxiously.

"Sure."

Whiskers entered the house. Theo took his post, his heart leaping now. It was accomplished, the coast was clear. Would Perkins see his chance promptly? "Now!" the boy's thought cried. But there rose a clamor from the party within, led by Bill.

"We want the kid!"

"Where's the kid?"

"Here, Tenderfoot, we can't do without you!"

Three of them ran out to him, snatched him from his post, carried him aloft back into the house while the dejected Whiskers, clinging to one flapjack, returned to the watch.

"The kid! the kid!" they shouted. "He knows how to make fellers feel to home. He's the kid for the Red Hump gang." They raised a riot, lifting him to the ceiling, shouting, singing.

"Three cheers for the Chink as made them flapjacks. Let's ride him too," Bill proposed.

"No, no—he's so—so bashful," Theo protested, terrified, but it was no use. Sitting paralyzed on a shoulder, he saw them burst open the kitchen door and drag Perkins forth.

There was a dead silence, a momentary falling back in utter astonishment. "It's Hot Stuff Chris!" somebody said. Then there was a blinding rush that no one, for the instant, quite took in; a bullet that rang, crashing, into a decanter; the outer door flung open; Perkins gone. On a horse—it happened to be the sheriff's—he shot out into the night. A group of men, coming to themselves, made after wildly.

But it was not toward the twin canyons that he led them then for the approach was cut off. Price had seen what happened from outside the house; had guessed that the canyon road would be Perkins' natural means of escape; had headed him off there. The man saw Price's position and turned his horse in another direction, back toward the puncher's quarters and the range beyond.

"Head him off and don't shoot!" the sheriff shouted.

Theo saw them mount and dash off swiftly, man after man of them. He was stunned with it all. Then, when they were gone, he woke to a smarting regret: why had he not stopped them, cried out to them that this man they were hounding was an honest man, his friend and partner? They misjudged him and he might have shown them their mistake. Now it was too late; already they were far out upon the range.

He and the cursing man whose horse the sheriff had snatched ran out where they could catch glimpses of the chase. Perkins led swiftly to the north, but Theo knew that there was no way of escape there—no hills to hide in, no trails where the others could not follow. Close behind him, Price with them, the others rode like madmen, goaded on, not weakened, by the liquor they had drunk.

"Pard! Chris!" he cried vainly. No one heard.

"I don't know how to save him," he said, and a big sob caught his voice.

"Gimme a horse," the man beside him demanded, but Theo refused. He would not add one to the hounding party, little harm as it could do now. The man started off for the corral and Theo found himself alone. His pard was gone—and to his death, perhaps. He had accepted the responsibility of pardship and somewhere, he felt, he had failed in the charge.

But as he stared out into the desolate north where they all had vanished he saw them again riding back as recklessly as they had ridden away. Perkins had made one of his sharp turns and was leading the chase back, keeping an even distance ahead but not gaining. They grew larger, clearer every instant; Theo saw his chance. He could meet them and make them hear him now.

"Oh, if they'll only believe me!" he cried with the fervor of a prayer. He hurried to get his own pony. Out into the range he rode, urging his pony on, straining every muscle as if he himself were speeding. "Hurry!" he said again and again to the animal. Mud splashed him from head to foot. He met the pursuers.

"Stop, stop!" he shouted. "That man isn't a bad man. He's my pard. Leave him be!"

The sheriff stared, hesitated a moment in surprise, then he laughed curtly and tore on. Theo rode behind.

"You've misunderstood him," he panted. "He's a road agent but he's an honest one like me. Oh, won't you understand?"

The men had no time even to laugh again at the prattle of a foolish little boy. Bill said, "Poor kid!"—that was all. They urged their horses, dashed on ruthlessly. Perkins was making for the first canyon.

"Please, won't you listen? You must listen!" He screamed in a last desperate effort. "He does it for fun and he gives back what he steals—oh, you don't understand! He's the honest kind."

The wind picked up the cry and carried it away and nobody heeded.

Straight on to the canyon—Theo was in the wake of the chase, riding, riding, he did not know for what. His pony fell in with the madness of it all and flew unurged after the rest.

They saw Chris reach the canyon's brink and dismount. For an instant his great figure stood out in relief, then it vanished.

Seconds later the posse reached the same spot and dismounted, Theo behind them. They peered down the slope. No one was visible. "Hush! Listen!" ordered the sheriff.

In a dead silence they listened for the roll of a stone, the rattle of a twig. Not a sound cut the stillness. But Theo's eyes caught a movement below. Perkins was still on the near side of the stream bed, lurking and waiting under the screen of growth; undoubtedly watching his chance to dart across into the growth on the other side where the tunnel and safety lay. But first, when he crossed the exposed bed, the moon would pick him out like a searchlight. Then—could he save himself? Could he catch a moment when the cruel posse was not watching?

A wonderful thought flashed upon Theo's brain. Here was a way at last. His pard's salvation lay in being able to cross the white stream path unseen. There was one means of accomplishing this.

The men stood on the canyon's edge still, peering sharply up and down. Once the sheriff thought he saw a movement where Theo had seen one, and all eyes strained in that direction. "It's got to be done quick or they'll start after him," the spirit of pardship was whispering in the boy's ear.

He looked up and down the gorge. The path that led to Perkins' hiding place was the only safe and sloping one. Above it, below it, the wall was hewn as with one clean, accurate, almost vertical blow. Only a few shrubs offered foothold.

Yet his plan of drawing them away must be carried out at some distance from the gentle slope—there was no possible place for it except on the steep canyon side. Something big came up in his throat and he felt cold and thought of the ranch house, keenly conscious for the moment of his own physical impotence. Then his lips stiffened again.

Slyly he crept away from the group. They had hardly known he was there and they did not miss him. It was moments before they heard the crashing of shrubs rods above.

"What's that?" snapped the sheriff. Every eye and ear was directed to the spot at once. The light was dim on the canyon wall

but they could see a branch sway. Something whitish, perhaps a hand, moved near it.

“He’s up there! He’s hangin’ on the bushes.”

Their low, tense exclamations poured forth. They could now see something dark, presumably a man, moving against the rock as if letting himself down.

“Come on, boys!”

The sheriff led and the pack followed. They forgot the spot where they had first watched doubtfully, all their energies were bent upon reaching that something crawling upon the rock further along. It moved slowly, carefully; sometimes it was hidden in the bushes for a moment, then it emerged again, below.

“We’ve got to climb down after him,” the sheriff said. They were too headlong and knew the canyon too little to think of going down by the slope. The impulse was to pursue directly. They followed down the wall. Bits of rock loosened in their hurry and fell rattling to the bed below. Bushes crackled, twigs snapped. They cursed, peered, scrambled. Beyond them, below them, moved the dim form. Now it was but a few feet above the stream bed.

Not one of them saw a man who darted across the white path rods back—across the danger line—and plunged thankfully into the darkness of green things on the other side of the canyon.

Reckless with excitement they swung by loosely rooted shrubs, placed careless feet upon quaking stones. Suddenly there was a sharp breaking, grinding, crumbling below them—then an ugly sound of falling—they peered down to see the form they had been following lying still in the white stream bed.

“He’s fell! We’ll get him now!” somebody cried, half seeing. But the sheriff’s ringing voice sounded through the canyon: “It’s the kid, boys! It ain’t no man. Look at that!”

The form was plainly seen as it lay there—small, prostrate.

“Well, I’ll be!”

Scrambling they reached him forgetting everything else for the moment. Bill picked him up unconscious. The others crowded around.

Suddenly a man came running swiftly toward the group, up the smooth bed.

“What’s the matter? He ain’t kilt, is he?” the man shouted excitedly and rushed among them.

“Hot Stuff Chris!”

“Yes, it’s me, cuss you all. Gimme me that kid,” and he snatched him from the astounded Bill’s arms and bent over him. “You ain’t kilt, are you, little pard?”

The boy slowly opened his eyes and took in what lay about him. "Oh—I fell—" he said at last. "I was trying to climb down the wall." His hand fumbled up to the cut on his forehead and he winced and moaned a little. Then, wonderingly, "What are you doing here, Chris?"

"That's what in the name of all-get-out I'd like to know," said the sheriff.

"I'd like to know whose business this accident is if it ain't mine," Perkins rumbled, somewhat embarrassed.

Theo grasped the situation at last and sat up indignantly. "What did you suppose I climbed down that wall for? It was to get the gang over here so you could get away." Then in a burst of disappointment and vexation he added, "You cussed fool."

Perkins carried the boy up the canyon side. The posse accompanied him to the house and watched him dress the wound.

"There ain't one o' you onto this job," he said. "I'm an ammychure M. D. all right an' this is my pard's head."

"What the deuce has come over you I don't know, Chris," the sheriff said, still gaping. "But you need to be shut up summers, I reckon in the lunytic asylum. You can't stay here all night, you idiot. They won't like it in your boardin' house if you're late gettin' in," and he raised facetious fingers, making bars across his face.

"There's got to be somebody left with this kid. The cut's a clean one an' it'll heal all right, but he can't stay here alone."

So Whiskers was left as nurse until the family should return. Theo expostulated, almost in tears, upon their bearing Chris away.

"He's the honest kind when he's behind bars," the sheriff replied.

"Don't you care, kid," Chris whispered. "This game's up—but there'll be plenty more of 'em."

He hesitated at the door.

"I was thinkin'——" he muttered.

"Well—hurry up—what was you thinkin'?"

Perkins turned back to Theo. "The first chance you get, I wish you'd dig under that biggest manzanita next the stream bed, the one I was hidin' under, kid," he said. "You'll find the little piece o' property I come by earlier in the evenin'. I reckon you'd better return it to the owner, seein' we're the honest kind."

Then they all mounted. "His dad's watch?" asked the sheriff.

"Yes," answered Hot Stuff Chris.

FISHIN'

BY GRACE G. BOSTWICK

IN th' Springtime they's a dreamin' in th' beamin'
 uv th' day,
 An' th' strangest sort o' feelin' kinder stealin'
 on its way
 Through a feller till he's achin' to be makin'
 fer th' stream,
 Whar' th' beauties are a-startin' an' a-dartin'
 'ith a gleam.

An' he goes an' gets his fishin' truck, a-wishin'
 through an' through
 'At he's a lad a-playin' an' a-layin'
 'round to do
 Jest whatever things is pleasin' in th' season
 uv th' year
 When th' hull creation's singin' an' a-ringin'
 "joy is here."

An' he passes through th' apple lot 'ith dapple
 blossom'd trees,
 An' he laughs to see th' flowers blown in showers
 by th' breeze,
 An' he hears wild things a-creepin' an' th' cheepin'
 uv th' birds
 In a tenderness 'at's sweeter an' completer
 far 'an words.

An' th' air is jest as lazy, sort o' hazy like
 an' sweet,
 An' th' water's sort o' tricklin' an' a-rippin'
 at his feet,
 An' th' sky is bright above him, kinder lovin'
 in its blue,
 An' he thrills 'ith joy an' wonders as he ponders
 o'er its hue.

An' when he spies th' speckles 'ith their freckles,
 whar' they lay
 In th' silver ripples glancin' an' a-dancin' in
 their play,
 He jest laughs to see th' dashin' an' th' splashin'
 in an' out,
 'Nen, he sets an' waits th' snatchin' an' th' catchin'
 uv th' trout.



JACKSON GOES FISHING

For three summers Jackson had stayed at home during the vacation season, while Mrs. Jackson and the children went away to enjoy themselves. The fourth summer was now at hand, and again it was clear that all of them could not afford to go. The preceding year, while he kept busily at work at home and tried to satisfy himself with the few brief letters that her absorption in various recreating activities permitted Mrs. Jackson to write, he had concluded that another year he would take his turn. This decision had established itself permanently in his mind when for a whole week of that summer he had been without so much as a line from her, and now there was evidently nothing to do but inform her of his intention of taking a holiday and of taking it, by painful necessity, without her.

When he made the announcement Mrs. Jackson could not comprehend, could not believe him. She had been so long accustomed to thinking that she must have her summer outing whether the condition of their bank account permitted him to go too, or not, that she could not at once adjust herself to any other way of seeing things. She protested; she came as near storming as her sense of personal dignity would permit; at length she even entreated; but by all of these things alike Jackson was unmoved.

Recognizing this finally, his wife acquiesced with the best grace possible, and by her own volition went to work getting things ready for the trip. The ability to surrender so delightfully as to seem to be conferring a favor was one of Mrs. Jackson's most valuable accomplishments. She chose that method of self-assertion now, and even in the triumph of his own purpose Jackson felt humble.

Before going he got together as many as he could find of the letters written him by Mrs. Jackson during her summer absences and packed them among the things that were to be always at

Walnuts and Wine

hand during the trip. He meant to get something more than a vacation out of this business. This reflection gave him courage to be selfish in depriving his wife of a pleasure that her less self-sacrificing temperament certainly made it harder for her to give up than it had heretofore been for him.

Her very last injunction was one urging him to write often. He answered with cheery assurance that nothing on earth could keep him from doing that very thing.

When he had been in camp a week, he was very sure that it was time to send a letter home. He had a great many things to say to Mrs. Jackson, too; but, in spite of that, he wrote briefly.

“Getting along finely. Caught a lot of fish to-day. Too tired to write any more. Don’t worry about me.”

He smiled as he read the letter over before folding it up for the envelope, and he smiled again when he got her reply. She made no complaint, but he had learned to understand her feelings even by the nature of her silences.

Four days later he wrote again: “Feeling better every day. I’m just as busy as I can be, and you will have to forgive me for not feeling like writing. If anything goes wrong, you’ll hear from me in full. I hope you and the children are enjoying yourselves with me out of the way.”

In reply Mrs. Jackson wrote a long letter,—so long that she must have planned it for his humiliation, he thought. It was a perfect treasury of home information and of valuable suggestions touching the things he should or should not do to keep from getting sick. If he could have been sure that pure wifely devotion inspired it, he should have been overwhelmed. As it was, he waited another four days and wrote again.

“Had the finest swim of my life to-day. Water just right. River beats all the bath-tubs ever heard of. Enjoying myself immensely and adding two years to my life. Don’t worry about me because I don’t write often. I simply have to make the most of the time I have.”

Mrs. Jackson sent him a goodly body of admonition at once. He

Walnuts and Wine



A GREAT DISCOVERY

Every new user of Pears' Soap makes the discovery that no other soap can be found so delightful and effective to use and that PEARS' is *matchless for the complexion*

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured."

Walnuts and Wine

must not stay in the water long at one time, because it is very exhausting. He ought not to go in at all because she did not know that he could swim. He must be careful to rub himself dry and to dress warmly afterward. She hoped that he was beginning to think of coming home.

Five days later he wrote again.

“No bad effects from swimming. If I could stay here six weeks longer, I should be a new man. Would you use cream for a burned back? I suppose you don't care to know the little things I do every day, and so I'll just tell you that I'm all right and quit.”

In her next she said little more than that it was very hot in the city and that she had given up trying to do much more than keep cool.

He wrote her a sympathetic letter almost at once. “I am sorry that the hot weather has come to town. We don't feel it out here, but I know enough about it to believe you without asking to have the thermometer there at the house sent down here for me to see. I had almost forgotten to tell you what a wonderfully cool place this is. We have to have a heavy blanket over us every night, and half the time during the day I am comfortable with a coat. There's a spring of the coldest water not ten feet from my tent, and the trees are as thick overhead as they say the stars are in the Milky Way. It's beautiful here, too. Any park you ever saw is a tawdry thing compared with this great wild country. I can't understand how I let myself stay in the city there during all these years. I hope Mildred is standing the hot weather all right. If either of the children should show any sign of being sick, telegraph for me at once.”

He read this over with a smile. He hoped that it would make her just uncomfortable enough for her to understand some things that she had never seemed to see before. Undoubtedly it was hot in the city, and this letter could hardly be expected to have any appreciable lowering influence upon the temperature.

She wrote at once, and her letter was both voluble and emphatic. She was utterly unable to understand what he meant by writing to her so seldom and so curtly. Did he think that business methods of cor-

Hot Weather Comfort

You can feel "fit as a lord"—8 to 10 degrees cooler, and enjoy any kind of weather on the following breakfast, luncheon, or supper, suggested by a famous food expert:

Some Fruit, preferably cooked,
Saucer of Grape-Nuts, with good rich cream,
Soft-boiled Eggs,
Some hard, crisp Toast,
Cup of Postum, made according to directions and served
with a little sugar and good cream.

That's enough to run you until noon.

Grape-Nuts food is made of selected parts of the grains that rebuild the brain and nerve centres.

"There's a Reason" for

Grape-Nuts

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Walnuts and Wine

response were proper between husband and wife? Was she to stay home there in the heat and be neglected, while he did nothing but toss about in the water or sit on the bank watching a float—too lazy to give her a thought ten words long a day? She did not marry him in expectation of that kind of treatment, and she wanted it explained.

Fortunate it was for Jackson that he had the explanation ready,—it didn't need to be manufactured. He picked out a few of those old letters of hers and arranged them in order, writing across the face of each in blue pencil. Then he scrawled a brief note to accompany them.

“Perhaps my letters have not been what they should have been, but I really am not to blame. I have not written letters home for so long before this summer that I felt compelled to bring along some of your old ones as models for me to copy. I enclose them with explanatory annotation.”

Jackson waited a few days for an answer, but when it came he was satisfied. Mrs. Jackson was not without a sense of humor, he knew, and she had doubtless seen the point and appreciated it. The letter, however, was short and did not say as much.

“I think that you are the *meanest* man I ever knew. When are you coming home?”

Lewis Worthington Smith.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

By Martin E. Jensen

A man with a fowl from Malay
Was sustained by the hope, “It may lay,”
Till one day, in a gay,
Not to say cocky, way
It crowed. The man sighed, “It's male, eh?”

MANLIKE

Mrs. Newlywed: “My dear, what interior decorations appeal to your taste?”

Mr. Newlywed: “Beefsteak and onions.”

J. D.

As Dainty as the Fragrance of Flowers

There is a subtle charm in daintiness, whether it be that of flowers or of foods—the dainty always appeals to our senses, and particularly to the sense of taste.

You like dainty foods, whether you are a man, a woman or a child, and of all the dainty, delicious, appetizing and satisfying foods there is nothing that can compare with

Quaker Rice

(Puffed)

The marvelous, patented process that both puffs the rice kernel to many times its natural size and cooks it to a dainty, nut-like crispness at the same time, makes of rice a new food, far more enjoyable than anything made of rice which you have ever tasted.

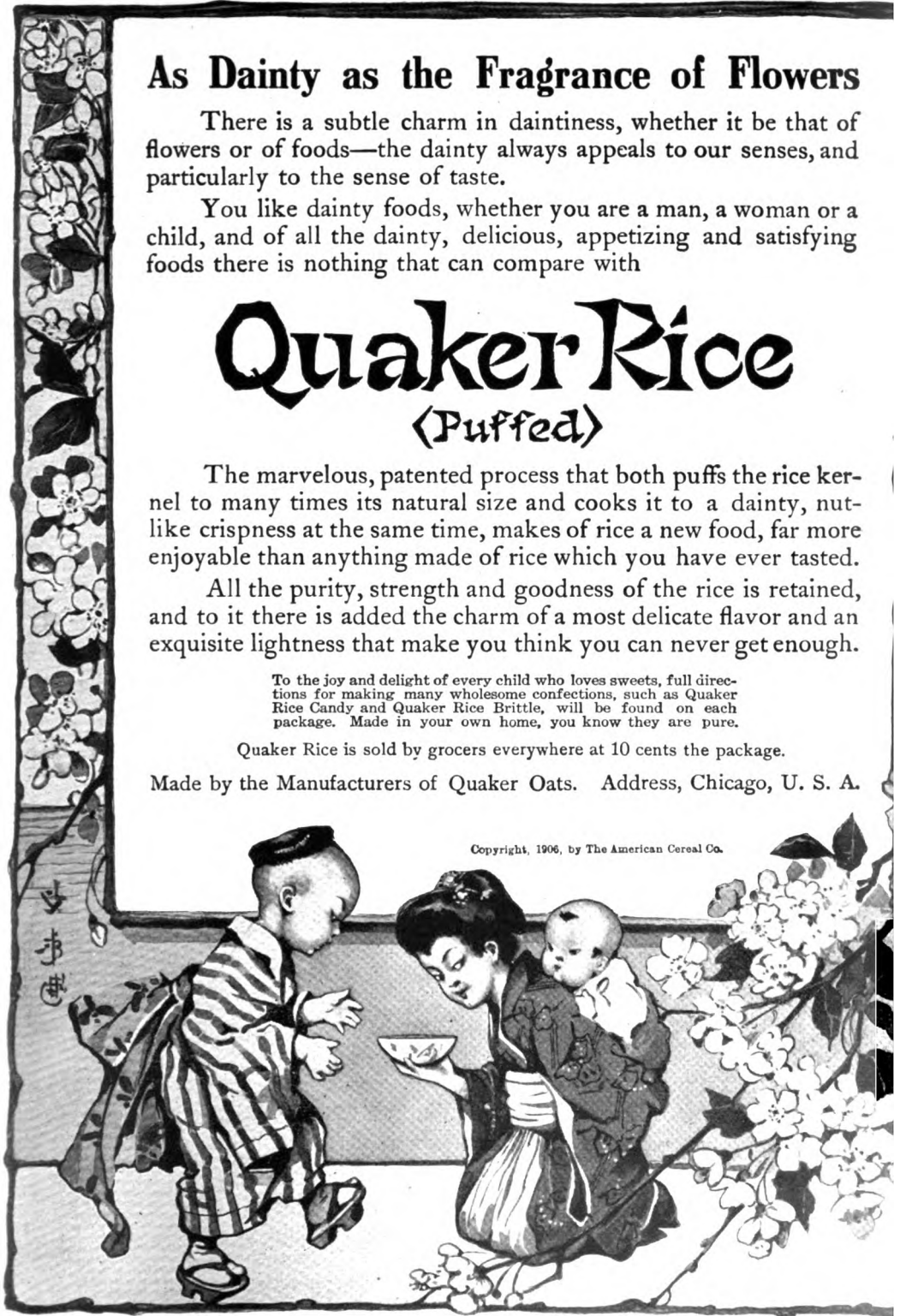
All the purity, strength and goodness of the rice is retained, and to it there is added the charm of a most delicate flavor and an exquisite lightness that make you think you can never get enough.

To the joy and delight of every child who loves sweets, full directions for making many wholesome confections, such as Quaker Rice Candy and Quaker Rice Brittle, will be found on each package. Made in your own home, you know they are pure.

Quaker Rice is sold by grocers everywhere at 10 cents the package.

Made by the Manufacturers of Quaker Oats. Address, Chicago, U. S. A.

Copyright, 1906, by The American Cereal Co.



Walnuts and Wine

BUBBLES RE-BLOWN

It will cost the taxpayers of Chicago \$40,000,000 to run the city the coming year.—*Chicago News*.

Why run it at all?—*Life*.

True. The Windy City is reputed to be fast enough.

Plain people grow suspicious when they see their great captains of industry hiding from officers of the law like thieves from the police. Mr. H. H. Rogers was caught only after a chase of several weeks.—*New York World*.

Yes, but that type of patriot was always retiring.—*Life*.

Else how could he have been caught napping?

A hen in Switzerland is said to have laid one thousand eggs.—*Baltimore American*.

This beats King Edward's record of three hundred and forty-two corner-stones.—*Life*.

Better, that is, than the original King Hennerly.

Marcel Prevost, the author, is candidate for the French Senate.—*Indianapolis News*.

American authors have more self-respect than that.—*Life*.

As proof, George Ade has declined to run for Congress.

The consulting engineers are unable to decide on the kind of canal we should have.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

We're not expert engineers, but we'd rather have one with water in it.—*Life*.

At this rate *Life* will lose circulation in Kentucky.

Germany's little war in South Africa has cost \$150,000,000 to date.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

Germany must have a few Leonard Woods travelling.—*Life*.

Probably cousins of Macbeth's Birnam Wood.

A Mr. May married a Miss January in New York the other day, and now winter is lingering in the lap of spring.—*Louisville Times*.

Didn't July when you wrote that paragraph?—*Life*.

No, August.

Karl von Kraft.



TOURING TIME IS Rambler TIME



THE SUCCESS of your trip is entirely dependent upon the reliability of your car. Then, as at no other time, is a capacity for steady service under all conditions of such paramount importance.

The production of a car of absolute dependability has ever been the primal object of the Rambler factory, and the thousands of these cars now in constant service are ample proof of successful efforts.

Built in seven models, \$1,200 to \$3,000

Main Office and Factory, - - Kenosha, Wis.

Branches:

Chicago, 302-304 Wabash Ave.

Boston, 145 Columbus Ave.

Milwaukee, 457-459 Broadway

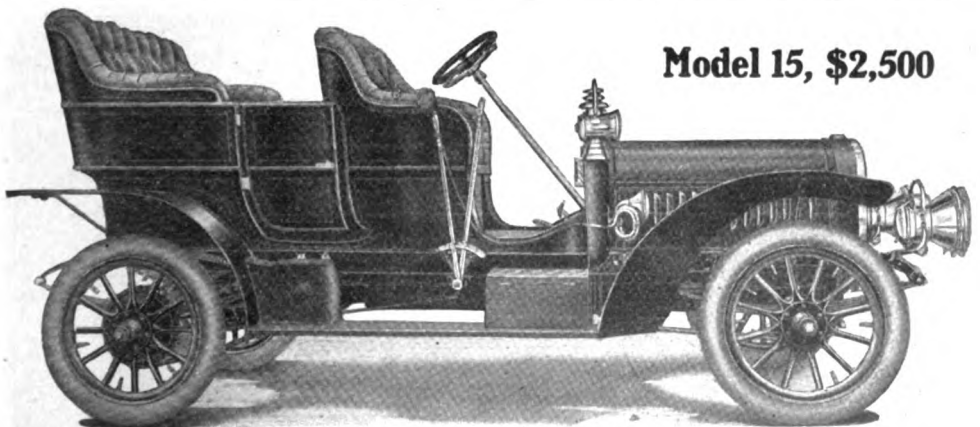
Philadelphia, 242 N. Broad St.

San Francisco, 31 Sanchez St.

New York Agency, 38-40 W. 62nd St.

Representatives in all leading cities.

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company



Model 15, \$2,500

Walnuts and Wine

VERY POLITE

An inspector upon his regular rounds, rang a bell at the door of a small dwelling. A little tot, acting as maid, opened the door, and the following colloquy took place:

“Tell your mother that the water inspector would like to see her.”

“Yes, sir. But will you please turn your back?”

“What? Will I please do what?”

“Just turn your back a moment, sir; for I do not want to shut the door in your face.”

Margaret Sullivan Burke.



TRUTH IS A STRANGER TO FICTION

The novelist's small but valuable son had just been brought to judgment for telling a fib. His sobs having died away, he sat for a time in silent thought.

“Pa,” said he, “how long will it be before I stop gittin' licked for tellin' lies, an' begin to get paid for 'em, like you do?”

Violo Gardner Brown.



REVERSAL

Effeminate Youth: “I dare say you think I'm too talkative?”

Manly Maid: “Not for a woman.”

Walter Pulitzer.



OVERHEARD AT COMMENCEMENT

It was Commencement Day at M—— Seminary. The mother of the prettiest girl graduate was there—overflowing with pride at her daughter's success. “I'll tell you these girls have to walk chalk,” said the complacent mother. “They can't go anywhere without a *Shampooer*.” A little later, turning to her companion, the good lady said: “Can you tell me what state *Table d'hote* is in? My oldest daughter is in the south somewhere, for her health. She wrote me that she was better, and was going to *Table d'hote* for the first time. Now I've looked all over the map of the United States and I can't find that name anywhere.”

E. A. M.

Walnuts and Wine

MENNEN'S Borated Talcum TOILET POWDER



AT THE SEASHORE

Mennen's will give immediate relief from prickly heat, chafing, sunburn, and all skin troubles. Our absolutely non-refillable box is for your protection. For sale everywhere or by mail, 25 cents. Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

TRY MENNEN'S VIOLET (Borated) TALCUM

Walnuts and Wine

THE PATRIOT

By Elsie Duncan Yale

This is my country's natal morn, my heart with rapture thrills—
I've bought a gun for little John, the kind that sometimes kills,
And Susie has a pistol, too,—she'll burn herself I fear,
But what's the difference if she does? It's only once a year.

That I in patriotism lack, it never shall be said,—
The baby has some crackers now, that might blow off his head,
They're somewhat dangerous, for they're filled with dynamite, I hear,
But shoot them off, my darling child, 'tis only once a year.

I've heard that rockets have been known to put out children's eyes,—
Of course in every childish sport, some danger lurking lies.
We'll have to take our chance of that, they mustn't stand too near,
For we must celebrate the Fourth, 'tis only once a year.

So though the baby's blown to bits, and Johnny's lost his sight,
Though Susie's hair is all burnt off by time that it is night,
I'll sing "My country, 'tis of thee," in accents loud and clear,
For I have kept the glorious Fourth, which comes but once a year.



EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES

AN old Frenchwoman tells of the neglect of her youngest son,
who has been married three times.

"Paul has not been to see me in two years," she cried, and then,
with pathetic resignation, "but when a man has three mothers-in-law
his own mother becomes a luxury."

Marie Chaillé-Long.



O. K.

In a Massachusetts cemetery there is a monument erected to a
large family of O'Kelleys. Now the O'Kelleys were too many for
the monument and toward the last there was not room enough for
the surnames. So this is the way the later names were cut in: William
O. K.; John O. K.; Mary O. K.

Alleyn H. Martin.

Comfort Touch

is that little something necessary to complete the rest easy rendezvous of the home

The Artloom Couch-Cover, in quaint and elaborate effects, with its variety of artistic designs, is indispensable; permits of the comfort touch to window or hall seat, den, library, or music-room by harmonizing the color effects, and is modest-priced.

Write to-day for Style Book "J" showing Artloom Couch-Covers, Curtains, and Table-Covers in actual colors. Free on request

Turkish Couch-Cover

as illustrated is a scarce and costly Bergma Turkish design; rich, rare detail in panel and border effect.



Perfectly Reversible

Red, reverse Blue; Green, reverse Red; Terra-Cotta, reverse Blue; or Green, reverse Terra-Cotta. Sixty inches wide, three yards long

\$5.00

If your dealer won't supply you, send us post-office money-order and we will deliver it to you through another dealer.

*THIS LABEL
TELLS
THE TEXTURE*



*IT'S THE
TEXTURE
THAT TELLS*

"Home Making," the clever book on home decorations by Miss Edith W. Fisher. Illustrated with twelve full-page views showing contrasting interior decorations. Sent on receipt of four cents in stamps.

PHILADELPHIA TAPESTRY MILLS
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Walnuts and Wine

A VACATION SUGGESTION

By Warwick James Price

The annual puzzle again is here,
Of, "Where in the world shall we go *this year*?"
The mountains answer with views and rides,
The shore talks back of its times and tides,
The country tells of its peaceful ways,—
Each loud in the pæans of frank self-praise.
How simple 'twould be were each man to "stop"
At the place whose name should suggest his "shop!"

There's Vineyard Haven for growers of grapes;
Bay Head for the hatter to try his shapes;
The haberdasher might like Prout's Neck;
Long Beach or Short Hills for the man "in spec."
Marblehead? For the sculptor, if you please,
With the pianist touching the Tampa Keys;
Stone Harbor for masons, while, perhaps,
Block Island would suit the builder chaps.
Should the angler tire of bleak Cape Cod,
Let him seek Bass Rocks with his reel and rod.
Deal Beach would receive the players of bridge;
Plain "Friends" might summer 'long Quaker Ridge;
Fire Island would seem to the fireman fit;
Watch Hill with the "copper" might make a hit;
Sullivan ought to delight the sports;
And Sugar Hill sweeten the out-of-sorts.
The temp'rance people Cold Spring might try,
While the not-so-strict ones could go to Rye,
Or the one might turn to the Water Gap,
While Bar Harbor the other should entrap.
Sad spinsters o'er the Blue Hills might roam;
Young mothers at Rockaway feel at home;
Sag Harbor for those who have no new clothes;
Bell Beach for the girl with a-plenty beaux;
Point Comfort predicts for the lazy rest,
Or they might seek sleep on Lake Placid's breast;
Or, if it's the crowding guests that hurt,
Try Shelter Island or Mount Desert.
One even might settle the "color line:"—



Pabst Extract

The perfect health of the "Pabst Extract Girl" is due to steady nerves, a good digestion, and sweet, refreshing slumber.

Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic

will soothe your nerves, aid your digestion and make your sleep peaceful, restful and refreshing. It is just pure malt—the most healthful food that science knows. When you are over-tired or over-nervous, take a little Pabst Extract, before the meal or upon retiring—you will find it truly the "Best" Tonic.

25 cts. at all druggists. Insist upon the original.

Pabst Extract Department, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Walnuts and Wine

"Black Mountains for yours!"—"White Plains for mine!"
And so the list might run on at will,
With a beach or a harbor, a plain or a hill,
For everyone. *Just let the name suggest
The thing that in winter you like the best.*

THE REFORM FELL THROUGH

The Man: "Now, look here, Helen, we're going to run this household on a more methodical system. Everything in its place, so that we will know where everything is kept."

His Wife: "Oh, how nice! Now, let's begin with your late hours, dear. I should dearly like to know where they are kept."

George Frederick Wilson.

AFTER COMMENCEMENT

"Are you going to take your son into business with you?"

"Not now. I'm going to wait until he has forgotten all he's been taught."

CIRCUS GOSSIP

The Tiger: "I hear the elephant can't leave with the show."

The Bear: "Why not?"

The Tiger: "They are holding his trunk for his board."

Maurice Smiley.

A LITTLE VAGUE

A Boston lady seeking summer board on a farm saw an advertisement giving a description of about such a place as she wanted, and sent a letter of inquiry. She received the following information as to terms:

"We charge five dollars a week for men, four and a half for ladies and four dollars for children old enough to eat. All ages and sexes to pay more if difficult."

J. L. Harbour.

HAD THE SHAKES

Freddie, who was subject to the ague, recently experienced an earthquake, and ran to his mother exclaiming, "O mamma, the earth is having a chill!"

Will H. Hendrickson.

Walnuts and Wine

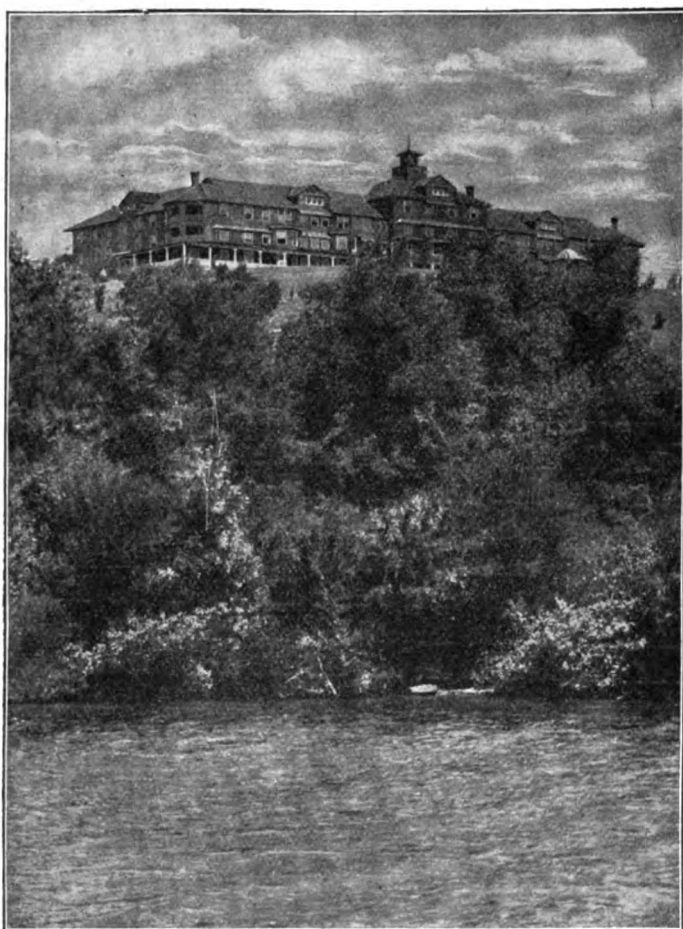
CRESTMONT INN

EAGLES MERE, Penna.



..A..

Large Lake
on the
Mountain
Top
No
Mosquitoes



Sand Beach
Swimming
Tennis
Bowling
Boating
Golf



ONLY 750 FEET FROM LAKE

No steps or hill to climb to reach Hotel

Large new Boat Landing and Continuous free coach between Hotel and Lake

*Newest, Most Modern, and Best
Appointed Hotel at Eagles Mere*

Forty rooms *en suite*, with private baths. Best Table Service. A Strictly
first-class, well-equipped, and liberally-conducted Hotel

WILLIAM Y. WARNER, PROPRIETOR

Walnuts and Wine

ANSWERED

“Big Tim” Sullivan, of Tammany fame, tells of an Irishman who, shortly after his entrance into the business life of the East Side as a contractor, began to dispose of his superfluous wealth by the purchase of diamonds, of which he became a heavy buyer.

One evening a friend, meeting him in the lobby of the theatre, observed that the Irishman was affording the public a more than usually liberal display of the gems. “Look here, Pat,” said the friend, “you oughtn’t to wear so many diamonds at once. It’s considered vulgar.”

“Vulgar, eh!” indignantly repeated the contractor. “I don’t know about that; but one thing I’ve noticed, me friend, and that is, —them that has ’em wears ’em!”

Edwin Tarrisse.



AT THE SETTLEMENT LIBRARY

The door of the Settlement Library opened, and in rushed the children, all ages and sizes, from the kindergarten to the highest grade of three of the large public schools.

The librarian examined the cards which had been filled out at home with the signature of the child and that of the father.

“Alfretta, you have forgotten to put down what your father does,” said Miss Jones, as she took the card from a little colored girl.

“My name is Miss Alfretta,” replied the child, “and my father is a travelling man.”

“He’s not, Miss Jones,” interrupted Tom Brown; “he’s just a common porter on the train.”

“Well,” said Miss Alfretta, “doesn’t he travel, and if he travels isn’t he a travelling man, I’d like to know?”

“John, you have not told what your father does.” Miss Jones turned to the child next in the line.

“I don’t want to tell, and he said I wasn’t to tell neither,” replied John, looking half scared.

“But I must know what your father does before you can take any books.”

“Well,” poor little John caught his breath; “I do so want to take books, but if he knows I told he’ll lick me. I’ll just whisper it to you, and no one else need hear.” So he went close to Miss Jones

Direct from our distillery to YOU

When you buy HAYNER WHISKEY, you get direct from the maker the purest and best whiskey that can be produced in one of the finest equipped distilleries in the world, after an experience of forty years.

When you buy HAYNER WHISKEY, you get a whiskey that has not passed through the hands of dealers, thus saving their big profits and avoiding all chance of adulteration.

When you buy HAYNER WHISKEY, you get at the distiller's price a whiskey that has no superior at any price, and yet it costs less than dealers charge for inferior adulterated stuff.

PURE HAYNER WHISKEY

4 Full Quarts \$3.20 Express Prepaid

Our offer Send us \$3.20, and we will ship you, in a plain sealed case with no marks to show contents, four full quart bottles of HAYNER PRIVATE STOCK RYE or BOURBON, express prepaid. Open up one, two or all of the bottles. Give the whiskey a fair trial. Test it in any way you like. If it doesn't come up to your fullest expectations, if you don't find it exactly as represented; in fine, if you are not satisfied and don't want to keep it, send it back to us **AT OUR EXPENSE** and your \$3.20 will be returned to you by next mail. How could any offer be fairer? Don't hesitate any longer to send us a trial order. Write our nearest office to-day--NOW--while you think of it.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Col., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., or Wyo., must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for \$4.00 by EXPRESS PREPAID, or 20 Quarts for \$15.20 by FREIGHT PREPAID, by reason of the very much higher express rates to the far western states.

ESTABLISHED
1866.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.,

DISTILLERY,
TROY, OHIO.

DAYTON, OHIO,

ST. LOUIS, MO.,

ST. PAUL, MINN.,

ATLANTA, GA.



Walnuts and Wine

and, putting his arm around her neck, whispered, "He's the bearded lady at the Dime Museum."

"Next." Miss Jones wrote something hurriedly on the card.

"I want to explain about mine." A little girl stepped forward eagerly. "I wrote my own name myself, but my father being dead was unable to write his, so I wrote it for him, but my mother wrote her's herself."

"Annie, you haven't told us what your father does."

"Please, he works hard; he says he does," said Annie.

"Well, and what does he work hard at?"

"He works at being an invalid."

"My father is a miller," said the next.

"My mother is a housekeeper."

"My father is a carpenter."

"Mine is a peddler, for he peddles."

"I don't know what to do about my card," said Julia Trusky, pushing her way toward the desk; "you see it's this way. My mother has divorced my father, and I don't know if I ought to send the card to him or wait until next week for then I am to have a new father."

Margaret H. Sterrett.



IT IS TO LAUGH

A little four-year-old, who had been carefully taught that God made everything, was out walking with her mother. They came upon a large wart-covered toad in the pathway. "Mamma," she asked, "did God make that toad?"

"Why, of course he did."

"Oh, then," she cried, "how he must have laughed when he got it done!"

Milford W. Foshay.

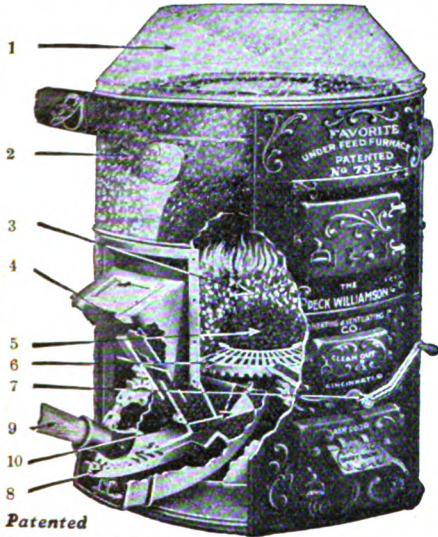


THE RESULT OF A BLOW

The mistress of a modern house in a western small town was entertaining two ministers during a Methodist conference. On the first night she noticed that a light was burning all night in the

ANATOMY OF THE UNDERFEED FURNACE

Get acquainted with the Peck-Williamson Underfeed Furnace. We want you to know this heating marvel. A moment's study of the illustration will enable you to understand what Scientific Furnace Construction really means, and why



The Peck-Williamson Underfeed Furnace Saves 1-2 to 2-3 on Coal Bills

You will see how it burns and extracts as much heat from a ton of the cheapest grade coal as you have ever been able to obtain from a ton of highest grade coal with an Overfeed furnace. You will appreciate how it soon pays for itself and then begins a handsome annual saving for you. The arrows in illustration point to leading features of Underfeed Furnace construction.

1. X-Ray view showing galvanized casing.
2. Cast iron radiator.
3. Fire burning on top of the coal—the Underfeed's exclusive way. Smoke and gases, which go up the chimney and are wasted in Overfeed furnaces, are released before the fire in the Underfeed and must pass through the fire and are thus converted into heat units.
4. Sectional view of the feed hopper, in which coal is placed.
5. Coal as it is forced up under the fire.
6. The revolving grate through which coal is forced.
7. Grate bar which causes the grate to revolve and drop ashes into the ash pit below.
8. Plunger operated by lever, which forces coal from the hopper into the fire chamber.
9. Wood lever operating the plunger.
10. Automatic valve which prevents coal from dropping back when the plunger is released.

The Underfeed is not an experiment. Every claim made for it has been fully established by hundreds of voluntary letters received from those who have subjected it to the severest tests.

New illustrated Underfeed booklet FREE. It gives full description of furnace and fac-simile letters from happy users. Heating plans and services of our Engineering Department are yours—absolutely Free. Write to-day. Please give name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO., 293 W. Fifth St., CINCINNATI, OHIO.
It will PAY Dealers to write for our very attractive proposition.

Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary

THE great strides in every field of human activity during the century just closed have added thousands of new names to the lists of those whom the world delights to honor, a fact which the publishers of "LIPPINCOTT'S PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY OF BIOGRAPHY AND MYTHOLOGY" have recognized by giving that notable work of reference a thorough and extended revision.

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Walnuts and Wine

room assigned to one of the preachers. In the morning she inquired solicitously if he had been ill, at the same time remarking that she had noticed the light. Her surprise was great when the minister replied that he had tried repeatedly to blow out his light, but the confounded thing was in a bottle and he could produce no effect on it whatever.

Lena A. Britton.



LOSS AND GAIN

Two Americans were being shown through the citadel of Quebec by a British soldier. Halting at a certain spot on the parade-ground, their guide pointed to a small cannon.

"This," said he, "is a gun we captured from the Americans at the battle of Bunker Hill."

Quick as a flash came this reply:

"Well, as we kept the *country*, we can afford to let you have the *gun*."

F. G. Blakeslee.



PERFECTLY NORMAL

A journalist visited an insane asylum to get material for an article, and was shown over the establishment by one of the inmates who was so intelligent that it was almost impossible to believe he could be out of his head.

"And what are you in here for, my man?" asked the journalist at length.

Immediately a cunning look came into the man's eyes and he looked about him warily.

"I'll tell you if you keep it dark," he said, lowering his voice. "I have a mania for swearing. I write 'cuss-words' all around. It's great sport. Why, they have to hire a man just to follow me round and rub 'em out. But," coming a little closer, "I'll tell you a secret. I'm four 'damns' ahead of him and I've got 'hell' written all over your back!"

Helen Sherman Griffith.

Walnuts and Wine

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Walnuts and Wine

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

By May Kelly

There was a patriotic youth
Who dearly loved a maiden.
But being very bashful, he
Proposing kept evading,—
Until they went one glorious Fourth
To see the men parading.

The big guns boomed, the bugles blew,
The horses' footsteps clattered.
While rattling drums, exploding bombs,
Along the line were scattered.
And noisy boys fired crackers big
Till every nerve was shattered.

"Oh! everything is popping, George!"
She said with eyes that flirted.
Before he knew, he took the hint,
And something to her blurted—
Then heard through din of noisy Fourth
A "Yes" from lips averted.



IN SOCIETY ?

"Gracious," said the hostess, "you *are* on time!"

"Yes," answered the guest, "punctuality is my besetting virtue."
A. C. Hatfield.



AN ASTOUNDING REPLY

One day at Latin recitation Johnny Jones was so drowsy that when the professor asked for the conjugation of a certain verb he failed to catch it, and turning to his bosom friend inquired, "What verb?"

"Damfino," whispered his classmate.

"Damfino, Damfinare, damfinavi, damfinatum!" said Johnny Jones to the horrified professor.

Margaret Kirby Taylor.

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1906



AN ADVENTURE IN ARCADY

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "Kitty of the Roses," "An Orchard Princess," etc.

I.

THE clear water of the little river, in which the willows were mirrored quiveringly in tones of brown and green, shallowed abruptly where a tiny bar of silver-white sand thrust the ripples aside. Thus confined, the stream sulked melodiously for a moment in a deep, pellucid pool, and then, with sudden rush and gurgle, swept through a miniature narrows and swirled and frothed about the naked roots of the willows.

With a quick plunge of the paddle Ethan guided the canoe past the threatening bar. A drooping branch swept his face caressingly as the craft gained the quiet water beyond. Here, as though repentant of its impatience, the river loitered and lapped about a massive granite boulder, tugging playfully at the swaying ferns and tossing scintillant drops upon the velvety moss. To the left, the fringe of woodland which, in friendly gossip, had followed the little river for a quarter of a mile, parted where a second stream, scarcely more than a brook, flowed placidly into the first. Reinforced, the river widened a little and went slowly, musically on under the drooping branches, alternately sun-splashed and shadowed, until it disappeared at a distant turn. But the canoe did not follow. Instead it rocked lazily by the boulder, while the ripples broke gently against its smooth sides.

To the bole of an old willow which dropped its leaves in autumn

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upon the white sand-bar was nailed a weather-gray board, on which faded letters stated:

PRIVATE PROPERTY!
NO TRESPASSING!

Ethan observed the warning meditatively. In view of his later course of action let us credit him with that hesitation. At length, with a faint smile on his face, he turned the nose of the canoe toward the smaller stream and his back to the sign.

To have observed him one would scarcely have believed him capable of deliberately committing the dire crime of trespass. There was something about his good-looking face which bespoke honesty. At least, it would have been difficult to credit him with underhand methods; it seemed easier to believe that if he ever did commit a crime it would be in such a superbly open and above-board fashion as to rob it of half its iniquity. Not that there was anything of classical beauty about his face. His eyes were a shade of brown, his nose was a trifle too short to reach the standard of the Grecians, his mouth, unhidden by a shortly-cropped mustache, did not to any great extent suggest a Cupid's bow. His chin was aggressive. For the rest, he had the usual allowance of hair of a not uncommon shade of brown, and showed, when he laughed—which was by no means infrequently—a set of very white and very capable looking teeth. And yet I reiterate my former adjective; good-looking he was; good-looking in a healthy, frank, happy and rather boyish way that was eminently satisfying.

If the sign on the old willow was right, and he really was trespassing, I have no excuse to offer, or at least none that my conscience will allow me to suggest. I can't plead ignorance for him, for the simple reason that he had seen the sign and read it and that he knew all about trespass—or as much as was taught in the three-year course at the Harvard Law School, which he had finished barely a fortnight ago.

Meanwhile he has been sending the canoe quietly along the winding water path, dipping the paddle with easy, rhythmic swings of his shoulders, pushing the blade astern through the clear water and swinging it, flashing and dripping, back for the next stroke. He had tossed his light cloth cap into the bottom of the canoe and had laid his coat over a thwart. The summer morning sunlight, slanting through the branches, wove quickly vanishing patterns in gold upon his brown hair. The tiny breeze, just a mere breath from the southwest, fragrant with the odor of damp, sun-warmed soil and greenery, stirred the sheer white shirt he wore and laid it in folds under the raised arm.

The brook was rather shallow; everywhere the pebbled bottom was visible. It was a whimsical brook, full of sudden turns and twistings; rounding tiny promontories of alder and sheepberry, dipping into quiet bays where bush honeysuckles were dripping sweetness from their pale yellow funnels, skirting curving beaches of white sand where standing armies of purple flags held themselves stiffly at attention and restrained the invasion of the eager, swaying fern-rabble.

He had gone several hundred yards by this time against the slow current, and now there was evident a change in the foliage lining the banks, even in the banks themselves. Artifice had aided nature. Pink and white and yellow lilies dotted the stream, while at a little distance a slender, graceful stone bridge arched from shore to shore. Woodbine clustered about it and threw cool, trembling leaf-shadows against the sunlit stones. The arch framed a charming vista of the brook beyond. The canoe slipped noiselessly under the bridge and the strip of shadow rested gratefully for an instant on Ethan's face. On the left there was a momentary break in the foliage and a brief glimpse of a wide expanse of velvety turf. Then another turn, the canoe brushing aside the broad lily-pads, and the end of the journey had come, and, sitting with motionless paddle, he gazed spell-bound.

II.

THE banks of the stream fell suddenly away on either side and the canoe glided slowly and softly into a miniature lake. It was perhaps twenty yards across at its widest place and something more than that in length. Its banks curved gently in and out, forming innumerable tiny capes and bays. Occasionally a far-reaching branch threw trembling shadows on the water, but for the most part the trees stood back from the margin of the pool and allowed the fresh green turf to descend unhampered to the water's edge. At a point farthest from where Ethan had entered a little cascade tumbled, tinkling and splashing, over mossy stones. On all sides the ground sloped slightly upward, and in one place a group of larches crowned the summit of a knoll and mingled their delicate branches far above the neighboring maples. No habitation was in sight, although an uncertain gleam of white caught at moments through the trees to the right suggested a building of some sort—perhaps the marble temple of the divinity, who, seated on the bank with her bare sandaled feet crossed before her, observed the intruder with calm, dreamy, almost smiling unconcern.

It was a beautiful scene into which Ethan had floated. Overhead was a blue sky against which a few soft white clouds hung seemingly

motionless as though, like Narcissus, they had become enamored of their reflections in the pool there below. On a tiny islet in the centre of the pool three dwarf willows caressed the water with the tips of their pendulous branches and a trio of white swans sunned themselves. Around the islet and about the margin the bosom of the pool was carpeted with lily-pads and starred with a multitude of fragrant blooms, white, rose-hued, carmine, pale violet, sulphur-colored and blue. The gauze wings of darting dragon-flies caught the sunlight, insects hovered above the flower-cups and in the branches around many a feathered cantatrice was singing her heart out. And for background there was always the varied green of encircling trees.

Yes, it was very beautiful, but Ethan had no eyes for it. With paddle still suspended between gunwale and water he was staring in a fashion at once depicting surprise, curiosity, and admiration at the figure on the grass. And what wonder? Who would have thought to find a Grecian goddess under New England skies? Ethan's thoughts leaped back to mythology and he sought a name for her. Diana? Minerva? Venus? Iris? Penelope?

And all the while—a very little while despite the telling—his eyes ranged from the sandaled feet to the warm brown hair with its golden fillet. A single garment of gleaming white reached from the feet to the shoulders where it was caught together on either side with a metal clasp. The arms were bare, youthfully slender, aglow in the sunlight. And yet it was to the eyes that his gaze returned each time. "Minerva!" his thoughts triumphed, "'Minerva, goddess azure-eyed!'" And yet in the next instant he knew that while her eyes were undeniably blue she was no wise Minerva. Such youthful softness belonged rather to Iris or Daphne or Syrinx.

And all the while—just the little time which it took for the canoe to glide from the stream well into the pool—she had been regarding him tranquilly with her deep blue eyes, her bare arms, stretching downward to the grass, supporting her in an attitude suggesting recent recumbency. And now, as the craft brushed the lily-pads aside, she spoke.

"Do you not fear the resentment of the gods?" she asked gravely. "It is not wise for a mortal to look upon us."

"I crave your mercy, O fair goddess," he answered. "Blame rather this tiny argosy of mine which, propelled by hands invisible, has brought me hither. I doubt not that the gods hold me in enchantment." He mentally patted himself on the back; it wasn't so bad for an impromptu!

She leaned forward and sunk her chin in the cup of one small hand, viewing him intently as though pondering his words.

"It may be so," she answered presently. "What call you your frail vessel?"

"From this hour, Good Fortune."

Her gaze dropped.

"Will you deign to tell me your name, O radiant goddess?" he continued. She raised her eyes again and he thought a little smile played for a moment over her red lips.

"I am Clytie," she answered, "a water-nymph. I dwell in this pool. And you, how are you called?"

He answered readily and gravely:

"I am Vertumnus, clad thus in mortal guise that I may gain the presence of Pomona. Long have I wooed her, O Nymph of the Pool."

"I too love unrequited," she answered sadly. "Apollo has my heart. Though day by day I watch him drive his fiery chariot across the heavens he sees me not."

She arose and turned her face upward to the sun. Slowly she raised her white arms and stretched them forth in tragic appeal.

"Apollo!" she cried. "Apollo! Hear me! Clytie calls to you!"

Such a passion of melancholy longing spoke in her voice that Ethan thrilled in spite of himself. Unconsciously his gaze followed hers to the blazing orb. The light dazzled his eyes and blinded him for a moment. When he looked again toward the bank it was empty, but between the trees, along the slope, a white garment fluttered and was lost to sight.

"Clytie!" he called in sudden dismay. And again,

"Clytie!"

A wood-thrush in a nearby tree burst into golden melody. But Clytie answered not.

III.

THE Roadside Inn at Riverdell sprawls its white length along the old post-road over which many years ago the coaches swayed and rattled between New York and Boston. The Roadside, known in those days as Peppitt's Tavern, has changed but little. The front room over the porch, against whose windows in summer the branches of the giant elm brush and tap, has held notable guests: Washington, Hancock, Adams, Lafayette and many more. On the tap-room windows you may still find the diamond-etched initials of by-gone celebrities. And much of the old-time atmosphere remains.

The room into which Ethan had his bag taken after his return from his adventure in Arcady was low-ceilinged and dim. The two

small windows, one overlooking the dilapidated orchard at the rear and the little river beyond, the other revealing the murmuring depths of a big elm, afforded little light. The floor was delightfully uneven; Ethan went downhill to the washstand and uphill again to the old mahogany bureau. The wide fire-place held a pair of antique andirons coveted by many a visitor, and the narrow shelf above was adorned with an equally desirable brass candlestick and a couple of opaque white glass vases which, ancient as they were, post-dated the shelf itself by half a hundred years. The bedstead, of mahogany, with rolling footboard, had made concessions to modernity. The pegs along the side, from which ropes had once been stretched, remained, but an up-to-date wire spring and hair mattress had superseded the olden furnishings.

Ethan lighted a cigarette, unstrapped his bag and took out a leathern portfolio. With this on his knee, he sat at one of the open windows and scrawled a note.

Dear Vin, I am sending my man Farrell on to you with the machine with orders to place it at your disposal. Make what use you can of it. I think it is all right now, though it went back on us this morning about two miles north of here. Funny place for it to bust, wasn't it; looks as though it meant me to pay a visit here, eh? Well, I'm humoring it. I've decided to stay here for a day or two at the roadside. I want to brush up a bit on mythology. Very interesting subject, mythology, Vin. Just when I'll follow the machine I can't say yet; possibly in a day or two. Make my excuses to your mother and sisters; invent any old story you like. You might say, for instance, that Vertumnus, fickle god, has transferred his affections from Pomona to a water-nymph. But you needn't if you'd rather not. I don't care what you say. Expect me when you see me.

"Yours,

"ETHAN."

With a smile as he thought of his friend's perplexity on reading the note, Ethan folded it and tucked it into an envelope. Then addressing it to "Mr. Vincent Graves, The Boulders, Stillhaven, Mass.," he sealed it, dropped it into his pocket and made his way downstairs to dinner.

After dinner a big blue touring-car chugged its way southward along the shaded road, with Farrell at the wheel and Ethan's note in Farrell's pocket. Ethan watched it disappear. Then, drawing a chair to the edge of the porch, he set himself in it, put his heels on the railing, stuffed his hands into his pockets and asked himself with a puzzled smile why he had done it.

IV.

THE grass grew tall and lush under the gnarled old apple-trees back of the Inn, and the straggling footpath which led to the landing was a path only in name. By the time he had gained the river Ethan's immaculate white shoes were slate-colored with dew. The canoe rested on two poles laid from crotches of the apple trees, which overhung the stream. Ethan lifted it down and dropped it into the water. With paddle in hand he stepped into it and pushed off down-stream.

On his left the orchard and garden of the Inn marched with him for a way, giving place at length to a neck of woodland. On his right, seen between the twisted willows, stretched a pleasant view of meadows and tilled fields in the foreground, and, beyond, the gently rising hills, wooded save where along the base the encroaching grasslands rose and dipped. A couple of sleepy-looking farmhouses were nestled in the middle-distance and the faint *whir-r-r* of a mowing machine floated across the meadows. In the high grass daisies were sprinkled as thickly as stars in the Milky Way, and buttercups thrust their tiny golden bowls above the pendulous plumes of the timothy, foxtail, and fescue. The blue-eyed grass, too, was all abloom, like miniatures of the blue flags which congregated wherever the spring floods had inundated the meadows.

The sand-bar came in sight and the little river began to fuss and fret as it gathered itself for what it doubtless believed to be an awe-inspiring rush. The canoe bobbed gracefully through the rapids and swung about in the pool below. Ethan winked soberly at the sign on the willow tree and dipped his paddle again. The canoe breasted the lazy current of the brook.

It was just such a day as yesterday. The little breeze stirred the rushes along the banks and brought odors of honeysuckle. Fleecy white clouds seemed to float on the unshadowed stretches of the stream. On one side a sudden blur of deep pink marked where a wild azalea was ablossom. Again, a glimpse of white showed a viburnum sprinkling the ground with its tiny blooms. Cinnamon ferns were pushing their pale bronze "fiddleheads" into the air. Now and then a wood lily displayed a tardy blossom. Near the stone bridge a kingfisher darted downward to the brook, broke its surface into silver spray and arose on heavy wing.

Once past the bridge and with only a single winding of the brook between him and the lotus pool, Ethan trailed his paddle for a moment while he asked himself whether he really expected to find the girl waiting for him. Of course he didn't, only—well, there was just a chance——! Nonsense; there was not the ghost of a chance!

Oh, very well; at least there was no harm in his paddling to the lotus pool—barring that he was trespassing! He smiled at that. He smiled at it several times, for some reason or other. Then he dipped his paddle again and sent the "Good Fortune" gliding swiftly over the sunlit water, around the last bend in the stream and out on to the blossom-starred mirror of the pond. And when he looked there she was, seated on the bank, just as—and he realized it now—he had expected all along that she would be!

But it was not Clytie he saw; not unless the fashions have changed considerably and water-nymphs may wear with perfect propriety white shirtwaist suits and tan shoes. It was not impossible, he reasoned; for all he knew to the contrary the July number of the Goddesses' Home Journal—doubtless edited by Minerva—might prescribe just such garments for informal morning wear. At all events, being less *bizarre* than the flowing peplum of yesterday, Ethan—whose tastes in attire were quite orthodox—liked it far better. The effect was quite different, too. Yesterday she might have been Clytie; to-day reason cried out against any such possibility; she was a very modern-appearing and extremely charming young lady of, apparently, twenty or twenty-one years of age, with a face, at present seen in profile, piquant rather than beautiful. The nose was small and delicate, the mouth, under a short lip, had the least bit of a pout and the chin was softly round and sensitive. This morning she wore her hair in a pompadour, while at the back the thick braids started low on her neck and coiled around and around in a perfectly delightful and absolutely puzzling fashion. Ethan liked her hair immensely. It was light brown, with coppery tones where the sunlight became entangled. She was seated on the sloping bank, her hands clasped about her knees and her gaze turned dreamily toward the cascade which sparkled and tinkled at the upper curve of the pool. As the canoe had made almost no sound in its approach, she was, of course, ignorant of Ethan's presence. And yet it may be mentioned as an interesting if unimportant fact that as he gazed at her for the space of half a minute a rosy tinge, all unobserved of him, crept into her cheeks. He laid his paddle softly across the canoe, and,—

"Greetings, O Clytie!" he said.

She turned to him startledly. A little smile quivered about her lips.

"Good morning, Vertumnus," she answered. Perhaps his gaze showed a trifle too much interest, for after a brief instant hers stole away. He picked up the paddle and moved the canoe closer to the shore.

"I'm very glad to find you have not yet taken root," he said gravely.

"Taken root?" she echoed vaguely.

"Yes, for that was your fate at the last, wasn't it? If I am not mistaken you sat for days on the ground, subsisting on your tears and watching the sun cross the heavens, until at last your limbs became rooted to the ground and you just naturally turned into a sunflower. At least, that's the way I recollect it."

"Oh, but you shouldn't tell me what my fate is to be," she answered smilingly.

"Forearmed is forewarned; no, I mean the other way around!" he replied. "Maybe if you just keep your feet moving you'll escape that fate. It would be awfully uncomfortable, I should say! Besides, pardon me if it sounds rude, sunflowers are such unattractive things, don't you think so?"

"Yes, I'm afraid they are. The fate of Daphne or Lotis or Syrinx would be much nicer."

"What happened to them, please?"

"Why, Daphne was changed to a laurel; have you forgotten?"

"No, but how about the other ladies?"

"Lotis became a lotus and Syrinx a clump of reeds. Pan gathered some and made himself pipes to play on.

"Poor nymph!—Poor Pan!—how he did weep to find
Naught but a lovely sighing of the wind
Along the reedy stream; a half-heard strain
Full of sweet desolation—balmy pain."

"Shelley, for a dollar," he said questioningly.

She shook her head smilingly. "Keats," she corrected.

"Oh, I have a way of getting them mixed, those two chaps." He paused. "Do you know, it sounds odd nowadays to hear anyone quote poetry?"

"I suppose it does; I dare say it sounds very silly."

"Not a bit of it! I like it! I wish I could do it myself. All I know, though, is

"The Lady Jane was tall and slim,
The Lady Jane was fair,
And Sir Thomas, my lord, was stout of limb,
But his breath was short, and——"

and so on. I used to recite that at school when I was a youngster; knew it all through; and I think there were five or six pages of it. I was quite proud of that, and used to stand on the platform Saturday mornings and just gallop it off. I think the humor appealed to me."

"It must have been delightful!" she laughed. "But you haven't got even that quite right!"

"Haven't I? I dare say."

"No, Sir Thomas was *her* lord, not *my* lord, and it was his cough that was short instead of his breath."

"Shows that my memory is failing at last," he answered. "But, tell me, do you know every piece of poetry ever written?"

"No, not so many. I happen to remember that, though. Besides, we dwellers on Olympus hold poetry in rather more respect than you mortals."

"You forget that I am Vertumnus," he answered haughtily.

"Of course! And you puzzled me with that yesterday, too. I had to go home and hunt up a dictionary of mythology to see who Vertumnus was."

"I—I trust you found him fairly respectable?" he asked. "To tell the truth, I don't recollect very much about him myself; and some of those old chaps were—well, a bit rapid."

"Vertumnus was quite respectable," she replied. "In fact, he was quite a dear, the way he slaved to win Pomona. I never cared very much about Pomona," she added frankly.

"I—I never knew her very well," he answered carelessly.

"I think she was a stick."

"You forget," he said gently, "that you are speaking of the lady of my affections."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" she cried contritely. "Please forgive me!"

"If you will let me smoke a cigarette."

"Why not? Considering that I am on shore and you on the water it hardly seems necessary——"

"Well, of course it's your own private pool," he said. "I thought perhaps nymphs objected to the odor of cigarette-smoke around their habitations."

"This nymph doesn't mind it," she answered.

He selected a cigarette from his case very leisurely. He had had several opportunities to see her eyes and was wondering whether they were really the color they seemed to be. He had thought yesterday that they were blue, like the sky, or a Yale flag or—or the ocean in October; in short just *blue*. But to-day, seen from a distance of some fifteen feet, and examined carefully, they appeared quite a different hue, a—a violet, or—or mauve. He wasn't sure just what mauve was, but he thought it might be the color of her eyes. At all events, they weren't merely blue; they were something quite different, far more wonderful, and infinitely more beautiful. He would look again just as soon as he had the cigarette lighted, and——

"Were you surprised to find me here this morning?" she asked suddenly. There was no hint of coquetry in her tone and he stifled the first reply occurring to him.

"I—no, I wasn't—for some reason," he answered honestly. "I dare say I ought to have been."

"I came on purpose to meet you," she said calmly.

"Er—thank you—that is——!"

"I wanted to explain about yesterday. You see I didn't want you to think I was just simply insane. There was—method in my madness."

"But I didn't think you insane," he denied, depositing the burnt match carefully on a lily-pad and raising his gaze to hers. "I thought—that——"

"Yes, go on," she prompted. "Tell me what you did think when you found me here in that—that *thing!*"

"I thought I was in Arcadia and that you were just what you said you were, a water-nymph."

"Oh," she murmured disappointedly; "I thought you were really going to tell me the truth."

"I will, then. Frankly, I didn't know what to think. You said you were Clytie, and far be it from me to question a lady's word. I was stumped. I tried to work it out yesterday afternoon and couldn't, and so I came back to-day in the hope that I might have the good fortune to see you again."

"It was rather silly," she answered. "And I ought to have run away when I saw your canoe coming. But it was so unexpected and sudden, and I was bored and—and I wondered what you would look like when I told you I was a water-nymph!" She laughed softly. "Only," she went on in a moment, with grievance in her tones, "you didn't look at all surprised! I might just as well have said 'I am Mary Smith' or—or 'Laura Devereux!'"

("Aha!" quoth Ethan to himself, "I am learning.")

"You were very disappointing," she concluded severely.

"I am sorry, really. I realize now that I should have displayed astonishment and awe. Perhaps if you had said you were Laura—Laura Devereux, was it?—I would have really shown some emotion."

"Why?" she questioned.

"Well, don't you think—Laura, now, is—I'm afraid I can't just explain." He was watching her intently. She was studying her clasped hands. "I suppose what I meant was that Laura is such an attractive name, so—so musical, so melodious! And then coupled with Devereux it is even—even—er—more so!"

"Is it?" She didn't look at him and her tone was almost icy.

“I fancy that’ll hold you for awhile,” he said to himself. “My boy, you’re inclined to be a little too fresh; cut it out!”

“I never thought Laura especially melodious,” she said.

“Perhaps you are prejudiced,” he suggested amiably.

“Why should I be?” she asked, observing him calmly. He hesitated and paid much attention to his cigarette.

“Oh, no reason at all, I suppose,” he answered finally. He looked up in time to surprise a little mocking smile in her eyes. Nonsense! He’d show her that she couldn’t bluff him down like that! “To be honest,” he continued, “what I meant was that some folks take a dislike to their own names; in which case they are scarcely impartial judges.” He looked across at her challengingly. She returned the look serenely.

“So you think that is my name?” she asked.

“Isn’t it?”

“I don’t see why you should think so,” she parried. “I might have found it in a novel. I’m sure it sounds like a name out of a novel.”

“But you haven’t denied it,” he insisted.

“I don’t intend to,” she replied, the little tantalizing smile quivering again at the corners of her mouth. “Besides, I have already told you that my name is Clytie.”

He tossed the remains of his cigarette toward where one of the swans was paddling about. The long neck writhed, snake-like, and the bill disappeared under the water. Then with an insulted air and an angry bob of the tail, the swan turned her back on Ethan and sailed hurriedly back to her family.

“I understand,” he said. “I will try not to forget hereafter that this is Arcadia, that you are Clytie and that I am Vertumnus.”

“Thank you, Vertumnus,” she said. “And now I must tell you what I came here to tell. You must know, sir, that I am not in the habit of sitting around on the grass in broad daylight dressed—as I was yesterday. If I did I should probably catch cold. Yesterday morning we—a friend and I—dressed up in costume and took each other’s pictures up there under the trees. Afterwards the fancy took me to come down here and—and ‘make believe.’ And then you popped on to the scene all of a sudden.”

“I see. Very rude of me, I’m sure. Of course, as we are in Arcady, and you are a nymph and I a—god, I don’t understand at all what you are talking about; but I *would* like to see those pictures!”

“I’m afraid you never will,” she laughed.

“I’m not so sure,” he said thoughtfully. “Strange things happen in—Arcady.”

"Weren't you the least bit surprised when you saw me? And when I—acted so silly?"

"I certainly was! Really, for a while—especially after you had gone—I was half inclined to think that I had been dreaming. You did it rather well, you know," he added admiringly.

"Did I?" She seemed pleased. "Didn't it sound terribly foolish when I spouted that about Apollo?"

"Not a bit! I—I half expected the sun to do something when you raised your hands to it; I don't know just what; wink, perhaps, or have an eclipse."

"You're making fun of me!" she said dolefully.

"But I am not, truly! However, I don't think you treated your audience very nicely. To get me sun-blind and then steal away wasn't kind. When I looked around you had simply disappeared, as though by magic, and I—" he shivered uncomfortably—"I felt a bit funny for a moment."

"Really?" She positively beamed on him, and Ethan felt a sudden warmth at his heart. "I suppose every person has a sneaking desire to act," she went on. "I know I have. Ever since I was a little girl I've loved to—to 'make believe.' That's why I did it yesterday."

"Have you ever considered a stage career?" he asked gravely. She leaned her chin in one small palm and observed him doubtfully.

"I never seem to know for certain," she complained, "whether you are making fun of me or not. And I don't like to be made fun of—especially by—"

"Strangers? I don't blame you, Miss—Clytie. I wouldn't like it myself."

She continued to study him perplexedly, a little frown above her somewhat impertinent nose. Ethan smiled composedly back. He enjoyed it immensely. The sunlight made strange little golden blurs in her eyes. They were very beautiful eyes; he realized it thoroughly; and he didn't care how long she allowed him to look into them like this. Only, well, it was a bit disquieting to a chap. He could imagine that invisible wires led from those violet orbs of hers straight down to his heart. Otherwise how account for the tingling glow that was pervading the latter? Not that it was unpleasant; on the contrary—

"I beg your pardon?" he stammered.

"I merely said that I had no idea of the stage," she replied distantly, dropping her gaze.

"Oh!" He paused. It took him a moment to get the sense of what she had said through his brain. Plainly, Arcadian air possessed a quality not contained in ordinary ether, and its effect was strangely

deranging to the senses. "Oh!" he repeated presently, "I am glad you haven't. I shouldn't want you to—er——"

But that didn't appear to be just the right thing to say, judging from the sudden expression of reserve which settled over her countenance. Ethan shook himself awake.

"It is time for me to go," she said, getting to her feet. Ethan made an absurdly futile motion toward assisting her. "I think I have explained matters, don't you?"

"You have explained," he answered judicially, "but there is much more that would bear, that even demands elucidation."

"I don't see that there is," she replied a trifle coldly.

"Oh, of course, if you prefer to have me place my own interpretation on—things——!"

"What things?" she demanded curiously.

"What things?" he repeated vaguely. "Oh, why—er—lots," he ended lamely.

She turned her back.

"Good morning," she said.

He took a desperate resolve.

"Good morning. Now that I know who you are——"

"You don't know who I am!" she retorted, facing him defiantly.

"Pardon me, but——"

"I didn't say my name was—that!"

"And I know more besides," he added mysteriously.

"You don't!"

"Oh, very well." He smiled superiorly.

"How could you?"

"You forget that we gods have powers of——"

"Oh! Well, tell me, then."

"Not to-day," he answered gently. "To-morrow, perhaps."

He raised his paddle and turned the canoe about.

"But you will not see me to-morrow," she said, stifling the smile that threatened to mar her severity.

"You are not thinking of leaving Arcady?" he asked in surprise. "Where, pray, could you find a more delightful pool than this? Observe those swans! Observe the lilies! Besides, even in Arcady one doesn't move so late in the season."

She regarded him for a moment with intense gravity. Then, "You really think so?" she asked musingly.

"I really do."

He waited, wondering at himself for caring so much about her decision. At last,

"Perhaps you are right," she said. "Good morning."

"And I shall see you to-morrow?" he cried eagerly.

She turned under the first tree. The green shadows played over her hair and dappled her white gown with tremulous silhouettes.

"That," she laughed softly, tantalizingly, "is in the hands of the gods."

Her dress showed here and there through the trees for a moment and then was lost to sight. Ethan heaved a sigh. Then he smiled. Then he seized the paddle and shot the canoe toward the outlet.

"Well," he muttered, "I know how this god will vote!"

V.

ETHAN laid aside his paddle and mopped his face with his handkerchief. The canoe, left to its own devices, poked its nose against the meadow bank and allowed its stern to float slowly around in the languid current. He gazed across the fields over which the heat-waves danced and shimmered and addressed himself to his cigarette case.

"Providence," he said, "showed great wisdom when it arranged that the Pilgrims should land on the coast of Massachusetts. 'From what I've seen of these folks and what I've heard about them,' says Providence, 'I don't believe they're going to be much of an acquisition to the New World. But I'll give 'em a fair show. I'll see that they land at Plymouth and if they can survive a Massachusetts winter *and* a Massachusetts summer I'll have nothing more to say. Those of them alive a year from now will be entitled to prizes in the Endurance Test and will have qualified to become Hardy Pioneers and build up the country.'"

He mopped his face again, lighted a cigarette and took up his paddle.

"One would think that this state might show moderation at some season of the year," he added disgustedly. "But not content with her Old Fashioned Winters, Backward Springs and Early Falls she has to try and wrest the Hot Weather blue ribbon from Arizona! No wonder they say a Bostonian isn't contented in Heaven; doubtless he finds the weather frightfully equable and monotonous!"

He righted the canoe and went on, with a glance at the sky above the hills.

"We're probably in for a jolly good thunder-storm this afternoon," he muttered.

By the time he had reached the entrance to the brook his forehead was again beaded with perspiration and his thin negligée shirt showed a disposition to cling to his shoulders. It was one of those intensely hot and exceedingly humid days which the early summer so often visits upon New England. Even the birds seemed to feel the heat and instead of singing and darting about across the shadowed

stream were content to flutter and chirp drowsily amidst the branches. The hum of the insects held a lethargic tone that somehow, like a locust's clatter in August, seemed to increase the heat. Ethan went slowly up the winding stream with divided opinions on the subject of his own sanity. To sit in a canoe in the broiling sun on a morning like this merely to talk to a girl was rank idiocy, he told himself. Then he recalled her eyes, her tantalizing little laugh, the soft tones of her voice, the provocative ghost of a smile that so often trembled about her red lips, and owned that she was worth it. After he had slipped under the stone footbridge it suddenly occurred to him that perhaps the girl would object quite as strongly as he to making a martyr of herself in the interests of polite conversation! Perhaps she wouldn't come at all! In which case he would have had his journey for naught—and possibly a sunstroke thrown in! The more he considered that possibility the more reasonable it became, until, when he had shot the canoe into the little pond, and saw that the bank was empty of aught save a pair of the swans who were stretching their wings in the sunlight, he was not surprised.

"She certainly has more sense than I have," he muttered.

Not a breath of air stirred the leaves of the encircling fringe of trees. The little lake was like an artist's palette set with all the tender greens and pinks and whites and yellows of summer.

"I hope you like my pool?" inquired a voice.

Ethan turned from his survey of the scene and saw that the girl was standing under the shade of a maple a little distance up the slope. She was all in white, as yesterday, but a broad-brimmed hat of soft white straw hid her hair and threw a shadow over her face. Ethan raised his own less picturesque panama and bowed.

"It's looking fine to-day, I think," he answered. "Perhaps just a little bit ornate, though. There's such a thing as over-decorating even a lotus pool."

He turned the bow of the canoe toward the bank, swung it skilfully and stepped ashore. The girl watched him silently. When he had pulled the nose of the craft onto the grass and dropped his paddle he walked toward her. A little flush crept into her cheeks, but her eyes met his calmly.

"This is all dreadfully wrong, you know," she said gravely. He stopped a few feet away and fanned himself with his hat.

"Yes, very warm, isn't it?" he agreed affably.

"In the first place," she went on severely, "you are trespassing."

"I beg your pardon?" he asked as though he had not comprehended.

"I said you are trespassing."

"Oh! Yes, of course. Well, really, you couldn't expect me to

sit out there in that hot sun, could you now? I—I have a rather delicate constitution.”

“But you were trespassing before! Coming up here only makes it worse.”

“Better I call it,” he answered, turning to look back unregretfully at the pool.

“And then—then it is equally wrong for me to stay here and talk to you.”

“Oh, come now!” he objected. “Nymphs in my day were not so conventional!”

“So I shall leave you,” she continued, unheeding and turning away.

“Then I shall go with you.”

“You wouldn’t dare!” she cried.

“Why not? Really, Miss Clytie, I am fairly respectable and I know of no reason why you shouldn’t be seen in my company. I have never done murder and never stolen less than a million dollars at a time. To be sure, I hope to become a practising attorney in the course of a year or so, but as yet my honor is unsullied.”

She hesitated, her eyes turned in the direction of the house.

“Besides,” he added hastily, “I was going to tell you what I know about you.”

“Then,” she answered reluctantly, “I’ll stay—a minute.”

“Thank you. And shall we be comfortable during that minute? ‘Come, let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings.’”

She shook her head.

“Please!” he begged. “You will never be able to stand during all I have to tell you. Besides, you forget my delicate physique; I have been repeatedly warned against over-exertion.”

She sank gracefully to the grass in a billowing of white muslin, smiling and frowning at once as though annoyed by his persistence, yet too amiable to refuse. All of which produced its effect, Ethan realizing that she was doing him a great favor and becoming duly grateful. He followed her example, seating himself on the turf in front of her, paying, however, less attention to the disposition of his feet. Unconsciously his hand sought a pocket, then dropped away again. She laughed softly.

“Please do,” she said.

“You’re sure you don’t mind?”

“Not at all,” she answered. So he produced his cigarette case and then his match-box and finally blew a breath of gray smoke toward the motionless branches overhead.

“Feel better?” she asked sympathetically.

"Much, thank you."

"Then you may begin."

"Begin——?"

"Tell me what you know about me."

"Oh! To be sure. Well, let me see. In the first place, your name is Laura Devereux. I am right?"

She smiled mockingly.

"I haven't agreed to tell you that."

"Oh! But I know I am. I haven't asked any questions, for that would have been taking an unfair advantage, I fancy. But I happened to overhear yesterday afternoon at the Inn that a family by the name of Devereux had taken The Larches. And, as I have been in Riverdell before, I know where The Larches is—are—Would you say is or are?"

"I am only a listener."

"Then I shall say am, to be on the safe side; I know where The Larches am. You are living at The Larches."

"No, I—I am merely staying there."

"For the summer; exactly. That's what I meant. When you are at home you live in Boston. I won't tell you how I discovered that, but it was quite fairly."

"Do I—are you sure I am a Bostonian?"

"Hm! Now that you mention it—I am not. Perhaps your family moved to Boston from somewhere else?"

"Yes?"

"From—let me see! Pennsylvania? But no, you don't talk like a Pennsylvanian. Maryland? No again. Where, please?"

"But I haven't acknowledged the correctness of any of your premises yet," she objected.

"But you don't dare tell me I'm wrong," he challenged.

"At least, I am not going to tell you so," she answered.

"That is as good as an admission!"

"Very well," she replied serenely. "And now that you know so much about me—that is all, by the way?"

"So far," he replied.

"Then don't you think I ought to know something about you?"

"I am flattered that you care to." He laid a hand over his heart and bowed profoundly.

"My curiosity is of the idlest imaginable," she responded cruelly.

"I regret that bow," he said. "However, I shall tell you anyhow. I am like the prestidigitateur in that I have nothing to conceal. And," he added ruefully, "mighty little to reveal. My name is

Parmley, surnamed Ethan. I am holding nothing back there, for I have no middle name. It has been a custom in our family since the days of the disreputable old Norman robber from whom we are descended to exclude middle names. I was born in this same Commonwealth of Massachusetts of well-to-do and honest parents, both of whom have been dead for some years. I was an only child. Pray, Miss Devereux, consider——”

“If you don’t mind,” she interrupted, “I’d rather you didn’t call me that. I haven’t owned to it, you know.”

“Pardon me! I was about to ask you, Miss Clytie, to consider that fact when weighing my faults. As a child I was intensely interesting; I have gathered as much from my mother. I passed successfully through the measles, mumps, scarlet fever and whooping-cough. I also had the postage-stamp, bird-egg and autograph manias. Later I wriggled my way through a preparatory school—a sort of hot-house for tender young snobs—and later managed, by the skin of my teeth and a condition or two, to enter college. As it has been the custom for the Parmleys to go to Harvard, I went there too. I am boring you frightfully?”

“No.”

“I succeeded in completing a four-year course in five. Some chaps do it in three, but I didn’t want to appear arrogant. I took it leisurely and finished in five. Then, as there had never been a lawyer in the family, I decided to study law. I entered the Harvard Law School and graduated a few weeks ago. I am now spending a hard-earned vacation. In September I am to enter a law firm in Providence as a sort of dignified office-boy.

“I am the possessor of some worldly wealth, not a great deal, but enough for one of my simple tastes. I am even a member of the landed gentry, since I own a piece of land with a house on it. I also own an automobile, and it is that I have to thank for this pleasant meeting.”

She smiled a question.

“I left Boston bright and early Monday morning with Farrell. Farrell calls himself a chauffeur, in proof of which he displays a license and a badge. If it wasn’t for that license and that badge I’d never suspect it. Farrell’s principal duty seems to be to hand me wrenches and screw-drivers and things when I lie on my back in the road and take a worm’s-eye view of the machine. All went as nice as you please until we reached a spot some two miles north of this charming hamlet. There things happened. I won’t weary you with a detailed list of the casualties. Suffice it to say that I walked into Riverdell and Farrell followed an hour later leaning luxuriously back in the car and watching that the tow-rope didn’t snap. I ate

a supplementary breakfast at the Inn while Farrell entertained the blacksmith, and then, having nothing better to do, I dropped the canoe into the water and paddled downstream. Ever since I stole my first apple forbidden territory has possessed an unholy fascination for me, and that is why, perhaps, I roamed up the brook and stumbled, as it were, into Arcady."

"What color is your machine?" she asked.

"Exceedingly blue."

"And—isn't it almost repaired?"

"Er—almost, yes."

"It is taking a long while, seems to me."

"Well, its malady was grave. I think it had tonsillitis, judging from the sounds it made."

"Indeed? But it seemed to go very well."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said that it seemed to go very well."

"You have seen it?"

"Yes, it passed the house yesterday at about two o'clock."

"There are a great many blue cars in the world," he defended.

"Has it returned yet?" she asked, unheeding.

"No. The fact is, I was on my way to Stillhaven to visit friends there, so I sent the car on for them to use. I have observed that, failing my presence, the car does fairly well for my friends."

"What a pessimist! And you are staying in Riverdell?"

"For a few days, yes; at the Roadside."

"Riverdell should feel flattered to find that you prefer it to Stillhaven as a summer resort." She gathered her skirts together with one hand and started to rise. Ethan jumped to his feet and enjoyed the intoxicating felicity of feeling her hand in his.

"Thank you," she murmured, smoothing her gown. Then, with a return of that provoking, mocking little smile, "Would it be a terrible blow to your vanity," she asked, "if I were to tell you that your guesses are all wrong?"

"Terrible," he answered anxiously.

"Then I won't tell you," she said soothingly.

"But—but—they're not wrong, are they?"

"Where ignorance is bliss——" she murmured.

"But I'd rather know! Tell me the worst, please!"

She shook her head smilingly.

"Good-bye," she said.

"Aren't you going to let me see you again?" he asked dolefully. Again she shook her head.

"I have had the offer of a new pool," she said, "one with all modern improvements, and I think I shall move."

"But—now, look here, it isn't fair! What am I to do? It's evident you've never spent a holiday in Riverdell, or else you'd appreciate my plight. There's nothing to do save paddle around on that idiotic little river. And every time I'm afraid the water will leak out when I'm not watching it and leave me high and dry. If only for charity, please let me come here and see you now and then—just for a moment! I'll be very good, really; I'll even agree to stay in the canoe and frizzle before your eyes!"

"You speak," she answered perplexedly, "as though I had invited you to come to Riverdell, or at least as though I were to blame for your remaining here!"

He resisted the words that sprang to his lips.

"I beg your pardon, then. I wouldn't for the world imply anything so absolutely criminal. But I am here and I am bored; and surely you haven't so many excitements, so many engagements in the mornings but that you can spend a few moments communing with nature here at the pool? Of course, I don't recommend myself as an excitement; perhaps I'm more of a narcotic; but I'll do anything in my power to amuse you! I'll—I'll even tell you fairy stories or sing to you; and I've never done either in my life!"

"That is indeed an inducement then," she laughed. "But—good-bye."

"You won't?"

"Do you think it likely?" she asked a trifle haughtily.

"Not when you look like that," he answered dismally.

"Good-bye," she said again, moving away.

"Good morning," he answered. His eyes were on the ground where she had been sitting. He took a step forward. From there he watched her pass up the slope under the trees. At the last she turned back and looked regretfully at the pool shimmering in the noontide heat.

"I shall be sorry to leave it," she said softly, yet distinctly. "Perhaps—I shall change my mind."

Then she went on, passing from shadow to sunlight, until the trees hid her. When she was quite out of sight Ethan lighted a cigarette, smiling the while. Then he flicked aside the charred match, lifted his left foot, stooped and picked up a little white wad which, as he gently shook it out, became a dainty white handkerchief. He looked at it, held it to his nose, touched it to his lips, folded it carefully and clumsily and placed it in his pocket. Then he turned toward the pool and the canoe.

"She's a coquette," he muttered, "an arrant coquette. But—but she's simply—ripping!"

VI.

ETHAN finished his second cigarette and tossed it hissing into the pool. The nearest swan immediately paddled over to investigate. Ethan sighed exasperatedly.

"Go ahead, then, you old idiot!" he muttered. "You won't like it any better than you liked the last one; they're out of the same box; but try it if you want to. There, I told you so! Oh, that's it; blame me now! Blessed if you aren't almost human!"

He looked for the twentieth time toward where the corner of the white pergola gleamed through the trees and for the twentieth time turned his gaze disappointedly away again. He had been there almost three-quarters of an hour, and he wasn't going to stay another minute! If she didn't want to come, all right! Only she wouldn't get her handkerchief if she didn't! He had begun to doubt this morning whether she had dropped that article on purpose, as he had suspected yesterday. If it had been an accident she had probably returned already and searched for it, and he could not base his hopes of seeing her on the score of the handkerchief. It was quite evident, anyhow, that she wasn't coming. That farewell remark of hers which he had translated to his own liking meant nothing, after all. He would throw his things into his bag and go on to Stillhaven after dinner. He had been a comical ass to fool around here like this tagging after a girl who didn't want to be bothered with him and risking dyspepsia at the Inn! And what the deuce was he thinking about women for, anyway? Hadn't he taken a solemn vow on the occasion of his first, last and only affair to leave them severely alone? He grinned reminiscently.

That had been a desperate affair, brief and tragic. It had occurred in his freshman year. *She* was a "saleslady" in a florist's shop on the Avenue. She had cheeks like one of the bridesmaid roses she sold, a tip-tilted nose, sparkling gray eyes and a mass of black hair which stood up from her forehead in a mighty rolling billow and smelled headily of violet perfume when she pinned a carnation to his coat. It had been love at first sight with Ethan, and he had seldom appeared in public without a flower in his button-hole. He remembered with something between a shudder and a sigh the exaltation of pride and joy with which he had accompanied her to the theatre that first time! When he had returned from his Christmas vacation to find her engaged to the red-haired drug-clerk on the next corner he had promptly become a confirmed misogynist. During the seven years which had elapsed between that time and this he had relented somewhat, had gone through more than one mild flirtation and had kept his heart. There had been so many,

many other things to occupy him that love had remained unconsidered. And now, what was he doing here, sitting in a canoe in a lily pond when he ought of right to be at Stillhaven helping Vincent sail the "Sea Lark" in the club races? Wasn't he making a fool of himself again? Then something white moved toward him between the trees and the question went unanswered.

"I think I must have lost a handkerchief here yesterday," she announced by way of greeting and explanation.

"A handkerchief?" he cried. "Let me help you search."

"Oh, don't bother! It doesn't matter, of course, only—I thought that if it was here I'd get it."

But Ethan was already out of the canoe.

"Er—what was it like?" he asked.

"Rather plain, I think; just a narrow lace edge."

They looked diligently over the grass. Plainly it was not there. She raised her head, brushed a stray lock of hair from her forehead and laughed.

"I'm always losing them," she said apologetically.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "it might be well to offer a reward."

"A splendid idea!" she cried. "We'll post it on this tree here. Have you a piece of paper? And a pencil?"

"Both." He tore the front from an envelope and handed her his pencil. She accepted them and set herself down on the grass.

"Oh, dear, what shall I write on? The canoe paddle? Thanks. Now let me see. What shall I say?"

"You must start by writing 'Lost!' in big letters at the top. That's it." Ethan's rôle of adviser carried delicious privileges. It allowed him to kneel quite close behind her and observe the pink lobe of one small ear from a position of disquieting proximity.

"And then what?"

"I beg your pardon!" he said, with a start. "Why, then—er—let me see. 'Lost'—"

"I have that," she said demurely.

"A small handkerchief belonging—"

"How did you know it was small?" she asked with smiling interest.

"They always are," he answered. "Where was I?"

"A small handkerchief belonging'—"

"That doesn't sound quite ship-shape. Let's try again. 'Lost, a small lady's'—"

They laughed together as though it was a most novel and excellent joke.

"I don't care to advertise my smallness," she objected.

"Well, once more now. 'Lost, a small handkerchief with a funny little lace border and an embroidered D in the left-hand lower corner. Finder——'"

"An embroidered D?" she asked puzzledly.

"Wasn't it a D?"

"Perhaps it was," she allowed. She leaned a little farther forward, for the brief glance she had cast toward him had revealed the fact that his head was startlingly near. "And—and the reward?" she asked a trifle constrainedly.

"Finder may keep same for his honesty!"

"But—but that's ridiculous!" she cried. "What's the use of advertising at all?"

"To save the finder from committing theft," he answered soberly. "Think of his conscience!"

"How do you know it's a 'him'?" she asked carelessly.

"I used the masculine gender merely in a—er—general way."

"Oh!"

"Yes. Have you written that?"

"No, what's the good of it? If the finder is dishonest enough to keep it he may look after his own conscience!"

"That's unchristian," he answered sadly.

"I'll do this, though," she said. "If the finder will produce it I will allow him to keep it on one condition."

"And that?" he asked suspiciously.

"If there is a D on it he may have it. Otherwise——"

The finder produced it, unfolded it and looked at the "left-hand lower corner."

"Well?" she asked, smilingly. He frowned.

"It—it looks more like an H," he answered.

"It is an H! Now may I have it?"

"But it ought to be a D," he said. "H stands neither for Devereux, Laura, nor Clytie."

"I never said it did!"

"This is quite plainly not your property," he went on, refolding it. "Being unable to find the owner, I shall retain possession of it."

"But it's mine!" she cried.

"Yours? What does the H stand for, then?"

She hesitated and flushed.

"I never said my name was Laura Devereux," she murmured.

"No, but you see I happen to know that it is." He replaced the handkerchief in his pocket. Then he reached forward and took the paper and envelope from her lap. "I shall write an advertisement myself," he said.

She watched him while he did so, biting her lip in smiling vexation. When it was done he passed the composition across to her.

“FOUND !”

“A lady’s lace-bordered handkerchief bearing the initial H in one corner. Owner may recover same by proving ownership and rewarding finder. Apply to Vertumnus, care Clytie, Lotus Pool, Arcadia, between ten and twelve.”

“What’s the reward?” she asked. He shook his head thoughtfully.

“I haven’t decided yet. Something—rather nice, I fancy.”

A faint flush crept into her cheeks and she turned her gaze toward the pool.

“It is much cooler to-day,” she said.

“Yes, last night’s thunder-storm cleared the air,” he replied, in a similar conversational tone. She glanced at the tiny watch hanging at her belt. Then she murmured something and sprang lightly to her feet before Ethan could go to her assistance.

“You are not going?” he asked in dismay.

She nodded gravely.

“But it’s quite early!”

“I don’t think it right to associate with dishonesty,” she answered severely. “You know very well that that handkerchief is mine!”

“Yes, I do,” he answered. “That is, I saw you drop it yesterday. Probably it belongs really to someone else. Unless—” he smiled—“unless you bought it at a bargain sale? In which case the initial didn’t really matter, I suppose.”

“Will you give it to me?” she asked unsmilingly.

“But it’s such a little thing!” he pleaded earnestly. “You have so many more that surely the loss of this one won’t inconvenience you. And I—I’ve taken a fancy to it.”

“That’s a convenient excuse for theft!” she answered.

“It’s the only one I have to offer,” he replied humbly.

“But—it’s so absurd!” she cried impatiently. “What can you want with it?”

He was silent a moment. She glanced furtively at his face and then moved a few steps toward the house.

“I wonder if you really want me to tell you?” he mused.

“Tell me what?” she asked uneasily.

“Why I want to keep it.”

“I don’t think I am—especially interested,” she answered coldly.

“Are you going to return it?”

“Maybe; in a moment. You don’t want to hear the reason?”

"I—Oh, well, what is the reason?" she asked impatiently.

"A very simple one. As a handkerchief merely it doesn't attract me especially. I have seen more beautiful ones, I think——"

"Well!" she gasped.

"My desire to keep it arises from the simple fact that it is yours, Clytie."

She strove to meet his gaze with one exhibiting the proper amount of haughty resentment. But the attempt was a failure. After the first glance her eyes fell, the blood crept into her face and she turned quickly away.

"May I keep it, please?" he asked softly.

She went swiftly up the little slope under the trees.

"Clytie!" he called. She paused, without turning, to listen.

"May I keep it?"

Clytie dropped her head and passed quickly from sight.

VII.

ETHAN stretched his arms, chastely clad in striped blue and white madras, yawned expansively, kicked his legs loose from the sheet in which they were entangled, and awoke; awoke to find the sunlight dancing across the room and making radiant blurs of his brushes on the old mahogany bureau; awoke to find a robin fervently launching his brief ballad in through the window from the branches just outside; awoke to find himself in a new and very wonderful world, a world populated by a girl with violet eyes, a reiterating robin, and himself!

He was in love!

Knowledge of the fact came to him with a heart-clutching abruptness. He had gone to sleep last night without premonition; he awoke now to a startling illumination of mind. Whence had the tidings come? From the dancing sunlight streaming across the old boards? From the scented breeze that stirred the leaves out there? From the perfervid gossip of the swelling throat? Who could tell? And yet there it was, that knowledge, as real as the green summer earth awaiting him, as much a part of his life as the breath he drew!

He lay for a long while with his hands clasped under his head and gazed out into the beautiful green and golden and azure world, with a happy smile on his face, thinking new and ineffable thoughts. It is a glorious thing to find oneself really, wholly in love for the first time, glorious, wonderful, absorbing . . .

The robin ceased his pæan and was silent, with his head cocked attentively. Perhaps his ears were better than yours or mine and

he heard a song sweeter and more triumphant than any of his own, for after a moment of listening he spread his wings and floated down across sunlit spaces to the orchard.

I wonder if the safety razor was not invented for the man in love. Certain it is that Ethan could never have used any other sort this morning. At times, driven by a mad impatience to be out and away, he shaved frantically, as though he feared that Nature would roll up her landscape and be gone ere he could reach it; at times he stood motionless, gazing unseeingly at the tip of his nose reflected in the old mirror. Now he whistled blithely, only to stop in the middle of a note and relapse into a silent gravity. In short, he exhibited all the symptoms, mental and physical, usually accompanying his disease; temperature increased, pulse at once full and fluttering, respiration erratic, pupils of the eyes slightly dilated, mind apparently affected.

He dressed with unusual care, bewailing the fact that his choice of garments was limited to two suits. Neither blue serge nor gray homespun seemed fitted for the occasion; his heart hankered after purple and fine linen. But at last he was dressed and was hurrying down the creaking staircase to a late breakfast. Forty minutes later he was floating amidst the lilies of Arcady.

* * * * *

That line of stars, dear reader, is the typographic equivalent of three wasted hours in the life of Ethan Parmley,—three empty, unhappy hours spent in and about a silly old puddle smelling like an apothecary shop (I am using his own language now) with only a trio of idiotic swans to talk to. The Nymph of the Violet Eyes came not.

And yet he saw her that day, after all; caught a fleeting glimpse of her that at once assuaged and sharpened his hunger. He was on the porch of the Inn after dinner smoking, morosely, when a smart trap swept by from the direction of The Larches. It contained a coachman and two ladies. One of the ladies had violet eyes, though, as her head was turned away from him and partly hidden by a white parasol, he could not have proved it at the moment. As for the other, he couldn't have said whether she was young or old, fair or dark. The pair of glistening, well-groomed bays left Ethan scant time for observation. In a twinkling the carriage and its precious burden were gone. And although he never left the porch for more than a minute at a time all the rest of that interminable summer afternoon he found no reward. There were other roads leading to The Larches.

The evening mail brought him a note from Vincent Graves:

"Farrell showed up here Monday with the car and your note. I tried to find out from him what you were up to, but he either didn't know or exercised a discretion I never credited him with. I hope it is nothing more than sunstroke; folks have been known to recover from that with their minds almost as good as new. Anyhow, I am coming over in a few days to see for myself. I know all about mythology—accent on the *myth*. But look here, no poaching on my preserves! I finished third yesterday on time-allowance; would have done better if I hadn't carried away my jib at the outer mark. No wind to speak of. Can't you come on for Saturday's race? We've had the car out once or twice. There's something wrong with it. Farrell has it in hospital to-day. My compliments to her, but tell her I need you here.

"Yours,

"VINCENT."

After supper Ethan drew a chair to the open window of his room, set the lamp precariously on the bureau where the light would fall upon the portfolio in his lap, and replied to Vincent.

"My dear Vincent (he wrote), life moves sweetly in Arcadia. Clytie, she who beside her blossom-starred pool has so long gazed, enamored, upon the fiery Apollo, now hearkens to the wooing tones of green-garlanded Vertumnus. No more she fills the leafy hollow with her tears and soft reproaches, but reclined where shading branches defy the sun god's fiercest rays, she smiles betimes upon Vertumnus. And he, bathing his heart in the warm blue pools of her eyes, forgets and forswears the too-coy Pomona. So, friend, runs the drama of Clytie the dawn-eyed Nymph of the Lotus Pool; of Apollo, radiant and unapproachable Lord of the Sun; and of Vertumnus, humble and enamored God of the Seasons. Friend, for love of me, petition fair Venus to aid my cause!

"And now Jove be with you! The night wind steals sweetly through Arcadia's moonlit glades and bears to my nostrils the heart-stirring fragrance of lily and of lotus. It is Clytie's breath upon my cheek. Ah, my friend, I weep for you that you can never know the love of a god for a nymph in Arcady! May Somnus, gentlest of the gods, send thee sweet dreams. Farewell.

"VERTUMNUS.

"And now, having read this over, I see clearly that it is beyond your understanding, my friend, and so it may be that it will never reach your eyes."

It never did.

VIII.

It sometimes rains even in Arcady.

When Ethan arose the next morning he found that Apollo was taking a rest and that Jupiter was having things all his own way. At the foot of the orchard the little river was foaming and boiling with puny ferocity. The grass was beaten and drenched and the foliage was adrip. But in the shelter of the elm outside the window

a robin chirped cheerfully, thinking doubtless of gustatory joys to come.

"Well, you're taking it philosophically, my friend," muttered Ethan, "and I might as well follow your example, even though I have a soul above fat worms. It's got to stop sometime, and I might as well make the best of it meanwhile. Still," he added ruefully, "a whole day in this ramshackle old ark doesn't appeal to me much."

He dressed leisurely, ate breakfast slowly, and afterward sought to kill time with a book by a window in the tap-room. The volume, a paper-clad novel left by some former guest, answered well enough. It is doubtful if he could have given undivided attention to the most engrossing story ever written. The rain, streaking down the tiny panes, caught strange hues from the old glass and the light from the crackling logs in the fire-place. Sometimes they were green like tender new apple leaves in May, sometimes blue like rain-drenched violets, like—no, not like but, rather, reminiscent of, certain eyes! Ah, there was food for thought! The novel was turned face-downward on his knee, the cigarette drooped thoughtfully from the corner of his mouth and his hands went deep into his pockets. Those eyes! Rain-drenched violets? By jove, yes! No simile, no comparison could be better! Rain-drenched violets touched by the yellow light of the sun stealing back through gray clouds! Rather an elaborate description, he thought with a smile at his sentimentalism. The smile deepened as he recalled the infinitesimal blue circle under the left eye, a little blue vein showing with charming distinctness against the warm pallor of the skin like a vein in soft-toned marble. It was a little thing to recall, little in all ways, but it seemed to him a veritable triumph of the memory! By half closing his eyes he could almost see it.

Slam!

The paper-covered novel fell to the floor and lay fluttering its leaves in helpless appeal. He rescued it and sought his place again, smiling with real amusement over his foolishness.

"I'm certainly behaving like an idiot," he thought. "I never knew being in love was so—so deuced unsettling. First thing I know, if I don't keep a pretty steady hand on the reins, I'll be writing poetry or roaming around the place cutting hearts and initials in the tree-trunks! H'm; let me see now; where was I? Ah, here we have it!

"Garrison laid the diamond trinket gently back on the desk and puffed slowly at his cigar. Presently he turned with disconcerting abruptness to Mrs. Staniford. "There is no possibility of mistake?" he asked. "None," was the firm reply. "You could swear

to the identity of this jewel in court?" "Yes." Garrison whipped a small round, black object from his pocket and settled it against his eye. Then he took up the trinket again and bent over it closely. "My dear madam," he said softly, "if you did that you would be making a grave mistake." "What do you mean?" she cried fiercely. "I mean," was the smiling response, "that this is not one of your jewels,—unless——" "Well?" she prompted impatiently. "Unless, my dear madam, you wear paste!" A sharp involuntary exclamation of surprise startled them. They turned quickly. Lord Burslem was crossing the library with white, set face.'

"Pshaw! I knew all along the things were paste," sighed Ethan. "Singleton is Mrs. Staniford's son by a former marriage and she has pinched the stones and given them to him to get him out of a scrape, something to do with that lachrymose Miss Deene, maybe; at least, something she knows about. Laurence is as innocent as the untrodden snow, or whatever the correct simile is, and if I keep on to the last chapter I'll find out that fact. But I prefer to believe him guilty. He wore a gardenia in his button-hole, and that settles it. I can't stand for a man who wears gardenias. I insist that he is guilty."

He tossed the book half-way across the room, arose, stretched his long arms above his head and stared out of the window. The rain was falling straight down from the dark sky in a manner that would doubtless have pleased Isaac Newton greatly, showing as it did so perfectly the attraction of gravitation. The drops were of immense size, and when one struck the window pane it spread itself out into a very pool before it trickled down to the sash. Ethan watched for awhile, then yawned, glanced at his watch and lounged in to dinner.

About three o'clock the sky lightened somewhat and the torrential downpour gave way to a quiet drizzle. He donned a rain-coat and sought the road. It was not bad walking, for the surface was well drained, and he had put three-quarters of a mile behind him before he had considered either distance or destination. Then, looking around and finding the highway lined on the right by an ornamental iron fence through which shrubs thrust their wet leaves, he smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"I didn't mean to come here," he said to himself, "but now that I'm here I might as well go on and tantalize myself with a look at the house."

Another minute brought him to a broad gate, flanked by high stone pillars. A well-kept drive-way swept curving back to a large white house, a house a little too pretentious to entirely please Ethan. On one side,—the side, as he knew, nearest the lotus pool,—an uncov-

ered porch jutted out, and from this steps led to a white pergola. The latter was a recent addition and as yet the grapevines had not succeeded wholly in covering its nakedness. From one of the windows on the lower floor of the house a dull orange glow emanated.

"They've got a fire there," said Ethan, "and she's sitting in front of it. Wish I was!"

He settled the collar of his raincoat closer about his neck to keep out the drops, and sighed.

"You know," he went on then, somewhat defiantly, addressing himself apparently to the residence, "there's no reason why I shouldn't walk right up the drive, ring the bell and ask for— for Mr. Devereux. I've got the best excuse in the world. And once inside it would be odd if I didn't see Her. I've half a mind to do it! Only—perhaps she'd rather I wouldn't. And—I won't."

He took a final survey of the premises and turned away with another sigh. Before he had reached the Inn the clouds had broken in the south and a little wind was shaking the rain-drops from the leaves along the road.

"A good sailing breeze," he thought. "And, by the bye, this is Saturday. I ought to be at Stillhaven helping Vin win that race. I suppose I've disappointed him. However, a fellow can't be in two places at once; he ought to know that."

IX.

THE little breeze had held all night, and this morning the trees and shrubs were quite dry again, but looking better for their bath. It was Sunday, and as the canoe floated into the harbor of the lotus pool a distant church bell was ringing. Perhaps, he told himself with a sudden sinking of the heart, he was doomed to another day without sight of Clytie; for it might be that the family would drive to church. But the first fair look about him dispelled his forebodings. She was standing at the border of the pool throwing crumbs of bread to the swans. She saw him at almost the same moment and smiled across.

"Don't come any nearer, please," she said. "You'll scare them."

He dipped his paddle obediently and sat silent in the rocking craft until the last crumb had been distributed and she had brushed the crumbs from her outstretched hands. Stooping, she picked a book from the grass and faced him.

"May I come ashore?" he asked.

"You are already trespassing dreadfully," she objected.

"In for a penny, in for a pound," he replied, sending the canoe forward. "'Might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb.' And if I could think of any other proverbs applicable to the matter I'd

quote them." He jumped out and pulled the bow of the canoe on to the turf.

"You won't mind, however, if I decline to stay and be hung with you?" she asked.

"On the contrary, I should mind very much. In fact, I demand that you remain and go bail for me in case I'm apprehended."

"I fear I couldn't afford it," she answered.

"Doubtless your word would serve," he said. "Perhaps, if you told them the excellent character I bear, you might get me off scot-free."

"But I don't think I know enough about your character."

"There's something in that," he allowed. "Perhaps you had better observe me closely for the next hour or two. One can learn a great deal about another person's character by observation."

"How can I do that if I go to church?"

"You can't. That's one reason why you're not going to church."

"Oh! And—are there other reasons?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you had better give a few of them. I don't think the first one is especially convincing."

"Well, another one is that I haven't seen you for three days." She shook her head gravely.

"Go on, please."

"Not good enough? Well, then, another reason is that you haven't seen me for three days."

She laughed amusedly.

"Worse and worse," she said.

"I didn't think you'd care much for that argument," he responded cheerfully. "It was somewhat in the nature of an experiment, you see. But the real unanswerable reason is this: I have missed seeing you very much, I have been very dull, you are naturally kind-hearted and would not unnecessarily cause pain or disappointment, and I beg of you to give me a few moments of your cheerful society! Is that—better?"

"I don't particularly care for it," she replied indifferently.

"Miss Devereux——"

"What have I told you?" she warned.

"I beg pardon! But—now, really, please let me call you by a Christian name! I—I'd like to graduate from mythology."

"I don't think it would be proper for you to call me by my Christian name," she answered demurely.

"A Christian name, I said," he answered patiently. "Tell me why you don't want me to address you as Miss Devereux, please."

"Because——". She stopped and dropped her gaze. "We've never been properly introduced, have we?"

"True! Allow me, pray! Miss Devereux, may I present Mr. Parmley? Mr. Parmley, Miss Devereux!" He stepped forward, smiling politely and murmuring his pleasure, and ere she knew what was happening he was shaking hands with her. "Awfully glad to meet you, Miss Devereux!" he assured her cordially.

She backed away, striving to draw her hand from his, and laughing merrily.

"Is that what you call a proper introduction?" she asked.

"Well, it's the best I could do under the circumstances," Ethan answered. "Having no mutual acquaintances handy, you see,——"

"Don't you think—you might let go now?" she asked, her laughter dying down to a nervous smile.

"Let go?" he echoed questioningly.

"Please! You have my hand!"

He looked down at it in mild surprise; then into her face.

"Isn't that the strangest thing? I was never so surprised——!"

"But—Mr. Parmley, please let go," she begged.

"You don't mean to say that I still have it?" He tried to seem at ease and to speak carelessly, but his heart was pounding as though striving to do the Anvil Chorus all by itself, and his voice wasn't quite steady.

"I do," she answered coldly, biting her lip a little. A disk of red burned in each cheek. Her eyes were fixed on his imprisoning hand. "Besides, you are hurting me," she added, falling back upon the fib which is a woman's last resource in such a quandary. But he shook his head soberly.

"Pardon me, but that's impossible. You will observe that my hand is quite loose about yours. Accuse me of unlawful detention, if you wish, but not of cruelty."

"But—but it is my hand," she protested faintly.

"Well, that is nothing to boast of," he replied smiling somewhat tremulously. She had kept her eyes from him all along and he was determined to see them before he gave up. "Look at mine; it's twice as big!"

The brown lashes fluttered for an instant and Ethan nerved himself for the shock of looking into those violet eyes. He didn't know what was going to happen, he assured himself in a sudden delicious panic, and he didn't much care. Probably he would do something awfully rude, something that would frighten and anger her, something for which she would never forgive him! Perhaps the sudden trembling of his hand about hers warned her, for the lashes lay still again. A moment of silence followed, during which Ethan's heart

threatened to choke him. Then all at once the little warm hand ceased tugging and lay limp and inert in his. She turned her head and looked toward the trees and the shade.

"If we are going to hold hands for any length of time," she remarked coolly, "perhaps we had better sit down and be comfortable."

Ethan released her instantly, while a wave of burning color swept across his face. He felt terribly small and ridiculous! He realized that he had taken it for granted that she had been experiencing emotions similar to his own, and instead of that she had been only bored and—and exasperated! He followed her laggingly up the slope, savagely calling himself names and meditating a retirement in such order as was still possible. She seated herself comfortably on the grass with her back against the smooth round trunk of a maple and patted down her skirts. Then she glanced up at him calmly.

"Do you realize," she asked, "that you have made me late for church?"

He was grateful for that ready change of subject and piqued that she should be so little disconcerted. His own heart was still dancing.

"I am an humble instrument of Providence," he answered as lightly as he could, dropping to the ground at a respectful distance from the tips of her small shoes.

"That sounds a little sacrilegious," she said. "Besides—*humble?*"

"Humble, yes," he answered. "I can't think of a better word, unless it is 'abashed.'"

"But why do you call yourself an instrument of Providence? Because you live there?"

"That sounds a little sacrilegious," he quoted. "I meant that if you had gone to church you would have made yourself very warm and possibly returned with a headache. I have saved you from that."

"Thank you! But of course if it hadn't been for the introduction I couldn't have stayed!"

"That is understood," he responded with becoming gravity. She smiled across as though amused by some thought, and Ethan felt vaguely uncomfortable.

"It's possible," she said thoughtfully, "that you might have found a mutual acquaintance after all to perform the ceremony for you."

"Oh, I dare say; one usually can if one hunts long enough. It's a common enough process, and not especially difficult. For instance, I ask, 'You are acquainted in Boston, Miss Dev—Miss Unknown?' You reply 'Slightly, Mr. Parmley.' 'Perhaps you know the Smiths?' 'Smith, Smith? N—no, I don't think so. Are

they friends of the Joneses?' 'I dare say; I've never met the Joneses. Come to think of it, though, there were some Joneses visiting the Robinsons at Nahant last summer; he is a banker, I think; there were two daughters and a son just entering college,' 'Oh, were you at Nahant?' you inquire. 'Then perhaps you met the Browns there?' 'Yes.' 'Really? Isn't that jolly? Did you know Gwendolin?' 'Well, rather!' I reply in a tone insinuating that it was rather desperate while it lasted. 'Isn't that odd?' you exclaim. 'Yes, funny how small the world is, isn't it?' I remark with startling originality. Then we're acquainted. Yes, it's simplicity itself."

"It certainly sounds so!" she laughed. "Let us try it!"

"Very well."

She frowned intently for a moment, then,

"Are you acquainted in Stillhaven, Mr. Parmley?" she asked.

"Why, yes," he answered, in surprise.

"Then perhaps you know the—the Penniwells?"

"Sorry to say I don't," he replied, laughing.

"No? They live in the next house to the hotel."

"Hotel? Ah, I think I've met the Hotels! Was there a son about my age, with——"

"Don't be absurd!" she laughed. "We'll never get on if you don't go by the rules."

"I thought I was," he answered.

"Let me see! Oh, yes, the Graveses, do you know them?"

"Why, yes; do you?" he answered interestedly.

"I've met them."

"Vincent is a great friend of mine," he said eagerly. "I was on my way to visit them for a while when—when I stopped here."

"Really?" she cried. "How small the world is, after all!"

They laughed together. Then,

"And you know Vin?" he asked.

"Yes, I—I've met him," she replied. Her tone hinted of embarrassment.

"Oh!" said Ethan thoughtfully. Had he discovered the explanation of Vincent's puzzling warning? Was the girl before him the "preserves" referred to by his friend? Ethan's heart sank for a moment. Nonsense! She had plainly implied that she knew him only slightly, in which case she didn't belong any more to Vin than to him. "You don't know him very well, then?" he questioned anxiously.

"Aren't you a—well, just a weeny bit inquisitive?" she asked smilingly.

"It may sound so," he acknowledged, "but, you see, it means a good deal to me; it's rather important."

"Important?" she repeated wonderingly.

"Yes, you see——" But of course he couldn't explain why it was important. So he floundered helplessly a moment. "Yes—that is—well, they are very good friends of mine, Vin especially, and——"

"Oh, you feared perhaps I wasn't a proper person for them to know?"

"Good Heaven, no!"

"Then I don't see——!"

"I don't blame you," he said discouragedly. "Really, I was only talking nonsense. I—I thought that if you knew them well, and I knew them well, then we—we might know each other well!"

She gazed at him sorrowfully a moment. Then she shook her head disappointedly.

"No," she said, "no, that wasn't at all what you meant. I suppose even studying for the law has its effect."

He laughed embarrassedly.

"May I see what you are reading?" he asked.

She lifted the volume from her lap, gravely took a folded handkerchief from between the leaves where it had been doing duty as a mark, and handed him the book.

"I'm sorry you can't trust me," he laughed.

"So am I," was the regretful response. "It is terrible to have a friend both a—a prevaricator and a—a—a——"

"Embezzler," he suggested helpfully. "Yes, it is bad. 'Love Sonnets from the Portuguese,'" he continued, reading the title. "May I ask if you were going to take this to church with you?"

"I hadn't thought of it. I suppose, like most men, you consider them silly and sentimental," she challenged.

He shook his head.

"Sweet and sentimental, rather," he replied.

"You could hardly be expected to care for them, I suppose," she said. "Your tastes, if I recollect aright, run rather toward 'The Ingoldsby Legends'!"

"That is indeed unkind," he murmured sorrowfully. "No, I am very fond of these, this one especially; if it were not Sunday I would read it."

"What has Sunday got to do with it?" she asked.

"Perhaps nothing," was the reply. "I dare say it is only my Puritanism cropping out. You know we New Englanders find it very difficult to reconcile pleasure with religion. I can fancy the

ghost of my great-great-great-grandfather, in sugar-loaf hat and with beruffed neck, standing over there in the shadows, holding his hands aloft in holy horror at the sight of me sitting here on Sunday morning with a volume of love-poems in my hands."

"What nonsense!" she cried indignantly. "Isn't love just as holy as—as anything? Isn't——" She stopped abruptly and Ethan, lifting his head, found her gazing toward him with something almost like horror in her wide eyes.

"What is it?" he cried anxiously.

She shook her head and dropped her gaze to the hands folded on her knees.

"Nothing," she said very quietly. She laughed softly, uncertainly. "Will you give me my book, please?" she asked.

"Of course," he answered, still puzzled. Then, as he started to hand it to her, it opened at the fly-leaf and he drew it back. "Laura Frances Devereux," he read aloud. He smiled quizzically as he returned the volume.

"That proves nothing," she replied defiantly. "I—I might have borrowed it."

"True, circumstantial evidence is not absolutely conclusive, unless—unless there is a good deal of it!"

"You may think what you choose," she answered lightly. She looked at her watch and prepared to rise. This time Ethan was ready. She gave him her hand and he helped her to her feet. The hand drew itself gently but determinedly out of his and he let it go without a struggle.

"Must you go?" he asked.

She nodded. Then she laughed.

"If you only knew what trouble I have getting here you'd appreciate——" She broke off, reddening a little.

"I do appreciate," he said earnestly. "And I thank you very much for your kindness this morning to a very undeserving chap. I—do you know, Miss Devereux, I came within an ace of calling at The Larches yesterday afternoon?"

She looked up quickly.

"Yes, I went for a walk in the afternoon and found myself at the gate over there. I could see that you had a fire in the library and——"

"But how did you know it was the library?" she asked.

"Why—er—wasn't it? I supposed it was. Anyhow, it looked dreadfully tempting. I pictured you sitting in front of it, and I very nearly paid a call."

"I'm glad you didn't," she breathed.

"Why?"

"Because—why, you don't know me!"

"I should have asked for your father and introduced myself."

"Well, you certainly don't lack assurance!" she gasped.

"It would have been all right," he assured her cheerfully.

"You wouldn't have found him, though," she said dryly.

"Then I would have asked for Mrs. Devereux, and, failing her, Miss Devereux. You see, yesterday I was a bit desperate," he added smilingly.

"Desperate! I should say foolhardy!"

"Why? Because I wanted to see you? Look here, please; why shouldn't I call on you at the house? As I've told you, I'm fairly respectable. And—and I want to see you—more often! I suppose it sounds dreadfully cheeky," he went on softly, "but I want you to like me, and it doesn't seem to me that I get a fair show."

The color came and went in her cheeks and the violets were hidden from him.

"It certainly does sound—cheeky, as you call it," she said after a moment, rather unsteadily. "Considering that you have seen me but four times."

"Five, if you please. Besides, I don't see that that matters. In fact, I rather think the mischief was done the first time!"

He captured her hand and for a moment it only fluttered in his grasp. Then it tried for liberty, but unsuccessfully. A moment passed, and,

"Are you making love to me, Mr. Parmley?" she asked, with a little amused laugh. It was like a cold douche, but he resisted his first impulse to release her.

"Yes, I am," he answered stoutly. "That's just what I'm doing! And I'm going to keep on doing it until I'm convinced that there's no hope for me. Please don't struggle," he continued, capturing her other hand also. "I'll let you go in just a moment. Maybe I'm behaving a good deal like a bully, but I'm head-over-heels in love with you, Laura, and——"

"No, no! Please!" she cried, with a little catch in her voice.

"What—what have I done?" he asked anxiously.

"I—You mustn't call me that!"

"Very well, I won't—yet. But I think of you as Laura——"

"I don't want you to!"

"Then I'll try not to," he answered gently. "But—couldn't you make me very happy by telling me that I've got a chance with you, dear? Just the ghost of a chance?"

The bowed head shook negatively.

"You won't? Or—you can't?"

"I—I won't," she whispered.

He uttered a cry and strove to draw her toward him, but she resisted with all her strength.

"Please! *Please!*" she gasped.

"I'll—try not to," he said ruefully. "But I may call at the house? You'll let me do that, won't you?"

"I—suppose so," she murmured faintly.

"To-day?" he cried. "To-morrow?"

"No, no! Wait, please; let me think." She raised a pair of troubled eyes to his for an instant. "I must see you again first. I have something to tell you; something which may make a difference. Perhaps—perhaps you won't want to see me again—then!"

He laughed disdainfully.

"Try me! And when will you tell me this—this wonderful news? To-morrow morning? Here?"

She nodded and strove to release her hands. After a moment of indecision he let them go. She stood before him motionless an instant. Then she raised her head slowly and he saw that her eyes were wet. With an inarticulate cry of pain and longing he started forward, but she held a hand against him.

"Please!" she said again, imploringly. His outstretched arms dropped to his sides. "If I shouldn't come—to-morrow——" she began.

"But you've promised!"

"I know." She nodded assent. "But—but if I shouldn't——"

"But you will!" he cried. "I shall be here, dear! Don't fail me! If you don't come I'll go to the house!"

"Then I must," she said with a little smile. "And now——" She went to him and placed her hands on his shoulders and felt him tremble under her touch. She raised her eyes, violets darkened and dewy with unshed tears, to his. "Will you do one thing for me?"

His eyes answered.

"Then, please,—" she dropped her head in sudden shame—"kiss me once—and let me go."

His arms closed about her hungrily, but she held back.

"Promise!" she whispered. "Promise to let me go!"

"Yes," he groaned, "I promise."

For an instant he was looking far, far down into dim, wonderful violet depths . . .

Then he was alone. He turned unseeingly toward the canoe and trod upon the book which lay forgotten on the grass. Stooping, he rescued it and dropped it into his pocket.

"I'm getting to be an awful thief!" he murmured tremulously.

X.

A GLORIOUS golden afternoon, a scintillant silvery night, and then—Dawn's pink finger-tips aquiver on the edges of the hills and the bursting forth of a new day to the exultant overture of Nature's orchestra.

Ethan looked forth from the open window on to the most beautiful sight given to the eyes of mortals,—the fresh, sparkling morning world of summer seen through the magnifying lenses of love. The orchard was fresh and vivid with the tender greens of sun-shot leaves and grass, and dark and cool with pools of pleasant shadow. Dew-gems shimmered under the caressing breeze and the tips of the spreading, reaching branches nodded and whispered together. Beyond, the little silver-voiced river laughed amongst its shallows and flashed in the sunlight. From the marshland came the happy gurgle of a flock of red-winged blackbirds, while fainter, yet sweet and clear, the light-hearted tinkle of the bobolink floated across from the rising meadows. Sleek, well-conditioned robins balanced amidst the apple-trees and sang contentedly between groomings of their red waistcoats. And louder, clearer, gladder sang Ethan's heart.

Dear reader, have you ever been young and in love on a summer morning? Do you recollect how intoxicating was the soft, sweet breeze that entered through the open window? How like liquid gold the sunshine spread across the sill and dripped upon the floor? How every bird-note was but a different rendering of the one sweet name? How eager and impatient you were to be out in the good green world and how loth to cease your dreaming long enough to dress? What a vastly important thing was the selection of a tie or a ribbon? I hope that you remember these things if you have forgotten all else!

The lotus pool never glowed more brilliantly, never sparkled more radiantly than it did this morning. It was not difficult to imagine that those floating cups held the colors into which Nature dipped her brushes ere she painted the summer flowers. The lazy, luxury-loving swans were dozing in the sunlight on their tiny island. The cascade plashed and tinkled over moss and stone. The fringing trees threw welcome shade upon the grassy sides of the little basin. And Ethan, lifting his dripping paddle as the canoe rippled its way across the mirror-like surface, drew a deep breath of the scented air and experienced a sudden bewildering joy of life, an almost paganish exultation. It seemed to him this morning that the world and he drew breath together.

It was early when he floated into Arcady and there were no

violet eyes to greet him. But his impatience was soothed by the happiness which remembrance gave him. He dreamed there in the sunshine, lighting a cigarette now and then and letting it burn itself out unnoticed between his fingers. White clouds floated across the blue sky and across the surface of the pool. Dragon-flies, their metallic-lustred wings ablaze, darted and turned. Birds sang and insects buzzed, the breeze gossiped to the leaves and the moments passed. When he finally awoke fully from his dreaming and looked wonderingly at his watch the morning was almost gone. He turned disappointed eyes toward the brief vista afforded by the jealous trees. No glimpse of white drapery rewarded him. She had said that she might not come. Why? Vaguely troubled, he propelled the canoe to the bank and stepped out. Under the shade of the maple made forever sacred by their meetings he threw himself down and waited while the long hand of his watch crept laggingly half-way around the dial. But patience had flown, and when the time he had set himself had passed he jumped to his feet and set off up the lawn under the trees.

Presently the corner of the white pergola sprang into view. Then the trees thinned away and he was looking across an open, sun-bathed stretch of lawn at the gleaming house. And as he looked, himself a scarcely noticeable figure against the green shadows of the grove, the front veranda of the house became suddenly peopled with a girl in a white frock and a man in gray flannels. They came together through the doorway and paused side by side at the top of the steps. Even at that distance Ethan recognized them only too well. The man had taken the girl's hand and was speaking to her. Ethan watched for an instant only, yet in that instant he saw with a sudden sinking of the heart how the girl's head, the sunlight aglint on the brown hair, lifted itself with a little gesture of intimate happiness to her companion. Then, in a sickening panic lest he might see more, Ethan turned quickly and plunged back into the shadows.

All the way back to the Inn, with every stroke and lift of the paddle, a refrain hammered ceaselessly at his brain: "No poaching on my preserves! No poaching on my preserves!" What an ass he had been not to understand! He hated Vincent as he had never hated anyone in his life, realizing all the while the absolute injustice of it. Why hadn't he guessed from Vincent's note how the land lay? He might have known that Vincent could have referred to no one but Her. But why couldn't the fool have come out honestly and told him? A week ago, even three days ago would have been time! Then, in the next moment, he knew that that was not so, that it had always been too late, always since that first meeting! Yet why, if

she were Vincent's, had she allowed him to love her? Why had she virtually acknowledged her love for him? Why——

He remembered that kiss with a sudden choking, clutching sensation at his throat. Had she meant nothing by that? Nothing? No, she had meant all, everything that he had hoped! She did love him, and neither Vincent Graves nor anyone else could have her! But that exultation was short-lived. What she had meant was of little moment; she belonged to Vincent by promise if by naught else, and Vincent was his friend.

Things were suddenly greatly simplified. His tangled thoughts smoothed themselves out and he gave a sigh that was partly of relief. At least his duty was plain. "No poaching on my preserves!" He had only to heed that warning and take himself out of the way. That thought steadied him down and his pulses ceased their deafening pounding. It wouldn't be easy, that duty! He knew that well enough, although at this moment he was viewing it almost calmly. When the present excitement passed he would find it hard going!

The prospect of facing Vincent troubled him more than anything else as he drew the canoe from the water and laid it on its rack under the trees. Vincent was probably even now awaiting him up there on the porch. For a moment he thought of taking the canoe again and stealing off up the stream for a ways and then walking across to the station and taking the train for—anywhere out of all this! But it would be a sneaking, cowardly thing to do. Besides, sooner or later Vincent and he must meet, and as well now as any time. He lighted a cigarette with fingers that trembled a little and walked up through the orchard.

As he had expected, Vincent Graves was awaiting him on the porch. He was a tall, dark, fine-looking fellow, with a deep, pleasant voice and a remarkable, careless ease of manner; just the sort of a chap, Ethan told himself, that any sensible girl would fall in love with. Vincent did not see him for a moment, and in that moment Ethan had opportunity to study his friend with a new interest, view him from a novel point. But he found he could not be coldly critical; Vincent was Vincent, wholly admirable and lovable; and Ethan's heart warmed under a sudden inrush of affection as he went forward with outstretched hand.

"Hello, Vin!" he said.

Vincent swung about, seized the hand and grasped it warmly.

"Why, you old chump!" he responded, smiling broadly. "Aren't you ashamed to look me in the eye? What have you been doing with yourself? How's mythology?"

"When did you come up?" asked Ethan, echoing the smile.

"This morning. Stopped at——" He looked at Ethan with a

quick lowering of the eyebrows. "Look here, what's the matter with you? You have the cheerful, care-free countenance of a gentleman strolling to the gallows! Been ill?"

"Ill?" laughed Ethan. "Certainly not; never felt better in my life."

"If you felt any better you'd scream, eh? Well, you've been up to something, Ethan, and you can lie yourself black in the face for all I care. You're going back with me this evening; that's settled. I came over in your machine and for a wonder it didn't even spring a leak. I left it at The Larches," he went on in response to Ethan's questioning survey of the driveway and stable-yard. "I stopped there and made a call." He paused, smiling mysteriously.

"Oh," said Ethan.

"Yes, I—look here, let's take a walk. What time is it? What? Oh, dinner be blowed! Come on, I want to talk a bit. Hang it, Eth, I'll have to talk or bust up like one of your tires!"

"All right," answered Ethan, without enthusiasm. "Smoke?"

Vincent accepted a cigarette and when they had lighted up they passed down the steps and along the road, under the arching elms, Vincent's hand on his friend's shoulder.

"It's largely your fault, old chap," he said presently. He chuckled to himself a moment before continuing. "You see, I got uneasy about your sudden and mysterious affection for this rural paradise. I've never heard you enthuse about it before; in fact I remember several violently disparaging remarks on the subject of Riverdell. So when you wrote that you were stopping here a while to study mythology I got scared. Understand?"

"Perfectly! What are you jawing about?"

"Lord, you're dense! I'll explain in words of one——"

"Thanks."

"You see, Eth, you're a very captivating beggar; you have a wonderful way with the fair sex. For instance, there was that girl at college——"

"Cut it out," growled Ethan.

"Still touchy? Well, I wasn't taking any chances. Being interested over this way myself I thought I'd better take a run over and look after things. Thought maybe you were making love to my girl; poaching, you know. Couldn't have blamed you, old chap, for she's just about the swellest thing you ever saw."

"So you came up to head me off, eh?" inquired Ethan uninterestedly.

"Exactly. And found to my surprise that you hadn't been near the honey. You don't know what you've missed, Eth. They're

awfully nice folks, the whole push; and they'd have been tickled to death to have you call. Why didn't you?"

"Consideration for your future happiness, Vin," answered the other calmly.

"And you haven't been near the place?"

"I got as far as the gate one day when taking a walk"

"Well, will you tell me what in blazes you've been doing here for the last week?"

"No."

Vincent studied him silently a moment.

"All right, old chap; I don't want to be rudely inquisitive."

"You're not; only don't bother your head about me. I'm off to-day, anyhow."

"Yes, you're coming with me. The mater made me swear by the graves of my ancestors that I'd fetch you back. And I've also promised to bring you to dinner to-night at the Devereuxs'."

"Sorry, Vin."

"You won't?"

"You've guessed it."

"Why not? Look here, I want you to meet Laura!"

Ethan winced.

"That's nice of you, Vin, but really I can't. I've simply got to be in Boston this evening. Tell them, please, that I'm very sorry, will you? And that I hope to have the pleasure some other time. Make it all right, like a good chap."

"Well. But you're coming over to Stillhaven later, aren't you?"

"Maybe; perhaps in a week or two."

"That's rotten! Look here. Eth, can't I get in on this? I don't know what's up, and I won't ask, but if I can help you any way——"

"Of course, old man. If you could I'd say so. But there isn't anything wrong. I'll explain later. It's all right."

"Doubt it. But you know best, I dare say."

They turned by mutual consent and strolled back toward the Inn. Presently Vincent broke the silence again.

"By the way, I haven't told you quite all, Eth; I'm engaged."

"The deuce you are!" Ethan simulated intense surprise.

"Yep!" Vincent grinned triumphantly.

"Who to, you idiot?"

"Why, haven't I told you? To Laura Devereux. They're the folks I've been talking about. They have The Larches. You knew that!"

"Yes, but—when did it happen?"

"About an hour or so ago. I didn't mean to do it to-day, but—hang it, Eth, I just simply had to! She's the best girl in the world,

old chap, and the prettiest too. I want you to see her. When you do you'll understand. I told her about you and she wants me to bring you up to-night."

"I hope you'll be mighty happy, Vin." They shook hands there in the empty road very gravely in spite of their smiling faces. "And congratulate her, too, old man. You're rather a good sort—at times. And of course I'll get you to take me to see her just as soon as I come back. I'll have to get on the good side of her so she'll let me come and see you once in a while when you're married. When 's it to be?"

"Don't be an ass!" grunted Vincent. "As for when, well, we haven't settled that yet. Maybe it won't be until Spring; I fancy she would rather wait until then. And I ought to get things fixed up a bit first, too," he added vaguely.

"Oh, it won't take you long to burn a few letters and photographs," answered Ethan flippantly.

"Go to the deuce! Do we eat now?"

After dinner they sat together on the porch until such time as Vincent thought he might venture to return to The Larches, and Ethan listened patiently and with attempted enthusiasm to his friend's mild ravings. Vincent was ludicrously happy.

"It's all so darned funny!" he kept repeating. "A few hours ago I was scared to death for fear she wouldn't have me, and now——"

"And now you're a goner," finished Ethan.

"Laugh if you want to," replied Vincent happily. "I expected you would. I thought you'd cut up worse than you have, old chap. My time will come!"

"When it does, you let me know," scoffed Ethan.

"Look here, I wish you'd give up this Boston business and go along with me to-night, Eth. I—there's a reason."

"Nonsense, you're beyond reason. Besides, I can't give it up, Vin. Sorry; wish I could."

"Oh, go to blazes! You could if you wanted to. Look here, I lay you any odds you like that you've been caught yourself! You've met some girl here and she's gone home and you're tagging after! You ought to have more pride, Eth!"

"I dare say, Mr. Solomon. By the way, I don't want to hurry you, but it's nearly half after two, and——"

"The deuce it is!" Vincent leaped to his feet and Ethan laughed loudly and cruelly. Vincent viewed him in amazement a moment and then joined.

"Talk about tagging!" chuckled Ethan.

"You haven't seen her, you old scoffer," responded his friend.

At a little after three Ethan tossed his luggage into the car, climbed in beside the unruffled Farrell and swung the big blue monster toward Boston. And while it ate up the long miles Ethan, his hands on the wheel, scowled miserably ahead and honestly strove to forget that he had ever stumbled into Arcady.

XI.

A FEW days later Ethan walked into the office of the law firm in Providence, hung his hat on a hook in the closet and blandly inquired for his desk. The members of the firm discussed it later in the privacy of the inner office.

"Looks as though he might be in earnest, anyway," suggested the senior. "Apparently not afraid of work, eh?"

"Something funny about it," replied the junior, who was a bit of a pessimist. "It isn't like a fellow of his sort to give up his summer and buckle down to reading law in July." He shook his head with misgivings. "It won't last, mark my word."

But it did. Business was slack throughout the hot weather and Ethan had plenty of time for reading; and he made the most of it. Several letters came from Vincent reminding him of his promise and urging him to come down to Stillhaven for a while. But always Ethan pleaded press of duties, until Vincent, whose own law shingle had been hanging out for a year and who had yet to find business pressing, felt more convinced than ever that his friend had, to use his own expression, "come a cropper somehow!"

In September Vincent ran down and spent Sunday. Ethan didn't press him to come again, for his conversation was not of a sort calculated to reconcile a disappointed lover to his lot. The Devereuxs were still at Riverdell, but were returning to their Boston apartments the last of the month.

"She hasn't forgiven you for not calling," warned Vincent, "and you'll have to eat dirt when you do see her, old chap."

Ethan expressed entire willingness to grovel, but flatly refused to set a date for the proceedings. Vincent departed somewhat huffed, and for some time there was a perceptible coolness between them. Ethan regretted it, but he wasn't ready yet to trust himself in the rôle of Vincent's friend.

His first vacation since he had gone to work came early in October. Then a letter from a real estate agent who had the renting of his property made a journey to Riverdell advisable. He left Providence, with Farrell, in the car one Friday morning, intending to stay in Riverdell over Saturday, and at two o'clock swung the machine in through the big gate of The Larches. It had been a glorious brisk day, ~~they had made~~ record time and Ethan's spirits had been high.

But now, as they rumbled slowly up the circling driveway, old memories were asserting themselves and buoyancy gave place to depression. The maples were aflame in the afternoon sunlight, the Virginia creeper about the porches was radiantly crimson, and along the gleaming white pergola bunches of purple grapes were still aglow. But for all this The Larches had a lonesome look. The windows on the lower floor were shuttered and told eloquently of desertion.

Ethan's summons at the bell went unanswered for a time. Then footsteps sounded on the marble tiles inside and the big door swung open, revealing a comfortably stout, double-chinned woman who wiped her damp, red hands on her blue calico apron.

"Why, Mr. Ethan!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, it's I, Mrs. Billings," he replied. "Farrell, take the car around to the stable and I'll have William open up for you."

He stepped into the dimly lighted hall, already filled with the chill of approaching winter, and looked about him. Everything was apparently the same in spite of its recent occupancy. The house had been rented furnished, and plainly the Devereuxs had been satisfied to leave things as they had found them. He took off his coat and tossed it on to the big old-fashioned mahogany couch. Mrs. Billings, the housekeeper, was still chattering volubly.

"If we'd known you was coming, sir, we'd have had the blinds open and the fires lighted."

"Never mind," answered Ethan. "Have your husband build a fire in the library and in my room. I shan't be here beyond Sunday morning. You can give me my meals in the library. I had a letter from Stearns a day or so ago telling me that the Devereuxs had left and asking whether I wanted to rent for the winter. I don't believe I do. I don't think I shall rent again at all. Well, how have you been, you and that good-for-nothing husband of yours?"

"Nicely, sir, for myself, thank you. And Jonas, he isn't one of the complaining sort, sir, but he do have the rheumatism something awful in wet weather. And how has your health been, Mr. Ethan?"

"I've been frightfully healthy, thank you. Where's your husband?"

"I'll call him, sir, at once. He's out somewheres on the grounds, sir. And I'll have a fire lit in no time, sir. He'll be very pleased to see you, sir, will Jonas." She stopped at the end of the hall and sank her voice to a hoarse whisper. "I fear he's getting old and failing, Mr. Ethan," she went on despondently. "It—it's his head sir."

"Eh?"

"Yes, sir. Along in June it was, Mr. Ethan, or maybe early in the month following, sir, that he came in quite excited like and

wild, saying as he had seen you with his own eyes over toward the grove there. Yes, sir. 'Jonas,' says I, 'it's the sun.' 'No, 'taint,' says he. 'I saw him with my own eyes,' says he, 'a-standing under the trees. And when I looked again he was gone,' he says. It gave me quite a shock, sir, as you might say."

"Naturally. And since then you have observed no other symptoms?"

"No, sir, not particular, but he do seem a heap fonder of his victuals than he used to, and I've heard tell as that's a sure sign of a failing intellect, Mr. Ethan."

"In the case of your victuals, Mrs. Billings," replied Ethan, "I'd say it was an indication of wisdom."

The housekeeper bridled and beamed.

"But, really," continued Ethan, smiling, "I wouldn't worry about Billings. The fact is, I was down here for a day or so about the time you speak of."

"Here, sir? And you never came to see us, sir?"

"There—er—there were reasons, Mrs. Billings. And now how about that fire? And send your husband out to unlock the carriage house, please."

"Yes, sir, directly, sir. And Jonas really saw you, Mr. Ethan, same as he said he did?"

"I think it more than likely, Mrs. Billings."

"Well, that's a great load off my mind, sir. Softening of the brain do be so unfortunate!"

Later, just at dusk, Ethan emerged from the library on to the broad cement-paved porch at the side of the house. Pausing to light a cigarette, he passed down the stone steps to the pergola and traversed its length. Fallen leaves rustled softly under his feet and the purple clusters showed the effects of the frost. Once out of the arbor, his steps led him almost unconsciously across the open lawn, russet now and streaked with the long sombre shadows of the trees. He found himself swayed by two desires; one to see the lotus pool again, the other to avoid it. He went on through the twilight grove, filled with a gentle—I had almost said pleasant—sadness. Underfoot the ground was carpeted with the red leaves of the maples. Here and there a white birch stood like a pale gold flame in the dying sunlight. The dark green larches alone held themselves unchanged.

The pool was sadly different. Yellowing lily-pads floated upon the surface, but no blossoms caught the slanting rays of the sun. Ethan sat down under the maple, took his knees into his arms and puffed blue smoke-wreaths into the amber light. Presently a shadow presence came and sat beside him. The presence had violet eyes and

red, red lips that smiled wistfully. He didn't turn his head, for he knew that if he did he would find himself again alone. And presently they talked.

"You were very cruel," he said sadly.

"I didn't mean to be," she answered.

"No, I don't think you did. You—you just didn't think, I suppose. It was all a bit of good fun with you. But—it played the deuce with me."

"Did it?" she asked regretfully.

"But I'm not blaming you—now," he went on. "I did at first. It seemed needlessly cruel and heartless. But I understand now that it was all my fault. You see, dear, I took it for granted, I think, that you—cared—the way I did. It was my silly conceit."

He thought he heard a little sob beside him, but he resisted the temptation to turn and look.

"If only there hadn't been that kiss," he continued dreamily. "That—I've never quite understood that. Sometimes—I dare say it's my conceit again—but sometimes I can't help thinking that you did care—a little—just then! That is the hardest to forgive, dear,—and forget, that kiss. If it wasn't for the memory of that I think I could stand it better. Why did you do it? *Why?*"

There was no answer save the sighing of a little breeze which crept down the slope in a floating shower of dead leaves.

"Ah, but I want to know!" he insisted doggedly. "Was it just in fun? Was it merely in pity? It couldn't have been, I tell you! You never kissed me like that for pity, dear! There was love in your eyes, sweetheart; I saw it; fathoms deep in that purple twilight! Love, do you hear? You can't deny it, you can't! And you trembled in my arms! Why did you do it?" he asked sharply.

He turned impetuously,—and sighed. He was all alone. The presence had fled.

He tossed aside the dead cigarette in his hand and shivered. The breeze was growing as the day passed, a chill October breeze laden with the heavy, melancholy aroma of dying leaves. He arose and retraced his steps to the house.

XII.

ETHAN drank the last drop of excellent black coffee in the tiny cup and swung his chair about so that he faced the cheerfully crackling logs in the library fire-place. He had enjoyed his dinner, and he began to feel delightfully restful and drowsy. The day spent in the open air, with the wind rushing past him, the hearty repast and now the dancing flames were all having their natural effect. He reached lazily for his cigarette case, his gaze travelling idly over the

high mantel above him. Then his hand had dropped from his pocket and he was on his feet, peering intently at a small photograph tucked half out of sight behind one of the old Liverpool pitchers which flanked the clock. A moment after he had it in his hands and was bending over it in the glare of the light from the chandelier.

It was evidently an amateur production, but it was good for all that. And Ethan was troubling his head not at all as to its origin or its merits or defects. It was sufficient for him that it showed a small, graceful figure in white against a background of foliage, and that the eyes which looked straight into his from under the waving hair with its golden fillet were Hers. It was Clytie. One hand rested softly on a flower-clustered spray of azalea, one bare sandaled foot gleamed forth from under the straight white folds of the peplum and the lips were parted in a little startled smile. Ethan devoured it eagerly while his heart glowed and ached at once. He remembered telling her that he would like to see those pictures, and remembered her laughing response: "I'm afraid you never will!" And now he was looking at one of them after all! And he was still looking when the gardener entered with the replenished wood-basket.

"Where did this come from, Billings?" Ethan asked carelessly.

Billings set down his burden and crossed to the table. He was a small man, well toward sixty, with his weather-beaten face shrivelled into innumerable tiny, kindly wrinkles. In spite of his years, however, he showed no signs of the mental degeneration which his wife had feared. He came and looked near-sightedly at the card which Ethan held out.

"Why, sir, Lizzie came across that in one of the upstairs rooms when she was cleaning up after the folks went away and she put it on the mantel here, thinking maybe it was valuable and they'd send back for it."

"I see." Ethan laid it on the table, his eyes still upon it. "I don't think they'll want it. Doubtless Miss Devereux has plenty more."

"Yes, sir; they took a good many, sir, between them."

"They? Oh, she had a friend with her?"

"Yes, sir. Miss Hoyt. I remember when they was taking those, sir. It was early in the summer, soon after they came. The young ladies they dressed themselves up in those queer things—sort o' like sheets, they was, sir—" the gardener's voice became faintly apologetic, as though he had not quite approved of such doings—"and went out on the lawn one forenoon. They got me to cut away a bit of the branches, sir, right here." Billings indicated the upper left-hand corner of the picture. "She said she had to have more light. It wasn't much, sir; just a few old twigs; no harm done, sir."

"Of course not. It was—Miss Devereux asked you?"

"Yes, sir; Miss Laura they called her. A very pleasant young lady, sir."

"Very pleasant, Billings," assented Ethan with a sigh.

"You know her, then, sir?"

"I—hardly that; I've met her."

"Yes, sir." Billings turned toward the fire. "Shall I drop another log on, sir?"

"No, I shall be going to bed very shortly."

"Very well, sir." Billings mended the fire, replaced the tongs and stood carefully erect again, chuckling reminiscently. Then finding Ethan's eyes on him questioningly he said: "She took me, sir, too, with her camery."

"Really? I should like to see the picture."

"Thank you, sir. It's in the kitchen. Shall I fetch it? Lizzie says it's a very speakin' likeness, sir, excepting that I was sort o' took by surprise, so to say, and had no time to spruce up."

"Yes, bring it in by all means."

The gardener hurried away and Ethan turned again to the picture. When Billings returned Ethan said carelessly:

"By the way, if your wife asks about this you can tell her I have—er—taken charge of it. Ah, this is the picture, eh? Why, I'd call that excellent, Billings, excellent! Truly, a very speaking likeness. You say Miss Devereux took this?"

"Yes, sir, the same day they was taking the others, sir. I had lopped off the branches and was standin' by watching, sir, and after she had taken that one there, sir, she said to me: 'Billings, would you mind if I took'—"

"Not after she'd taken this, Billings," interrupted Ethan, in the interests of accuracy. "She didn't take this one, of course."

"I beg pardon, Mr. Ethan?"

"Never mind. I only said you didn't mean that it was after she had taken this one; it was another one you meant."

"Oh, no, sir, it was that very one, sir. I had just lopped off the branches—"

"You don't mean that she took her own picture, surely?" asked Ethan with a smile.

"No, sir."

"Exactly."

"It was that one you have there, sir, she took."

"This one? Now, look here, Billings, let's get this straightened out while we're at it. Do you mean that Miss Devereux—mind, I'm talking of *Miss Devereux*—do you mean that Miss Devereux took this photograph I have in my hands?"

"Yes, sir, that's the one. I had just lopped——"

"Never mind the lopping," interrupted Ethan with smiling impatience. "But tell me how she did it."

"Why, sir, she stood her camery up a little ways off, sir; it had three little legs onto it, sir; and she pressed a little rubber ball, and the camery went 'click,' sir, like that, sir,—'click!' and——"

"Yes, yes, but—now look here, how far off was the camera from—from this place, where you had lopped the branches?"

"About twenty feet, sir, maybe."

"Well, will you kindly tell me how Miss Devereux managed to squeeze the little rubber ball and get into the picture at the same time?"

"Sir?"

"What I mean is," answered Ethan patiently, "how could she have been here——" tapping the photograph he held—"and at the camera the same instant?"

That was evidently a poser. Billings scratched the back of his head dubiously. Finally,

"But she wasn't there, sir!" he explained.

"Wasn't where? At the camera?"

"Yes, sir; I mean no, sir. She wasn't there!" He pointed at the picture.

"Wasn't here!" exclaimed Ethan. "Then how—hang it, man, but here's her picture!"

"Beg pardon, Mr. Ethan?" Billings looked both pained and puzzled, and shot a quick look of inquiry at the dinner table.

"I say here's her picture, you idiot!" repeated Ethan.

"Whose picture, sir?"

"Why, Miss Devereux's!"

"No, sir."

"What do you mean by 'no, sir?' I say——"

A light broke upon Mr. Billings.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Ethan," he explained hurriedly. "I see your mistake, sir, but you said as how you'd met the young lady, and I thought you understood as how that wasn't her, sir."

"What? Who?"

"Wasn't Miss Devereux, sir."

"Do you mean that this isn't Miss Devereux here in this picture?" cried Ethan.

"Yes, sir; that is, no, sir. That isn't her, Mr. Ethan."

"Isn't—! Then who is it?"

"Miss Hoyt, sir. I thought you under——"

Ethan took Billings by the arms and forced him into a chair.

"You sit there and answer my questions, Billings," he commanded

excitedly. He held the photograph before the gardener's alarmed face.

"Who is this in the picture?"

"Miss Hoyt, sir, as I was telling you——"

"Nonsense! You're mistaken, man! Look close; take it in your hands! Don't answer until you've looked at it well. Where are your spectacles?"

"I don't wear any, sir," was the dignified reply. "My eyes, Mr. Ethan, are just as clear as ever they were, sir. Why, I can see——"

"Yes, yes, I beg your pardon, Billings, but I have most particular reasons for wanting to be certain about this! Now—take a good look at it!—now who is she?"

"Miss Hoyt, sir, and if you was to put me in jail the next minute, sir, I wouldn't say different! No, sir, not if my life was depending on it, sir!"

"And it's not Miss Devereux?"

"No, sir, nor never was! Why, Mr. Ethan, Miss Devereux, as you must recall, sir, is quite tall and slim, like—like a young birch, sir,—with very dark hair. And Miss Hoyt, sir, as you can see——"

Ethan planted himself with his back to the fire and lighted a cigarette with trembling fingers.

"Billings," he said softly, "I've been a damned fool!"

"Yes—that is, I can't believe it, sir," was the respectful answer. But Billings' expression said otherwise.

"Now I want you to tell me all you know about this Miss Hoyt," said Ethan. "By the way, what was her first name?"

"Cicely, sir; Miss Cicely Hoyt."

"Cicely," repeated Ethan softly. "It just suits her!"

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"Oh, never mind. Where does she live?"

Billings thought in silence a moment. Then,

"Ellington, sir," he answered triumphantly, evidently pleased at his powers of memory.

"Where the deuce is that, though?"

"About the centre of the state, sir, I think."

"This state, do you mean? Massachusetts?"

"Yes, sir, Massachusetts."

"And she was a friend of Miss Devereux's?"

"Yes, sir. I gathered as how they went to school together. And Miss Hoyt's father, sir, died a while back and left her and her mother very poorly off, sir. And the young lady is employed in a library at Ellington, as I understand it, sir, and her mother is there, too, sir."

"In the library?"

"No, sir, in Ellington. They used to live in Ohio, I believe."

Ethan was silent a moment, smoking furiously. Then,

"Tell Farrell to come in here at once, Billings. And I'm much obliged for what you've told me. Oh, wait, Billings! Throw another log on the fire first. I don't want it to go out; you and I have got lots to talk about to-night!"

Farrell came speedily.

"Do you know where Ellington, Massachusetts, is?" asked Ethan.

"Yes, sir."

"How long a run is it?"

Farrell produced a road map from his coat pocket and bent over it under the light.

"Well, Mr. Parmley, I don't know how the roads are now, sir, but supposing they're in fair condition we'd ought to do it in about two and half hours."

"Then if we left here at seven in the morning we'd get to Ellington by noon?"

"Couldn't help it, sir, barring accidents."

"There mustn't be any accidents," answered Ethan, a bit unreasonably.

"I'll do my best, sir."

"Be ready to leave, then, promptly at seven!"

"Very well, sir."

Farrell went out and as the door closed softly behind him Ethan, the photograph in his hands, threw himself into the chair before the fire and beamed blissfully at the flames.

XIII.

THE library was filled with the pallid twilight of a rainy day. Since early morning the summit of Mount Tom, a dozen miles to the westward, had been enveloped in ponderous, leaden clouds, and for two hours past the storm, travelling along the Connecticut Valley, had been deluging the slopes with autumnal ferocity. Through the rain-drenched windows a cold white light entered, flooding the stack room with its iron tiers of slumbering volumes, and, here at the barrier-like counter, illumining faintly the rebellious brown hair of the girl who, with pen in hand, bent over the pile of catalogue cards. The library was very still, so still that the sibilation of the moving pen sounded portentously loud. Now and then the rustle of a turning leaf or the scraping of feet on the floor came from around the corner of the arched doorway where sat a solitary occupant of the reading room. Save for these two the library was deserted. The hands of the clock above the commemorative tablet

pointed to a quarter past twelve and the stack-boy and the assistant librarian had both gone to their luncheons.

A more prolonged scraping of feet, followed by the sound of a moving chair, caused the girl at the desk to raise her head and pause at her work. A little frown of annoyance gathered and then gave place to a smile of humorous resignation as footfalls sounded on the echoing silence. From the reading room emerged a tall, thin youth of about twenty, a youth with a pale, cadaverous face lighted by a pair of patient, contemplative brown eyes which looked strangely incongruous and out of place. He carried two books which he laid apologetically on the counter.

"Excuse me, Miss Hoyt," he said gently.

"Yes, Mr. Winkley?" she asked, looking up.

"I am very sorry to trouble you, but could you let me have Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy?"

"Have—What did you say, please?" she asked startledly.

"Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, please," he repeated in his patient voice. She turned hurriedly and disappeared into the stack room. Once out of sight she leaned against one of the cases and laughed silently and hysterically.

"Oh," she thought, "if he doesn't stop it and go away I shall have to—to—I shall go crazy!"

Presently, with a final gasp, she brushed the back of her hand across her eyes and went on down the concrete aisle in search of the volume. Out at the counter, the youth, left to himself, watched her while she was in sight and then leaned across to peer at the neatly arranged cards. She had left her handkerchief beside her work. With a timorous glance about him, he reached forward, picked it up and with a quick, vehement movement pressed it to his thin, unsmiling lips. He held it so a moment, his brown eyes staring widely through the rain-bleared window as though beholding visions. Then, as her steps came back toward him, he laid the handkerchief again in its place, straightened himself and waited.

"Here it is, Mr. Winkley," she said soberly.

"Thank you. I am sorry to trouble you," he answered gravely.

"It is only what I am here for," she answered coldly, taking up her pen once more. He remained for an instant looking at the bent head. Then, lifting the Anatomy of Melancholy from the counter, he turned and walked slowly and quite noiselessly back to his table. But as he went the ghost of a sigh trembled across the silence.

The girl raised her head with a despairing glance toward the reading room, jabbed her pen viciously into the ink-stand and went on with her writing. The clock overhead ticked slowly and softly. The rain *swished* past the windows.

But presently a new sound made itself heard. Dim at first, it grew insistently until the girl heard it and again lifted her head and listened with a new light in her violet eyes.

Chug-chug, chug-chug-chug, chug-chug!

Automobiles are not common in Ellington, especially after the summer colony departs, and the approach of this one brought a tinge of color to the soft cheeks and a flutter to the heart of the librarian. So often during the past three months she had listened with straining ears to the panting of an automobile on the road below! Usually the sound had died away again in the distance, and she had told herself, sighing, that she was very glad. But to-day the sounds increased every instant. The *chug-chug* was slower now and more labored; the car had left the village road and was climbing the circling gravelled drive to the library. Every beat brought an answering beat from her heart.

Oh, it was foolish! she told herself angrily. And she didn't want it to happen! She hoped it wouldn't! Resolutely she began her work again, but the noise of the approaching machine seemed to fill the world with a tumult of sound. Then, close at hand, the measured *chugs* suddenly became hurried and incoherent, as though the intruding monster was violently incensed at being stopped. Then—silence, appalling, portentous! With white face the girl bent closer to her desk, her pen tracing quivering figures and letters. The outer door opened and closed again with a muffled jar. She heard the *swish . . . swish* of the inner doors as they swung inward and back. Firm footfalls sounded on the oaken floor. Very different they were from the soft tread of the library habitué, and there was a determined, resolute character to them that put the brown-haired librarian in a panic. Oh, how she wished that she had fled while there had been time! She no longer doubted; the unexpected, which all along had been the expected, had happened; the thing which she had feared, and always hoped for, had come to pass. The steps came nearer, straight from the doorway, scorning the longer and quieter paths provided by the cocoa-fibre matting. The brown head still bent over the desk. Then the footsteps stopped. A terrible silence fell over the room. There was no help for it.

Slowly, reluctantly the girl raised her head.

XIV.

HAD they lived in the Age of Stone that meeting might have proved far more interesting for purposes of description. As it was, both being fairly conventional characters of the Twentieth Century, the affair was disappointingly commonplace.

"How do you do, Miss Hoyt?" he asked, smiling calmly and reaching a hand across the counter. And,—

"Why, Mr. Parmley!" she replied, laying her own hand for an instant in his.

A close observer, and both you and I, patient reader, pride ourselves upon being such, would have noticed, perhaps, that in spite of the commonplace words and the unembarrassed manners, the man's cheeks held an unaccustomed tinge of color and the girl's face was more than ordinarily pale. And could we have enjoyed a physician's privilege of examining the heart-action at that moment we would have straightened ourselves up with very knowing smiles.

"I've come," he said, as the soft hand drew itself away from his, "to return a book. Is this the right place?"

"Yes," she replied brightly.

"Thank you. I don't know very much about libraries; I always avoid them as much as possible as being rather too exciting." He took a small book from the pocket of his coat and laid it on the counter. "I'm afraid there's a good deal to pay on it. It's been out quite a while."

A tinge of color came into her cheeks as she took the volume. It was a copy of "Love Sonnets from the Portuguese."

"Oh, I'll let you off," she answered gayly. "We sometimes remit the fines when the excuse is good."

"Thank you. My excuse is excellent. I only yesterday discovered the identity of the loaner."

"Only yesterday?" she asked carelessly, but with quickening heart.

"To be exact, at about eight o'clock last evening." He dropped his voice and leaned a little further across the barrier. "You see, Miss Hoyt, you fooled me very nicely."

"Excuse me, Mr. Parmley, you fooled yourself. I told you—at least, I never said I was Laura Devereux."

"No, you didn't, but—I wonder why I was so certain you were! If I hadn't been——"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Hoyt, but will you please let me have Swinburne's Poems?"

It was the solitary reader. The girl disappeared into the stack room, leaving the two men to a furtive and, on one part at least, amused examination of each other. The pale youth, however, showed no amusement; rather his look expressed suspicion and resentment. Ethan, unable longer to encounter that baleful glare without smiling, turned his head. Then the librarian came with the desired book.

"Thank you, Miss Hoyt," said the reader. With a final glance

of dawning enmity at Ethan he returned to his solitude. Ethan looked inquiringly at Cicely.

"He's perfectly awful!" she replied despairingly. "He stays here hours and hours at a time. I don't believe he ever eats anything. And he calls for books incessantly, from Plutarch's Lives to—to Swinburne! I think he is trying to read right through the catalogue. And a while ago he came for—what do you think?—The Anatomy of Melancholy!"

Ethan smiled gently.

"I wouldn't be too hard on him," he said. "The poor devil is head-over-heels in love with you."

The phrase brought recollections—and a blush.

"Nonsense! He's just a boy!" she answered.

"Boys sometimes feel pretty deeply—for the while," he replied. "And, judging from his present line of reading, I'd say that the while hasn't passed yet."

"It's so silly and tiresome!" she said. "He gets terribly on my nerves. He—he sighs—in the most heartbreaking way!" She laughed a little nervously. Then a moment of silence followed.

"Clytie," he began,—“I am going to call you that to-day, for I haven't got used to thinking of you as Cicely yet—do you know why I came?"

"To return the book," she answered smilingly.

"No, not altogether. I came to ask you something."

"I ought to feel flattered, oughtn't I? It's quite a ways here from Providence, isn't it?"

"Supposing we don't pretend," he answered gravely. "We've gone too far to make that possible, don't you think? And I've had a beast of a summer," he added inconsequently. "I thought—do you know what I thought, dear?"

"How should I?" she asked weakly.

"I thought you were Laura Devereux, and that day when you didn't come I went for you and saw you and Vincent on the porch. And afterwards he told me he was engaged to Miss Devereux, and—don't you see what it meant to me? And yesterday I found out, quite by accident, and—" he reached across and seized her hand with a little laugh of sheer happiness—"I haven't slept a wink since! I—I thought I'd never get here; the roads were quagmires!"

"Oh, why did you come?" she asked miserably.

"Why? Good Heaven, don't you know, girl?" He leaned across and she felt his lips on the hand still clasped in his.

"Yes, yes, I know," she cried. "But—you mustn't love me! You won't when I've told you!"

"Try me!" he said softly.

"I'm going to. But—I can't if you have my hand."

"If I let it go may I have it again?" he asked playfully.

"You won't want it," was the grim answer. "When you know what I am really, you—won't want—ever to see me—again."

"That's nonsense," he answered stoutly. But a qualm of uneasiness oppressed him.

She moved away from the counter until she was out of reach of his impatient hands.

"I meant you to fall in love with me," she said evenly, looking at him with wide eyes and white face. "I meant you to propose to me. I wanted to—to marry you."

He reached impetuously toward her with a smothered word of endearment, but she held up a hand.

"Wait! You don't understand! I—I didn't care for you. I was tired of being poor and—and of this!" She swept her glance about the bare and silent library. "We used to have money," she went on, speaking rapidly. "We lived in Ohio then, when father was alive. Then I came east to college. I met Laura there. We were friends almost at once, although she was in the class ahead of me. I never finished, for my father died and left us almost without a cent. I left college and Laura's father secured me work here. I studied hard and last year they made me librarian. Then mother came east to live here with me. Laura was always kind. When my vacation came I went to visit her there at The Larches. Then you—I met you."

She paused and dropped her gaze.

"Yes," he said softly. "And then?"

"You said you had some property and you—you seemed nice and kind. I was so weary of it all. I wanted—oh, you know! I wanted to have money, enough to live decently somewhere else than here in this tomb they call a town. I didn't care. I set out to make you—like me. I went back there to the pool each day for just that, until——"

"Well? Until?" he urged, smiling across at her.

"That is all," she answered.

"And it was all absolutely mercenary? You never cared for me?"

"I've told you," she answered.

"And—that last day, dear? It was the same? You didn't care then either?"

"Oh, what does it matter what happened afterwards?" she cried agitatedly. "It was what I had done, don't you see? It was the meanness, the—the shamefulfulness of it!"

"Well, but this 'afterward'? What of that?"

"Nothing," she answered firmly.

Silence fell for a moment. They looked across at each other steadily, she meeting his smile defiantly. Then the color crept up from throat to cheeks and her eyes dropped.

"Dear," he said gently, "I don't care what happened before that 'afterward.' I loved you from the first moment, but I'm not going to resent it if it took you longer to discover my irresistible charms. Why, hang it all, I'm proud you should have thought me worth marrying even for my money! But 'afterward,' dear? When I kissed you? You can't make me believe there was no love then, Cicely. And it is still 'afterward,' and it always will be! Dear, Arcadia is waiting for you. The lotus pool is lonely without you. And so am I, Cicely, Cicely dear!"

"Oh, I knew you would try to forgive me," she cried miserably. "That is why I—didn't want you to come. Because after awhile you would remember and——"

"Cicely!"

"And you'd hate me!"

"Cicely! Look at me, dear! I want you to——"

Soft footfalls reached them. The pale youth was approaching, his arms laden with books. Ethan bit his lip and fell silent.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Hoyt, but would you mind giving me——"

Ethan stepped toward him.

"Here," he said hurriedly, "here's just what you're after. It's no trouble at all." He forced the "Love Sonnets from the Portuguese" into the youth's hands and turned him gently but firmly away from the counter. The youth looked from the book to Ethan.

"How—how did you know?" he stammered resentfully.

"Never mind how, my boy. You've got it. Run along."

After a moment of indecision, of many silent looks of inquiry and dark suspicion, the youth trod softly away again. Ethan looked at Cicely and they smiled together. Then she sank into her chair at the desk and laughed helplessly, and cried a little, too. And Ethan said no word until she had pressed the handkerchief to her eyes and turned toward him again. Then,

"Will you come back to your lotus pool, O Clytie?" he asked softly.

"Wouldn't it be rather cold and damp this weather?" she asked with a little trembling laugh.

"I am going to have it steam-heated," he answered gravely. "I was there yesterday, Clytie, and it looked very forlorn without you, dear."

"You were there?" she asked wonderingly.

"Yes. I forgot to tell you, didn't I? The Larches is mine, dear, and the lotus pool shall be yours for life, if you'll let me come sometimes and sit beside you under the trees on the bank. Will you?"

She dropped her eyes.

"Will you?" he repeated.

She moved nearer, with lowered head, and laid her hand palms up on the oaken counter. He took them and drew her toward him. She raised a rosy face toward him, the violet eyes darting fearfully toward the reading room. Ethan paused and looked thoughtful.

"In nice libraries," he said, "they have what they call the open stacks. Is it so here?"

She shook her head.

"But—there might be exceptions?"

"There might," she answered softly.

"And do you think the librarian would permit me to be an exception?"

She nodded, blushing and provoking.

He turned, walked to the end of the counter and pushed aside the swinging gate. At the door of the stack room he paused.

"I would like," he said, "to find that book of mythology wherein are related the loves of Clytie and Vertumnus. Could you show me where to find it?"

She darted a glance toward the entrance to the reading room. Then she followed him.

"I believe," she murmured, as her hand stole into his, "I believe it is in the farthest corner."

Their footfalls died away down the concrete aisle. From the reading room came the sound of a softly turned leaf. Then the library was very silent.



THE REASON

BY FRANK LEO PINET

THERE'S a blackbird in the marsh,
Merrily singeth he;
Ah, me! Ah, me!—it seemeth harsh,
The blackbird's song, to me.

O trim gay bugler of the marsh
With epaulets of red,
Thy little song, it seemeth harsh—
For my poor heart is dead!

THE CHAUTAUQUA MOVEMENT

By Paul M. Pearson

Editor of "Talent"



"It has been the struggle of the world to get more leisure, but it was left for Chautauqua to show how to use it."—*James A. Garfield.*

"I know of nothing in the whole country which is so filled with blessing for the nation."—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

THE Chautauqua idea first took definite form in 1874 when Bishop John H. Vincent announced a summer gathering of Sunday School workers to meet at Lake Chautauqua, N. Y., for two weeks of study and of recreation. The first meeting was notable. Bishop Vincent's winning personality, wise plans, and splendid enthusiasm, together with the originality and high promise of the idea, brought a large attendance of eminent church workers. True to the advance announcement, recreation was as much a part of the daily program as were the classes of instruction, nor did the devotional part of the meetings lack fervor.

The success of the first gathering was a happy augury as to future sessions—each succeeding year has recorded substantial gains over the preceding. The original meeting place has now become a summer city with a population of so many as 25,000, and the Chautauqua curriculum is that of a unique university, wherein all the people pursue some form of activity which combines education with recreation, and both under religious influence.



It was at the meeting in 1878 that Bishop Vincent made a definite advance in the plan, when he organized the four years' home study course. That this feature of the movement became immediately popular is evidenced by the 8,400 readers who were enrolled the first year; its permanency may be estimated from the total of three-quarters of a million readers who have been members. This number does not take into account the thousands of students who

have had instruction in the classes, nor the millions of people in more or less regular attendance upon the instructive popular lectures and readings.

No sooner had the annual meetings at this original Chautauqua become established than similar gatherings were called in many parts of the country, so that in less than ten years, more than a score of such organizations existed, each named for the place where the first meeting was held. So now we have the Western Chautauqua, the Florida Chautauqua, the Northern Chautauqua,—perhaps four hundred of them, all endeavoring to carry out the system established by Bishop Vincent.

Even without considering the large number of germane assemblies, all directly traceable to the original idea, it is difficult to say at any time precisely how many Chautauquas there are. New ones are being organized almost weekly—the Central West easily leading. Iowa has a larger number than any other state,—nearly sixty; while Illinois has more than forty, Ohio twenty-five, Indiana twenty, Kansas a dozen, Missouri a few more than that, Wisconsin a few less—and so on through a list of thirty-two states which have one or more summer Assemblies. At few of these are there less than 4,000 people in attendance at some one time during the session, while the total attendance at many of them is counted by tens of thousands. No exact aggregate for the country can be given, but at least one million different people attend the Chautauquas in a single season.



Except in the eager spirit of acquisition with which the people gather at these Assemblies everywhere, the organizations possess considerable individuality, with certain fundamental likenesses, of course. At most of them the session is short, varying from eight days to three weeks. While the program provided in some instances covers little more than the public lectures, at nearly every assembly some attempt at instruction is made, even though it be limited to the Bible hour in the early forenoon, and to the Round Table at four o'clock—an open parliament lead by some man of wide reading and scholarly attainments who is engaged to direct the discussion. Some Assemblies, upon the other hand, present every subject taught in the largest universities.

A few, like Chautauqua Institution—as the mother Chautauqua is now officially called—and the Winona Assembly in Indiana, are the greatest summer gathering places for the teachers of the country. During the vacation months these ambitious spirits find here expert instructors in every subject they wish to study, unusual oppor-

tunities to hear lectures by celebrated men, and excellent advantages for recreation.

Some idea of the diversity of interests in these summer gatherings may be realized from an enumeration of the many activities developed at Chautauqua Institution. Here you will find a kindergarten, a gymnasium, a boys' club, a girls' club, rowing teams, base-ball teams, camera clubs, swimming classes, missionary organizations, church homes of every evangelical denomination, three lecture periods each day filled by eminent men of every walk in life, and classes in nearly every branch of learning and mechanical skill, from Sanskrit to basket weaving. The session lasts ten weeks, and during that time tens of thousands are lifted to wider outlooks, and given wise direction in their efforts toward personal development.

When one comprehends what all this means, and measures this immeasurable influence which extends to the remotest corners of our country, he is not surprised to read the strong words of Presidents Garfield and Roosevelt, which head this paper.

The Chautauqua Assembly is an up-to-date foster brother of an older institution—the American camp meeting. Sam Jones says, "We haven't enough religion to run a camp meeting, and the county fair has played out, so we organize Chautauquas." There is some truth in the charge. Certainly, conditions have changed. Chautauquas are more numerous than were the camp meetings of old, and are more largely attended than even the county fairs so popular a few years ago. Many of the old camp meeting grounds have been given over to the Chautauqua idea, and though their former adherents find nothing of the old-time shouting religious fervor in which they were wont to have a kind of "emotional spree", they do find a definite religious atmosphere, an active Christian uplift, and super-added helpful educational advantages.



The speakers engaged always include a few preachers, though most of the "talent" are those who can make popular the subjects taught in schools and colleges. Lectures on literature, history, art, sociology, economics, science, and the Bible, are found on nearly every summer program, while special pleaders for great moral and political reforms are always in demand. However, not every speaker who essays such themes can meet the requirements of Chautauqua audiences. Only he who has the ability to sway great gatherings can hope to hold the people throughout his lecture. Chautauqua audiences average about two thousand people, and being seated in

large tabernacles without sides, they take advantage of the easy egress, unless the discussion is presented in a vital way. No academic presentation will answer, however great the theme—it must be put within the comprehension of the masses and must be direct, sincere, and individual.

No one can correctly estimate the educational movement in America to-day without recognizing the influence of this Chautauqua idea. It is a definite and positive factor in adult education. Appreciating this fact, Hugo Munsterberg in "The Americans" gives several pages of his chapter on educational institutions to a presentation of the Chautauqua movement. Chautauqua has a leading magazine, many smaller journals, several daily papers issued during the season, and many books published annually to supply a specified course of reading which is systematically followed by multitudes throughout the country. At each of the principal Chautauquas there is an annual Recognition Day,—a beautiful graduating exercise for those who have completed the four years' course of reading.



The solidity of the movement is further indicated by the vast sums invested in grounds, buildings and equipment. Though many of the new assemblies erect merely large tents on rented grounds, all of the older organizations have acquired valuable properties—including huge auditoriums, hotels and other structures necessary to maintaining "the Hall in the Grove." The popular mode of life during the Assembly sessions is to camp in tents upon the grounds, but each year sees an increasing number of cottages—some of them expensive and imposing—added to the permanent equipment of these woodland universities.

But the physical aspect of Chautauqua is by no means its most important manifestation—its very spirit is pervading the country. This is especially true of the Middle West, where the movement has a hold on the popular mind that is difficult to overestimate. At Rockport, Mo., for instance, a country town with a population of 1,070 people, there is a flourishing Chautauqua. Here one thousand season tickets were sold last year, and on two special days of the session there was an attendance of about 3,000 people. As the season tickets sold for \$2.00 and the cost of the program was nearly \$4,000, it will be readily seen that many single admission tickets must have been sold to meet expenses. On the day that William Jennings Bryan lectured there, not less than a thousand farmers' carriages overflowed the livery barns, vacant lots and Chautauqua grounds. The surrounding country had evidently turned out to

a man to hear "The Value of an Ideal," the lecture which Mr. Bryan featured last summer.



Huron, South Dakota, will serve as a type of the Assemblies in the far western states. Though there were no natural advantages to draw the people, they nevertheless came in great numbers, pitched their tents on the hot, treeless plains at the edge of the city, and for eight days devoted themselves to the delights of Chautauqua. Many entire families were in attendance, and a few ranchmen even brought along milch cows,—either because the cows would not be provided for at home, or because they seemed indispensable to camp life. Everybody attended, and everybody enjoyed the Assembly. Citizens from neighboring towns went home to organize Chautauquas for themselves, so that four more were reported in South Dakota the following year.

The thought of the day is surely reflected in the Chautauqua movement—because it is essentially a *popular* idea. Not long ago the favorite popular speakers were men like Champ Clark, Senator Doliver, and Congressman Landis, who discussed such subjects as, "A Poor Boy's Country," "Ultimate America," and themes which presented a kind of patriotism then loudly applauded. "A Rich Man's Country," and "An Aroused Public," are titles which might have been given to the popular subjects presented last year at Chautauqua Assemblies. The speakers most sought for were Senator LaFollette, Thomas W. Lawson, Governor Folk, Governor Hanley, and William Jennings Bryan. The eagerness with which people listened to the themes these men discussed clearly showed the changed conditions of popular thought, and certainly forecasted the vote of last November.



The summer Assembly has become the great American forum, where the man who has a message for people who think, can quickest reach his audience. Those who are at a loss to understand the strength of Mr. Bryan fail to estimate the effect of his constant appeal to the thousands who hear him every summer at the Chautauquas. Addressing each day for ten weeks, audiences of from three to ten thousand people, he has had a hearing equalled by no other popular leader in America.

From all this it must not be understood that the methods of the stump speaker prevail at the Chautauqua. An occasional political debate is arranged, but the politician who gains a place for himself as a Chautauqua speaker must discuss his theme in a constructive, statesmanlike manner. Partisanship is not countenanced. Not since the Civil War has there been so great a demand for the

real orator. The spoken word is as effective as ever it was, and, a general misconception to the contrary notwithstanding, oratory to-day is as much a factor as ever in our history. There are a score of men who, through the Chautauquas and through the lyceum, are wielding an influence like that of orators whose names we honor in our history.

Let no one, then, underestimate the power—the beneficent power—of the Chautauqua movement. To its summer cities countless thousands come for inspiration and recreation, and the influence of their sojourn lasts throughout the year. In multitudes of homes the required books are read and discussed during the long winter evenings. Favorite lecturers, readers, and teachers are recalled to mind, and are as frequently quoted during the family talks upon the vital, popular and educational subjects with which they have become acquainted at the summer assembly. Reaching the home as it does, the Chautauqua movement is immediately felt where the home influence goes. As one man said to a lecturer at the Northampton, Mass., Chautauqua, "The Chautauqua furnishes us thought for a year." "We have had to call another preacher," said a patron of a Minnesota Chautauqua, "our horizon has extended, so that we must have a better-educated man."



A definite tendency to larger fraternity among the churches; a raising of the standard of culture and efficiency among school teachers; the circulation of books for general and personal uplift; an advance in the educational standards of the community; a desire for civic improvements, good roads, and better government,—all these, and more, result from the Chautauquas. At the Assemblies such subjects are freely and fairly discussed by men who speak with authority, and the heart of their message is carried far and wide.

Under the name of Chautauqua there is exerted to-day an educational influence which is one of the most vital forces of our national life—an influence popular rather than academic. Academic subjects are considered, indeed, but Chautauqua's vital grip is laid upon the very practical study of ethics, economics, sociology and politics. It is the education of the adult population, of people who have had few or many school advantages, and who, now that their school days are over and they face the problems of life, have a yearning for practical information as it bears upon the current life of the towns. These people are mature, earnest, honest. They study the practical, up-to-date books prepared by our ablest men for the Chautauqua literary and scientific circle, and they are discriminating students of the spoken word. They are, in reality, largely the product of the Chautauqua movement.

THE MYSTERY OF THE JADE BUDDHA

By Carolyn Wells

Author of "Rubaiyat of a Motor Car," "A Nonsense Anthology," &c.

FROM the moment I laid my two honest gray eyes on Clara Pryor I just adored her.

Excuse my speaking of my eyes like that, but you see everybody described them that way, and, though I knew my eyes were no more honest than those of the average young American girl, yet I rather liked the phrase and did my best to live up to it.

It was at college that I first met Clara, and through the whole four years we were chums.

And now a year had passed since we were graduated, and, though I hadn't seen her in all that time, we were about to meet again at a house party down at her uncle's country home in Winchester. I had no idea what other guests were to be there, but I was so crazy to see Clara again that I didn't care.

Still, there would probably be someone worth dressing for; so I packed my pink mull and my flower sunbonnet, but all the time my thoughts were with Clara, rather than the possibility of masculine admirers.

Well, the first day or two after I reached Winchester, Clara and I both talked to each other at once and we both talked all the time. There was so much to say that it seemed as if we would never get talked out. We roomed together, and of course we talked all night. Then by day we took long walks or drives, and it wasn't until Guy Hilton came that either of us cared to associate with any one but our two selves. And then a lot of people came, and of course we had to be smiling and sociable with them all, and I was glad I had brought my pink mull and my flower sunbonnet.

But really Clara is the one I'm going to tell you about, so I must stick to my subject.

Clara is a girl who always has some definite purpose. These are so various, and come and go so rapidly, that in anyone else they would be called fads. But Clara isn't that sort. With her they

are serious matters, and the funny part is that every new one she takes up she is sure it's to be her life-work. I should think she'd learn after awhile, but she doesn't.

At this particular time, down in Winchester, she told me that she had concluded to be a detective.

This almost shocked me, for I like to read detective stories myself, and have always thought I'd like to meet a real detective,—a refined, gentlemanly one, I mean,—but I'm very sure I'd rather see than be one.

But Clara felt different about it. She said that she was convinced that she had wonderful detective talent; and she thought, too, that a woman was better fitted for the work than a man. She said a woman's perceptions are more delicate and her sense of deduction more acute.

Then she went on to talk about vital and incidental evidence, and the apparently supernatural powers of trained observation, until, as she was glibly gabbling of the mistake of theorizing from insufficient data, I turned my honest gray eyes full upon her and said:

"Clara Pryor, what have you been reading?"

She looked a little crestfallen at first, and then she smiled, and owned up that for the past two weeks she had just crammed Sherlock Holmes, Anna Katherine Green's stories, Poe's tales, "The Moonstone," and a lot of Gaboriau's and Boisgobey's books in paper covers.

Not that the paper covers made any difference, but it showed to what lengths the fastidious Clara had gone in the enthusiasm of her latest definite purpose.

"Have you ever detected anything really?" I demanded.

"No," said Clara, "but then, you see, it's only about two weeks that I've known I had these peculiar powers, and there's been no occasion. But my opportunity will come."

She spoke in a tone of confidence, and her straight nose somehow had an air of Sherlockian inscrutability,—if you know what I mean,—and so I was greatly impressed.

"I'm sure it will," I responded heartily; for so great is my admiration for Clara that I can't help believing everything that she believes. "I'm positive you will be a celebrated detective, and I know exactly what I shall be. I'll be your Dr. Watson and write your memoirs."

"Do," cried Clara; "and you must always go with me on my secret missions, and I'll tell you how I deduce my inferences."

I wasn't quite sure that last phrase of hers was technically correct as to diction, but that was Clara's part of the affair, not mine.

I was more than satisfied to play the part of the admiring though often snubbed Watson. Not that Clara had ever snubbed me, but I could see at once that as a successful detective she would be obliged to do so, and, indeed, was quite ready to begin.

When Clara had a definite purpose, she always acted the principal part with a fine attention to detail.

It may seem strange that an opportunity for detective work occurred the very next day, but if it hadn't this story wouldn't have been written, so you see it wasn't so much of a coincidence after all. It would only have been another story about another episode, for murders or burglaries are bound to occur, if a detective with a definite purpose waits long enough.

Well, that very evening we were all in the library after dinner. Guy Hilton had asked me to walk on the veranda with him, and I had said I would; but Mr. Nicholson—that's Clara's uncle and our host—was showing off some of his curios, and common politeness forced Guy and me to wait until he had finished haranguing about them.

I had no interest in the carved ivories, and tear-bottles, and scarabs, and neither had Mr. Hilton; but Clara loved them. She knew their histories almost as well as her Uncle Albert did, and was never tired of learning about them, looking at them, and even fingering the rusty-looking old things.

Coffee was served in the library, and I remember it was just as I took my cup, that Parsons offered me, that Mr. Nicholson held up the Buddha and began to tell about it.

It seems that that particular Buddha was a very old bit of wonderfully carved jade and its value was enormous.

Well, from what I listened to of what Mr. Nicholson said, I gathered that it was really one of the most remarkable curios in existence, and about as valuable as if it had been made of solid diamond.

I never shall be able to explain the strange sensation that suddenly came to me as the owner of the jade Buddha was discoursing on its marvels.

I wasn't looking at the speaker or the curios; indeed, I was so impatient for the talk to be over that both my attention and my honest gray eyes were wandering all over the room.

And all at once I became aware that every blessed soul in that room was intensely interested in that jade thing.

I mean especially so.

Clara, of course, was devouring it with her eyes. But so were Mr. and Mrs. Upham, a staid, elderly couple who had arrived at the house the day before. So also was Janet Lee, a lovely girl who was trying to cut me out with Mr. Hilton, but who, so far, had not succeeded.

Two or three other young men were present, and the gaze of each was riveted on the idol.

Even Miss Barrington, who scorned anything that was not made in America, seemed hypnotized.

But I concluded all this must have been my imagination, for that night, after Clara and I had gone to our room, I asked her if her detective instincts were aroused by the scene. And she said no, it hadn't occurred to her,—but she wished to goodness somebody *would* steal the Buddha, so she could detect the thief.

I thought quite seriously of stealing it myself, so as to give Clara the chance she wanted. But I decided that such a course would interfere with my rôle of Dr. Watson, so I gave up the idea.

Well, if I've told my story properly, you won't be much surprised to learn that, when Clara and I came down to breakfast the next morning, Mr. Nicholson informed us that the Buddha was gone. He didn't say it was stolen; he just said it was missing from his cabinet, and he didn't know where it was.

My honest gray eyes sought Clara's, and her's were just dancing with delight.

Her opportunity had come!

Right after breakfast we walked down by the brook to talk it over.

"I shan't tell Uncle what I'm doing," said Clara, "for I know he'd only laugh at me. So I shall let him take whatever steps he chooses to recover the Buddha, and meantime I shall go systematically to work and find out who took it."

She looked so capable and determined that I adored her more than ever. I felt so proud to be a Watson to her.

In order to play my part exactly right, I had read up in Sir Conan Doyle's works myself. And I knew that now was my time to sit still and listen to Clara's plans, which, of course, she would only hint vaguely to me; and perhaps occasionally I must throw in a word of appreciation.

"First, I must consider the characters of the guests," Clara began. "Janet Lee, now, is sweet and pretty in her effects, but I know that her real self is sly and deceitful."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, quite forgetting my part; "you don't think some of Mr. Nicholson's guests stole his Buddha!"

"I don't think it; I know it," said Clara, and her correct coldness of tone brought me back to a realizing sense of my position. "I have possessed myself of the facts, and I find that the library windows were all fastened on the inside, and the house securely locked. No one could have entered from outside."

"But the servants," I ventured, again forgetting that I was not supposed to suggest.

"They are all old and trusted ones," said Clara, "except Parsons. He is new, but he was well recommended, and Uncle has no reason to suspect him."

"Now, it seems to me," I went on, eagerly, "Parsons is just the one to suspect. He is such an all-round man. He is butler, house-servant, valet, and soft-footed. Oh, Clara, he's just the one to suspect. Do let's suspect him! At first, anyway."

Clara gave me a pitying glance and then resumed her far-away look.

It was efficacious, and I said no more about Parsons, but I couldn't help thinking he was ideal for a criminal.

"Miss Barrington," Clara went on, "seems like an honest lady; and yet she is fond of valuable trinkets and may have been overwhelmingly attracted."

"Miss Barrington!" I exclaimed. "She wouldn't accept as a gift anything of foreign manufacture."

"That may be merely a clever pose; and besides, jade Buddhas are not manufactured."

I was getting used to being snubbed, and took it with a fine imitation of Watsonian meekness.

"The Uphams," Clara proceeded, "are staid old people,—apparently,—but you never can tell. Mr. Hilton——"

At this I flared up.

"If you're going to suspect Mr. Hilton," I said, "you can get somebody else to write your memoirs. I won't!"

"Mr. Hilton," Clara went on, as if I had not spoken, "looks so frank and honest that I seem to deduce a mask of candor, hiding ——"

"You're an idiot, instead of a detective!" I interrupted, and then I walked away to find out for myself what Mr. Hilton's candid mask hid.

A few hours later I found Clara alone on the veranda, and I asked her how she was progressing.

Her ill-natured remark about Mr. Hilton had ceased to annoy me, for I had discovered for myself that that gentleman's mask of candor hid a frank, ingenuous nature.

"I haven't yet formed a definite conclusion," she said, in a low tone. "But I have proved Sherlock Holmes's statement that no one can go into a room and come out again without leaving evidence of having been there. I have examined the library thoroughly, and I found Miss Barrington's handkerchief, Mrs. Upham's gloves, Mr. Hilton's magazine, and several men's cigar-ashes."

"Go on," I said, breathlessly, for I fully expected she would deduce from these the wretch who had stolen the Buddha.

"That's all," she responded. "As I say, I haven't exactly discovered the thief, but these things may be valuable clues."

I was disappointed in Clara then, and I dare say I showed it. "They were probably left there yesterday afternoon," I said, "before the idol disappeared at all. Couldn't you find anything more vital as evidence?"

Then Clara forgot her impassiveness, and exclaimed, almost angrily, "Perhaps you'd better go and search the library yourself."

"All right, I will," I answered, for I really thought I could find something better than handkerchiefs and gloves.

But there wasn't a thing that could be called a clue. I hunted everywhere. One of the maids had set the room in order; dusted it, and arranged the furniture and ornaments in their proper places.

Somehow I couldn't help wishing I could find something, if only to please Clara.

I stood looking at the dark rich colors of the Persian rug, when a stray sunbeam came in at the window and made something glitter right at my feet.

I picked it up, hoping it might be a diamond. But it wasn't. It was a tiny flake of glass, round and marked with little concentric curves, like a miniature clam-shell. How shall I express its size? Well, it was about as big as the iris of a person's eye,—not a dilated iris, but a normal one.

Wrapping the bit of glass carefully in my handkerchief, I flew back to Clara and whispered to her to come with me up to our own room. There, behind a locked door, I triumphantly showed her the clue I had found, and waited for her expressions of delight.

But she only said, "What is it?" and looked rather blank.

"Why, Clara," I cried, "don't you see what it is? It's a chip from somebody's eye-glasses! And, of course, whoever stole the Buddha last night dropped his glasses and this bit broke off."

"Of course," exclaimed Clara. "That's what I have already thought out. I just wanted to see if it also occurred to you. Give me the chip, Ethel."

I gave it to her, glad to be of that much assistance to her in her great work.

"Now," she said, "we've only to discover who is wearing a chipped eye-glass to know who is the criminal."

"Yes," said I, "unless they have bought a new pair or owned other glasses."

"Of course I meant unless that," said Clara calmly.

Well, if you'll believe me, Mr. Upham came to luncheon wearing a pair of eye-glasses with a little place chipped out at one side! They were rimless glasses, and the defect, being on the edge, didn't at all interfere with their usefulness. I almost fainted, for I remembered what Clara had said about the staid old gentleman.

He did indeed seem to have an honest face, but I felt sure I detected criminal signs in the wrinkles round his nose.

After luncheon Clara went bravely up to him and asked him to walk round the sundial with herself and me. The walk around the sundial was a favorite constitutional with everybody. Mr. Upham looked a little surprised, but he politely said yes, and we started off.

Clara was polite too; she always is. But I could see she meant to show no mercy. And, indeed, why should she?

Well, she began a little abruptly, I thought, by saying:

"Mr. Upham, if you will return the jade Buddha to my uncle, I will promise not to tell him who took it."

"Bless my soul, child! What do you mean?" exclaimed the old man, stopping right where he was and turning red in the face.

"I mean," went on Clara firmly, "that I know you took my uncle's jade idol, and I'm telling you that if you'll return it I won't have you arrested, for I don't want any publicity or excitement about it."

Instead of looking alarmed, Mr. Upham seemed amused, and he said, with a funny little smile:

"Thank you very much for your kind consideration, but suppose I deny that I took the jade image?"

"Then," and here came Clara's moment of triumph, "I should tell you that I have positive proof of your guilt."

It may have been the tragic tone of Clara's declaration, or it may have been the throes of a guilty conscience, but anyhow Mr. Upham turned fairly white, as he said:

"Indeed, miss, and what is your positive proof?"

In the stillest silence I ever heard, Clara unfolded a little pink paper and showed the tiny scale of glass.

"That," she said, impressively, "was picked up from the library floor. It precisely matches the flaw in the edge of your eye-glass. Is further proof needed?"

Of course, not being a born detective, I may have misunderstood the expression on Mr. Upham's face, but it seemed to me he had all he could do to keep from bursting into laughter. "Does it match?" he asked. "Let us try."

But after he had taken off his glasses to make the test, he couldn't see at all.

Just then Mr. Nicholson came walking toward us.

"Hallo, Albert," said Mr. Upham; "lend me your glasses a minute, will you?"

Mr. Nicholson did so, and Mr. Upham put them on and gravely examined his own pair, matching Clara's bit of glass to the flaw in the edge.

"Fits exactly!" he declared. "Now put on your own glasses, Albert, and look at this."

Mr. Nicholson did as requested, and agreed that the chip must have been broken from that very place.

"Now," said Mr. Upham, "I say nothing in my own defence, but, for the further assistance of this young lady in her laudable work, I wish to state that I lent these particular glasses to our host, Mr. Nicholson, last evening, he having mislaid his own. When I retired, I left Mr. Nicholson still in the library, reading, with these particular glasses on his nose."

This gave a new turn to affairs, which, if logically followed up, would seem to prove Mr. Nicholson the thief of his own Buddha.

But Clara had no notion of accusing her own uncle or of letting him know of her efforts in his behalf; so, as Mr. Upham walked away (and I am sure he did so to hide his laughter), she merely asked Mr. Nicholson if he were the last one in the library the night before.

"How do I know?" he exclaimed. He was an irascible sort of man. "I sat there, reading, until about eleven. Yes, I had Upham's glasses on. I had left mine upstairs, and we wear the same number. About eleven, I think it was, I went up to my room. I met Parsons in the hall, and I gave him the glasses to take to Mr. Upham. I presume he did so, for I saw that gentleman had them on at breakfast this morning."

"Were they chipped when you were reading with them, Uncle?" asked Clara.

"No, they were not. And I didn't break them, either. Probably Parsons let them fall on the floor or stairs, as he took them to Mr. Upham."

Without waiting to make further explanations, Clara grasped my arm and fairly dragged me toward the house.

"I told you so!" she said; "I knew it was Parsons all the time. He crept into the library and stole the thing after uncle gave him the glasses and before he took them to Mr. Upham. In the library he was probably startled by some noise, and dropped them on the hard-wood floor or the hearth, and the little chip of glass flew over on the rug."

I remembered distinctly that it was I who insisted on suspecting Parsons, but I wouldn't have said so to Clara for anything.

Together we went in search of Parsons, and found that household treasure in the butler's pantry.

"Parsons," said Clara, in a gentle tone, "if you will give me the little stone idol, I will see to it that you are leniently dealt with."

"Miss?" said Parsons, looking at us both with a sort of deferential wonder.

"I say," repeated Clara, "if you will give me the little stone idol,—the jade Buddha——"

"Why, it's been stole, miss. Haven't you heard about it?"

"Parsons," exclaimed Clara, thoroughly exasperated at his imbecile expression, "don't attempt to deceive me! You were in the library last night after my uncle retired."

"No, miss. Excuse me, miss, but Mr. Nicholson put out the library lights himself. He came upstairs just as I was passing through the hall, and he gave me a pair of eye-glasses, miss, which he said I was to take to Mr. Upham's room."

"Parsons," and Clara's gaze would have forced the truth from Ananias, "did you go at once to Mr. Upham's room with those glasses?"

"Why, no, miss. You see, it was this way. I met young Mr. Hilton a minute after, and he asked me to get him some hot water. He was in a hurry, and he said if I'd go for it at once he'd hand the glasses to Mr. Upham for me. So I gave the glasses to Mr. Hilton, miss, and I went to the kitchen for the hot water."

"That will do, Parsons," said Clara. "It is just as I thought." And with an air of entire success, she stalked away, and I meekly followed.

"You see," she declared, turning on me tragically, when we reached our own room, "it was your Mr. Hilton, after all!"

"Nothing of the sort!" I exclaimed angrily. "And for pity's sake don't go and tell him he's a thief. Let me cross-examine him."

I was so afraid Clara would be rude to my friend that I forgot my inconspicuous rôle, and forged ahead.

Leaving Clara, I flew down to the veranda, where I knew Guy Hilton sat, smoking, and said to him, without apology or preamble:

"Mr. Hilton, as a personal favor, will you tell me to whom you gave Mr. Upham's eye-glasses, last night, after you took them from Parsons?"

"Certainly," he said, just as casually as if I had asked him to tell me the time of day. "I saw one of the house-maids just outside Mr. Upham's door, and I asked her to hand the glasses to Mr. Upham."

"Thank you," I said, and I smiled at him and ran away.

I told Clara that her suspicions had to be moved again, and she said that quite fitted into her theory. Indeed, she had deduced it already.

Well, then we suspected Norah, of course, and we went for her.

It was getting to be an exciting game now. Suspicion shifted so rapidly that it kept us on the jump.

As Clara said she had surmised, Norah informed us that she

handed the glasses, herself, to Mrs. Upham directly after Mr. Hilton had asked her to do so.

I felt a little diffident about accusing Mrs. Upham of being a thief and a robber, but Clara was inexorable.

She marched straight to the lady, and I thought she was going to tell her that if she'd give up the stolen goods we wouldn't arrest her.

But Clara didn't do that this time; she said, "Mrs. Upham, pardon me if I am indiscreet, but will you tell me what you did with the eye-glasses that Norah brought to your room last night?"

Mrs. Upham smiled pleasantly,—you know Clara is very pretty,—and said:

"Certainly, my dear. I laid them on the chiffonnier in my husband's dressing-room."

"Were they chipped or broken at that time?"

"No, I know they were not, for, as they seemed a trifle cloudy, I cleaned them myself, as I often do. They were in perfect condition. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing," said Clara, and she seized my arm and hurried me away.

"It was Mr. Upham, after all!" she whispered, and her face grew pale with excitement. "Late at night he put on his glasses, went down to the library, and stole the Buddha. In the dim room his glasses fell off, or were somehow knocked off, and the chip flew on the floor."

Well, the strange part is, that's the exact truth. Mr. Upham, it seems, was a monomaniac on the subject of jade, and he did go down to the library, just as Clara said, and take the Buddha. He owned up to it finally, but he told Mr. Nicholson he didn't intend to keep it. He said he wanted to study it by himself. But, if that was so, why didn't he borrow it openly?

So, you see, Clara was a real detective, after all, and that tiny piece of glass was the clue to a strange adventure, which I am proud to be the one to record.



CHANGELESS

BY GRACE G. BOSTWICK

WITH time or tide there's one thing changeth not,
 Whether the world be young or sad and old;
 The man who always kicks whene'er it's hot—
 He is the same who growls about the cold.

SHORE LEAVE

By Mary Moss

Author of "A Sequence in Hearts," "Fruit Out of Season," Etc.



ALTHOUGH no devotee of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, my Aunt was in perfect, if unconscious, accord with a line of his which proclaims a geographical limit to the Ten Commandments. To her mind, frost and virtue go as inseparably linked as self-indulgence and hot baths, and while her intelligence has never denied that a high mercury might be looked for in the tropics, the fact of needing a fan on the day after Christmas filled her with indignant disgust.

We had made this pilgrimage to avoid dampness, but on the way from the boat to our lodging a rain—such a rain as never fell in Boston—blotted out every feature of the village. When we emerged, copiously dripping, from our hack, a devouring sun smote our bedraggled headgear. Before my Aunt could aim her kodak, it was again raining!

The lodging itself hardly pleased her. Above all, my Aunt craves the definite! A structure with galleries so jalousied, and rooms so open, that experience alone could teach you where house ended and porch began, shocked her sense of order. When she found that no partition wall reached any ceiling, when she heard her neighbor button his boots, she at once feared the unsupported roof might fall, and greatly hoped it would. The whole place was distressingly unlike Fairhaven, Massachusetts.

Our hostess offered apologies. Yes, they were a trifle upset. Carpenters putting up a bath house in the garden, and two hundred guests had just left (the house accommodated eighteen), sailors from a gunboat, on three days' shore leave, for Christmas.

"They have all left, did you say?" My Aunt countenanced no belligerents but herself, and sitting upright on a couch in Mrs. Browne's mysterious parlor, she raked the shadowy corners for trace of naval occupation.

"Yes, ma'am. All gone, that is, but one. He's quiet enough now, poor lad." Mrs. Browne's voice nevertheless hinted at anxiety. What further she might have revealed was here cut short by a scene which

indelibly confirmed my Aunt's worst fears of what you might expect in godless tropic islands.

First a lightning-quick patter of unshod feet, then through the doorless doorway burst a lean, cinnamon-colored man, straight-haired, straight-featured, wild-eyed! Of course time only showed these details. Our first vision was a headlong tangle of brown nakedness and white drapery, radiating terror and haste. An escaping end of white stuff tripped him, and with a shriek he fell, rolled over, and shot under the sofa upon which my Aunt sat waving her fan, just in time to escape the onslaught of a large, black devil who brandished a trident of great power and sharpness.

"You Johnson, you sir! You negroes are a perfect pest!" Mrs. Browne fearlessly addressed the fiend. "You scare that coolie man crazy with your nonsense. Clean crazy!"

The devil burst out in an impolite genealogy of all coolies; my Aunt, partly reassured, raised a dominant Massachusetts voice. At that moment a young man lounged in the doorway, a curly-headed lad of some two and twenty, with thick black hair, bold black eyes and rosy cheeks smooth as a girl's. When he smiled, his full red lips parted over teeth as strong and white as a sound young dog's. He wore nondescript clothes, suggesting the sea, and a small gold seal ring, on the little finger of his left hand. A fine, lusty creature, born to work hard, play hard, and satisfy his keen young appetite upon all the fruits of the earth!

Seeing, after a gleam of amusement, that my Aunt's wordy anger covered genuine fright, he bade the intruders begone, adding a touch of authority, as the masquerading negro seemed disposed to linger.

Then indeed my Aunt's eloquence knew no bounds *And* Doctors send invalids to this place! A *nervous* woman might easily have died for less! It only happened once a year? Perhaps, but it *had* happened once already, and she not three hours ashore! The coolie not nakeder than boys at home training along the Fenway? Perhaps not! Athletic trousers *are* short, but still they are *trousers*.

The devil a respectable hackman! Did he look it, with that tail and the horns?

"I shall see,"—for all her wisdom turning in great crises to man, even to beardless adolescence,—"I shall see that paper I write for is supplied with full details of the truth about this island! My niece shall help me get off the letter by to-morrow's boat!"

Now why was it that at this, the lad lost color, grew sullen? The look he gave us became distinctly hostile, nay, worse! Fright, controlled but unmistakable, showed in his whole bearing, fright and discouragement. Turning on his heel to leave, he marched straight into two uni-

formed officials, one quasi-white, one black, both wearing stiff linen tunics, helmets, blue trousers with a stripe of red.

"Mr. Frank Liston?" the white man asked. "Gunboat Hecla?"

Where was the lad's spirit, his natural gayety? With a surly nod of assent he followed the uniforms through devious passages, out of sight.

My Aunt, now interrogation personified, turned to Mrs. Browne. "They come every day, just to see he's all right. A mere form," the landlady explained.

"Do all strangers on this island live under police surveillance?" My Aunt had passed into regions far beyond surprise.

Before Mrs. Browne had time to reassure her, a gong summoned us to a repast whose oddity struck me as a merit and outraged my Aunt's tradition and digestion.

You should have seen her first and last duel with a mango! And she, at home, too refined to eat corn off the cob! And after all that degrading struggle, the flavor offended her sense of propriety.

"It tastes of nine kinds of fruit, and turpentine," were her first words on regaining speech.

"As if it grew in the shades of Erebus, as if Pluto and Proserpine ate a couple, every night before bed-time!" I offered this as a compromise between agreeing with her, and owing to a weakness for mangoes.

At the sound of my feeble pleasantry, the lad, Frank Liston, who had been silently dining at a remote end of the table, again cast towards us that look of resentment. Pushing back his plate and declining a coconut mixture fit even to tranquillize Puritanism, he slouched out of the room with an air at once hostile and dejected.

Appeased by coffee of high perfection, Aunt Mary discovered a writing room. Busily occupied with journal and letters, she reviled the heat and sat close to a student's lamp.

I strolled out on the gallery for a first glimpse of the crooked little town. To one side, a hall, fiddles and dancing; through open windows I could see pretty brown girls waltzing with smart brown beaux. Music floated out agreeably, also many odors . . . penango, the beloved of stylish half-breeds, cocoanut oil, and the queer smell of orange-fed negro bodies! Beyond our quiet avenue the narrow streets seethed with life and excitement . . . Masqueraders with drums, with accordions, coolie men, watchful and sober, coolie women gorgeous in draperies and rude silver ornaments, anklets, ear-rings, nose-rings! The shriek of caged parrots, the everlasting din of negro chatter! Behind the house lay a stretch of garden, some palm trees, and a sea-wall looking out over a harbor quivering with lights.

"You ladies don't really mind him being here?" Mrs. Browne whispered at my elbow. "He seemed right young and innocent to go to gaol. He'd never feel the same about himself, after he came out."

"Mind him,—Mr. Liston? He seems a nice quiet boy." I felt magnanimous in forgiving his open dislike.

"Now, that's what I say," Mrs. Browne went on. "But a lodger left to-day, because of me keeping him."

"A lodger left? But why, what did he do?"

"Look at that town!" Mrs. Browne waved a despising hand. "There's a few white people up on the hill, but much they know or care about a parcel of sailors, just strange young men, with mothers of their own at home, and sweethearts."

"Yes, I noticed he wore a ring."

Mrs. Browne had much to tell. "Yes, and you will notice how bad he feels when he looks at it, too. And a gayer boy than he was, three days ago! But what do people expect? Keep 'em afloat three months, turn 'em loose ashore in a black-and-tan town like this, with money in their pockets, and not a thing for them to do! Not a home for the boys to go in, not a white woman to throw them a word. What do they expect?" she broke off impatiently.

"And what happened?" She seemed to wait my question.

"What happened, Miss? Why, the only thing! There's no decent amusement here for one white lad, not at the best of times, let alone a hundred and more. There's just two things they *can* do, and getting drunk's not the worst."

Beyond, in the avenue of palms, I could dimly see Frank Liston pacing to and fro, with bent head, dejected shoulders and the invincibly springy step of youth. Now and again, forgetting to move, he would stand in deep, painful revery. Then, with a defiant shake of his curly head, he was off, walking in the manner of one who vainly tries to out-strip care and sorrow.

"And he could have dodged arrest, if he'd been willing to quit like the others," Mrs. Browne continued. "They'd have never caught him. Easy enough for a sailor to swing out of any window in this town. But he saw the girl was dying."

"The girl?" But this time I was to learn without further question.

"Yes, Miss. Of course he never should have been there. You and I know that. They were all, or most of them, in one of those coon joints. I don't know just how it began, but a girl's black fellow got in, fighting drunk, of course, with a machete. Slashed an artery, and she was bleeding badly. The other boys lit out. No one wants to be mixed up in those rows. By the time the police got in, there was no one but her

and Frank. He waited to try and stop the flow. And that's how he's here now, under surveillance. No friends to go bail for him, till the trial. Say, you don't mind, do you?" she asked abruptly. "But maybe we'd best not tell your aunt."

With this I heartily agreed. "And the other lady left?" I marvelled.

Mrs. Browne now reached her grievance. "Yes, she did! A sour old maid, and ugly. Left in a huff; said it was the first time in all her life she'd ever come near to such doings. Gaol was too good for him, and the dear knows! I think he overheard her, he's been so down ever since; she said I was no better, a white woman and a mother, to stand for such doings!" At that minute, Mrs. Browne's hot, red face looked almost beautiful to me.

"Perhaps being a mother is just why," I suggested, watching the lonely young figure on its disconsolate promenade.

Presently the police officers again interviewed Frank Liston, and Mrs. Browne further volunteered that they required him to keep early hours. "Not that he's getting much sleep, these nights. He's so afraid his people will catch wind of it, and the girl at home. He comes from New Hampshire, a country lad, and she's a schoolmarm."

Certainly if a creaking couch be a sign of troubled slumbers, Frank Liston spent a night the wakefulness of which passed over the partition between our rooms. He tossed and I tossed, and all the while a sense of guilt, of adding to his troubles, lay upon me, ridiculously, fantastically, but with a shiver of growing responsibility.

At daybreak he was up, softly dressing. I could swear that he wrote a letter. Then came a queer sound, a click, another. I could not place that sound, it worried me.

Sudden light flooded my room, the dawnless tropic sunrise. Slipping on a dressing-gown I passed out through open doors into the quiet garden. Strange hot-house plants bloomed like weeds, strange fragrances wafted in over the harbor. Far to the right, long rollers of surf broke on a rocky promontory, sending up fountains of gleaming spray. Circling gulls hovered above the anchored shipping. On the sea wall a solitary man seemed busy with some planks, a heavy stone. Frank Liston! He balanced a stout board over the water, staying its earthward end with stone after stone; then coming back, he picked up a small object from the grass. It glittered in the sun.

Quickly I moved towards him. "You are making a nice diving-board, Mr. Liston, but are there no sharks?"

"None get in over that reef you see yonder, where the water is light blue." Following his pointing finger, I saw a strip of turquoise

lying athwart the lapis-colored harbor. To-day he was paler, more nervous.

"What paper do you write for?" he suddenly asked.

"I? None at all," I began. "It's my Aunt." Certainly there was something sinister hidden in his clenched fist. There was no way out, I must see. Little as I might wish it, my responsibility had grown real, and very pressing.

"Lend me that pistol!" I looked straight at him. "Those gulls are a good mark."

His lips tightened, but seeing my extended hand, he reached me a small revolver, clean and new. Without another word I joined him on the wall, and before he could stay me, had dropped it in the deep blue water.

"Why did you do that?" He turned on me angrily. "You're here for copy. You've got me. Think of your headlines. I'd have been worth more to you . . . so . . . than I'm worth to anyone . . . alive!"

So that *was* it! And here he stood, quivering with life; and if I had chanced to sleep one hour longer!

With what sailor's neatness he had planned it! One moment on the end of his diving-board, a hole in his temple, and deep, sapphire waters meeting over his foolish, wasted youth!

While I was agonizing for the word to ease him, for the wisdom to hold him and yet not make light of his fault, the thing, the only right thing of itself naturally happened. I was crying, bitterly, as his sister might have cried.

"Why do you do that?" he asked, presently adding, "I'm nothing to you, only copy for your Aunt!"

The time had come to speak. "You are not even so much," I took him up. "Do you suppose we're scavenging for things like that? My poor little Aunt! She's literary critic for our village paper at home: she'd rather die a thousand deaths than mention you!"

"Then why . . . ?" He pointed downward to his lost pistol. "But why not let me . . . what business of yours?"

"None," I confessed. "But come, Frank Liston! Let us talk this out!"

"You're a woman," he objected. "You . . ." He eyed me doubtfully. "You're not old!"

"Any woman worth the name is old enough for that!"

"But women—ladies—" he corrected, "don't, . . . can't . . ."

"Listen, boy," I turned on him. "This is bad enough, big enough, for you to die of, you strong, young thing, with a mother at home maybe,

and a sweetheart." How he winced at that! "And you stop to think whether we, you and I, two human beings, can *talk* it out! And three days ago you didn't stop at *doing* it!"

He shook his head. "You don't understand. No woman can! I don't see why it is, myself, but so it is." After a minute's brooding "Suppose the people at home don't find out! Can I go back, and always think some day they surely will? You don't know what she's like. She believes!" The inarticulate young creature paused, struggled with some inner pocket, and held me out a picture. A girl with starry, trustful look! Again my eyes filled.

"What is it?" he again asked.

"Only thinking how she would have looked to-night, when the cable came. *You* would have been well out of it!" I could not spare him now.

He pondered. "But if she really knew"

"Women," I broke in, "know far more than you ever dream. Look at me. You say I am not old! You say I don't understand. Why, lad, it's simple, simple as the tides, and death, and life! Why? Who can say? But so it is."

"When we came down here," at last he softened, "I never meant"

"Everyone knows that," I reassured him. "It's only this. You had been kept thirsty in a desert. Thirst is natural. Deserts are torments. Then you came where there were only gutters. Saints and heroes resist! But you are neither. And must you die, because you fall short of the best? It's hot here, and strange, and disturbing. That woman, yesterday, felt defiled at being under the same roof with you. To-day, it seemed, poor lad, that you were copy for a harpy of a newsmonger. You forgot that whatever lay against you, you'd never been a coward. You had risked all this, rather than leave a dying girl. You've stood like a man, ready to pay; why default now?"

He raised his head a little, not meeting my eye. "I couldn't leave her!"

"The others did." I laid my hand on his shoulder.

Suddenly he broke out with his pent-up horror. "If you only knew how little I liked it! Time and time again they say, 'Come ashore with us!' And you don't go. There's your girl at home! And you write letters. You read stale books, you smoke pipe after pipe and but then there comes a time, you never know why"

"Ah, lad! Who does? But if you're flawed, pick up the pieces and go on. I'm often in New Hampshire; some day I'll see that girl of yours. Shall she be wearing black, and living under a silent dread, half knowing, half fearing to know?"

"But the trial, the court?" He objected.

"Write her to-day, don't leave it to chance!" I pleaded. "Tell her you've been in a scrape, a bad one. That you tumbled in, lad, because you were a man, and for the same reason you did not crawl out! That girl of yours will ask no questions!"

"Would you do that?" At last his eyes met mine.

"Good morning, you early birds!" Mrs. Browne, in what Fairhaven would surely deem unseemly *déshabille*, came clumping towards us. "Does your Aunt take fresh butter, Miss, or guava? Better send both? Her coffee is ready, and yours, too, Frank. Come, while it's hot."

"Thank you, I want it," said Frank Liston slowly, "to brace me for a letter home. One they will get by New Year's."

"My Bob's civil engineering in Ecuador!" Mrs. Browne watched Frank's retreating figure, as he vanished among the croton and poinsetta bushes. "And, deary, deary me," she went on, after a moment's wistful silence, "if it ain't a queer world. I've just got this cable. Another boat and two hundred boys coming down for New Year! Back pay in their pockets, and three days shore leave!"



IN THE DESERT

BY CECILIA A. LOIZEAUX

A NARROW strip of dreary, sun-baked sand;
 Brown shadows, purpling dimly toward the edge;
 A ribbon-width of tawny, sultry sky
 That presses inward like a circling band;
 Even the sun sinks dully o'er the ledge,
 And Night slips from his hiding-place nearby.

Within my tent I draw my curtain close
 And light my candle, and prepare for rest.
 And then I lay me down; but not to sleep;
 It is too still. My longing backward goes
 To rolling billows with high, wind-tost crest,
 And white-winged vessels dipping on the deep.

BORN TO BE HANGED

By Caroline Lockhart

SAMUEL STOTTS, in his tar-paper house on his one hundred and sixty acres of homesteaded sage-brush, gazed at his inflamed face in his eighty-nine cent mirror, and thought, for something like the thousandth time, what a fine long neck he had by which to hang. Sandwiched in between the epithets of opprobrium which he was bestowing liberally upon Mr. McAdoo were disjointed sentences from which one might have gathered that "the psychological moment" in his life arrived.

"I'll kill him, by ding!" said Stotts through his shut teeth. "The mangy son of a sheep-herder! I've told him once and I've told him twice, and if he does it once more, I'll puncture him. I'd rather be hung for killin' McAdoo than any man in the Basin."

Still grinding his teeth, he tore open a bureau-drawer and took out a package of envelopes, his examination of the contents increasing his rage until he was frightful to behold.

Stotts truly believed that he was born to be hung. Every indication pointed to the gallows as his ultimate end. He had been told so from childhood. He was red-haired, red-faced, and in anger his pale blue eyes gleamed with an insane fury. All the reminiscences of his neighbors "back East, in Iowa," were along the same line. He knew by heart the tale of how at four years of age he had bitten his sweet girl cousin and at seven had hurled the hammer at his brother; he had all but thrashed his father at fifteen, and at seventeen had put the principal of the High School out of business for several hours. When at twenty a trance medium singled him out of a circle to tell him that in some way he seemed associated with a rope that clinched it; figuring as the principal attraction at a hanging became as much a part of his calculations as though there was a gallows, with his name on it, waiting for him in the jail-yard.

When Stotts went to Wyoming, his friends reminded him of his destiny, and urged him to curb his temper in that tumultuous land, and he had done well until his trail and McAdoo's had crossed.

McAdoo, the chronic office-holder in the town on the edge of which

Stotts had taken up his homestead, had thwarted, antagonized, and enraged him from the beginning. As mayor, McAdoo had ordered Stotts arrested for allowing his cows to browse in the main streets. Stotts went to jail rather than pay his fine, saying he needed a rest, anyhow. As constable, McAdoo put Stotts's dogs in the pound and enforced the two-dollar dog tax. As water commissioner, he shut off Stott's water supply, saying that Stotts was watering more horses than he paid for,—all of which Stotts endured with what, for him, was meekness. Finally, McAdoo became postmaster, and, in a brilliant moment, conceived the idea of answering sundry advertisements in Stotts's name.

It was the custom of the adult population of the town to assemble in the post-office during the distribution of the mail, where each box renter stood by his box watching like a dog at a rabbit-hole. Everybody took a keen interest in the mail of everybody else, and it was not considered poor taste to speculate, and comment freely, upon the contents and appearance of each other's letters or to crane one's neck to look into one's neighbor's mail-box.

When Stotts received a postal-card urging him to send ten cents and learn how to raise mushrooms in his cellar, it was the occasion of some merriment,—chiefly because Stotts had no cellar. The next mail brought a notification of the shipment, according to request, of a six-gallon bottle of catarrh cure,—express charges, \$1.25. The outside of the envelope was decorated with the wood-cut of a vulgar person snorting steam like a Siegfried dragon. Stotts was distinctly annoyed and refused to receive the six-gallon bottle. A sample box of diamond, emerald, and ruby rings, retailing at ten cents each, for him to peddle, came in the same mail with a sample of pills which, if taken persistently, would prove a permanent cure for the fits which had afflicted him from childhood. "Good old Dr. Ray, Family Physician and Woman's Friend," wrote to him personally, from Indianapolis, upon a subject which mantled his cheeks with blushes and sent him scurrying from the post-office.

When McAdoo opened the office the next morning at seven o'clock, Stotts was waiting for him.

"If you put any more of those cussed things in my box," said Stotts, shaking with excitement, "there'll be trouble."

"What things?" inquired McAdoo innocently.

Stotts gave him one lurid look and turned on his heel. That night he received a frame and colored worsteds to enable him to earn pin-money in his home, also a voluminous pamphlet and a printed slip for him to fill out describing more fully than he had in his letter the symptoms of the painful disease which afflicted him.

Stotts hurled the embroidery frame and the pamphlet through the general delivery window at McAdoo's head, the veins standing out on his forehead with the effort he made to control himself.

"M—M—McAdoo," he stuttered, "I'm goin' to k—k—kill you if you don't q—q—quit makin' a fool of me!"

McAdoo smiled at him tolerantly.

The news of Stotts's singular mail had spread to such an extent that people began to drive in from the country to see what he would draw. But there was no humor in the situation to Stotts, who had no humor in his composition. At each reference to "Good old Dr. Ray" he exploded like a bunch of fire-crackers. He brooded over his mail by day and dreamt of it by night, and still sample meat-choppers, liver-pads, and letters from professors anxious to teach him, by mail, to sing, filled his box. His name had been forged to a letter to a matrimonial agency, and a lady who was employed as assistant cook in a hotel at Billings, Montana, threatened to come down and inspect him,—*"obj. mat."*

At last, when Stotts started for his mail, he oiled his gun. His letter-box was full, as usual, and so was the post-office, the crowd pushing eagerly forward to inspect the contents of the former.

With a smile which in itself would have been sufficient provocation for murder, McAdoo handed out a box, a bottle, and several one-cent letters. The box contained a glass ball, not unlike a glass door-knob, and a note from a fortune-teller in Chicago, apologizing for the delay in sending same, and containing a request for a dollar for the instructions which would enable Stotts to tell fortunes by means of the glass globe and earn a comfortable income for himself and family.

Stotts had no family, but the young woman clerk in the general merchandise store, standing at his elbow at the time, had an attraction for Stotts which always took him through the dress-goods department on his way to the groceries.

"Let's see what's in the bottle," she said eagerly.

Some warning instinct made Stotts hesitate.

"Please do," pouted the young woman clerk, and Stotts, in his weakness, took the bottle from its mailing case and exposed the red label:

"Muvver's Milk.

Once Having Used Muvver's Milk
You Will Use No Other."

Muvver's Milk crashed to the floor. Stotts hurled the glass knob, which was to enable him to earn a comfortable income for himself

and family, straight through the glass front section of the letter-boxes. His hand darted to his hip-pocket and a bullet sung through the money-order window before the mocking laugh had died on McAdoo's lips.

McAdoo fell, his blood dyeing the Bear Creek mail-sack; women screamed, and the young lady clerk of the general merchandise store fainted. Stotts, with the face of a madman, dashed through the dazed crowd and sprang on his horse. He arrived breathless at his tar-paper house and sat down to wait for the sheriff.

The prophecy which had hounded him from infancy was to be fulfilled at last! He had killed a man in a fit of rage and would he hung! It was all coming out as they had said. At first he had only a feeling of satisfaction, so great had been his anger at McAdoo; but, gradually regret and a certain dread of the fate which he had long regarded so philosophically crept in to mar his satisfaction. He grew nervous with the incredibly long wait, and a real fear of death, a genuine panic, seized him. He thought of the young woman clerk—ah, life had held many possibilities!

He walked restlessly to and fro. He paused in front of the mirror; truly he had a noble neck to hang! He measured it between his thumb and middle finger; it was like a joint of stove-pipe. The thud of galloping hoofs interrupted his contemplation and started the cold perspiration. Yes, it was the sheriff. Stotts saw the bulge in his pocket where he always carried the handcuffs.

The sheriff's face was grave as he handcuffed Stotts to the pommel of Stotts's own saddle and rode ahead leading his horse. The sheriff said that, owing to the enormity of his offence, and to the fact that it was such an open-and-shut case, Stotts would be tried by a jury of his peers before the justice of the peace. The town, he said further, had no wish to support him in idleness in the calaboose until the Circuit Judge held court again in the county-seat. This method of procedure was not strictly according to Hoyle, the sheriff admitted, but in a new country, where distances were great and time of value, the strict letter of the law could not always be carried out.

Stotts did not protest. It made no difference to him whether he was sentenced by a judge or a justice of the peace, though he did wonder vaguely which one of the rival lumber-yards would get the contract for building his gallows, and which one of his friends would jerk the rope.

The night in the calaboose passed slowly—the longest he had ever known. No one came near him; so he realized that his disgrace was deep indeed. He prayed that they would try, sentence, and hang him all in one day. His prayers, he thought grimly, had a fair chance of being answered, as they did things quick and thoroughly in the Basin.

At ten the next morning, the sheriff led him, handcuffed,—an unnecessary indignity Stotts thought wearily,—into the cramped quarters occupied by the justice of the peace, who was also the local real-estate and insurance agent. No encouraging smile greeted him from his erstwhile friends and neighbors who packed the place. He observed, with a certain resentment, that the foreman of the jury of his peers was the anæmic youth who played the piano in the dance-hall, and the front row of chairs in the jury-box was occupied by Red, the bar-keep, Jans, the barber, Wilson, the horse-doctor, and Milo, the dago porter from the hotel. Disgraced as he was, Stotts did not feel that he was being tried by a jury of his peers.

Peace, a new attorney in town, read the warrant aloud, but Stotts buried his head in his hands and did not listen; he was wondering if the young lady clerk would take a holiday and come to see him hung. He thought bitterly that probably the public school would close on that festal occasion.

There was loud applause at the conclusion of the reading of the warrant.

“Guilty or not guilty?” demanded the justice of the peace, rapping for order.

“Guilty!” shouted Stotts, glaring defiance at the court and the crowd.

There was a burst of laughter and the blood began to flow hotly through Stotts’s veins once more. Even in Wyoming such callousness seemed incredible.

Peace opened the case for the prosecution. He was a pompous person who invested his most commonplace statements with great dramatic intensity. Stotts eyed him in disdain.

“This man,” said Peace, pointing an accusing finger at Stotts, “is a man of a notorious temper. His presence in Wyoming is probably due to this fact. Who and what is he? None of us can answer that question: his past is shrouded in mystery. If his record were investigated, it would undoubtedly be learned that he is wanted in other States for the same crime with which he is charged in this warrant. Look at him, gentlemen, cowering in his seat, guilt written on his brow.”

As a matter of fact, Stotts was sitting bold upright, clinching and unclenching his fists.

Peace then enumerated and described with considerable vividness the occasions upon which Stotts had been seen in a blind rage.

“Such a man, with a gun,” continued Peace emphatically, “is a menace to the community!”

This statement met with applause.

Peace then began to relate the story of the events which led to the shooting, and the letters from "good old Dr. Ray," the embroidery frame, the glass ball, and, lastly, the shattered fragments of the bottle which had once contained Muvver's Milk were offered in evidence.

Stotts almost frothed at the mouth.

"Our wives and innocent babes would not be safe were such men as he permitted to go unpunished!" declared Peace, at the close of an eloquent harangue.

"And, gentlemen of the jury, in conclusion I ask, I entreat, that the punishment meted out to yonder guilty wretch be as heavy as is compatible with your conscience."

He took his seat while the court-room rang with shouts of approbation. Stotts felt that his last chance was gone when he saw that one Hobbs had been appointed to defend him. To Stotts's certain knowledge, Hobbs had not won a case in three years in which he had been practising in the Basin. And, to make matters worse, Hobbs, at ten o'clock in the morning, was undeniably drunk.

Hobbs looked at the prisoner, at the judge, at the jury, and burst into tears. He had been drinking gin sours—Hobbs always wept when he drank gin sours. Punctuating his sentences with sobs, he began:

"G'nelmen; thish pris'ner ish guilty—he says so himself. But there wash 'stenuatin' circumstances. There wash a crowd, he wash excited, the gun had not been ushed in any manner-shape-or-form for some years. G'nelmen, he done hish best. What more," demanded Hobbs, wiping his streaming eyes, "what more can any man do than hish best?"

"It wash rotten shootin'—bad, incomprehensile, degustin'—but g'nelmen, no man can rely totally, absolutely, entirely on hish nerves. Look at my han' this minute! Some days steady as steel; other days shakin'—shakin' for the drinks. Le' him down easy, g'nelmen. Give him another chance, and then if he don' make good, soak him!"

Stotts, writhing in his chair, could stand it no longer. He had listened dazed at first; now he sprang to his feet, his eyes and face flaming, and, waving his handcuffed hands, he shouted, "Stop him! Hang me if you want to—I don't mind that; but don't torture me first!"

The sheriff pushed Stotts into his seat.

"Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?" asked the judge solemnly of the jury.

"Guilty," replied the foreman, rising after a brief consultation. "We recommend that a fine of fifteen dollars be imposed upon Samuel

had assured Don, one day when he begged to go there, and he "eats up bad little boys." *To be eaten up!* With a gasp of horror the child rose, and with winged feet ran back again to the house of safety.

For hours Don would sit beside the bassinet watching the tiny morsel of his adoration.

To sit or stand and wait was sufficient bliss for him, for upon the second day of Baby's advent, Don had not only been admitted, but carried in upon Keith's shoulder. Since Keith, his chum, erstwhile neighbor, and hero, had married his beautiful mamma, Don's life had been one continuous festival of good times. Hence the shock of not being admitted to his mother's presence when a strange "sister" was, worked like madness upon his brain. As usual, it was Keith who turned his woe into gladness, and it was his beloved step-father-chum who gathered the forlorn little chap into his loving arms that night, and hushed him to sleep with the promise of an entrée to his mother's domains the following day.

The event transpired. When Don's eyes first rested upon the tiny creature beside his mother, his first awed query was,—

"Is 'AT MY BABY SISTER?"

His fat forefinger pointed to a bundle. Being assured, he looked long and earnestly at his new relative, then, without a word, disposed his small self, cross legged, upon the floor beside the crib, his fascinated gaze never wavering.

Suddenly the baby made a wholly unexpected yet vigorous cry. Thereupon up sprang Don, his small face a picture of terror. Being told that the little one could not hurt him, he resumed his humble seat, and day after day came back to offer up mute adoration.

"Keith," said Don, thoughtfully, one day, "does it hurt a little boy to get his nose out o' joint?"

The boy's step-father turned his face away. To laugh inopportunistly was to offend Don, and rather than do so the owner of The Cedars would sacrifice much.

"To get his nose out of joint?" he repeated; "I guess not much. Why, Kiddy?"

"'Cause sister's goin' to put Don's nose out o' joint. John, he telled Ellen 'at baby would do it—sure!"

With a hearty laugh, Keith Kennedy caught the little questioner up and put him upon his shoulder.

"Don't you bother about your nose, old man," he said. "John better attend to his car; he talks too much."

"Course," said Don sturdily, ignoring Keith's remark, "if sister hurted my nose, I wouldn't be kwoss; she's only but little; I'm big." He threw out his chest proudly.

"Yes," said Keith, tenderly, "but she is only little. You are almost a man."

"Almost," said the child gravely, "as big as—you?"

"Low bridge," warned Keith, dipping his head, for they were entering the dining-room. These days Don and he ate together happily.

"It don't hurt, mamma, 'cept when you touch it," said Don, winking very hard. His mother lifted him up onto her lap. His infinitesimal kilt was mud-stained and torn, his left eye blackened, and a bloody scratch measured the full length of one of his cheeks. Ellen had just fetched him from the Kindergarten, where she had arrived in time to see her charge and his enemy conducting a battle royal.

In answer to maternal inquiries, Don explained. This, however, after his mother had silently bathed his bruises and plastered his wounds.

"He said that his—baby—sister was as nice as—ours, an'——"

"You struck him," said his mother, reproachfully.

"No, not then, I didn't; not 'til he said 'at baby wasn't my really truly sister, an' 'at Keith wasn't my really truly farver," sobbed Don, his sore heart swelling within him all over again recalling the unbearable taunts of his foe.

"Then," repeated his mother, "Don struck him?"

"Yes, muvver," answered Don, sitting up straight. "I hurted him wis my two fists, hard as—hard as——"

"And then," interrupted Mrs. Kennedy, "he hurt my poor little son?"

"He knocked poor Mr. Don down, mum, and thumped his pretty head against the floor," exclaimed Ellen, who was the boy's genuine adorer. "But," continued she, vindictively, "I gave the creature a cuff that made his dirty ears burn, I'll warrant. Wait till I ketch him again."

The battered warrior lay quietly against his mother's breast, his smarting eyes closed. Finally, assured that the belligerent Ellen had departed, he opened them suddenly.

"Mamma," questioned he, a world of anxiety in his tone, "baby is my really, truly sister, ain't she?"

"Yes, darling," said his mother, comfortingly.

"And Keith," continued Don; "isn't Keith my really truly——"

Mrs. Kennedy kissed the sensitive mouth pityingly before it could finish the question.

"Don and sister are Keith's really, truly treasures," she said,

tenderly. Whereupon, over the bruised little face came a smile of perfect content.

"Don's so glad," he said, nestling closer. "If Keith and baby wasn't——"

"Wasn't what, Midget?" asked Keith cheerily, the while flashing his wife a glance of inquiry. "Keith's going out in the car, Kiddy; run get your cap," he said. While the boy obeyed, his mother explained Don's Waterloo.

"Dear little chap!" said Keith, feelingly. "Dear loyal little Don, would to God I was his 'really, truly' father." Did the beautiful face that looked into his own echo his wish, he wondered.

Upon a certain Sunday morning, Don, having arrived at the goodly age of five, was permitted to accompany his mother to church, Keith for once resigning his duties in favor of his chum.

Ere the boy left, his step-father put a new dime into his chubby hand.

"What's it for?" asked Don excitedly.

"For God," said Keith gently. "You are going to His house."

"All wight!" said the little fellow happily. "Don'll div it to Dod."

During the services nothing escaped the child's unaccustomed eyes. To the best of his small ability, he imitated his elders. When the rector, Mr. Lamb, whom he knew well, came out of the vestry gowned in white, the boy's eyes grew round with amazement, but having been admonished not to talk, he kept silent. His secret conviction, however, was, that Mr. Lamb erred upon the side of delicacy. Nighties worn in public seemed very bad form to Don—indeed, his round little cheeks flushed with vicarious embarrassment.

He soon forgot Mr. Lamb's indiscretion, however, in his desire to recognize God. He wondered where the Good Man sat! "P'r'aps He would come and sit 'side him." Don moved up closer toward his mother to make room—in case.

The service proceeded to its close. Soon Don and his mother were out in the sunshine homeward bent.

The child was very thoughtful during the walk home. His mother, seeing his mood, asked no questions.

Keith was waiting for them at the gate. Silently the little fellow fumbled in the pocket of his kilt.

"Here," he said, handing his step-father the dime with which he had been entrusted. "Don bringed it back; Don looked, an' looked, but Dod wasn't dere."

His parents flashed a look into each other's eyes; then, with a cheery "Up, Don," Keith had the small church-goer astride his shoulder.

"Put the dime in your bank, Kiddy," he whispered, paternally.

It was a day later. The child and Keith, after a long tramp after chestnuts, were sitting close together upon the wide steps of the piazza. In the west the sun was bidding its worshippers Good-night in a blaze of glory. Chin in hand the child sat meditating. Already the mysteries of the world overwhelmed him. There were so many things he wanted to know, but his mamma had cautioned him that it was not polite to bother people with too many questions. Don was a gentleman; the idea of "bothering" even his dear comrade filled him with sorrow; but—oh he did so want to know 'bout things. Keith knew. Keith always knew everything. Looking down into the troubled little face that he could read so well, the man broke silence.

"Speak up, Kiddy, what is it?"

"Would *free* questions be too much bodder?" he asked, anxiously, the while permitting his step-father to draw him closer. The October air was a trifle keen.

"Not a bit of it. What does Don want to know?"

The child's eyes turned toward the setting sun.

"Dod," he said softly. "Where is Dod—*now*?"

Keith caught his breath perplexedly.

"There," he finally answered, pointing toward the western radiance.

"Was Dod sick 'at he didn't come to His house yesterday?"

"God was at His house, Kiddy," said Keith gravely.

The child's brown eyes opened wider.

"Dod was?" he repeated, staring hard at his friend; "'at's funny! Don looked, an' looked, an' looked. 'Cept Mr. Lamb 'at talked, Don didn't see nobody. Dod has *awful big eyes* 'at can see everysing little boys do, Ellen says. There wasn't no gentleman there 'at had awful big eyes."

The man began to fidget. "Look, Kiddy, look! there's a squirrel," he shouted. The squirrel having been admired warmly, Don returned to his queries.

"Where's de bad place?" he demanded.

"Who's been talking to you about a bad place?" frowned Keith. The idea of this hypersensitive child having a foreknowledge of the wrath to come angered him. The child looked about rather nervously.

"Ellen; she telled me 'at when little boys don't be good an' mind

everyting 'at big folks say, they go to de bad place an' be burned up in the ebber-blastin' fire."

"Little children never go to the bad place. There is no fire that burns up little children. Do you understand, Kiddy? Always ask mamma and Keith about such things. Ellen is a stupid girl; she don't know."

The child gave a gasp of relief. "Don's so glad," he breathed.

"Where's Dod's stepladders?" he asked abruptly, after another pause spent in cuddling.

"His what?"

"Dod's stepladders, 'at folks go up on?" explained the inquisitor.

"Dinner is served, sir," announced a servant.

"Most opportunely," muttered Keith, giving his hand to the child.

One day about a month before he was six, a shadow of vast proportions darkened Don's face. He knew the worst. He was to be sent away to college when he grew big. Keith said so. To go to college meant to leave his baby sister, to depart from whom presaged woe unspeakable. He had overheard his doom. Well, he would do his best not to grow. No more crusts would he eat, lest he flourish physically.

"Eat your crusts," the thrifty Ellen had ever admonished, "and you will grow big."

Daily he stood under the lead-pencil mark that Keith had once made upon the wall to mark his inches. A-tremble always lest he find his head overtopping the line. To be big! how eagerly he had looked forward to reaching even Keith's shoulder. Now—if he could have stunted his growth, for love of his baby sister, he would have done so, even at the cost of suffering.

The day upon which Don was six, he arose early. Down to the garage he ran. Old John he knew would be there. He was, and whistling as usual. Don, being of an observing mind, had noticed that most "big people" like Keith were married. Since he must grow big, he had determined like the Fairy Prince to marry and be happy ever afterward,—in fact, his bride had long since been decided upon. He would go to college, since Keith wished it, but the very day he came home he would marry. This he had risen early especially to confide to his old ally John.

"And who, Mr. Don, would ye be marryin'?" asked the old fellow, with fitting solemnity.

"My sister, of course," replied Don, loftily. (How stupid of John not to know!)

Whereupon, long and loudly laughed the chauffeur, to Don's infinite annoyance.

"Don't ye know, Mr. Don, that a young gentleman can't be after marrying his own sister?" asked he.

With the immense courage of loving conviction, Don fought long and valiantly against such an absurd prejudice, but finally beaten at very point by his argumentative opponent, disgruntled and crestfallen he entered the breakfast-room.



SPERRIT CHILLUN

BY WILHELMINA F. PRUITT

DAR'S a laffin' en a chaffin'
 In de co'n;
 Dar's a ru'sle en a bus'le
 Night en mo'n;

En a cur'ous sort o' feelin,
 Dat some rompin' chillun's stealin'
 Thoo de co'nfiel' yere en dar—
 Sperrit chillun uv de a'r!
 Yearly mo'nin's, wi'le a hoein',
 W'en de So'th win' comes a blowin',
 I mos' sees dem chillun slippin'
 Thoo de ribbins, green en dippin'—
 Sees dare misty gharments trailin'
 Oveh yander, heers um hailin'
 Ez dey dodge aroun' en run,
 Full er frolic en er fun!

Oh dar's laffin' en dar's chaffin'
 In de co'n!
 Dar's a rus'le en a bus'le
 Night en mo'n!

En hit's mo'n lazy fanc'in'
 Dat a joyful sump'n's dancin',
 Noddin' yaller plumes 'n prancin'—,
 In de co'n!



A man's bankruptcy is not always due to his love of wet goods,
 —perhaps his wife had an excessive love for dry goods.

CURRENT MISCONCEPTIONS OF THE PHILIPPINES

By Willard French

SEVERAL claim the authorship of the statement that the Philippines are "A magnificent rosary of glorious islands that Nature has hung above the heaving bosom of the warm Pacific," but the pretty things are at present tangled in a sad assortment of misconceptions.

It is not wholly the fault of the foreigner. Nature herself is erratic. Of simply the approach to the Philippines, two people might easily tell very different tales. To picture my last coming to the islands, for example, a pen must wind a wild tornado about with words and imprison a typhoon in paragraphs. One of the strongest twin-screw steamers of the Pacific fought four hours in the Straits of San Bernardino, where the island of Samar stretches northward till it almost touches finger-tips of jagged rock with Luzon reaching south. In the raging tempest only half-submerged ledges, chewing the sea white, could be seen through gray-blue, furiously-drifting mist. The engines groaned; the steamer creaked and strained and in the four hours made a little over half a mile.

Another time the same spot was flooded with such glorious tropical sunshine as eyes seldom see. The steamer glided over an incomparable inland ocean, gleaming and scintillating like cut-glass, narrowing between soft, sweet finger-tips of palm-fringed points in laughing ripples, sparkling against white beach-lines dappled with brown nipa villages playing hide and seek among the twisted trunks of slender palms, backed by higher and higher masses of eternal green, till grand Myone, the Venus of volcanoes, cut the clear blue in a needle point, from which a slender thread of silver smoke stole straight upward till it unravelled and untwisted and was lost in light.

It is only a hint of the beyond. The best-intentioned, trying to tell the whole truth and nothing else, could not fail of conveying many misconceptions; and not every one does it with the best intentions, either of knowing for himself or conveying to others the whole

and nothing but the truth. After traversing the length and breadth of the islands I feel sure only of this; there are few places on earth where one can hear so much and learn so little that is reliable.

There are honest misconceptions innumerable. There are opinions prejudiced through trying to arrive where one wants to arrive; delusions of mental dyspepsia, from failure to digest—in time and quantity—the fortunes anticipated; discolorations by contrasts drawn between dreams and reality by new ones in the Orient,—besides the tales of travellers who have only sat upon a rock on the coast and written of the interior from a spadeful of dirt brought down to them. All of these, at least, have in them inclinations toward the truth; shadowy somethings, often fetched from far, adulterating the misconceptions with a tincture of integrity. And then there are others. A republic is not the most convenient form of government for exotic aggrandizement; everything falls so easily into political issues, and political issues so easily beget misconceptions.

At the best the conditions are bad for quick and clear comprehension. The islands contain the most incongruous conglomeration to be found on earth. From the brown, head-hunting Igorrotes, with their hairless faces and their long-haired heads, through the land of laughing waters where there is everything between the purring pine and lilting fern tree, to the sinister, ebony Moro of Mindanao and Jolo, they differ among themselves in color and custom, in language and theories of life and after-life, as materially as they differ from us. It is a mistake to speak of them collectively and apply to all what applies to one.



In conversation with Secretary Taft, before my last visit to the Philippines, he combined the people in the only quality where they stand on common ground when he said, "They are distinctly childish, whimsically, often unreasonably childish, sometimes obstinately childish." It is the result of superficial Christianity and partial subjugation, through three hundred years of Spanish dominion, upon a groundwork of Oriental barbarism. The native of the East, especially under the influence of Latin races, becomes secretive, hiding his own opinions and apparently agreeing with any one whom he must consider a superior, a tendency which has caused many misconceptions in Anglo-Saxon minds. More began with our merchants and soldiers, in the early days when the little brown men were fighting for a cause of which they only knew what a few interested leaders told them. They did it with a courage demanding admiration, but by methods of their own which seemed to us infringements upon the dogmas of the Hague. We began by considering every Filipino a treacherous enemy,

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and continue treating them so to this day. By instinct and interest a large class of Americans are opposed to every effort establishing and defending the rights of the natives and are eager to create and indorse conceptions of their unworthiness; while the Filipino has also had opportunities, and may have profited by them, to form opinions of Americans from the drunken, truculent loafers who infest the coast towns, living on the labor of native women; or they may have gauged our standards of honesty by the humiliating list of official and unofficial defaulters, among Americans on the islands, and the times they have been cheated by our countrymen.

The common disappointments always in store for new-comers who have dreamed of the tropics as flowing with milk and honey, account for many such articles as the one recently published in which a lady, after her first week in Manila, wrote, "A land of fruit and flowers? Well, there is American fruit on the inside of cans, and there are flowers on the labels." For Beauty roses do not grow wild in the streets of Manila, and even in the tropics fruits have their favorite seasons, just as strawberries do not ripen all summer long in New England.

Even those who speak from personal experience and of small sections find it difficult to be correct. Two men from Jolo sat opposite me on a little steamer coming up the coast. They made the assertion that at four each afternoon all Moros were ordered out of the city and could not return till the next morning, and that no white man dared go a rod beyond the gates, unarmed, even in broad day. I had just come from Jolo, where for a short time I had been a guest at the Governor's palace. Jolo is the smallest walled city in the world, a dear little bird's-nest with many beauty-spots, but so small that one could hardly walk without getting outside the gates. There were interesting villages along the coast, and I had been to all of them, as my camera testified, while the most of a weapon I possessed was a pearl-handled penknife. Fanatic Moros are a menace when they run amuck—so are crazy Americans, but, knowing nothing of the direful state of things recounted, I should have denied the statements had it not been two to one. I was glad that I restrained myself when I learned later, a thousand miles away, that the facts were as they stated them, in spite of my personal experience.

A distinguished officer once complained to me, "Why, these fellows do not even know enough to die when they are killed." It is quite true. I saw it illustrated in Mindanao. Two Moros crept up to a picket guard one night, hoping to be the richer by a couple of rifles and ammunition when they went away. They found two wide-awake Americans on guard and received only the balls from their rifles. At

daybreak the two soldiers ventured out to learn the effect of their shooting. The Moros lay apparently dead, but, as one showed only a shattered right shoulder, the sentry fired again, putting a ball through his body. It roused him and he sat up. The soldier had but four more cartridges in his magazine. He emptied them into the Moro, who, by that time, was drawing his bolo with his left hand. Most of the natives are as much left-handed as right—many of them more so. Clubbing his rifle the sentry stepped back for a blow, stumbled, fell, and before his companion could rescue him he had lost his left hand and received two savage slashes in his thigh.

Then there was Hasan—with a lot of other names—a bad, bold Moro whom General Wood captured. He turned him over to Major Scott, with injunctions to be kind to him. In trying to obey, Scott received a bullet wound in each hand, and Hasan had to be captured all over again. He was finally shot the twenty-seventh time before he grasped the situation and died.



Malaria, too, exerts strong influence over conceptions of the Philippines. General Franklin Bell was one of the most determined advocates of the Filipino till the invidious microbe left a mosquito to play the mischief with his blood-corpuscles. Even when his favorite servant was caught sending a letter to the insurgents, not only betraying everything he knew but calling the General names not at all complimentary, he simply summoned the servant, read him an English translation of the letter, and remarked, "See here, boy. You ought not to write letters like this. Some day you'll be caught writing about some one who will get mad and kick you out." When he was down with malaria, General Bell spent weeks berating himself that he had not had the fellow shot and all the rest of the Filipinos with him.

Those who would profit by Chinese labor try to prove that the Filipino cannot work. This condition is natural to the tropics. Muscles relax where nature provides. Yet the statement is false and only survives through strenuous cultivation. There are about ten thousand natives to-day employed on public works alone, by contractors who understand the art of profitable construction. Several of the leading employers told me that they could get as much for their money from Filipinos, if properly handled, as from any class they could employ. They can work. By instinct and Spanish example the upper classes are as opposed to work as are the same classes in other lands; but this only emphasizes the fact that the sons of these first families apply—three hundred and more last year—for instruction in

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the Manila School of Arts and Trades. It confuses conceptions to go through that school and watch the boys who are sweating away in the metal and wood-working departments, at machine practice, plumbing, carpentering, and steam and electric engineering, and delving in architecture, stenography, telegraphy, and typewriting.

The recent visit of the Sultan Hadji Mahamad to the Governor-General, in his eighteen-hundred-dollar costume, his little secretary in red upholstery, and his yellow-turbaned guards, disclosed another misconception. When we made a treaty with the old Sultan we thought ourselves in luck, notwithstanding hard comments from homeland—with its record of sixty thousand divorces a year—that the Sultan was allowed to retain his surplus wives; but we find they are not the high officials we thought them. They are the head of the church and their bodies are sacred. No Moro would pin-scratch the skin of a Sultan; but their word is only law when they have the means at hand to enforce it. While I was in Jolo a bold Moro datto descended upon the Sultan's very own and carried off a lot of his best carabao.

So much is made of exceptions that those who do not know come easily to consider them the rule. Every one who sees Manila first in the rainy season quickly sends back impressions that it is a foul Venice, only half submerged; for the city lies low and the Passig runs high, and the bay piles up when the wind is strong and the tide right; and when they all combine and a tropical rain lends a hand, why things that can will float. There was one such time last summer and it was worth seeing. The day after the storm I rode down the Escolta, the narrow, twisting, shopping street of high prices, the lowest ground in the city. My feet were on the seat, for the water was over the carromata floor and my stubby little pony was in it to his shoulder-blades—but he liked it. In reality there is much more dust and sunshine than rain and mud.



Funny people say that the Ten Commandments are reduced to three in the Philippines: Don't drink water!—typhoid. Don't eat fruit!—dysentery. Don't sleep without a mosquito-bar!—malaria. They are timely words of warning for stupid gourmands anywhere in summer time, and new ones in the tropics are very apt to be stupid about some things and gourmands about many things.

Then the apparent immodesty—"Shocking immorality!" I have seen it called in print—receives many early comments, which draw to the Philippines a certain class who apparently have no other end in view than to teach the Filipinos what immorality really is. Other-

wise they do not know. It is the truth. They do not know. Hundreds of thousands of Luzon farmers wear only the G string and pad and the women low-hip and high-knee skirts. When working in rice-field mud, very often from nothing they take off even that they have. But they possess innate modesty in better quality and quantity than can be found in some other parts of the world. We were stopping for the night in a village where few white men had been seen and created considerable interest. In a spirit of mischief, nothing more, one of the party tied his handkerchief about the waist of a naked little Moro girl. She was so frightened and ashamed that she ran away and hid and nothing would induce her to show herself again.

A prolific source of misconceptions lies in the earnest sympathy of some who wish the best for the natives. In Mindanao I once met a most devout and interesting young American missionary—a clergyman, at least—who was self-sacrificingly sincere in his efforts to redeem an obscure little coast-cluster of natives. We sat together through a long, glorious afternoon and far into a magnificent moonlight night, out-looking, through coco palms and bananas, over that incomparable inland sea. The climate of Mindanao, by the way, is absolutely superb. We were talking of the natives from his viewpoint—and God forbid that I suggest that what he said was not fresh from the fountain-head of honesty. Misconceptions had hardened his heart against the administration, both on account of its treatment of the natives and for its discrimination against the whites. He was curiously mixed in his antagonisms, from the fact that on one side he had been trying for a friend to locate some American capital advantageously in Mindanao, while on the other hand he was missionarying it. Had he not been so earnest, withal, it would have been amusing to set one side of him against the other side and watch the two fight it out. He assured me that he had sent home for publication effective papers portraying the whole business. He cited the wrongs of the people with instances that roused my indignation. Among them I remember: each little farmer owning a carabao, the great blue buffalo which is the one vital necessity to all farming there, must pay a tax upon the same; that each poor family owning a miserable dug-out, called a banca—without which he could neither go himself nor transport his produce anywhere, as everything is on the coast and all the ways are water-ways—must pay a tax therefor; that the wretched creatures, only a step from starvation all the time, hardly seeing money often enough to know its nature, must pay a poll-tax to support their foreign oppressors. I have since read these same statements in inflammatory circulars and pamphlets from America.

A week or more later I was dining with General Wood—who was then Governor of Mindanao—at his beautiful tropical home between

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the old Spanish fort and the Army and Navy Club, with the parade-ground on one side and the scintillating sea which almost circles Zamboanga on the other. We were sitting in the moonlight on the lawn where it touches the water, watching the flaming torches of the natives as, two and two, they wandered, waist deep, one swinging the torch, the other holding his spear for fish. I repeated the statements made by the missionary. General Wood smiled and said:

“There is truth in what he told you. It is often hard even for an owner to tell one carabao from another. It makes them, like chickens in the South, an active suggestion for illicit appropriation. We have no end of calls from natives to go out and hunt up stolen carabao or adjust fraudulent claims to ownership. If the owners cannot prove property, how could we? We fell back on a useful Spanish method, and for any owner who wishes it we brand his animals, giving him an identifying document, which is transferred with the creature, when he sells it, as proof of ownership, or brought to us if the creature is stolen, when we do what we can to recover it. We make one final charge of a half dollar for this, but it often costs us considerably more.

“About the bancas, the only ones that are ever taxed are those whose owners want to do a freighting business for profit, and have protection and wharf privileges free. We register those boats and they pay a small fee for the license, which is another loss to the government, as it fails to cover the first expenses.

“The poll-tax is an old Spanish design for identification of the men themselves. Not one in a hundred pays it. It is only required when a man—whether native or foreigner—wants to sign some legal document for record or derive some of the benefits of registration, in which case he presumably has the means and can afford to pay the small fee required for identification papers. It does not pay the cost to the government.”



Speaking of General Wood and misconceptions reminds me of many things said in the United States and more in the Philippines, by disaffected ones, concerning his appointment and promotion. I have asked a score among the most prominent of both official and civilian grumblers, right in the Philippines, where they see and know, whether, as a fact, they believed that a better man could have been found, or the position better filled than by General Wood, and without a single exception they have answered “No.”

Tales of adventure and personal valor are pleasant to tell and scare headlines top a column well. By these and other means much

is made of the danger, still, of venturing into the interior. Where insurgents are on the rampage, one who has no business there "had better keep away," either in Chicago or the Philippines; but, personally, I have never been able to believe worse of the brownies than that, being so small and ineffective, when motives of illicit aggrandizement control them—as they sometimes control men even in New York—they usually try to kill the victim first and rob him afterward, like the sensible little people that they are.

Their intense desire for education has enrolled nearly three hundred thousand children in the public schools. The vein of humor underlying every dark skin is antagonistic to radical evil. The eagerness with which they are absorbing and utilizing American innovations promises better than is prognosticated by alarmists. But the prejudiced have a strong hand and reach into high places. Personally I have too often found them kind and, after their methods, refined and hospitable—and never any other way—to accept the assertions of their bitter animosity. I was walking on a country road with Aguielera, one of the rather prominent ex-insurrectionists of Batangas. Our carromata had broken down, and while waiting for it to be repaired we were wandering on, when it began to rain in tropical torrents. We hurried toward a nipa farm-house up on stilts. Climbing the ladder I noticed the beautifully polished floor, a white-haired grandmother and two or three women and children sitting upon it or trotting about, in their bare feet, preparing a place for me to sit on a bamboo bed-frame. Thinking of my muddy boots and dripping clothes, I retreated, saying I would wait under shelter of the porch. The old mother called and a man appeared, his feet and legs loaded with mud, from the rice patch. He hurried up the ladder, stopped in the centre of the room, stamped his feet and begged me come in, assuring me that I could not make the floor worse than it was. I wondered what American farmer's wife would have carried hospitality to such courtesy. It was in the very heart of Batangas, still a hot-bed of insurrection.

World without end one could wander through misconceptions of the Philippines, picking them up anywhere along the pathetically picturesque rosary. The disaffected may be right in denouncing the policy of the administration,—“The Philippines for the Filipinos.” Alarmists may be right that we are educating a head and arm to strengthen some time the hand of the Yellow Peril. All sorts of such things may be true; or it may be that in spite of ourselves, as we must appear to them, there is growing in the Philippines, on the common ground of education, an ounce of prevention that will be better than a pound of cure.

Misconceptions will not help the matter. “Charity suffereth long and is kind.”

SYLVIA AND THE SUBWAY

By William Hamilton Osborne

I T was a local; therefore I strolled into the last car. I do this, as a rule, because the locals, which have to stop so often, are always in a hurry; and if a local runs into the rear end of an express, there's bound to be trouble. On an express, which doesn't have to stop at all and can take its time, I reverse the process. Besides, there was no one there, except, of course, the girl. If you are going to be safe in a rear car, it's just as well to be safe with a girl along. The instant I saw her, I swung along with that shoulder stride that usually does the business. Then I started.

"Great Scott!" I ventured, taking off my hat; "I didn't know it was *you*, or I wouldn't have It didn't look like you. It looked like somebody pleasing, and gentle, and kind, and——"

Sylvia—for it was she—eyed me coldly. "I came in here," she continued, stiffly, "to avoid a railroad collision. Here I am involved in a social one." She reflected for an instant. "I didn't know *you*, either," she went on; "your head was turned so that I couldn't see your face, and under those circumstances you seemed so sort of—handsome. I thought," she added, "that you were Major Walcott."

"Major Walcott!" I snorted, for it must be understood that at one time Sylvia and I—but that's another story. I stopped. I was plainly, visibly embarrassed. This was fiendish, this shoving of another man under my nose.

I looked Sylvia over from top to toe. My mind fastened itself, unconventionally, upon one thing. "You have new shoes," I remarked, "*old style, with military heels* This *here* Major Walcott, now. Is he a military man?"

"Cupid," returned Sylvia.

"Cupid," I gasped, in turn.

"Cuban," she returned, scornfully; "I said *Cuban*."

"*Is he?*" I answered; "black or—er—tan?"

"The *heels*," persisted Sylvia, "I *said* the *heels*."

I thought of something neat to say. "It's well to be off with the auld shoon," I suggested, "before you're on with the new. There's another couplet goes with that verse. Do you want to hear it?"

Sylvia has a sort of glance, as they say in fiction, that really means, Stop. I stopped; we all stopped; the car stopped.

"Fickle Sylvia," said the guard, sticking in his head.

"W—what?" gasped Sylvia.

"It's Sixty-sixth Street," I answered; "the guard just uses the old elevated language made over, that's all By the way," I went on, with the train, "I don't like those shoes of yours." My glance grew a trifle tender. "Do you remember," I proceeded, "those pink satin slippers that you used to wear when I——"

"Oh," began Sylvia, genially, "let's talk about old times. Pink slippers? No. It was the pair with the red, white, and blue bows that I wore when you—you came home from the Philippines."

I shivered. "I never came home from the Philippines," I said.

"It was last Fourth of July," she went on.

"I was in Chicago last Fourth of July."

She colored profusely. "Oh," she stammered, with a giggle, specially prepared for the purpose, "it was Major Walcott who came home from the Philippines."

"From Peekskill," I muttered, savagely; "from camp, a harmless, powderless, shotless camp. From a camp made up for bank clerks." I knew a thing or two about Major Walcott.

"Well, if he is a bank clerk," she returned, "he gets a good salary."

"How do *you* know?" I queried. "It is much better," I added, passing that point swiftly, "to be a good real-estate agent making good money and soaking it away."

"Why don't you be one then?" she returned.

"I am a real-estate agent. You know that."

"I know," she said; "but I mean, why don't you be—a *good* one?"

Silence. Then, Sylvia. "That reminds me," she went on; "do you know of any good, inexpensive flats near the subway?"

"Lots of 'em," I answered.

"And," this hesitatingly, "near the—the Twenty-second Armory?"

"I know *one* flat *in* an armory," I savagely retorted; "I know *him* all right." I didn't mention the man's name, for I didn't want to be personal. Sylvia changed her tactics.

"By the way," she continued, "have you ever been—er—best man at a wedding?"

I looked her full in the face. "This is so sudden!" I said. Then I frowned. "What does this all mean?" I queried.

"There are none so blind as those—shall I finish?" queried she, getting a bit even up with me.

The guard looked in. "Fellow citizens," he pleasantly remarked.

"I don't care," I told Sylvia; "I've got a foot loose, and I'm improving my time—studying etymology."

"Don't quite follow you," said she.

"The subway language," I continued, "is worth while. This chap says 'Fellow citizens,' when he means Seventy-second. But he's different from some other people. Poor chap. He *tries* to say what he means. Now, you——"

"I always say what I mean," she answered.

"I thought so too before I studied etymology. But you're mistaken. You say No and mean Yes. Besides, here on the subway, if you don't understand you look out at the sign. Then you know. But with some other people you never know, unless you're past your station."

"Then what do you do?" asked Sylvia.

"Aha," I answered; "do just what I did. Cross over and come back."

I knew she would be changing the subject. I was not wrong.

"Major Walcott and I were saying just last Wednesday evening," she ventured as a feeler, "but—no. We didn't talk about that Wednesday night. Wednesday night we talked about something else. It was Tuesday night that we"

"How many nights," I interrupted politely, and without curiosity, "how many nights a week does Major Walcott come?"

"Well," she answered, "he *never* comes on Friday nights."

"What night was it that *I* used to stay away?" I queried.

She interrupted me with a quick gesture. "Do you suppose," she asked, "that they'll ever employ women guards on the subway trains? If they do, I know one who'll make herself understood. They'd all know that *I* mean what I say. Except, perhaps," she responded coldly, "except just one man—"

"Would he know that you meant what you didn't say?"

"He would *think* many things," she responded, ferociously, "but he would soon find out he was mistaken."

"Poor old Major Walcott!" I sighed.

"He is *not* the mistaken man I had in mind," she said.

"Conversation," I reminded her, reprovingly, "is intellectual in the degree that the generalities exceed the personalities. Let us talk of something else."

"Major Walcott," she began.

"*Too* personal," I answered.

"Fiddlesticks," announced the ubiquitous guard. At any rate *he* was intellectually impersonal. "To be sure," I said to Sylvia, "this *is* Ninety-sixth. I know a girl on Ninety-sixth Street. To be sure." I said it gently, tenderly, just like this: Nine—ty-sixth—I—know—a girl. Ya—as. A girl—on Ninety-sixth.

"I know a girl on Ninety-sixth," I repeated. You see, I was whizzing back now on the other track.

"So do I," she returned, "on the west side."

"The one I know lives on the west side," I responded.

"The one I know," she continued, "is Grace Van Auten."

"Will wonders never cease?" I murmured; "that's the very girl I know; her house is the very place where I am wont to call and spend a pleasant, very pleasant, hour—or two."

"I didn't know," she returned, "that you ever called there." I saw that now the track ahead was clear.

"I've called there lots of times," I answered, "since last July." After that we were quits—almost. Neither said a word for a long, long while.

Finally the guard put his head in the door. "All-hallow-twelfth-saint," he ejaculated.

"One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Street," I translated for her, for she, poor girl, had never even learned the "L" language. It appeared that she wanted to alight just at that place, and I—well, I alighted too.

We ascended to the street above. "What time is it?" she inquired.

"It's half past k—," I started in; "it's half past five," I continued, "and time to—to half past five again."

"Time to go home," she said, severely enough. She started off.

"I'll see you home," I told her; "it shall never be said of me that I ever shirked a *duty*—never."

It was just six when she reached home. "I can't go in," I suggested, to forestall the possibility of a cordial invitation. But she didn't bother to ask; she saw, doubtless, that I had anticipated her.

"I must go home myself," I said, still gently refusing that invitation which she had not extended; "I am due at Grace Van Auten's at eight o'clock. I must be on time. I was a trifle late last night——"

"Last night!" returned she. "Do you go there every night?"

I shook my head with a determined air. "I *never* go on Thursdays," I replied.

I was about to start, when I perceived that she was glancing interestedly at a man who was swinging up the street. When he came closer I saw that it was Major Walcott. Under the circumstances I thought that the only decent thing I could do would be to stay there until he swung by. He was almost a block away.

"I—I mustn't keep you," she insisted; "you have been so good——"

It was a dismissal and I went. I didn't give her the satisfaction of looking around to see what was going on; there, indeed, my strength

shone forth. But before I had left her I felt that at least I had been running on record time. For she had said to me, coldly, it is true, but still it was a concession:

“Cannot you come around—some Friday night?”

“Thursday’s my only time,” I had replied. But she had shaken her head.

“We are at a deadlock,” I remarked finally; “can’t we settle the differences amicably? Will you consent to the appointment of an arbitrator?—I would suggest Miss Grace Van Auten——”

“She wouldn’t do at all,” protested Sylvia; “but if you’ll consent to Major Walcott——” And then it was that, seeing Major Walcott, she had cut me off in a way that was all her own. Oh, she had ways, had Sylvia.

“The negotiations are at an end,” I told her, just to get in the last word; “so I shall strike—for home and Grace Van Auten’s.”

And in fact there was nothing else to do. But Sylvia and I were not yet through. It was a day or two later that I stepped into another rear car upon the subway.

There sat Sylvia. “You seem to belong in this rear car,” she ventured.

I took my place beside her. “Now,” I assured her, “I am just where I belong.” She did not respond. She looked down at her new shoes instead.

“How,” I inquired in an off-hand way, “do your new shoes wear?”

“I don’t know,” she responded slowly; “I don’t believe they suit me as well as they did at first.”

I smiled approvingly. “Though I—I’m not so sure——” she added. My smile became much less approving.

I remembered my motto of the former occasion. I determined again that the conversation this time should be strictly general and therefore intellectual.

“The third rail,” I began, scientifically, “is the thing that the world demands—the thing that the world must have. Two rails alone will never answer; the third rail is the spice of life. It makes things go—it insures results. You take those two rails and they run side by side, and yet they never accomplish anything; they are lifeless, dead—wofully monotonous. Along comes the third rail and—wakes them up. Gives ’em something to think about, for instance. The third-rail principle may be applied to everything in life. Now, Grace Van Auten——”

“Major Walcott,” she returned, meeting me half-way.

“We were talking of the third rail,” I interrupted; “now, Grace——”

“Major——,” she reiterated. But I shook my head.

“The third rail,” I insisted, “Grace Van——”

“Well,” retorted Sylvia, in the kind of a murmur which is just unintelligible enough to be just intelligible, “she’s just about as thin as one, any way. If that’s what you mean.”

That settled it. My attempt to force the conversation into the broad channel of generalities was futile. I gave it up. I looked out of the window. We were at the Ninety-sixth station. I rose.

“Oh,” she exclaimed, “do you get out here?” She knew as well as I that it was Grace Van Auten’s station.

I hastily sat down again. “Mere force of habit,” I returned, blandly.

The train pulled out. I was still within it, still sitting in the seat that was next to Sylvia. Suddenly Sylvia uttered an exclamation of alarm.

“Look there—look there,” she said.

I looked. Upon the platform there stood two people. They were together. They were engrossed in conversation. One of these was Grace Van Auten; the other, Major Walcott.

Within our car there was a silence too eloquent for words. Sylvia was still gazing out of the window.

“Allow me,” I suggested, dolefully, “to offer my sympathy to one who has thus——”

She laughed, but her laugh was forced a bit, I thought. “I was thinking,” she answered, “of you——”

“Ah,” I gasped, with an attempt at a rapturous sigh, “of—me!”

“And of—your *plight*,” she went on, coldly.

Again we relapsed into silence. The guard broke in upon us with a shout. He was once more calling out a station. I heard it. I knew what he had said.

“What was that?” I remarked to Sylvia; “what station may this be? I didn’t hear.”

She had been gazing absently at the floor. She no longer prodded it with her un pitying umbrella. At my question she turned to me, still with an absent-minded expression upon her face.

“This time,” she answered, “why, this time I think it’s—Yes.”

But that was not what the guard had said. Far from it. He had said “One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Street,” as plainly as it is written here.

“This,” I told her, “is the real subway language. It’s strange too,” I went on, as we passed down the aisle, “that for once both you and the guard said just the thing you meant.”

She looked at me in a dazed sort of way.

"What—what did I say?" she stammered.

I shook my head. "You have—said it," I replied. Once more we alighted and ascended to the ether above.

It so happened late that afternoon that I stood, for the first time since last July, within the precincts of her home.

"I'm coming in," I had told her. And I went. Once I was there I didn't know what to say. Generalities, personalities, intellectualities—they all deserted me. Finally Sylvia came to the rescue.

"That reminds me," she ventured, without saying what reminded her, "that Grace Van Auten's reception is to-night." She stopped. Then she went on. "Would you like to take me?" she inquired. It was a bold move on Sylvia's part, but it was effective. "With pink slippers," she suggested.

"Would I?" I exclaimed. I was only too delighted.

"What time shall I——?" I added finally.

"Oh," she replied, "not—not in a hansom. Let us take the—the subway. It's so much more fun, you know."

I understood and acquiesced. "The subway *has* a language of its own," I conceded.

I thought for a moment, and then, like a flash, I saw my opportunity.

"In that case, since it is your suggestion," I remarked recklessly, "you must pay the fares. I shall take the toll," I added. And then I—*up* and kissed her.

"That's one," I said,—“your fare,” I explained. She seemed to comprehend at once.

"And that," I added, kissing her again, "is mine." We stood there for a little while. I was wishing that we might pay over again.

"But, oh," she exclaimed suddenly, "how stupid! We need transfers, of course. Don't forget that."

I forthwith paid for and had transfers issued. On our road—our subway, Sylvia's and mine—that afternoon, we issued ten transfers to each single fare. This took some time.

I looked at my watch. It was half past five.

"Just about the rush hour now," I said. We did a thriving business for a time. For a new concern we were making great progress, so it seemed.

"At half past eight to-night," I said at last.

"And what time is it now?" asked Sylvia.

I *had* to go back. "It's half past kissing time," I cried; "it's time——"

That night, as we came back, Sylvia looked at me.

"How long," she inquired, "have you known that Grace Van Auten and Major Walcott were engaged?"

I grinned. "Just as long as you have, Sylvia," I replied; "for about six months, I guess."

"How many times," she persisted, "have you been inside Grace Van Auten's house?"

"Counting to-night," I confessed, "just twice in the last three years. I'm an awful bad man to call."

"But look here," I suddenly demanded, "how often did Major Walcott come to call on *you*?"

"Major Walcott!" she exclaimed, holding down her head. "I—I never met him before to-night," she said.

When we reached her home, I turned to Sylvia. "I'm coming in," I said, "it's very late, but—I must come in."

Sylvia looked up into my face and I looked down into Sylvia's. And Sylvia smiled.

"What time is it?" she asked.

And I never even looked to see the time. I didn't have to. Sylvia and I—we knew what time it was.

For down on the subway the ticket men were selling tickets to the crush that came from the theatres. And we knew it, Sylvia and I.



FOR A COPY OF POE'S POEMS

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

LIKE a wild stranger out of wizard-land
 He dwelt a little with us, and withdrew;
 Bleak and unblossomed were the ways he knew,
 Dark was the glass through which his fine eye scanned
 Life's hard perplexities; and frail his hand,
 Groping in utter night for pleasure's clue.
 These wonder-songs, fantastically few,
 He left us . . . but we cannot understand.

Lone voices calling for a dimmed ideal
 Mix with the varied music of the years
 And take their place with sorrows gone before:
 Some are wide yearnings ringing with a real
 And royal hopelessness, some are thin tears,
 Some are the ghosts of dreams, and one—Lenore.

MISS LUCY AND THE SIMPLE LIFE

By Lucy Copinger

The fourth of the "Miss Lucy" Stories—A series of humorous child sketches, each complete in itself.

“TO open the eyes and the hearts of her young charges to the glories of Nature, to reveal to them the wonders of the world beautiful—this indeed is the blessed privilege of the teacher.” Thus rashly, the enthusiastic Miss Lucy at a Teachers’ Meeting. The Principal, caught by the æsthetic inversion of adjectives, beamed approval upon her and the next day he came into Room 20 with an invitation for Miss Lucy. It was from the Playground Association, and in it Miss Lucy was offered the use of the Park Playground for an afternoon. At this announcement, “How nice,” Miss Lucy gushed with hypocritical fervor, “and how kind of you to get it for me.”

This was how it came about that the next day,—the end of June and the last day of school,—Miss Lucy, feeling like the Matron of the Home for Friendless Waifs, found herself walking at the head of a two-by-two line thirty deep. It was Class A in search of the wonders of the world beautiful.

In accordance with an iron rule of the Board each child had been required to bring six cents for his carfare. Bum O’Reilly, however, had appeared with only four and a letter from his mother addressed to “Missis Loosy teecher” in which the sad “sirkumstanzes off Mrs. O’Reilly” were set forth. However, her man was described as having his eye on something, and “Missis Loosy was the darlin of her James and would she lend him the other two cents.”

As for Frederick William, he had brought the six cents but they had been carefully hidden away in his pocket by a shrewd mother and were only to be used in extremity.

In the vernacular of Bum O’Reilly, Class A had on its glad rags. There was one boy who had even washed his ears. Bum himself in spite of the warm weather wore his Sunday pants of red plush and cut from an old chair cover. Frederick William was just as clean and a little shinier than usual, and he had on his best stockings, upon which shone strange zebra-like stripings. Sophie Bauer-

schmidt wore her sister's beads. At the end of the line straggled Anna Karenina with her mother's pink chiffon veil around her neck and in her heart a gloomy satisfaction in not having washed her face.

In spite of her dirtiness that day had seen a great moral upheaval in Anna. She was going to be good. Vainly Miss Lucy had struggled for this regeneration. The only response had been a perverse wickedness. That dinnertime, however, in splendid rivalry of Sophie's beads she had stolen her mother's veil. She had tied it around her neck, and as Anna was as truly feminine a creature of clothes as Miss Lucy herself, instantly there had come over her an overwhelming sense of the goodness of beauty and the beauty of goodness. When she had tied back her greasy forelock of hair with her blue garter, her conversion was complete, for that was the way Marie Schaefer wore her hair and Anna was going to be even as good as Marie.

This new morality of Anna's—though the mere matter of a dirty chiffon veil—had brought her safely through the journey to the Park. At the cars frantic cries for "Miz Luzy" were heard, but it was found to be Sophie and not Anna who had stopped to make faces at an envious neighbor and had been so nearly left behind.

The Playgrounds were a half hour's walk from the gate—a walk that was taken by Class A in a stolid silence very disappointing to Miss Lucy. For in all the slum stories that she had ever read the little children never failed to clasp their hands, even to burst into tears, at the mere mention of sky. Miss Lucy duly pointed out the wonders of the world beautiful, but her remarks were met with the same bored politeness that always greeted the Nature Talks of Room 20. To them a primrose by the river's brim—unless there was a Keep Off sign to make it an object of plunder—a simple primrose was and nothing more. From which it may be seen that the complexities of cosmopolitan existence had somewhat blunted the æsthetic sense of Class A.

At last the Playgrounds were reached, a pleasant and sheltered stretch of lawn guarded by a fat policeman. There one found many see-saws and a big sand-heap. In one corner there was also a pile of rafia and Miss Lucy, seeing, thought with a guilty helplessness of the Rafia Meeting that she had hooked to go to a matinee.

However, the children amused themselves unassisted until Bum O'Reilly fell off a see-saw. When Miss Lucy and the fat policeman ran to his rescue, "Gee," he remarked with Celtic cheerfulness, "if I aint bust me Sunday pants." At which Miss Lucy and the fat policeman blushed.

After Bum had been repaired with numerous safety-pins Miss Lucy called the children together and distributed some sandwiches

that she had brought. In the silence that fell upon the eating children she heard the reverent tones of Sophie Bauerschmidt.

"It's chicken, ain't it?" she whispered to Anna.

Anna had never tasted chicken but, "Hod air," she whispered back cynically, "thad aindt chiggen. Ids weal."

While the children were eating, Miss Lucy, looking around on the green beauty of grass and tree, thought a little nature talk would not be inappropriate. She selected the grass as her subject.

"Children," she began, in her school-teachery voice, "I am going to talk to you about what we see all about us over the ground—something that you have all been sitting on. Frederick, what?"

"Three ants and some sand," said the exact Frederick William.

"Very good," said Miss Lucy with resignation, "and now let's play some games."

" Little Sally Ann sitting in the sand,
Weeping, crying for her young man,"

was started and went well—all the little girls properly choosing each other until Anna was chosen and she selected Frederick William to be her young man. The unhappy Frederick at once burst into tears and was rescued by Miss Lucy, who suggested Blind Man's Buff. This also was popular and was only stopped by Josef running his nose into a tree.

The great catastrophe occurred during Hi Spy. Marie Schaefer was "it." Miss Lucy, sitting on one of the benches, leaned back and looked dreamily up at the lazy clouds that drifted through the sky like gypsy angels through a blue world—clouds that were neither white nor pink but an elusive primrose echo of both. She had just gotten to the second stanza of a beautiful poem she was composing about it all when she noticed that Marie Schaefer was standing with her hand raised in quite the proper school-child manner.

"Well?" said Miss Lucy impatiently.

"I can't find Anna anywhere," said Marie plaintively, "I have looked everywhere for her and I can't find her. She's gone."

Miss Lucy jumped to her feet with a premonition of disaster.

"Gone!" she echoed wildly.

Then began a search which, as the sun passed behind the trees, became a frantic and vain wandering up and down endless paths—a search in which was enlisted the fat and sympathetic policeman. Anna was indeed gone.

At last when an hour had passed and Miss Lucy had just sunk upon a bench and was beginning a nice comfortable attack of hysterics, she saw the fat policeman coming down one of the paths. In his arms he had a dripping, squirming bundle from which came

thick sobs and a long string that had once been Mrs. Karenina's chiffon veil.

"Oh, Anna," cried Miss Lucy tearfully, "Oh, Anna, where have you been?"

"Id was the chicgen," wailed the unhappy backslider,—“the whide chicgen in the wader. He was so fad und glean und shiny und I ligned him und I wanded him und I wand him now.” Then—all her new morality buried in the ruins of the chiffon veil—the wretched Anna kicked her fat rescuer viciously on the shins. “I wand him now!” she screamed.

“She fell in the duck-pond,” the policeman explained. Then, as he saw the puddle of muddy water that had dripped from Anna's clothes, “You had better take her home, Miss,” he said kindly, “she ain't used to it and she'll take cold. I'll carry her down to the gate.”

The return to the gate was a rush. To Frederick William it was a confused dream in which his arms were grabbed and held tightly by Miss Lucy and Bum O'Rielly while he moved his fat striped legs obligingly but vainly in the air. He was quite satisfied, however, with the simple life, for while the others were looking for Anna he had eaten five sandwiches. Besides, the six cents was still in his pocket.

At the transfer corner Miss Lucy met the Principal, wild eyed and on his way to the Park. He was in a state of wordy reproachfulness.

“I can't help it,” Miss Lucy snapped femininely, “it was all your fault, anyhow. Why did you get me that old invitation! I didn't want it.”

Then they waited in mutual sulkiness until the car came. It was crowded with the six-o'clock rush and Miss Lucy, her hair coming down, her hat over her ear, and her dress wet from Anna's clothes, was angrily conscious of many looks of amusement.

Anna, her nose dug into Miss Lucy's arm, had gone sniffingly to sleep and Miss Lucy, as she grudgingly supported her, felt a sudden new bitterness in her heart against this ugly little stumbling-block to all her plans.

“Dirty little thing,” she murmured gloomily. Then remembering the interrupted poem, “Ugly little imp!”

At last the school was reached and the other members of Class A having been delivered to anxious relations, Miss Lucy hurried down to the tenement section with Anna. In a nervous tremor at Mrs. Karenina's anticipated wrath she stumbled up the greasy flights that led to Anna's home. Half way up a door was opened and a drunken, blasphemous voice inquired hospitably as to who it was that wanted to get his block knocked off.

In reply to this inquiry Anna swore back cheerfully over the banisters, but Miss Lucy turned pale and sped fearfully up the steps—only to find that Anna's mother was out. She was probably down the river or to a ball.

So Miss Lucy gingerly undressed Anna, hung her clothes over an improvised line, rubbed her dry with the dish towel, and, as her wardrobe was limited to one set, wrapped her in the sheet and left her already asleep on the unspeakable mattress where the six other Kareninas usually reposed.

A little later she opened the door and for a moment she looked remorsefully at the sleeping Anna. Then she felt a sudden smart in her eyes.

"Poor thing," she said angrily, "poor ugly little thing! She might never have come home at all, and her dreadful mother would not have cared. She would have been glad."

Then she shut the door carefully and started to grope her way down the stairs.

Half way down she made a wrong turn and fell down several steps. She made quite a noise over it and the owner of the blasphemous voice opened his door and threw a chair-leg at her. It was then that Miss Lucy decided that the wonders of the world beautiful were not worth while.

In a panic she flew up the narrow street where dirty little children, ghastly in the electric light, played and fought and cursed. With her eyes still open for chair-legs she at last reached the street of her own protecting home and people. As she ran thankfully up the steps, "Don't say blessed privilege of the teacher to me" said Miss Lucy wearily.



FANCIES

A graft is the other man's pull.

Some people are too busy being good, to be kind.

There is no sense in giving the devil his due—he'll get it anyway.

Riches have wings, but most of us never get a chance to fly with them.

There's a lot in moods and tenses—Love's but a mood and heaven is merely a future perfect.

Burton Braley

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF KATY

By Eleanor H. Porter

ONLY Alma had lived—Alma, the last-born. The other five, one after another, had slipped from loving, clinging arms into the great Silence, leaving worse than a silence behind them; and neither Nathan Kelsey nor his wife, Mary, could have told you which hurt the most,—the saying of a last good-bye to a stalwart, grown lad of twenty, or the folding of tiny, waxen hands over a heart that had not counted a year of beating. Yet both had fallen to their lot.

As for Alma—Alma carried in her dainty self all the love, hopes, tenderness, ambitions, and prayers that otherwise would have been bestowed upon six. And Alma was coming home.

"Mary," said Nathan one June evening, as he and his wife sat on the back porch, "I saw Jim Hopkins ter-day. Katy's got home."

"Hm-m,"—the low rocker swayed gently to and fro,—"Katy's been ter college, same as Alma, ye know."

"Yes; an'—an' that's what Jim was talkin' 'bout. He was feelin' bad—powerful bad."

"Bad!"—the rocker stopped abruptly. "Why, Nathan!"

"Yes; he—" there was a pause, then the words came with the rush of desperation. "He said home wa'n't like home no more. That Katy was good as gold, an' they was proud of her; but she was turrible upsettin'. Jim has ter rig up nights now ter eat supper—put on his coat an' a b'iled collar; an' he says he's got so he don't da'st ter open his head. They're all so, too—Mis' Hopkins, an' Sue, an' Aunt Jane—don't none of 'em da'st ter speak."

"Why, Nathan!—why not?"

"'Cause of—Katy. Jim says there don't nothin' they say suit Katy—'bout its wordin', I mean. She changes it an' tells 'em what they'd orter said."

"Why, the saucy little baggage!"—the rocker resumed its swaying, and Mary Kelsey's foot came down on the porch floor with decided, rhythmic pats.

The man stirred restlessly.

"But she ain't sassy, Mary," he demurred. "Jim says Katy's that sweet an' pleasant about it that ye can't do nothin'. She tells

'em she's kerrectin' 'em fur their own good, an' that they need culturin'. An' Jim says she spends all o' meal-time tellin' 'bout the things on the table,—salt, an' where folks git it, an' pepper, an' tumblers, an' how folks make 'em. He says at first 'twas kind o' nice an' he liked ter hear it; but now, seems as if he hain't got no appetite left ev'ry time he sets down ter the table. He don't relish eatin' such big words an' queer names.

"An' that ain't all," resumed Nathan, after a pause for breath. "Jim can't go hoein' nor diggin' but she'll foller him an' tell 'bout the bugs an' worms he turns up,—how many legs they've got, an' all that. An' the moon ain't jest a moon no more, an' the stars ain't stars. They're sp'eres an' planets with heathenish names an' rings an' orbits. Jim feels bad—powerful bad—'bout it, an' he says he can't see no way out of it. He knows they hain't had much schoolin', any of 'em, only Katy, an' he says that sometimes he 'most wishes that—that she hadn't, neither."

Nathan Kelsey's voice had sunk almost to a whisper, and with the last word his eyes sent a furtive glance toward the stoop-shouldered little figure in the low rocker. The chair was motionless now, and its occupant sat picking at a loose thread in the gingham apron.

"I—I wouldn't 'a' spoke of it," stammered the man, with painful hesitation, "only—well, ye see, I—you—" he stopped helplessly.

"I know," faltered the little woman. "You was thinkin' of—Alma."

"She wouldn't do it—Alma wouldn't!" retorted the man, sharply, almost before his wife had ceased speaking.

"No, no, of course not; but—Nathan, ye *don't* think Alma'd ever be—*ashamed* of us, do ye?"

"'Course not!" asserted Nathan, but his voice shook. "Don't ye worry, Mary," he comforted. "Alma ain't a-goin' ter do no kerrectin' of us."

"Nathan, I—I think that's '*co*-rectin'," suggested the woman, a little breathlessly.

The man turned and gazed at his wife without speaking. Then his jaw fell.

"Well, by sugar, Mary! *You* ain't a-goin' ter begin it; be ye?" he demanded.

"Why, no, 'course not!" she laughed confusedly. "An'—an' Alma wouldn't."

"'Course Alma wouldn't," echoed her husband. "Come, it's time ter shut up the house."

The date of Alma's expected arrival was yet a week ahead. As the days passed, there came a curious restlessness to the movements

of both Nathan and his wife. It was on the last night of that week of waiting that Mrs. Kelsey spoke.

"Nathan," she began, with forced courage, "I've been over to Mis' Hopkins's—an' asked her what special things 'twas that Katy set such store by. I thought mebbe if we knew 'em beforehand, an' could do 'em, an'——"

"That's jest what I asked Jim ter-day, Mary," cut in Nathan, excitedly.

"Nathan, you didn't, now! Oh, I'm so glad! An' we'll do 'em, won't we?—jest ter please her?"

"'Course we will!"

"Ye see it's four years since she was here, Nathan, what with her teachin' summers."

"Sugar, now! Is it? It hain't seemed so long."

"Nathan," interposed Mrs. Kelsey, anxiously, "I think that 'hain't' ain't—I mean *aren't* right. I think you'd orter say, 'I haven't seemed so long.'"

The man frowned, and made an impatient gesture.

"Yes, yes, I know," soothed his wife; "but,—well, we might jest as well begin now an' git used to it. Mis' Hopkins said that them two words, 'hain't' an' 'ain't,' was what Katy hated most of anythin'."

"Yes; Jim mentioned 'em, too," acknowledged Nathan, gloomily. "But he said that even them wa'n't half so bad as his riggin' up nights. He said that Katy said that after the 'toil of the day' they must 'don fresh garments an' come ter the evenin' meal with minds an' bodies refreshed'."

"Yes; an', Nathan, ain't my black silk——"

"Ahem! I'm a-thinkin' it wa'n't me that said 'ain't' that time," interposed Nathan, dryly.

"Dear, dear, Nathan!—did I? O dear, what *will* Alma say?"

"It don't make no diff'rence what Alma says, Mary. Don't ye fret," returned the man with sudden sharpness, as he rose to his feet. "I guess Alma'll have ter take us 'bout as we be—'bout as we be."

Yet it was Nathan who asked, just as his wife was dropping off to sleep that night:

"Mary, is it three o' them collars I've got, or four?—b'iled ones, I mean."

At five o'clock the next afternoon Mrs. Kelsey put on the treasured black silk dress, sacred for a dozen years to church, weddings, and funerals. Nathan, warm and uncomfortable in his Sunday suit and stiff collar, had long since driven to the station for Alma. The house, brushed and scrubbed into a state of speckless order, was thrown

wide open to welcome the returning daughter. At a quarter before six she came.

"Mother, you darling!" cried a voice, and Mrs. Kelsey found herself in the clasp of strong young arms, and gazing into a flushed, eager face. "Don't you look good! And doesn't everything look good!" finished the girl.

"Does it—I mean, *do it?*" quavered the little woman, excitedly. "Oh, Alma, I *am* glad ter see ye!"

Behind Alma's back Nathan flicked a bit of dust from his coat. The next instant he raised a furtive hand and gave his collar and neckband a savage pull.

At the supper-table that night ten minutes of eager questioning on the part of Alma had gone by before Mrs. Kelsey realized that thus far their conversation had been of nothing more important than Nathan's rheumatism, her own health, and the welfare of Rover, Tabby, and the mare Topsy. Commensurate with the happiness that had been hers during those ten minutes came now her remorse. She hastened to make amends.

"There, there, Alma, I beg yer pardon, I'm sure. I hain't—er—I *haven't* meant ter keep ye talkin' on such trifin' things, dear. Now talk ter us yerself. Tell us about things—anythin',—anythin' on the table or in the room," she finished feverishly.

For a moment the merry-faced girl stared in frank amazement at her mother; then she laughed gleefully.

"On the table? In the room?" she retorted. "Well, it's the dearest room ever, and looks so good to me! As for the table—the rolls are feathers, the coffee is nectar, and the strawberries—well, the strawberries are just strawberries—they couldn't be nicer."

"Oh, Alma, but I didn't mean——"

"Tut, tut, tut!" interrupted Alma, laughingly. "Just as if the cook didn't like her handiwork praised! Why, when I draw a picture—oh, and I haven't told you!" she broke off excitedly. The next instant she was on her feet. "Alma Mead Kelsey, Illustrator; at your service," she announced with a low bow. Then she dropped into her seat again and went on speaking.

"You see, I've been doing this sort of thing for some time," she explained, "and have had some success in selling. My teacher has always encouraged me, and, acting on his advice, I stayed over in New York a week with a friend, and took some of my work to the big publishing houses. That's why I didn't get here as soon as Kate Hopkins did. I hated to put off my coming; but now I'm so glad I did. Only think! I sold every single thing, and I have orders and orders ahead."

"Well, by sugar!" ejaculated the man at the head of the table.

"Oh-h-h!" breathed the little woman opposite. "Oh, Alma, I'm so glad!"

In spite of Mrs. Kelsey's protests that night after supper, Alma tripped about the kitchen and pantry wiping the dishes and putting them away. At dusk father, mother, and daughter seated themselves on the back porch.

"There!" sighed Alma. "Isn't this restful? And isn't that moon glorious?"

Mrs. Kelsey shot a quick look at her husband; then she cleared her throat nervously.

"Er—yes," she assented. "I—I s'pose you know what it's made of, an' how big 'tis, an'—an' what there is on it, don't ye, Alma?"

Alma raised her eyebrows.

"Hm-m; well, there are still a few points that I and the astronomers haven't quite settled," she returned, with a whimsical smile.

"An' the stars, they've got names, I s'pose—every one of 'em," proceeded Mrs. Kelsey, so intent on her own part that Alma's reply passed unnoticed.

Alma laughed; then she assumed an attitude of mock rapture, and quoted:

"Scintillate, scintillate, globule vivific,
Fain would I fathom thy nature specific;
Loftily poised in ether capacious,
Strongly resembling the gem carbonaceous."

There was a long silence. Alma's eyes were on the flying clouds.

"Would—would you mind saying that again, Alma?" asked Mrs. Kelsey at last, timidly.

Alma turned with a start.

"Saying what, dearie?—oh, that nonsensical verse? Of course not! That's only another way of saying 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star.' Means just the same, only uses up a few more letters to make the words. Listen;" and she repeated the two, line for line.

"Oh!" said her mother, faintly. "Er—thank you."

"I—I guess I'll go to bed," announced Nathan Kelsey, suddenly.

The next morning Alma's pleadings were in vain. Mrs. Kelsey insisted that Alma should go about her sketching, leaving the housework for her own hands to perform. With a laughing protest and a playful pout, Alma tucked her sketch-book under her arm and left the house to go down by the river. In the field she came upon her father.

"Hard at work, dad?" she called affectionately. "Old Mother Earth won't yield her increase without just about so much labor, will she?"

"That she won't," laughed the man; then he flushed a quick red and set a light foot on a crawling thing of many legs which had emerged from beneath an overturned stone.

"Oh!" cried Alma. "Your foot, father—you're crushing something!"

The flush grew deeper.

"Oh, I guess not," rejoined the man, lifting his foot, and giving a curiously resigned sigh as he sent an apprehensive glance into the girl's face.

"Dear, dear! isn't he funny?" murmured the girl, bending low and giving a gentle poke with the pencil in her hand. "Only fancy," she added, straightening herself, "only fancy if we had so many feet. Just picture the size of our shoe bill!" And she laughed and turned away.

"Well, by gum!" ejaculated the man, looking after her; then he fell to work, and his whistle, as he worked, carried something of the song of a bird set free from a cage.

A week passed.

The days were spent by Alma in roaming the woods and fields, pencil and paper in hand; they were spent by her mother in the hot kitchen over a hotter stove. To Alma's protests and pleadings Mrs. Kelsey was deaf. Alma's place was not there, her work was not house-work, declared Alma's mother.

On Mrs. Kelsey the strain was beginning to tell. It was not the work alone—though that was no light matter, owing to her anxiety that Alma's pleasure and comfort should find nothing wanting—it was more than the work.

Every night at six the anxious little woman, flushed from biscuit-baking and chicken-broiling and almost sick with fatigue, got out the black silk gown and the white lace collar and put them on with trembling hands. Thus robed in state she descended to the supper-table, there to confront her husband still more miserable in the stiff collar and black coat.

Nor yet was this all. Neither the work nor the black silk dress contained for Mrs. Kelsey quite the possibilities of soul torture that were to be found in the words that fell from her lips. As the days passed, the task the little woman had set for herself became more and more hopeless, until she scarcely could bring herself to speak at all, so stumbling and halting were her sentences.

At the end of the eighth day came the culmination of it all. Alma, her nose sniffing the air, ran into the kitchen that night to find no one in the room, and the biscuits burning in the oven. She removed the biscuits, threw wide the doors and windows, then hurried upstairs to her mother's room.

"Why, mother!"

Mrs. Kelsey stood before the glass, a deep flush on her cheeks and tears rolling down her face. Two trembling hands struggled with the lace at her throat until the sharp point of a pin found her thumb and left a tiny crimson stain on the spotlessness of the collar. It was then that Mrs. Kelsey covered her face with her hands and sank into the low chair by the bed.

"Why, mother!" cried Alma again, hurrying across the room and dropping on her knees at her mother's side.

"I can't, Alma, I can't!" moaned the woman. "I've tried an' tried; but I've got ter give up, I've got ter give up."

"Can't what, dearie?—give up what?" demanded Alma.

Mrs. Kelsey shook her head. Then she dropped her hands and looked fearfully into her daughter's face.

"An' yer father, too, Alma—he's tried, an' he can't," she choked.

"Tried what? What *do* you mean?"

With her eyes on Alma's troubled, amazed face, Mrs. Kelsey made one last effort to gain her lost position. She raised shaking hands to her throat and fumbled for the pin and the collar.

"There, there, dear, don't ye fret," she stammered. "I didn't think what I was sayin'. It ain't nothin'—I mean, it *aren't* nothin'—it *am* not—oh-h!" she sobbed; "there, ye see, Alma, I can't, I can't. It ain't no more use ter try!" Down went the gray head on Alma's strong young shoulder.

"There, there, dear, cry away," comforted Alma, with loving pats. "It will do you good; then we'll hear what this is all about, from the very beginning."

And Mrs. Kelsey told her—and from the very beginning. When the telling was over, and the little woman, a bit breathless and frightened, sat awaiting what Alma would say, there came a long silence.

Alma's lips were close shut. Alma was not quite sure, if she opened them, whether there would come a laugh or a sob. The laugh was uppermost and almost parted the firm-set lips, when a glance at the quivering face of the little woman in the big chair turned the laugh into a half-stifled sob. Then Alma spoke.

"Mother, listen, dear. Do you think a silk dress or a stiff collar can make you and father any dearer to me? Do you think an 'ain't' or a 'hain't' can make me love either of you any less? Do you suppose I expect you, after fifty years' service for others, to be as careful in your ways and words as if you had spent those fifty years in training yourself instead of in training six children? Why, mother, dear, do you suppose that I don't know that for twenty of those years you have had no thoughts, no prayer, save for me?—

that I have been the very apple of your eye? Well, it's my turn, now, and you are the apple of my eye—you and father. Why, dearie, you have no idea of the plans I have for you. There's a good strong woman coming next week for the kitchen work. Oh, it's all right," assured Alma, quickly, in response to the look on her mother's face. "Why, I'm rich! Only think of those orders! And then you shall dress in silk or velvet, or calico—anything you like, so long as it doesn't scratch nor prick," she added merrily, bending forward and fastening the lace collar. "And you shall——"

"Ma-ry?" It was Nathan at the foot of the back stairway.

"Yes, Nathan."

"Ain't it 'most supper-time?"

"Bless my soul!" cried Mrs. Kelsey, springing to her feet.

"An' Mary——"

"Yes."

"Hain't I got a collar—a b'iled one, on the bureau up there?"

"No," called Alma, snatching up the collar and throwing it on to the bed. "There isn't a sign of one there. Suppose you let it go to-night, dad?"

"Well, if you don't mind!" And a very audible sigh of relief floated up the back stairway.



THE SONG SPARROW

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

AWAY! Ye moles who fret the earth
 For riches that take wing!
 On trifles of fantastic worth
 Let others toil. I sing.

Oh, fools, that woo the wayward fair
 With long delay! I fling
 My passion in the sunny air.
 Let others love. I sing.

Why dwell with shadow, night, and death,
 And torments that they bring?
 Who wills to suffer suffereth.
 Let others fear. I sing.



To be out on a lark in the evening does not necessarily help one to be up with him next morning.



AN UNFORTUNATE ENCOUNTER

They had arrived that morning on an early train from the south and had parted with their husbands down town, agreeing to meet them at the Grand Central in time for the 11 o'clock train north. They looked in some of the shops and as they were about to make some small purchases, before taking a car for the station, they made the important discovery that they were penniless. They had entrusted their purses to their husbands on the train and neglected to reclaim them.

Finding refuge in a doorway they hastily discussed ways and means and decided: first, that they were "two stupid" (their husbands of course); and, second, that as it was too late to walk, a slight loan was imperative. It seemed to be either that or beating the street railway, and of the two alternatives they chose the former as perhaps the least degrading.

They waited until a benevolent-looking old gentleman came along, when one of them, with as much courage as she was able to summon, sweetly begged the old gentleman's pardon, hurriedly explained their sad plight and said that if he *would* be so kind her husband would see that the money was returned the following day without fail.

With a genial smile the old gentleman handed over a dime, which was just the amount she had asked for, and passed on. So excited were they over the success of their shameless enterprise that their benefactor had proceeded some distance before they realized with horror that they had entirely forgotten to inquire his name or address. They started hastily in pursuit, and, overtaking him, apologized somewhat breathlessly for their oversight, obtained his card, and then, as they were about to signal a passing car they made the ghastly discovery that the coin had disappeared! Gloves were drawn back in an eager search for the missing dime, but without avail—their erstwhile wealth had vanished.

Walnuts and Wine

One young fellow among the heedless Broadway crowd observed their distress, and, politely raising his hat, inquired if they had lost anything.

They admitted that they had.

"A large amount?" he asked, interestedly.

"It was a—a ten-cent piece," one of them stammered.

The young man stared at them in surprise and was about to pass on when the other said desperately:

"*Would* you be so kind as to loan us ten cents? Our husbands—I mean——"

But before she was able to explain just what she did mean he drew out a handful of change and told her to take as much as she liked. She said twenty-five cents would be a great plenty and after making him give her his card with his address on it they ran for an uptown car, scrambled on, and holding fast to the coin and the two pieces of cardboard, sank with a relieved sigh into their seats.

They had gone a block or two before their fares were taken up and then as one of them offered the conductor the quarter of a dollar she glanced across the car and seated opposite, watching them suspiciously, was the kind old gentleman who, not five minutes before, had given them ten cents because they hadn't a penny for their carfare.

What would he think of them! What *could* he think of them!

As she took the change from the conductor she felt her cheeks burning.

"Don't look across the car," she whispered to her companion—"it's the old gentleman—he saw the quarter."

They crept out of the car at 42d Street like two guilty creatures, with eyes averted.

"Who ever could have imagined such a thing," said one; "why didn't we take ten cents of the second one, too!"

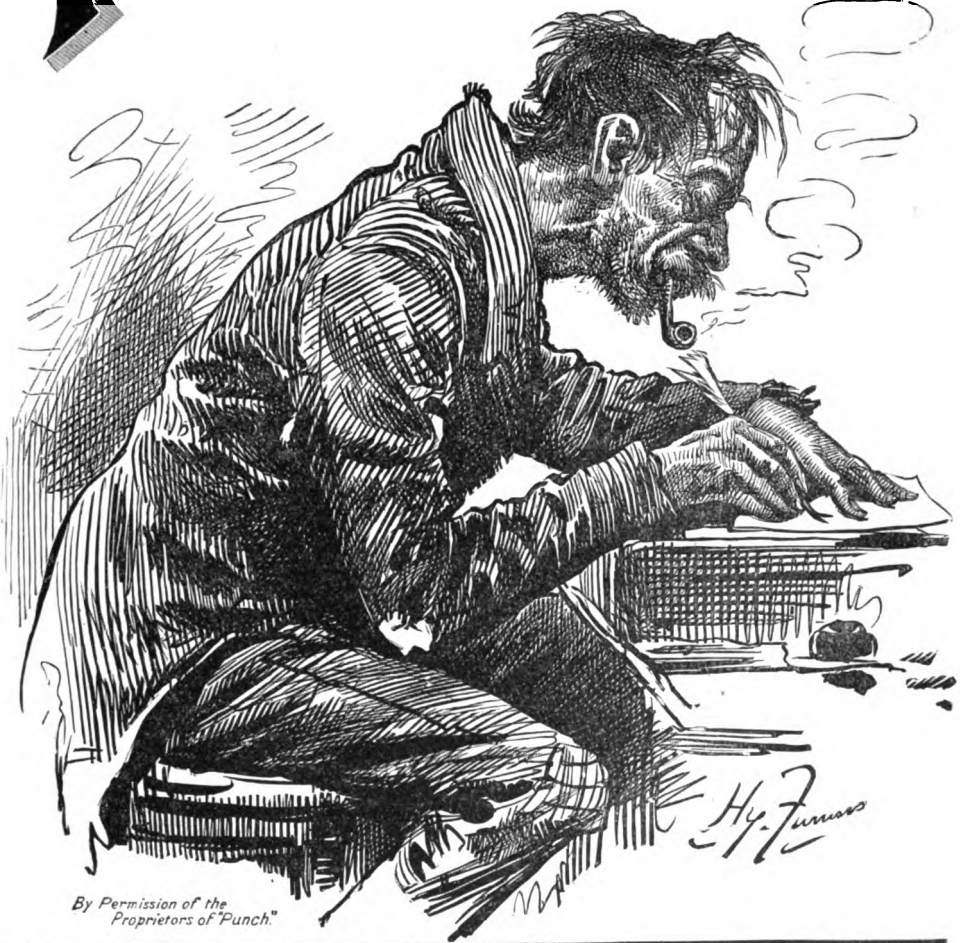
"I think," said the other reflectively, "that we'd better not say anything to Tom or Fred about this. No," she continued, tucking the cards into her glove, "it wouldn't do. Such joy would be fatal. I'll just give these to Roy to-morrow and he'll make everything all right.

And Roy did.

W. F. Rice.

Walnuts and Wine

Pears' soap.



By Permission of the
Proprietors of "Punch."

*Two years ago I used your soap
since when I have used no other!*

"All rights secured."

Walnuts and Wine

AUTOMOBILE FLIRTATION

The latest fad in High Society is Automobile Flirtation. What such flirtation is and how it is conducted I have discovered at great personal danger while disguised as a chauffeur and accompanying a High Society Queen on one of her flirtatious expeditions. Here is the "language:"

Dashing against stone wall—Meet me at the hospital to-night.

Letting your machine be run into—You've made a hit with me.

Running over dog—I think you're perfectly killing.

Dashing off bridge—You can send me your message by Dr. Blank.

Running into store window—Forgive me. I'm all broken up about it.

Violating speed ordinance—You can have me if you can catch me, but you'll have to go some!

Frank H. Williams.

DIFFERENT VIEWPOINTS

"Does your minister make a success of his work among the poor?"

"A success? Well! He gets ten thousand a year for it."

C. A. Bolton.

A RONDEAU OF VACATION

By Cecilia A. Loizeaux

The wicked flee where none pursue,

To pastures green and waters new.

In other words the very rich,

On whom it is the style to pitch,

Seek cool and rest where men are few.

In private yacht with well-trained crew—

In mountains high above the blue—

To every far and costly niche

The wicked flee.

Less rich, and hence less wicked, too,

We scrimp to buy two weeks of "view."

For fourteen sleepless nights we twitch,

And ceaselessly big fans we switch,

For each night comes with cool and dew

The wicked flea.



Overworked

That's the way

COFFEE

WORKS THE HEART.

Look out for it.

Run after a car or run up-stairs and see whether your heart is weak or not.

If it flutters weakly, look out!

You need a strong heart in your business. Try quitting coffee if it weakens the heart-action or breaks down your nervous strength in any way.

It's easy if you have well-made

POSTUM

and **"There's a Reason."**

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Walnuts and Wine

SAFE ANYHOW

The story is told in Boston of a discussion among the judges as to the choice of a stenographer. Most of them preferred a woman, but one objected.

“Now, why don’t you want one?” asked Judge S. “You know they are generally more to be depended on than men.”

“That may be all so,” replied Judge B.; “but you know that in our cases we often have to be here very late. There are always watchmen and other guards in the corridors. Do you think it would be prudent to have a woman staying with any of the judges as late as might be necessary for a stenographer?”

“Why, what are you afraid of? Couldn’t you holler?” questioned Judge S.

Dora May Morrell.

PRAYING FOR RAIN

AN old Scotch minister, having been asked repeatedly by his congregation to pray for rain (an exercise of devotion in which the old man evidently did not believe), as often refused, until one morning just as he was entering the pulpit, a petition bearing the signature of every member of the church was handed to him, demanding that he accede to the request. At the time for reading the notices, the minister read also the document pleading that prayer be offered for rain, and then impatiently remarked, as he looked over his glasses at the congregation, “Well, a’wull ta please ya, but hang a bit y’ll get till the wund changes.”

J. Ingram Bryan.

SEEING THE ANIMALS

“And did you see the Hippodrome when you were in New York?” inquired the interested neighbor.

“Wall, no,” replied Mr. Henlay; “I reckon the critter was sick when we visited the Zoo, but we saw the elephant and rhinoceros.”

William Campbell.

A STRAIGHT TIP

Joshua: “That there critter ain’t no mud horse at all; yer said he liked the mud, but he ran last.”

Stable Boy: “Can’t ye see dat de plug likes de mud de way he hung back and let de odder skates kick it all over him?”

R. S. F.

Walnuts and Wine



Quaker Oats

Children play better and grow better, and grown-ups work better, who live in homes where Quaker Oats form a part of the daily bill-of-fare.

The Quaker is a "friend" indeed to every member of the household—he guarantees the purity and wholesomeness of the contents of the package on which he appears, and is recognized the world over as a builder of physical and mental strength in old and young.

Packages that *look* different *outside*, are different *inside*. Quaker packages contain *the food portion only*, of selected first-quality white oats—and they are the only packages that do.

There is no substitute for Quaker Oats because there is no other rolled oats that compares with Quaker Oats in purity, flavor and wholesomeness.

Ask your grocer for Quaker Oats today. Large package, 10 cts.

Walnuts and Wine

EMBARRASSING

A certain Doctor of Divinity was accustomed to slip down a side aisle at the conclusion of his service, and be at the door of exit to greet the people as they passed out. He was especially cordial to strangers.

One Sunday he extended his hand to a young German woman, who, in answer to his inquiry, said she lived in a certain suburb. The minister then told her he would like to call and see her some time, whereupon the girl with a blush, stammered:

"Please sir, *I've got a young man!*"

H. A. H.

MATIN MUSIC

By Silas X. Floyd

There's a "Hallelujah Chorus"
In the tremblin' drops o' dew
That the sunbeams kiss each mornin'
With a happy "Howdy do!"

'Course, it ain't no brass-band music,
That goes thunderin' through the air,
With the cornet and the bass drum
And the trombone's noisy blare.

But, sir, if your heart's a-listenin',
As you take your mornin' stroll,
You will hear the sun-kissed dewdrops
All a-singin' to your soul!

A SAFE BET

A teacher in one of the country schools had a class of young children in mathematics before her. The examples were in addition and she propounded this question: "Now, children, if I lay four eggs on the desk, and Sam," pointing to a freckle-faced boy at the head of the class, "should lay three, how many would there be?"

The bad boy, who was at the foot of the class, had been listening intently, and shouted out, "Go on, Sam, take her up. She can't do it."

Lucie W. Albersson.

Walnuts and Wine



Man reaches the highest attainment of his powers on the nourishment supplied by the first meal of the day

A breakfast of **SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT** with hot milk, cream or fresh fruits, supplies the energy for reaching the climax of the day's achievements—the top-notch of mental and physical endeavor.

Has it struck twelve with you? Has your stomach notified you that it has gone out of business? Coax it back to health and strength with a natural food—a food that contains all the muscle-building, brain-building elements in the whole wheat berry **MADE DIGESTIBLE BY THE SHREDDING PROCESS.**

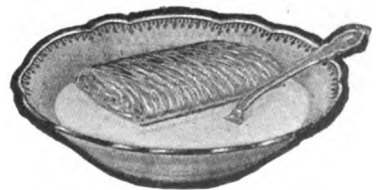
Such a food is **SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT**, made in the cleanest, most hygienic industrial building on the continent,—no “secret process”—our plant is open to the world—nearly 100,000 visitors last year.

Two hundred and fifty million biscuits made and sold last year.

The Biscuit (heated in oven) is delicious for breakfast with hot or cold milk or cream or for any meal in combination with fruits, creamed vegetables, or meats. **TRISCUIT** is the shredded wheat wafer, used as a toast with butter, for picnics, excursions, for light lunches on land or on sea. Our cook book is sent free.

**THE NATURAL FOOD
COMPANY**

Niagara Falls, N. Y.



“IT'S ALL IN THE SHREDS”

Walnuts and Wine

THE WORM TURNED

A village doctor whose most troublesome patient was an elderly woman practically on the free list, received a sound rating from her one day for not coming when summoned the night before.

"You can go to see your other patients at night," said she, "why can't you come when I send for you? Ain't my money as good as other people's?"

"I do not know, madam," was the reply, "I never saw any of it."

Clara Marshall.



NOT ENOUGH

A case was to be tried on the charge of selling impure whiskey. The night before the case came off the defendant went round to the Judge's house.

To the man at the door he said: "Here's a bottle of whiskey I want your master to try."

"My master never tries anything but a case," pompously replied the butler.

M. L. Wildman.



BLACK ART IN ANOTHER FORM

A German gentleman and his young son, Fritz, were on an express train bound for the seashore.

While Fritz was snoozing, his father, who occupied the window seat, snatched his cap and seemingly threw it out of the open window.

"Aha," the joking father said, "your cap iss on de outside. Never mind, Fritzzy. I'll vistle und it'll come on de inside again mit quickness."

The father whistled and, at the same moment, deftly placed the cap on his attentive son's head. Fritz was speechless. He pulled off his head-covering and gazed at it in wonder and at his pater-familias in deep admiration for several minutes.

As the train neared a bridge the little chap was inspired. Leaning far out of the open window he dropped the cap and turning to his dad confidently, said, "Vistle, fadder."

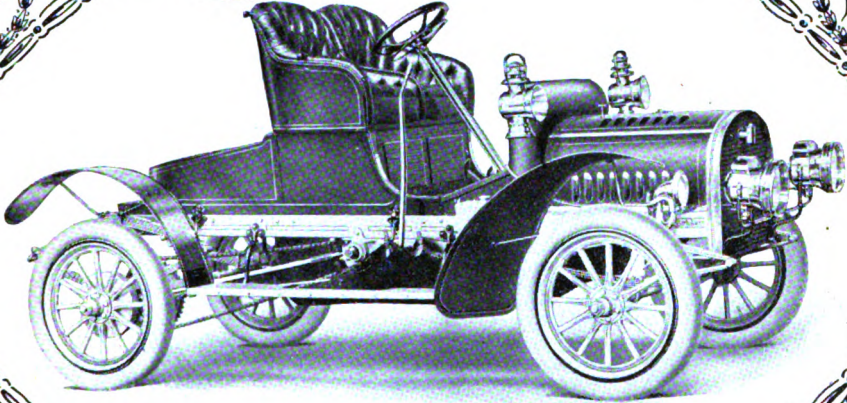
W. Dayton Wegfarth.

Walnuts and Wine

Rambler

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19

19



Model 19, \$1,250

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A two-passenger car with all the power, speed and comfort of the largest and most elaborate types.

Provided with every modern equipment and accessory.

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Walnuts and Wine

HIS LAST APPEAL

By Clara Lyle Irvine

DEAR EDITOR,

When you persist you can't accept
The stories that I send,
I don't believe that you regret
To send them back again.

My *stories* must, I do admit
Your ridicule provoke;
But with your sharpened point of wit,
Why don't you *take a joke?*

Respectfully,

A CONTRIBUTOR.

A NEW ACCOMPLISHMENT

Miss B— has been told that she possesses a willowy figure, and she often assumes poses that will display it to the best advantage. Yesterday she was startled by the following question from her seven-year old niece, "Aunt Sally, why do you make so many gestures with your hips?"

Henrietta Lazarus.

SISTERS IN MODERATION

Tommy is a lonely little boy who has no brothers or sisters. He is very fond of three little girls named Ethel, Maud, and May. One evening his mother was listening to him say his prayers, and she was rather surprised to hear him add to his petitions: "Dear Lord, please send me an Ethel, a Maud and a May."

After he had finished his mother tried to explain to him that they were too poor to have a large family like that. Tommy listened attentively, and then without a word flopped down on his knees again and offered up this supplementary petition:

"Dear Lord; Mother says we can't afford an Ethel and a Maud and a May, so don't send 'em in a bunch. Just send us an Ethel, and when we can afford the rest, I'll let you know."

Sam S. Stinson.

Walnuts and Wine

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TRY MENNEN'S VIOLET (Borated) TALCUM

Walnuts and Wine

WOULDN'T DO

At a boarding house in Washington last summer the boarders were complaining of the oppressive weather.

"Oh, how I wish we could pitch some tents in a shady nook," one of the girls exclaimed.

"Why do you want tents?" asked the wit of the house.

"Why, so we could get under them and be away from the heat," replied the girl.

"But," said the wit, "that would do no good, for the heat, you know, is intense."

C. J.

NOT THE KIND HE LIKED

Before little George was quite three years old, another boy arrived in the family. On the following day, when George was taken to see his new brother, what was his father's surprise to hear him exclaim, in a voice of strong disapproval, "Come away, papa; don't go near it; it's a funny one!"

M. E. Tilden.

A TOAST

By Maurice Smiley

Here's to the red of Somebody's head—

I mean of Somebody's lips.

Of course I did not mean what I said;

Please pardon these little slips.

Here's to Somebody's sapphire nose,

The sky and the ocean's hue;—

(I had in mind, as the context shows,

Somebody's lamps of blue.)

Here's to the ring of Somebody's voice

(I mean the rings 'round her eyes;

No, I mean the ring of Somebody's choice,

That Somebody's sweetheart buys.)

Here's to the gems that Somebody bakes;

I mean the pearls in her mouth.

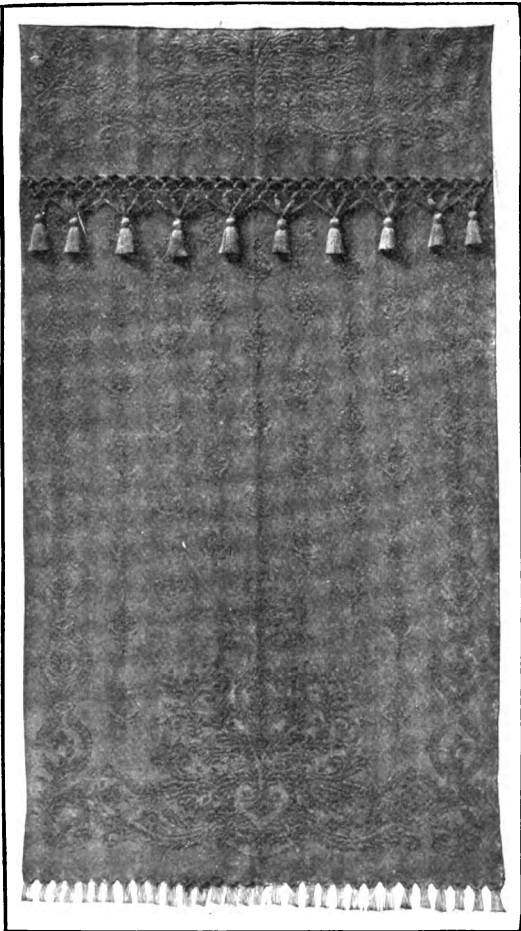
I don't understand these wretched mistakes.

Somebody's going South.

CURTAINS

You can afford Artloom draperies for any room in the house—no charge for the art—only for the materials. The cheapest ones are effective. As for the better ones—money will not buy finer. In Curtains, Couch Covers or Table Covers the Artloom equals the finest foreign weaves and distinctive effects at the same price asked for inferior domestic productions.

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A Solid-Color Curtain. A splendid specimen of the proper price effects is the curtain illustrated above. It comes in beautiful, floral effects with deep Dado. It is tastily finished with heavy knotted fringe on throw-over. Made in very rich tones of Olive, Brown, Wine, Empire, Green, Red and Hunter's Green. 50 inches wide and 3 yards long. **Per Pair, \$4.00**

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"Home Making," the clever book on home decorations. Sent on receipt of four cents in stamps.

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Walnuts and Wine

HE WAS ENLIGHTENED

A stout old gentleman with a short temper was having trouble with the phone. He could hear nothing but a confused jumble of sounds, and finally became so exasperated that he yelled into the transmitter:

“Is there a fool at the end of this line?”

“Not at this end,” was the clear and distinct answer.

Ed Moberly.

THE JACK LEAD

Devotees of whist who play according to approved rules, have various ways of remembering the proper leads.

“Jack is led when accompanied by King and Queen, five in suit,” is an approved rule. Whist players, in order to remember this rule easily, have vulgarized it into the following: “Jack is led when accompanied by mother and father and two children.”

A maiden lady, whose hobby is whist, was playing with a partner of doubtful experience. In the course of his play he led a Jack.

The maiden lady looked at her partner in doubt as she fingered the ace in her hand. “I wonder,” she remarked tentatively, as she gazed over her glasses.

“Oh, he’s legitimate,” replied the young man.

And the play proceeded according to rule.

Francis R. Singleton.

INDIRECTLY

Do you ever contribute to the campaign fund?

Indeed, yes. I have a life insurance policy.

George Frederick Wilson.

A RAPID HARVEST

“Papa,” inquired the youngster, “what is ‘wild oats?’”

“Wild oats, my son,” answered Papa, “is something that you sow in the evening and reap in the morning.”

James H. Lambert, Jr.

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Distillery at Troy, Ohio. Established 1866.



Walnuts and Wine

OUT OF BOUNDS

During the canvas of his State in 1899 to gather votes enough to send him to the lower House of Congress, Mr. Longworth went to the western end of his county to become acquainted and to capture votes. Now the town of Harrison is partly in Indiana and partly in Ohio, the center of the main thoroughfare being the dividing line. Going into a store Mr. Longworth made himself very agreeable with the proprietor, bought cigars for the crowd, jollied every one, and then asked if they were all going to vote for him. There was a long, loud laugh, and when it was over the Ohioan asked:

“What is so funny?”

“Oh, nothing,” remarked the proprietor, “except that you are on the Indiana side of the street. Your Ohio voters are across the way.”

Mr. Longworth was heard to mumble a stricture on towns that are on the dividing line, at the same time making a quick jump back into Ohio.

Frank N. Bauskett.

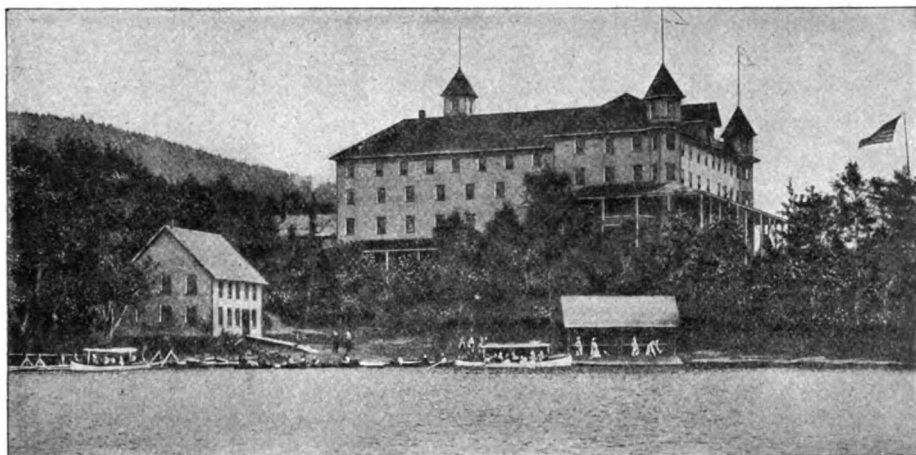


FISHIN'

By Sidney Warren Mase

Pap ain't over fond o' work,
Kinder old an' failin';
Bones all ache an' muscles jerk,
Allus is a-ailin'.
Wuss in winters, so he sez,
That's why he keeps wishin'
Summer'd come; he minds it less
When he's fishin'.

Summer days is here at last,
River looks invitin'.
“Whar is pap?” Did some one ast?
Well, sir, fish is bitin'.
Some 'ers by the river side,
With his line a-swishin',
Pap is settin', satisfied—
Jes' a-fishin'.



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IN the heart of the Adirondack Mountains, a locality celebrated for its dry, invigorating and bracing atmosphere, and the purity of the water from the springs which supply the hotel.

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Excellent music is provided for dancing and concerts

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VIEW OF THE LAKE FROM THE PIAZZA

Walnuts and Wine

COON HUNTING

The officers of the English squadron prepared for their recent visit to this country by an exhaustive study of so-called American slang, that they might enjoy that "delightful American humor" over which the English have recently become so enthusiastic.

During their stay in Annapolis a coon-hunt was arranged for their benefit, the officer in charge explaining to them that it was a sport highly thought of and native to the Southern States.

As they rode along one of the Englishmen remarked, "You hunt these coons with dogs, I think?"

His host assented and the Englishman continued: "They are found in the woods and are often caught in trees, aren't they?"

"They are," replied the American, "but how do you come to know so much about coon-hunting?"

"Oh," said the visitor, with an air of conscious pride, "I've read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' you know and all those articles that have come out in the papers lately, but to tell the truth, I didn't think it was allowed by the authorities no matter what the nigger had done."

Marie E. Ford.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT .

In an address recently delivered before the Chicago Press Club, Opie Kead told the following story:

When I was connected with the "Arkansaw Traveler" I one day called upon a large advertiser to solicit his patronage. Naturally, the first question he asked was as to the circulation of my paper. "Where does it go?" he queried. "Where does it go?" I replied. "Why it goes North and it goes South; it goes East and it goes West; and would have gone to hell long ago if it had not been for me."

Henrietta Lazarus.

EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES

An old Frenchwoman tells of the neglect of her youngest son, who has been married three times. "Paul has not been to see me in two years," she cried, and then with pathetic resignation—"but, when a man has three mothers-in-law his own mother becomes a luxury."

Marie Chaillé-Long.

Walnuts and Wine



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CANDY COATED
CHEWING GUM

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If your neighborhood store can't supply you send us 10c for sample packet.

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Dauchy & Company's Newspaper Catalogue

A copy of the 1906 edition of this well-known work has reached us. This is the sixteenth year of its publication, and this edition is fully up to the high standard set by its predecessors, typographically and otherwise. It contains 742 closely printed pages, well bound in red cloth, and is a mine of information for all who are interested in the periodical publications of the United States and Canada, of which it contains a complete list. Its arrangement is most compact and convenient, and it contains one feature contained in no other newspaper directory, the space of memoranda against the name of each publication, in which advertisers can keep a record of their contracts in compact and accessible shape. The price is \$5.00, of the publishers, Messrs. Dauchy & Co., 9 Murray St., New York, or of booksellers.



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by all Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

Walnuts and Wine

AN UNREASONABLE REQUEST

Mrs. C. was ordering the day's lunch over the telephone.

Brains were on her menu and she had tried a number of butchers without success.

"Is that 266?" anxiously.

"Yes."

"Have you any brains?"

"What?"

"Have you any *brains* to-day?"

"No, no no!" came the testy reply. "Madame, you have made a mistake, this is Dr. Smith's telephone."

A. C. Eve.



METHOD IN HIS MADNESS

The special mania of an insane man was the belief that he himself was a poached egg. One day he said to his keeper, "I would like a piece of toast." It was not at meal time, and the keeper asked, "Why do you want a piece of toast now?"

"Because," answered the man, "I am tired, and I'd like to sit down!"

H. A. H.



DARWIN JUSTIFIED

John was at home from college to spend the spring vacation, and the family was gathered around the supper table to hear him give an account of himself. He had expounded at length Darwin's Descent of Man and the theory of evolution in general, at which the home people seemed very much impressed.

"Yes, Pa," he concluded, "you are descended from a monkey, and a long time ago your ancestors swung by their tails from the trees in the forests."

"How on-natural," ventured the timid mother, to whom these new doctrines were little short of blasphemy.

"Wal, I dunno," said the old man, as he leaned forward to take another piece of ham from the dish, and then resumed, between intervals of deliberate munching, "I dunno. I dunno. Mebby it aint no more onnatural to have a monkey for a ancestor than it is to have a jackass for a son."

Bruce Craven.

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1906



THE CHAUFFEUR AND THE JEWELS

BY EDITH MORGAN WILLETT

SPRINGTIME in France—a poet's theme! The charm of a gray-blue sky strung with bead-like clouds, of level fields, of distant spires and turrets jotted picturesquely on the horizon; and always the white road, glistening, undulating ahead, keeping step with the windings of the Seine!

It was with the satiety of utter enjoyment that Annette at last closed her tired eyes and, leaning back on the crimson cushions of the tonneau, gave herself up to the twin luxuries of perfect motion and perfect air.

Chug-chug, snorted the motor as it swept ahead, consuming space at the rate of sixty kilometres an hour. Over the girl's head rollicked a merry wind, now steeped in sunshine, and again chill with the breath of far-away ice-fields. Behind lay Paris, left that very morning, and now only a confused, composite memory of delights which had been crowded into three delicious weeks. Ahead the telescopic eyes of the motor pointed to Havre; and then—Miss Bancroft shivered slightly—there would be the Channel crossing, Southampton, Liverpool, and eventually—home!

Home. To the girl in the tonneau that magic word signified chiefly an abode in S Street, one of Washington's unfashionable thoroughfares, where bay-windowed "twenty-foot-fronters" elbow each other with offensive familiarity; where walls are narrow, and ceilings low, and the smell of cookery haunts the air.

It was in one of those so-called "desirable residences" that Annette's father—a retired army officer on half-pay—and her two

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little brothers had been keeping bachelor's hall without her for the past year.

However, Major Bancroft was a wise parent, as well as a kind-hearted if somewhat prosaic mortal, and when Mrs. Dick Waring, who was a distant cousin of his late wife's and a handsome woman to boot, had taken him off forcibly in her victoria one fine day of the previous spring, and begged "the loan of that nice girl of his for twelve months on the other side of the ocean," he had said "Yes" without hesitation.

After all, when a man has a penchant for doing his own marketing and divides his time satisfactorily between the club and his newspaper, an only daughter is not always indispensable—especially when she writes regularly and doesn't require an allowance. Besides, what an opportunity for the child! Europe at twenty-one! A witching combination, even with an exacting chaperone to offset its charms.

"You know," Mrs. Waring had informed her proposed charge very frankly, "I've quarrelled with Julie—and, any way, one gets tired of travelling forever with a maid, as I've had to do ever since poor Dick departed this life—French women of that class have no ideas to speak of and are such poor travellers. You won't mind hooking me up behind sometimes, will you, dear, and packing my trunks? We'll have a beautiful time together and see everything within reach."

And so indeed they did, the wonderful year linking a chaplet of experiences that Annette, like a good Catholic, was forever conning over and over.

England in May; summer in Switzerland; the Tyrol through September; then Italy—and a winter on the Riviera, where the automobile had been bought.

At this most exquisite point in Miss Bancroft's rosary of recollections, a voice broke in upon them.

"Where are we now?" it demanded, in Mrs. Waring's clear, trenchant tones, that carried above the whistle of the wind. "What's that in the distance, Sarto?"

"Chateau Gaillard, madame." Then, to Annette, "There, to your right, see!"

Annette opened her eyes. Beside her the chauffeur was leaning forward and pointing to distant battlements. Far above the road on a rocky height the castle towered—a sullen mass of ruins, blotting the fair landscape.

The two people on the front seat of the motor had turned their heads and were staring up.

"What's the use of stoppin' and overhaulin' that old den?"

demanded the huge, broad-shouldered, thick-set personage who was grasping the steering-wheel. "If we're goin' to reach Rouen this afternoon, we'd better push straight on and keep our nerve and muscles and temper for the cathedral. What say, Gussie?"

"All right," laconically agreed Mrs. Waring, and the car shot on. "Mr. Buist is not an admirer of ruins," remarked the chauffeur *sotto-voce*, and then, as his companion acquiesced with a whimsical shake of the head, he shrugged his leather-covered shoulders and sat staring at the Englishman's square back with eyes which glittered behind their goggles.

The chauffeur himself was not an ineffective figure, in spite of the goggles, the heavy brown beard, and brigand-like moustache, not to mention an automobile livery which could not quite obliterate the graceful lines of his person and the straightness of his nose.

Six weeks ago it was that he had appeared miraculously on the wide, shallow, orange-potted steps of the Hotel de Paris, at Monaco, at the very moment that Mrs. Waring was descending them, and, approaching her with a low bow, presented to her a coroneted missive, in which no less a personage than the Prince Roderigo del Pino sang the praises of one Ludovic Sarto, who had managed his new forty-horse-power touring-car for two years in a trip which must have taken in all the corners of the globe, displaying nerve, resource, and science in all motoring exigencies, besides intimate fellowship with Baedeker and "unusual linguistic ability." The effect of all this, endorsed by the coronet, had its influence on Gussie Waring, who engaged the paragon on the spot.

And so Ludovic Sarto steered the new Napier motor over the upper Cornice, down to Monaco and Monte Carlo, and finally up to Nice, where, Mr. Gerald Buist, an ancient ally of Mrs. Waring's (besides being second son of Lord Lindsay), appearing on the scene, the new chauffeur was relegated ignominiously to the tonneau and the society of Miss Bancroft.

A month is a long enough time to register an impression, and in Annette's diary it will be found recorded that there are worse things in this sad world than being whirled through space in a comfortable arm-chair, *tete-a-tete* with an agreeable individual who has apparently been everywhere and seen everything and who knows how to talk about it all in excellent idiomatic English.

"Chauffeurie," if there be such a word, is a curious craft, which admits of its votary working like a coal-heaver and engine-driver combined, while at the same time preserving the manners and appearance of a gentleman.

"I know he's a gentleman," Annette told herself irrelevantly, and for the twentieth time, that June day, as they left Chateau

Gaillard—a pin-point on the sky-line—speeding on to Andelys, which shimmered alluringly through a blue haze.

Above the front seat a veiled hat and a gray auto-cap could be seen in close propinquity, while their owners indulged in absorbed conversation, and the swinging car traced eccentric scallops on the broad road.

"We will be in the ditch without doubt if Meester Buist is not more careful," commented the chauffeur aside, in his precise foreign English. He bit his lip and scowled as the motor skimmed the edge of the roadway in a zigzag course of perilously acute angles.

The girl beside him laughed softly. "How you want to be on that front seat at this moment!" she ejaculated.

Sarto turned his head.

"Scusi, signorina?" he asked, eyeing his companion with an intent glance that gave way to one of reluctant admiration.

Annette Bancroft was not a beauty; the small oval face, with its delicate childlike features, had none of her cousin's emphatic brilliance. Nevertheless, the girl's shy grace was full of potentiality—hints half uttered, yet unmistakable, of the charm that was to be.

"Why do you imagine that I covet the front seat, signorina?" he inquired curiously.

Again Annette laughed. "Ah! I know you must long to be at the helm again," she surmised sympathetically, "in your rightful place, with your hand on the steering-wheel."

"In my rightful place!" echoed the chauffeur. The man had taken off his glasses—an unusual action with him—and without their somewhat grotesque protection his eyes gleamed out unfamiliarly; long, heavy-lidded brown eyes they were, slightly raised at the corners, giving their owner the half-sad, half-wondering expression of an animal.

He smiled now—an odd, twisted smile. "It is not always that I have been on the front seat of a motor, signorina."

Then, breaking off abruptly, "This is Andelys," he said, in his usual tones. "That spire—it is a good piece of Norman architecture, do you not think so?"

But Annette only gazed absently ahead as the motor toiled through crooked streets at a pace that gave chickens and small children scant time to get out of the way.

When they had left the little town quite behind, she turned to her companion again. "Now I am going to make a conjecture," this abruptly spoken in French, the painfully correct French of the boarding-school. "Do you know"—she flushed a little, inwardly surprised at her own audacity—"I've been wondering—tell me if I'm not right in fancying that at some time or other in the course

of your life you've been a soldier; you know there is such an unmistakably martial look to your shoulders."

The chauffeur smiled. "You have great discernment, mademoiselle," he said politely. "Yes, I have been in the Foreign Legion—you know nothing of that organization? It is an extraordinary affair, the Foreign Legion"—his tones quickened, gaining a certain enthusiasm—"the most marvellous chemical solution in existence, capable of depriving a man—any man—of his identity and turning him into a bit of military mechanism, neither more nor less. I served in the ranks for two years."

He stopped short, and as suddenly the light, the vigor of an unwonted exaltation, went out of his face, which settled into its habitual impassivity. Replacing his goggles, he lowered his cap over his eyes, and folding his arms sat looking imperturbably ahead down the long road,—a motionless leather-encased figure suggestive of motor-cars and naught beside.

This attitude was not conducive to further confidences, but Annette Bancroft at twenty-one had all the instincts of a born biographer, and when once on the scent of possible romance was not to be turned aside.

"I suppose," she hazarded at last, joining the loose ends of his unfinished story, "that after you left the army you took *this* up?"

Her companion hesitated, twisting his long, brigand-like mustaches.

"Well, not immediately," he responded guardedly, still speaking in French. "I got down here by degrees; that is the way it generally happens. Let me see—I started by tutoring a bit in Switzerland; the boy had consumption and died in less than a year. After that one took up what came easiest. The transitions do not amount to much, but"—he laughed suddenly, a frank, gay, wonderfully light-hearted laugh—"in the course of my checkered career I have been respectively guide, courier, croupier, and even cabman on occasions, besides officiating as motor pilot for various racy individuals,—not, of course, including His Highness the Prince del Pino."

He paused with a faint shrug of the shoulders.

For an instant the girl gazed at him with eyes that were unnaturally dilated.

"How interesting!" she murmured at last, inadequately.

The chauffeur made a slight bow.

"Rouen already!" he ejaculated, dismissing the subject and glancing around, then relapsing into his careful, conscientious English.

"See you our auberge at the end of that little street? How have

we made the run?" He pulled out his watch. "Good! Seventy kilometres in as many minutes."

Whiz! buzz! sang the motor, its breath expiring like a wounded sky-rocket, as it drew up in front of a red brick Normanese facade.

"Sarto!" called Mrs. Waring peremptorily.

She stood, minus her dust-cloak and goggles, a dazzling tailor-made vision with a big bunch of violets at her waist, smiling with unwonted graciousness to the chauffeur, who hastened to her bidding. Then, accepting his hand, regardless of the Englishman beside her, the landlord in the door-way, and an obsequious commis-voyageur who was pressing forward to her assistance, she stepped nimbly to the ground and passed into the inn, followed by her cousin.

Mr. Gerald Buist with an expressionless countenance sauntered off to the post-office, wondering "what possessed Gussie Waring to make such a fool of herself;" but the man whom she had delighted to honor stood by the motor rooted to the ground, gazing in a rapt, reverential way at his leather-covered gloves.

II.

HALF after five. The chauffeur sat tranquilly on the front seat of the motor, smoking one cigarette after another and wondering, with increasing curiosity as the moments slipped by, when the rest of the party would reappear. Two hours since, they had vanished in the direction of the cathedral, with the avowed intention of returning in time for tea.

Again and again Sarto's slanting eyes flashed down the street, then, no one appearing, resumed their unconcerned stare into space. It was not until a distant market clock intoned six that three figures came in sight, walking with the exhausted gait that marks the conscientious tourist. On nearer view it became apparent that none of them were in the best of spirits; Mrs. Waring, in particular, being quite evidently cross—the invariable result with her of too much sight-seeing.

"Now for the tea-basket," she announced peremptorily, on reaching the hotel steps and the attendant motor. "Where is it, Sarto? Get it out, for heaven's sake, and let's all go in and have something to eat."

Her glance as well as the words included the chauffeur, who, after a moment's hesitancy at this unprecedented and alluring invitation, dropped silently from his perch and seizing the hamper followed his employer into the inn.

There, while Annette Bancroft piled up the quaint Rouer platters with sweet biscuits and chestnut sandwiches, her cousin

threw herself into the nearest chair, tore off her gloves, and set to work making tea at railroad speed.

"Here's your cup, Annette," she announced, after an interval of concentrated energy.

"Now, Sarto, two lumps of sugar for you, I suppose? No cream? Well, then, pick out a slice of lemon and sit down here," indicating a seat beside her.

"Why—what's the matter, Gerald? Got a toothache?" as, at sight of the chauffeur occupying the other end of Mrs. Waring's chaise-longue, Mr. Buist's countenance underwent a momentary spasm.

"It's over now," he said at last, accepting with a look of disgusted resignation the cup his tormentor smilingly proffered him.

Certainly Mrs. Waring's devotees were well trained, and knew from long experience that "when Gussie had a mood on" it was wisest to let her have her way, no matter where it led her, no matter how much it cost to follow loyally, no matter how great the strain.

Now, under the light clatter of teacups and conversation, the little inn parlor positively bristled with pent-up electricity, of which the chauffeur, the undoubted cause, seemed apparently the least aware, as with the curious adaptability that characterized the man, he sat sipping his tea and discussing mediæval architecture with his employer as if he had been doing that sort of thing all his life.

The bells of Rouen were ringing for vespers before Mrs. Waring finally led the way out into the twilit street.

"Fifty miles between us and Havre," she ejaculated, accepting the chauffeur's hand as a matter of course in climbing into the car. "It will be pitch dark before we reach there. *Tant pis*. By the bye, Gerald," with an ominous narrowing of her dark eyes, "you must be tired to death of doing duty in the front seat all this time—how about taking a vacation in the tonneau for the rest of the distance?"

An awkward silence followed, during which the Englishman considered her tempting proposal with stony gravity, Annette looked uncomfortable, and Mrs. Waring began to fear that she was sailing dangerously near the wind.

But the boat came to, as in the end it always did.

"Oh, very well, then," Buist said at length, gruffly; "it's just as you prefer, of course." And, without deigning a glance at the chauffeur, he swung himself into the tonneau.

Off the motor whizzed, in a very little while leaving Rouen far behind, painted in neutral tint against a pale mauve sky. The wind had died down, and the chill evening air, faintly stirred by the rush of the motor, brought to the chauffeur's quickened senses the

subtle perfume of violets. Through the tail end of his eye glimpses were obtainable of a certain profile daintily carved out by the gathering dusk.

"Delicious!" murmured a low-pitched voice very close to his ear. "Oh, to go floating on forever like this!"

"Like this!"

The chauffeur tried vainly to throw off the disconcerting spell of the words, the tone. Case-hardened as the man was by the varied experience of a many-sided life, well versed in the juggling arts of feminine mountebanks the world over, still, underneath his cynicism, his outward impassivity, there beat a fiercely susceptible, unmanageable heart with all the Italian's swift response to the demands of beauty. It was not unmoved that the stoical Sarto had watched behind his blue goggles the outlines of a perfect face and figure on the front seat through the sun and shadow of thirty long days, and this sudden bewildering attitude of the woman beside him struck a chord that, in spite of all his determination, was beginning to vibrate painfully.

"Yes, the car does travel most exceedingly well," he agreed, a trifle hoarsely, striving conscientiously to keep his head. "Do you see Jumierre? Behold, madame, to your right, over the brow of that hill, that mass of lights!"

Mrs. Waring glanced upward.

"'Only a look and a flash, then darkness again and a silence,'" she misquoted dreamily, as the motor whirled them past. Then,— "But what a place for brigands!" this with a little shiver. "I can positively see them in those inky black woods over there." Then, in a moment, "Dear me! Aren't you thankful that we haven't anything valuable on board?"

Her manner had regained its usual flippant matter-of-factness, and the chauffeur pulled himself swiftly into step.

"France is pretty safe going," he reassured her prosaically. "Sicily might be a very different affair! When the Prince del Pino and I tooled through there two years ago, after one of the usual outbreaks, we had bank notes sewed in the interlining of our motor coats and carried loaded Winchesters."

"Very exciting!" Mrs. Waring glanced at him curiously. "Well, I've never had to go as far as that," she rattled on, "though I do take the precaution of hiding away my diamonds, wherever I go, in an inconspicuous chamois glove-case at the bottom of a trunk."

She changed the subject hurriedly.

"But, speaking of your prince,"—there was a ring of interest in her tone,— "I see by the *Paris Herald* that he's sailing for America. Do tell me something about the man, Sarto; one hears such fabulous

accounts of his wealth, his good looks; you must have grown to know him very well during those two years."

Her manner was flatteringly confidential, but the chauffeur's face lowered instinctively.

"The prince—oh, I know him well enough," he admitted, resenting this intrusion of another into her thoughts. "For his wealth, he has certainly enough—more than he knows what to do with, but for his looks—" he shrugged his slight shoulders contemptuously. "Cospetto! A man of about my own build, I suppose,—tall, dark, clean-shaven, speaks English like a native, and wears a monocle. That is about all there is to him."

Opening the throttle at this point, he broke off a conversation that had lost its charm, and turned his attention resolutely to the motor as it swept along the level high-road between great jagged cliffs that cut the sky.

For the moment there was silence on the front seat, and from the tonneau spasmodic attempts at conversation on the part of its two occupants, one of whom sat gloomily wondering, as others of his sex had before him, what woman means by her incomprehensible whims and wiles, and how much self-respecting man, even a lover, should put up with.

On the car swept, on through villages which seemed only a ndistinct blur of lights, drawing nearer and ever nearer to the sea.

"We cannot be more than a mile from Havre now," announced Sarto at length. His brief hour was almost over, and the muffled regret in his voice did not escape the sharp ears so near him.

Turning her head, Mrs. Waring glanced at her chauffeur with distinct interest. She was not in the least offended.

Admiration was a coin that Gussie accepted as a matter of course from all sides and all classes. The tribute was no surprise to her: it was a certain piquant originality about the giver that attracted her curiosity and satisfied her zest for novelty.

"Not Havre already!" she ejaculated in accents of genuine disappointment.

The words were hardly out of her mouth when the motor gave a sort of hiss, changing into an ominous clack-clack-clack, and, looking behind, Sarto caught sight of a scarf-like object wound lovingly around one of the back wheels.

In a trice the car had come to a stand-still and its occupants were scrambling out in rapid and perturbed succession.

"Tire loose, I see," grunted Buist, as he stiffly let himself down. "I bet that that last spurt of yours gashed every one of 'em." He shot a darkly triumphant glance at the chauffeur, who was examining the interior of the machine by the aid of his lantern.

"Only one of the tires is punctured, as it happens," was returned in level tones; "but this is beyond repair, unfortunately. As far as I can see, we cannot go on without a new one."

"Well, walk into Havre and get a new one then," Gerald suggested snappishly; "nothing could be simpler."

The two women had for the nonce retired discreetly into the background, the time-honored resort of the sex in a strictly masculine exigency. But at this juncture Annette's small treble made itself heard.

"What a good idea!" she exclaimed enthusiastically; "let's all walk into Havre and get the tire—it's a delicious moonlight night."

She glanced appealingly at Gussie, but received no encouragement from that quarter, and it was Gerald, in the end, who seconded her motion—strange to say!

"Suits me all right," he agreed affably. "Let's do it. Sarto can look after the car and we three'll just walk in and send the thing out to him."

His slow, ponderous drawl was very complacent—too complacent for his own good.

"I'm too tired to take that tramp," Mrs. Waring now declared unexpectedly. "Sarto,"—she moved languidly toward the roadside,—“do bring me one of those leather cushions. I don't want to sit on the grass and I've had enough of the motor!"

She stood absently watching the chauffeur obeying her behest with swift alacrity, and reflected that Gerald's air of proprietorship was becoming rather a bore—she really must get rid of him, if only for a little while!

As she pondered, the object of her thoughts crossed the road and joined her.

"All right! Chuck the walk then," he remarked, with exasperating blandness. "It's not half bad sitting here." He stretched his long legs out, suiting the action to the word. "Let Sarto get the tire, then; he won't be long."

But Mrs. Waring did not answer. Glancing opposite, her gaze fell on Annette, standing rather forlornly near the motor and looking wistfully into the distance where a misty tangle of lights outlining the horizon signified Rouen.

Certainly there was something disconsolate in the girl's attitude. Gussie's expression became somewhat enigmatical as she watched her.

"Gerald," she said, lowering her voice, "that child will be dreadfully disappointed if she doesn't get her walk. Can't you see she's set her heart on it?" She put her hand lightly on his

arm. "It's your solemn duty to take her into Havre this very moment."

Gussie's tone was unusually caressing and the speech seemed natural enough, but the face of her cavalier went scarlet with annoyance.

"Duty go hang!" he blurted out, with sudden savagery. "I see myself leaving you alone with—" He checked himself and fell silent a moment, roughly kicking the pebbles in his vicinity, and then, in a sort of injured growl, "It's too much!" he ejaculated. "You've been jolly rotten unfair to me all day, Gussie, but this is the limit."

"This?" Mrs. Waring ignored the reproach in his tone; her's had suddenly become very frosty. "I didn't know I was asking so much," she remarked. "Annette will have to be disappointed then. Of course she is under my charge, and I couldn't possibly sanction the impropriety of her walking into Havre at this hour of the night with my chauffeur."

Gussie had pulled the right wire, as usual, and slowly and reluctantly the Englishman rose to his feet. To tell the truth, he was a little ashamed of himself by this time, having, underneath the inevitable stratum of British crustiness, an exceedingly kind heart.

"Of course I'm perfectly willing to take that walk," he announced somewhat stiffly, "if Miss Bancroft would really like to go and you wish it."

"I wish it? As if I wished it!" Gussie Waring raised her candid, child-like eyes to Gerald's face and dropped them again instantly.

At last, in a very low voice, "I thought," she said, "we were only considering Annette."

There is a peculiar potency in the first person plural of a certain pronoun when used in the right tone by the right woman.

A broad smile cleared the sepulchral gloom from Gerald's open countenance, and, making up his mind suddenly, he crossed the road in a couple of strides, approaching the girl, by the motor.

"Feel like takin' me into Havre for that thing, Miss Bancroft?" he suggested, with engaging promptness. "Let's foot it, then; I'm ready if you are."

"Of course I am," said Annette. She glanced at Sarto's motionless figure by the motor and then at her cousin. "Well, bye-bye, Gussie! We'll bring the tire back then. Come on, Mr. Buist." And, setting off without much enthusiasm, she led the way down the hill.

"Be sure to hurry back," Mrs. Waring called after them beseechingly. But was Sarto wrong in fancying that her shoulders shook mischievously as the two figures disappeared from view around the curve of the hill?

By the time he joined her, however, there was an enigmatical expression on her face which effectually concealed some lurking misgivings as to the wisdom and conventionality of her course, the outcome of the prospective *tete-a-tete* under the stars with an inflammable chauffeur. (After all, Gussie rather enjoyed playing with fire. It is an amusing pastime when carried on from a safe distance!)

"Well," she hazarded lightly, as her victim came to a standstill beside her. "What are you looking so serious about?"

The man hesitated slightly. "I was thinking," he said, in an oddly constrained tone, "that at the rate they're walking they won't be gone any time."

The speech was unexceptionable, but the tone rang full of meaning, a subtle suggestion which Mrs. Waring, however, chose to ignore.

"I think that was an admirable arrangement of mine," she said, with a demure side-glance.

Again the chauffeur dared very greatly. "Admirable!" he responded, with quite unnecessary emphasis.

There was a long pause, during which the frogs croaked uninterruptedly and a soft wind came in fitful gusts through the poplars. Above their shrouded tops the night sky hung down, tacked into place with innumerable stars, and to right and left the level fields of France lay spread, a gray expanse curving towards the horizon.

The setting was perfect for the somewhat unconventional situation, and Gussie felt that she was enjoying herself, something beneath her worldliness responding to the scene—the man (for the moment she had lost sight of the *chauffeur*).

At last, however, thinking that the silence was growing a little too significant, "What is that gray thing around us?" she queried frivolously, straining her eyes into the gloom; "perhaps it's a marsh by daylight."

The chauffeur drew a long breath. "Is it a marsh?" he asked. "To me all this seems a corner of paradise, an oasis in a pretty long dry desert!"

He pulled himself up anxiously, glancing at his companion and wondering if he had gone too far; but Gussie only stared absently ahead into the gloom.

"I don't take much stock in oases," she objected dreamily. "My experience is that they generally turn out to be private property, forbidden to trespassers, or else are so fenced in by restrictions as to take away all the pleasure, or, what is worst of all,"—she gave a little sigh,—"they vanish into a mirage, leaving one in the desert as tired and thirsty as before."

"Then some one else knows what it is to be tired and thirsty," commented the chauffeur, with significance.

Mrs. Waring inclined her head.

"And yet," she said, with a hard little laugh, "my good friends will tell you that I have done nothing all my life but eat and drink and be merry!"

There was another silence, while the fire-flies wove a mystic dance in the long, lush grass, and by the roadside the chauffeur stood motionless, his usually alert brain in a whirl, his keen senses for the moment drugged, paralyzed by the overpowering magnetism of the woman beside him.

After a few moments Mrs. Waring turned her head, to find a pair of strange eyes fixed upon her own in a glowing, inexplicable gaze.

"Well, what is it now?" she asked, half involuntarily, little realizing the consequences of her remark.

"What it has been from the start," declared an impassioned voice beside her, speaking in a husky, chaotic mixture of broken English and French. "Ah! it is unjust, it is cruel to be so adorable, so irresistible!"

The man was down on his knees by this time, feeling excitedly for her gloved hands.

"Ah! mia bella!" he sighed brokenly; but here an interruption occurred—the scene changed abruptly.

With a quick recoil Gussie was on her feet, gathering her skirts about her instinctively; then drawing herself to her full height she looked down, favoring the prostrate chauffeur with an icy, disdainful stare from head to foot. After which, turning negligently away, "Sarto," she ordered, in the impersonal tone with which one addresses a servant, "just put my wraps and that cushion in the tonneau, please; I think I hear Mr. Buist returning."

She was not mistaken. From the distance came a loud rattle of approaching wheels, accompanied by the cracking of a whip; and, as the chauffeur pulled himself dizzily together, a spidery object came into view around the bend in the road, resolving itself speedily into a high dog-cart and galloping horse, while, lit up by the swinging lamps, Gerald's countenance, tense with annoyance and suspicion, peered down at the two figures by the roadside.

"Here's that tire," he said shortly, tossing a miscellaneous parcel in the direction of the chauffeur. Then, to Gussie,—

"Miss Bancroft preferred to stay at the hotel," he vouchsafed briefly; "so I got a trap and came right back. I hope you're satisfied."

Mrs. Waring rewarded him with an unusually grateful smile. "Thank you very much," she said. There was a nervous tremble in her voice as she stood beside the trap looking up at its driver. "Give me a hand, Gerald."

And over her shoulder, to the man behind, "You will hear from me about the car later," she said casually. "Just come up to the hotel for directions."

Five seconds later the dog-cart with its two occupants was off in a whirl of dust, leaving a wounded motor prone by the ditch-side, and a yet more deeply wounded chauffeur standing in the middle of the road, uttering strange, uncouth maledictions, as he vowed an eternal vendetta.

III.

At the end of the Rue Royal in the city of Havre, the Hotel Maritime obtrudes its huge frontal development, pressing the great porte-cochère hospitably into the street.

The lights were all burning in the windows when the chauffeur shot by at a late hour that night, intent only on getting his motor into the garage at the back without attracting notice.

In the big shed two other panting, steaming monsters were being rubbed down by their attendant slaves, and, laying off his leather coat, Sarto set to work on the motor, the sharp exercise of polishing heating his chilled pulses and furnishing some outlet for the fierce restlessness that was consuming him.

He was on his knees beside the car, manipulating the oil-can with artistic nicety, when steps sounded on the pavement outside, and a colossal shadow fell across the chauffeur's line of vision.

"My word, Sarto, that you?" came in a hated English drawl; then, as there was no response from the garage, after a moment Buist's massive head and shoulders shot up above the gate-way.

"I say," he observed sardonically, "thought you were by way of bein' a chauffeur! How many hours does it take you to put on a new tire?"

Sarto did not reply, and for an instant the Englishman silently eyed the shirt-sleeved figure before him with cold aversion. It was this common workman, redolent of petrol, that Mrs. Waring had seen fit to constitute her cavalier for six insane hours! The sooner he was shown his proper place the better.

Gerald's teeth closed vindictively on his cigar.

"See that you give that machine a jolly good polishin' while you're about it," he ordered at last, with a harsh authority that was almost arrogance. "She's got to be in decent shape for shippin' by to-morrow mornin' at latest." He turned on his heel, and then, with added sharpness, "Hear what I say? Have her ready to go on to Southampton by the next boat."

What happened next was a complete surprise to Gerald Buist.

Up to this point, by a superhuman effort the chauffeur had kept

himself in hand, but now his face had become livid with suppressed fury, and between his curled back lips his teeth gleamed suggestively.

It was a somewhat terrifying figure that shot up suddenly not a foot away, with brown, sinuous fingers writhing unpleasantly near the Englishman's throat.

"I take my orders from Mrs. Waring, and no one else," came in a sibilant whisper.

From his overpowering vantage of height and bulk the Anglo-Saxon looked down on the fiery Latin with blank astonishment, which gradually gave place to a dawning amusement.

"Good Lord!" he chuckled. "You darned, rotten little foreigner, here," raising his voice, "get out of my way!"

Forth went his huge arm with unexpected directness, brushing the slight Southerner contemptuously aside, much as a self-respecting house-dog might dispose of a vagrant cur. Then turning on his heel, the Englishman sauntered nonchalantly towards the hotel, trolling one of Chavalier's Coster songs in his stentorian baritone.

Staggering back against the garage door, a dusty, oily figure straightened itself with a muttered curse and looked after the retreating one.

"An apoplexy on thee!" it sobbed in Venetian patois. "Dog of an Englishman! I will remember this forever!"

Gone was Annette's gentlemanly companion of the tonneau. Gone Mrs. Waring's romantic lover. Alas! It was a very plebeian chauffeur that some time later crawled abjectly into the garage.

The next morning dawned overcast, with a soggy wind blowing off the Channel, and a chill saltiness in the air that suggested to the shivery Sarto an occasional glass of absinthe at the café around the corner. However, he kept himself for the most part in the garage, from which the back windows of the Maritime were visible, varying the monotony of his work at intervals by a saunter into the lobby of the hotel, haunting especially that region around the telephone, in restless expectation of a message which did not come.

It was about noon that the machine stood ready for shipping, packed by the chauffeur's experienced hands into a shapeless, hide-bound mass, and not until then did Sarto let himself out of the motorshed and make off with stiff alacrity for a much-needed bath and shave.

Some time later, obedient to the long-expected telephone message, the chauffeur presented himself at Mrs. Waring's sitting-room—to find, with an odd mixture of regret and relief, that Annette Bancroft was the only one to be seen.

"Come right in," the girl said at once, her genial smile making

him realize remorsefully how utterly he had forgotten of late his little comrade of the tonneau. "As you see, I'm in the depths of packing;" she waved her hand towards a collection of trunks and their contents scattered promiscuously around the room. "Won't you sit down?"

But Sarto remained standing.

"I came to report about the car, signorina," he said, with a certain sombre dignity. "It's all ready for shipping."

"Oh dear!" The girl's face fell unconsciously, and as unconsciously Sarto found himself watching her, his bruised senses reviving under her friendliness, with a startled sudden consciousness of something about her which he had felt before.

Just a waft, subtle, elusive, intangible, of that divine essence which has been labelled Charm!

"Oh, yes," she said, with a quiver in her voice. "The poor car! Mr. Buist is going to find a purchaser in England. We shall never see it again. Well," with a fatalistic shrug of her shoulders, "there's no use lamenting the inevitable! I must tell Mrs. Waring you're here. Just wait a moment," and she turned away, the complete unconsciousness of her manner assuring the chauffeur more strongly than words that Gussie had kept her own counsel thus far.

There was a sense of relief in this discovery, and, as the door closed behind her, he was able to glance around, taking stock of his surroundings with a faint, detached interest and curiosity.

The room was a comfortable one, boasting of a writing-table, lounge, and various easy-chairs, the last heaped with feminine effects from the trunks, which, ranged around the four walls, had overflowed in every direction. A driving-rug which the chauffeur recognized was flung casually on the floor, and a well-known khaki motor cloak lay beside it in a huddled, human-looking mass. In fact, the whole place was overwhelmingly suggestive of Gussie, and, stung by a hornet host of recollections, Sarto began to pace up and down, realizing again with intolerable distinctness the full bitterness of last night's humiliation—his own mad recklessness and folly! Self-disgust added fuel to his fury, fanning it by degrees into a burning, unreasoning malevolence towards Gussie which craved some outlet.

In the man's supersensitive state every feature of his present position—even such minor annoyances as the jangling clock on the mantle-piece, the uncomfortably roaring fire beneath—contributed to the sum of his misery, exasperating his nerves beyond bearing. It was with a sense of positive injury that he glared at the small prim grate opposite, and then, rapidly crossing the room, dashed open the window next to it.

He leaned out heavily. Ah—h! but the stinging salty gust was good! Stepping nearer to get more of it, his boot-heel sank into something soft and mushy,—one of Gussie's feather boas,—and bending down Sarto picked the thing up and glanced down uncertainly into the steamer-trunk beside him.

Some minutes passed; the Swiss clock on the mantel ticked on loudly and the fire crackled as obtrusively as before; but they were alike unheeded by the man on his knees by the steamer-trunk, staring down into it with an odd mixture of interest and incredulity.

"No, I don't go as far as that," Gussie's light voice was again in his ears, blurred by the rush of the motor car. "But I do take the precaution of hiding my diamonds away in an ancient chamois glove-case down at the bottom of a hat-trunk."

How the speech came back to him! Was it possible that that innocent-looking shapeless object at which he was gazing really contained Mrs. Waring's jewels? Mechanically the chauffeur put his hand down and touched it. Then, his curiosity getting the better of every other consideration, he lifted the parcel out and looked it over interestedly.

Certainly the chamois glove-case did not contain gloves!

As the thought spun through his brain, a door on the opposite side of the hall opened and two voices became suddenly audible. With a swift realization of his position, Sarto turned and, leaning over, was on the point of lowering the parcel back into its rightful corner of the trunk, when Gussie's clear tones, carrying distinctly through the crack in the hall door, made him pause.

"See him again?" she enunciated, evidently in answer to a question. "Good heavens! Say farewell to my own chauffeur, a sort of servant? *Quelle idée donc*, Annette! You must be daft. Give the man his pay" (the last words came out with hard, half-sneering emphasis) "and let him go!"

There was a whispered response and the voices sank, but too much had been already heard. The mischief was done. Before Annette closed the intervening door, the listener in the sitting-room, yielding to a sudden, inexplicable impulse to avenge himself, had taken the fatal step.

And yet, in spite of his knavery, he was not all knave—only (like many of us poor mortals) no more a demon than an angel, merely a sensitive human instrument, capable of fine harmonies and hideous discords, responding all involuntarily, at times, to the player's whim—the touch of the moment.

When Annette came into the sitting-room a moment later, the chauffeur was standing by the opposite window, his hands behind his back, a faint, inscrutable smile on his dark face.

"Mrs. Waring wanted me to give you this," she said, going up to him with embarrassment and holding out a small, square envelope.

Then, as he took it with a mumbled word of thanks, the girl retreated hurriedly to the fireplace and stood, her back to it, fidgeting restlessly with her handkerchief.

"You see," she began apologetically, "Mrs. Waring is very tired and had to send her message by me."

She stole a glance at the man, who was looking steadily at the floor, and then went on with rapidity, "I'm so sorry it's all over! How we've enjoyed it—the motor—and—everything!"

There was a catch of regret in her voice and she paused doubtfully. "I suppose you will take charge of some other motor now?"

Sarto did not meet her eyes. "No," he said, "I think I will give up that for the present." His tone raised a certain barrier, and Annette did not pursue the subject.

"Well," she said, with determined cheerfulness, "then I wish you every success in whatever you undertake. Perhaps—who knows, Sarto?"—she smiled a little uncertainly,—“we may meet again some day.”

"Who knows!" echoed the chauffeur seriously. He moved away from the window very slowly, with his face still carefully averted. Reaching the door, "It is addio, then," he said, with a slight formality, "and thanks to you, signorina, for your so great kindness—one does not forget!"

His voice shook the least bit.

With swift steps Annette came towards him. "Good-bye, and good luck, Sarto," she said, impulsively, holding out her hand.

But the chauffeur shrank back. Grasping the door-knob, he made a stiff, military salute, his eyes fixed steadily on the girl's outstretched hand—and then, "Addio, signorina," he repeated firmly, and closed the door behind him.

IV.

THREE days after Mrs. Waring and her party left Havre, an artist boarded the Liverpool express just as it was leaving Birmingham, barely in time to be locked up in his carriage by the rushing guard.

The two other people in possession of the first-class compartment—young sports with their bulging caddy-bags, their suitcases, and their *Gazettes*—took up the entire seat. The artist settled himself modestly in a corner opposite, and pulling his cap well over his face and long, curly brown hair, opened his *Daily Telegraph*.

Having read the editorials from end to end, he glanced leisurely over the political news, and finally, doubling the paper, took in the

various paragraphs of current interest with attention and, one in particular, with some amusement.

This was dubbed, "Special from *The Paris Herald*," and contained these head-lines:

"REMARKABLE BURGLARY AT HAVRE."
"AMERICAN WOMAN ROBBED BY HER CHAUFFEUR."

And then below:

"Mrs. Richard Waring, of New York and Washington, who has been travelling on the Continent with a party of friends, was the unfortunate loser on Wednesday of some unusually fine diamonds, valued at 250,000 francs.

"The gems must have been stolen from her trunk while at the Hotel Maritime. The suspected thief is her chauffeur, one Ludovic Sarto, lately in the employ of His Highness the Prince Del Pino. Sarto has been running Mrs. Waring's motor for the past two months.

"The burglary was not discovered until this morning, when the party was leaving Calais, but the authorities of the place were immediately informed of the affair and are on the look-out for the thief. A reward of 5,000 francs is offered for his apprehension."

Having read this paragraph twice over very carefully, the artist folded the paper, crammed it into his pocket, and leaned back in his seat, giving himself up to a fit of hard thinking which lasted till the train rumbled into the Liverpool station just five minutes late.

It was while the artist was hunting up a cab that he first noticed the man in the brown overcoat,—a tall, thin, stoop-shouldered person, who favored him with a brief, interrogative stare, then disappeared into the ticket-office.

A minute after, a four-wheeler containing a painter and his paraphernalia bowled swiftly away in the direction of the Metropole Hotel. From time to time its passenger looked out through the little window at the back with a keen, inquiring glance. Finally passing out of a broad avenue, the trap crossed a square at right angles and turned a sharp corner.

"Stop," said the man inside suddenly.

Dismounting, bag in hand, he looked furtively to right and left. Ahead of him stretched a long, narrow street given over apparently to lodging-houses and a few unpretentious shops. Pulling out a sovereign, "Cabby," he said, speaking with a strong foreign accent, "behold your fare—and something, as you see, beyond. Make your best time to the Metropole and leave there my belongings. I get out at this place."

Then, crossing the street as the cab rattled off, the artist plunged into a stationer's opposite.

He was standing at the counter a little later, reflectively choosing

a note-book, when the sound of wheels outside made him start and look out expectantly, but there was nothing unusual in sight,—only a station cab, containing a commonplace-looking man in a brown overcoat, passing by the shop at a quick trot.

Paying for his purchase and shouldering his bag, the artist walked briskly up the street. Turning on his course, he soon took to side alleys and short cuts, walking with the assured gait of one who knows his town thoroughly, until the gray-stone facade of the Hotel Adelpi came into view.

Entering the lobby, "Can you tell me," he asked the clerk suavely, "if His Excellency the Prince del Pino is not staying here?"

The young man consulted a slip of paper.

"Leaves by Majestic this afternoon. Suite 21, second floor. Take a lift." The words came out automatically without the slightest punctuation.

Following the direction, the caller found himself at length standing outside of a closed door up-stairs.

After a little the door was opened in answer to his ring and a head thrust out.

"His Highness beg to be excuse," announced a guttural voice, without any preliminaries.

But the artist stepped forward and, siezing the cautious one by the hand, held it very firmly.

"Alceste," he said in French, "do you not recognize me, my friend? It is Sarto."

The other gave a start. "Come in, come in, without doubt," he said in a low voice, "and close the door behind you."

It was an imposing anteroom in which Sarto now found himself, with doors opening out at the two ends, and six long windows communicating with a balcony commanding the street.

While the visitor looked about him, his companion slipped to the portière opposite and drew the draperies more closely. Turning he came back rapidly, a trim-looking fellow of middle height, the typical French valet, with a sallow, smooth-shaven face.

"And so it is Ludovic Sarto!" he said incredulously, approaching the pseudo artist. "Ma foi! I should never have known you," as he surveyed the professional get-up with a slight smile.

"I see, I had better ask no questions! Eh bien, my friend, here you are safe at least, only"—struck by a sudden thought he asked a few words in a whisper—"have you ever had the scarlet fever?"

The chauffeur nodded his head. "A slight case, when I was a boy," he assented briefly; and then, with some concern, "Not the prince?"

The other acquiesced. "The devil, say rather!" he ejaculated

feelingly. "Such temper, such abuse, for the past week; and now this high fever—M. le docteur is in there now." He glanced at the opposite door. "One cannot tell yet positively what may be the outcome. As for our journey this afternoon, where are we to go—what we are to do?"

He shrugged his shoulders, spread out his hands, rolled his eyes, and glanced upward, all in one brief, pantomimic moment.

"But how about you, mon chou?"

The chauffeur pushed back his long artistic locks, which now showed unmistakable signs of belonging to a wig.

"As you suggest," he said, "it is wiser sometimes to ask no questions about the past. For the present"—This with a whimsical lift of his eyebrows—"Scotland Yard is after me. I have been followed all the way from Southampton. That is the reason I am here."

He paused, his eyes inscrutably on the valet; but Alceste avoided the gaze.

"You come at a bad time, then," he objected, with sudden fretfulness. "The prince ill—myself with a hundred demands upon me—one must see, under these circumstances——"

"Ah!" broke in the chauffeur. Looking down, he studied the points of his boots and appeared to meditate a moment, then, shaking off his abstraction, "Come, then," he said lightly, "no more of my affairs. We will discuss thine for the nonce. Sit down; let us talk."

Placing himself leisurely in a chair, he eyed the valet with a faint smile that hardened and broadened.

"Ah, Alceste! But the sight of thee recalls many things! Dost thou remember those two weeks at Toulouse?" His gaze rested reminiscently on the ceiling. "And that accident to the gens d'arme? It was an unhappy mistake of thine," he laughed jarringly.

But Alceste did not laugh.

"Un peu plus bas," he expostulated, his eyes on the closed door opposite.

Sarto crossed his legs with deliberation. "Aha!" he laughed unheedingly. "There was also that affair in Spain. Ma foi! How amusing!" He raised his voice with apparent unconsciousness. "The prince—has he heard of these little incidental divertissements? Eh, Alceste?"

Alceste made no immediate reply. His eyes were still glued on the door, his usually dull skin turned the spent, unhealthy hue of a wax candle.

After a pause, "Is not this a bad time for such banal reminiscen-

ces?" he asked, meekly enough now. "I am all eagerness to do what you wish in this difficulty. It is but a question of expedients. Chut!"

He broke off abruptly, listening, for from the next room came the sound of voices, and then footfalls.

"M. le docteur!" ejaculated Alceste. "Nom d'um chien! Already!"

He moved swiftly toward the door. Then, over his shoulder, "Look you! Through that door opposite! Make haste; I will be with you directly." His tone was almost beseeching.

Rising with a careless shrug, the other stepped into the next room. Having closed the door, he stood listening to the sound of approaching feet.

The next instant a voice became audible, the hoarse, wheezy voice of a very fat man. Standing close by the intervening wall, Sarto could hear every word.

"Yes," the doctor was saying, "there is considerable fever, but we can't be sure what the trouble is for twenty-four hours at any rate. If it wasn't that Liverpool had been so full of scarlet fever lately I should say positively—" He broke off abruptly. "Well, keep him quiet and do what I told you."

"Mais, monsieur," the valet's voice rose in voluble remonstrance, "all arrangement mek for Son Altesse departure to-day. Look you! The very trunks have left for the steamer. This hotel full—cr-r-owded. Eef all dese peoples suspect the truth, ah mon Dieu! Sainte Vierge! Dere will be great tr-rouble—big fuss!"

The doctor was evidently in a hurry, for the chauffeur could hear the struggle with his overcoat.

"Suspect," he grunted. "Why should they suspect? Can't you keep things quiet a little longer? I tell you seriously the prince can't be moved for twenty-four hours without danger. Just tell Mr. Burlington that, with my compliments. I'll drop in later and have a word with him."

There was a shuffle of departing feet and the door closed.

Stepping over to the window which gave on the street, the chauffeur glanced out, hoping for a glimpse of the great man getting into his brougham, but there was no sign of either.

Instead, a hansom had just driven up to the side entrance and, as Sarto watched it, some one jumped out and passed rapidly into the hotel,—a tall, thin man in a familiar-looking brown overcoat. With a muttered exclamation the chauffeur turned away and stood perfectly still, staring ahead of him with the dilated, startled look in his eyes of a hunted animal. Listening with sickening expectancy, he made out the creak of the ascending lift outside, the sound of feet along the hall, and a loud knock.

After a moment's silence, it was repeated, and the flip-flap of Alceste's slippers came hastening from an inner room to answer it.

The door was opened, and a quiet voice was heard—to the listener's strained senses—most unpleasantly distinct and near.

"These the prince's rooms?" it asked suavely. "The clerk tells me that a friend of mine was directed up here a half-hour ago—an artist—tall, dark man. I've called for him! Just ask him to step out, please!"

There was a pause, while Ludovic held himself stiffly at bay, wondering what would come next; everything hung on the valet's next words.

"Oui, monsieur," came the guttural response at last. "The gentlemen that you describe called here, il-y-a vingt minutes, but—as Son Altesse could not see heem—he leave directly."

"Indeed?" The tone sounded incredulous. "That is very extraordinary! The clerk tells me he didn't see him go out. How do you account for that?"

"I do not know, sir, me!" Alceste's reply was glibness itself. "I shut de door on heem, il-y-a vingt minutes. Son Altesse, he so much occupy, and myself no less."

The detective took the obvious inference. "Well," he remarked, after a pause, "if you're sure he's not here, I won't detain you any longer. Much obliged, Good-morning!" And footsteps retreated down the hall.

The situation was apparently saved, but the astute chauffeur realized thoroughly that the Adelphi was no longer a possibility for him. Some other hiding-place must be found, something must be done—and at once!

The next half-hour he spent tramping up and down his rather circumscribed quarters and cudgelling his brains for a solution of the problem that confronted him, so absorbed in his thoughts that he almost forgot to wonder what had become of Alceste.

At last, however, the valet made his appearance, his colorless face more chalky than ever.

"Diable!" he ejaculated savagely, for the moment more interested in his own dilemma than in the chauffeur's woes. "Could anything be worse? Some servant has spread abroad the report that Son Altesse has the scarlet fever, and the hotel is inteté, fou! Every one in a panic! M. le Propriétaire declares that if the prince does not carry out his intention and leave to-day, every one in the house will leave; his season will be ruined! Miserable canaille!" He wrinkled his forehead. "If one could but arrest their suspicions, keep things quiet for twenty-four hours longer, when everything will be decided."

Sarto seemed deep in thought. "The staterooms are taken?"

"But yes, taken and paid for—the best on the ship. Ah! Mille tonnerres! Sacré! And the very trunks on board!"

"So much the better," said the chauffeur suddenly.

Alceste stared at him.

"I mean it!" the other repeated. "Let them go, even if they have to cross the ocean to save appearances!"

He was standing before a mirror, staring at himself critically, eagerly.

"Yes,"—to himself—"it could be managed with a little ingenuity." Then, turning to the valet, "Calmes toi, Alceste!" he said soothingly. "You have helped me and I shall now extricate you. This moment even, a blessed idea has come to me by which all can be managed. The affair is concluded! Between us both we can accomplish everything. His Excellency can remain here in secret until the crisis of his illness is passed, and yet at the same time—the proprietor, the hotel, all the city if necessary, shall see the Prince del Pino sail for America!"

V.

It was a full hour later that a tall young man in a spring overcoat mounted the shallow steps of the Albemarle Adelphi Hotel and entered the lobby, which seemed curiously full of people. Some were sauntering about, others sitting or standing in little groups, while quite a number were leaving. The attention of the crowd was riveted on the hotel omnibus which stood in front of the door.

The young man pushed past the throng of loiterers with scant ceremony and made his way to the clerk's desk.

"Look here!" he said, addressing that individual; "just a minute, please! Any truth in this report about the Prince del Pino's attack? I'm on the *Morning Post* and have been sent to get the facts."

The clerk did not look up from his writing.

"Report officially denied," he said, in his usual singsong. "Boxes taken down to the docks this morning. The prince himself leaves this afternoon. Will be down in the course of an hour."

His speech created a little hush in the buzz of talk around, and two or three people turned their heads to listen.

"That's true," said a man who was standing near the clerk's desk. "I saw those trunks myself go out in the van three hours ago—crest on every one of them." He was speaking to a showily-dressed woman, evidently an American, who shrugged her shoulders incredulously.

"He'll have to let his trunks go without him, then," she remarked in a low tone. "The doctor's been here three times to-day, and

you know what the chambermaid said. No, I won't believe he's going till I see him with my own eyes. Look! There comes the proprietor!" She stopped short, as a stout man in a frock coat walked pompously to the telephone near the clerk's desk and took up the receiver.

"Give me Adelphi stables!" he ordered, in a voice that carried through the entire lobby. "Hello! Jim, send a covered four-wheeler right here for His Excellency the Prince del Pino."

Then, turning his back to the room, he became absorbed in an interested talk with a man who had just come in—a trim-looking man with a very white face and dressed in black.

"The prince's valet!" the American informed her husband, in a loud whisper that reached the ears of the reporter standing near. Stepping across, he accosted the valet ingratiatingly.

"Would it be possible for me to obtain an interview with the Prince del Pino? I come on behalf of the *Morning Post*."

The valet shook his head.

"The prince is very hurry, " he explained suavely; "he leaves in one all little moment for to take passage of the Majestic for New York." He dropped his voice. "His Highness trusts that you will most kindly contradict the so false report, which has unfortunately been circulated. Son Altesse has had a severe cold, from which he has but now recovered. You will excuse me?"

Bowing politely, he passed out, followed by the proprietor, just as a large four-wheeler drew up in front of the entrance.

Some minutes passed.

The little groups in the lobby began to show signs of impatience and that restlessness which heralds the appearance of a long-expected star, and there was a general murmur of relief when the whispered announcement, "Here he comes!" was passed around.

At the other end of the lobby a lift door shot back and four men came quickly out. The porter was ahead, much encumbered with luggage, then came the valet, followed by the proprietor himself, who walked loftily across the hall, abreast with a tall slight man muffled in a triple-caped military overcoat with a high collar and wearing a tall silk hat.

As he passed rapidly, the lobby caught a glimpse of a handsome, clean-shaven face and a glistening monocle.

"Certainly he looks well enough," admitted the smartly-dressed woman near the clerk's desk, in an aggrieved tone.

The reporter drew a step towards her. "Do you know His Highness by sight, madam?" he inquired, in the confidence-inspiring voice of his class.

But the American was not to be drawn out. "No, I don't," she

said shortly; "he came here a week ago and has been in his room sick all the time. Nobody's seen him before."

Then, turning, she stood on tiptoe, craning her head like the rest of the room to get a last glimpse of the four-wheeler containing the departing grandee, as it bowled rapidly out of sight.

As it rattled off in the direction of the quays, Ludovic Sarto, the undeserving object of so much solicitude and interest, sat leaning back on the cushions of the cab, smoking one of the Del Pino cigars, and outlining his plans to Alceste with a loquacity that had not hitherto characterized the prince's treatment of his valet.

"It will be easy enough to keep this up," he said hopefully, in French, "now that it's started. I shall avoid people as much as possible on board and stay in my stateroom. There's one chance in a hundred that there will be any one on the steamer who has ever known either the prince or myself before."

"Most improbable," the valet agreed; "and you swear that you will leave those trunks at the Waldorf as you found them, precisely?" There was a sharp note of anxiety underneath his nervous insistence. "Remember, Sarto, what I am risking."

The other met his glance imperturbably.

"Have I ever failed you?" he asked quietly; "you and I have been through a great deal together, mon vieux."

There was a pause.

"I hope the money I have given will be enough for all immediate needs," Alceste pursued, changing the subject restlessly. "For myself, I do not know what the outcome of this affair will be. The proprietor has promised to do his utmost, but"—he sighed—"I shall neither sleep, nor eat bread, till Son Altesse is safely and secretly out of that maudit hotel—that is, provided he does not die before he can be moved."

"Mache!" the chauffeur laughed derisively. "The prince has no more the scarlet fever than I who speak to you. Can you not see what the doctor really thinks? He will be ill enough but to realize that it is his faithful valet who has saved his life. Hein Alceste! And, if questions are asked, thou hast thy story ready."

"The trunks had to go to allay suspicion," mumbled the valet, as if he were repeating a lesson.

"Exactly. And they went in the charge of a trusted, discreet friend of thine—remember, my name does not appear—who has left them safely at the Waldorf. Thou wilt get my cable assuring this before the prince is well enough to inquire into the affair. Sacré! How he will be diverted by thy witty plan for hoodwinking the hotel canaille!"

"I never should have thought of it myself," confessed the valet,

with a certain enthusiasm. "During the ten years we have known each other, it was always you, Ludovic, who devised the daring plans."

"And thou who carried them out successfully," finished the other graciously. "I have faith in thy diplomacy. Remember, the prince must lie perdu while he is in England, and travel to America incognito resuming his identity only on the other side of the ocean. Del Pino was always ready enough for a masquerade!" he chuckled reminiscently. "Mon Dieu! The quay already!"

As the shades of evening fell and Roderigo, Prince del Pino, lay tossing irritably on his unwelcome sick-bed in a darkened room of the Adelphi, his ex-chauffeur stood in the most sumptuous state-room of which the Majestic, queen of Star-liners, could boast, taking in his new quarters with much satisfaction.

Certainly Alceste had managed artistically, the two steamer-trunks backing the wall, with the Del Pino crest in full sight, being proofs sufficient to convince the most suspicious steward that their owner was actually on board.

With a sense of security and relief that he had not known for three long days, Sarto's eyes dropped to an inconspicuous looking water-proof valise at his feet. Stooping, he opened it and drew out a long, narrow parcel. With deft fingers he unwound its chamois wrappings and let the contents roll out on the floor. He had seen superb jewels in his day, but the eye of a connoisseur told him that Mrs. Waring's diamonds were deservedly renowned.

Taking up a snake of brilliants, the chauffeur held it by its emerald fangs, picturing the gleaming folds around a certain white throat; and then with a curious impatience whipped back the gems into their fittings and, closing the bag on them, remained kneeling by it absently, his mind going back over the events of the past few days.

What a close shave it had been!—one hair-breadth escape after another in the desperate race with his pursuers from the hotel Maritime to the Majestic. He had won, to be sure, beaten them for the nonce; there was a note of triumph in the thought; but—in the gradual reaction that was setting in with him now—the chauffeur asked himself moodily if the game had been really worth the candle? What had he gained, after all; what was that serpent of diamonds at the bottom of the valise compared with the tremendous price it had cost? Dishonor, flight, probable capture, eventual imprisonment; why had he done this thing?

Again and again the question recurred to him persistently, and, like others of his sex, beginning with the very first man long ago

in a garden, Sarto shifted the blame on to feminine shoulders, making use of Adam's time-honored plea. According to the Italian's fatalistic creed, it was a woman's malign influence, combined with that mischievous power known as force of circumstances, which had brought him to this pass—was responsible for his being here in the cabin of the Majestic, with a borrowed identity and fifty thousand dollars worth of borrowed (?) jewels.

At this point Sarto's scattered thoughts concentrated, narrowing to an inevitable focus. What was to be done with the Waring diamonds? The answer seemed obvious, but it met the chauffeur unprepared.

Whatever moralists may say, between the man who commits a crime and the professional criminal there is a great gulf fixed. Sarto had fallen very low in taking the jewels; but when he faced the consequences of his act, the adventurer, hardened as he was, shrank from the thief's career that lay before him and, hesitating, looked half-longingly back.

And while he hesitated, from the deck outside came the ceaseless tramp of feet, and against the shuttered window shadows of different shapes and sizes passed and repassed. As he knelt there Sarto found himself watching the shadows furtively, and from time to time he glanced at the state-room door opposite, quite unnecessarily, for he had locked it himself.

At last, obeying a perfectly inexplicable impulse, he rose, rather sheepishly, and felt the knob, trying the lock, merely for the satisfaction of reiterated certainty. And then, crossing the room, he crouched down, with his head to the level of the window, and looked out with a vague, interrogative glance, which gave way instantly to one of blank, startled incredulity.

For there on the deck, within ten feet of him, leaning quietly on the rail, his head and shoulders outlined by the evening sky, was the man in the brown overcoat.

VI.

THE detective had his back turned.

That was a momentary advantage, giving the breathless chauffeur an instant to take in the full ominous meaning of the situation. For there was only one possible way of accounting for that figure outside the shutters. He had been recognized, even through the Del Pino disguise, followed all the way from the Adelphi and was at that instant a prisoner in his stateroom.

With his eyes on the locked door opposite, Sarto stood an instant and meditated, a dangerous glint in his queer eyes, his right hand thrust into a waistcoat pocket, lightly fingering something that

lay there,—a chilly, metallic object,—a last resort if it came to the worst. Then, making up his mind with characteristic swiftness, he swung himself down to the level of the window and peered out through the shutters.

What in the world was the matter with the man outside? If all had gone with him as the chauffeur supposed, where was the alertness, the unmistakable watchfulness of the pursuer who has landed his prey? Why that languid droop of the brown overcoat? The careless pose of the head? And even as the chauffeur watched this last it turned slowly in his direction, a profile came into view, an eye glanced around negligently.

Ah! Sarto bit his lip sharply to suppress an irresistible laugh—a laugh at his own expense. For he had been absolutely mistaken. Whatever might be the detective's purpose in crossing the ocean, certain it was that his being in the same steamer with the man he was after was something of which he was sublimely unaware. That lack-lustre eye gave away the situation. For the moment the bloodhound was off the scent!

At this top notch in the chauffeur's deductions, a distant bell-like note came along the decks. It rose, sank, swelled with a dozen measured modulations, filling the ship with the unmistakable brazen clamor of the bugle.

Starting at the noise, the detective glanced at his watch interrogatively. Then he sniffed the air, hesitating, and finally, turning on his heel, his hands in his pockets, followed the guiding sound.

"Full cry for dinner!" sneered the watcher behind the shutters. "Cur! With the man he's after and the money within six feet of his nose! Ugh! Bah!"

And, with a snap of his fingers in the direction of the vanishing brown overcoat, the chauffeur moved away from the window.

For some minutes longer the bugle blew sonorously, but to one at least of the steamer's five hundred passengers its brazen clamor was absolutely inaudible, as, standing in the strip of light from his window, Sarto opened a Russia-leather photograph-case he was holding and scrutinized the face inside with intense anxiety. A long, narrow, clean-shaven face it was, with pin-point eyes embedded in bristling eyebrows that met uncompromisingly. And yet the high bony nose and the thin-lipped mouth had a certain harsh distinction—the hall-mark of a dozen generations.

With a smothered ejaculation, Sarto took a step forward, staring half defiantly at the man who came to meet him out of the opposite mirror. A tall, slenderly-built, olive-faced man, who moved with sinuous grace, his clear-cut features very subtly moulded—as impassive in their aquiline setting as a handsome bronze. There was

no trace of the brown-bearded artist in this attractive personage, no sign of the moustached, bearded, begoggled chauffeur,—and, on the other hand, no resemblance to the man he was personating.

Setting his brain to work, the discomfited Sarto now tried experiments with a bit of charcoal, drawing his brows together, slightly accentuating the lines about the eyes and mouth. But, alas! the result was in the main the same—so was the difference: beyond being of approximate height, build, and coloring, the real Prince del Pino bore not the slightest likeness to his counterfeit self.

“Diavolo!” mused this last. “If Brown Overcoat has ever met Del Pino before, my game is up.”

But it was a long “If.”

The chauffeur’s chance lay in the eternal chance—the infinitely small possibility that on the vast checker-board of Europe these two particular pieces should have been jostled together. The prince and the detective! Odds—enormous odds—lay on the probability that they had never laid eyes on each other.

Giving his shoulders a resolute, fatalistic shrug, Sarto stepped out of his stateroom and, locking the door behind him, went jauntily down to dinner. In the saloons through which he passed people were still scattered about, notwithstanding the claims of table-d’hôte, and more than one loiterer turned around or glanced up over his newspaper at the sight of the distinguished-looking foreigner sauntering by.

“Dining-saloon on the left, Your Highness,” an obsequious steward informed our friend as he turned into the main entrance.

Alceste was an ally worth having!

With a sense of satisfaction that amounted to positive elation, Sarto opened the door on his left. Before him glimmered a river of lights, looked a river of faces,—men and women of varying types, plying their knives and forks assiduously.

Perfectly conscious of the eyes that followed him, the mock prince walked slowly up the length of the room between rows of waiters, his eyes well to the front, where a chair had been already drawn out for him, far up at the captain’s right.

It was as he sat down, with a bow to his uniformed host, and let his glance wander idly about him that Sarto experienced his second shock that day, and a startling one indeed. For an instant the sheer surprise of it staggered him completely. Then, recovering himself with a supreme effort, he lifted his monocle and looked steadily across the table.

Yes, there they were—there was no mistake—the very last people he had wished or expected to see,—Mrs. Richard Waring, Annette Bancroft, and Gerald Buist, Englishman!

After all, why had he not thought of this possibility? It was just like Gussie, after laying her plans for a protracted stay in London, suddenly to take passage for home.

Raising his head, the chauffeur glanced rapidly over the tables, his quick eye picking out a keen-edged profile—an angular back. Surrounded! Hemmed in on all sides! His lips twitched. The situation was positively comic in its direfulness. Detective, robber, and robbed, breaking bread together! What a juxtaposition!

“Game’s up,” Sarto told himself stoically, and, fixing his eyes on his menu-card, he awaited the inevitable checkmate.

But it was long in coming! Over and over the chauffeur conned that interminable list of dishes, his brain on the alert for developments across the table; yet nothing happened, the tinkle of glasses and the clatter of cutlery continuing unbroken.

What did it mean?

At last the sound of a voice opposite made him prick up his ears. “I told you Blantock was on board,” came a familiar British drawl. “See him over there, Gussie?”

“Where?” Sarto experienced a faint thrill at the clear-cut, well-known tones.

“Down there. . . That second table to your left. Look! Four seats from the end.”

But Gussie did not look! Under his lowered eye-lids the man opposite was unpleasantly conscious that her gaze was upon him curiously, interrogatively. She had recognized him!

Taking a little gold pencil out of his pocket, Sarto began, with perfect self-possession, to cross off an elaborate meal, while he waited for her next move.

What would she do?

Gradually the eyes upon him shifted, then they came back again. Gussie put up her hand and lightly touched her hair, the furtive, beringed fingers patting a lock here, a coil there,—a characteristic gesture, this of her’s. Why, the bird was actually pluming itself! For whose benefit?

There was a moment’s silence.

“If Mr. Blantock is really on board,” Mrs. Waring remarked, in obviously cautious tones, “what do you suppose it means?”

Gerald hesitated a moment. “Perhaps,” he suggested significantly, “it means that a friend of yours is on board too.”

It was a tremendous moment.

Handing the card to the waiter, with a low-toned direction, Sarto now raised his head and looked deliberately across the table, his eyes encountering those of the woman opposite in a steely, impenetra-

ble stare. To his surprise, Mrs. Waring looked away, blushing faintly, and set down her wineglass with a little click.

"Well, I've quite finished," she announced, glancing at her party; "how about you? Shall we go up on deck and have coffee?"

The girl beside her acquiesced, speaking for the first time, and, still under his lowered eyelids, Sarto watched the familiar procession pass out of the room, Gussie taking the lead, as usual, the Englishman bringing up the rear.

If they had recognized him, of which the chauffeur made no doubt, then, he told himself, there must have been a mutual silent decision to avoid a scene in the saloon. Probably the arrest would be made as soon as he went out.

"After dinner, the deluge!" quoth Sarto, the philosopher, paraphrasing a famous maxim, and, true to the teachings of Mme. de Pompadour, he set forth on his consommé. It was some time later that, his eventful meal ended, the mock prince stepped out of the saloon and, standing in the lee of the outer door, placidly lit a cigar. What a night of enchantment it was!

Low in the heavens, over the luminous, palpitating ocean dangled the full moon—a great, golden coin—and from it, descending the waves, a ladder of light hung suspended, each rung girt with silver. Not a breath of air moved, the throbbing of the screw alone breaking the mystic stillness.

Glancing about him cautiously, Sarto took in one group after another sauntering up and down the deck, and then drew back with sudden swiftness into the door shadow, his cigar bitten tight between his teeth, his breath coming unevenly, as he watched two familiar figures go by under the electric lights. Scarcely were they past, a breath of violets following the swish of Gussie's skirts, when the man in the doorway sprang forward and picked up something that whirled over the deck in her wake.

What should he do with it?

Grasping the white lace thing, he stared after the couple, twisting his thin lips uncertainly. Fate had thrown him Gussie's handkerchief, with some obvious end in view. Why not run the chance now?

"It's always best to know the worst," Sarto told himself, with unconscious Irish wit, and he set out along the decks, quickening his steps to catch up with the loitering pair.

"Pardon, madame!"

He saw them stop, and felt Gussie turn her head inquiringly.

Then advancing, hat in hand, "I think you dropped this," he said, speaking in English and holding the handkerchief out to her with a glance that was half question, half grim, daring defiance, for Gussie's eyes were full of recognition.

"Thank you very much," she said, taking her possession without looking at it, and, with a little hesitation, "Isn't this the Prince del Pino? The captain told me that he sat opposite to us at dinner."

Holding himself well in hand, Sarto achieved a bow.

Mrs. Waring smiled. "I feel as if I knew Your Highness already," she said "through my old friend Count Souravieff, of the Russian Legation. I wonder if you ever heard him speak of Mrs. Richard Waring?"

With his self-possession miraculously restored, Mrs. Waring's chauffeur bowed over the hand so graciously outstretched to him.

"I have heard your name, madame, a hundred times," he said gallantly, "and from many others beside Count Souravieff. Boris Souravieff! Parbleu!" He laughed, with a keen recollection of his late patron's boon companion. "Why, we were motoring together only last autumn."

At this point another voice broke in.

"My name's Buist," said that individual, introducing himself with his usual nonchalance. "Glad to meet you, I'm sure."

"Charmed," declared the Prince del Pino.

Clicking his heels together, he bowed again, searching the other's face warily; but Gerald's straightforward lineaments were as open as the proverbial political door. Not a shade of suspicion, not a sign of doubt, lurked in that broad, clean-shaven expanse!

Behind his tilted monocle the eyes of Ludovic Sarto, chauffeur, glistened with satisfaction at his own amazing good fortune. So these two people had accepted him without reserve! Theirs be the risk, then. He would play the part for all it was worth.

"We were just about to join my cousin, Miss Bancroft," Gussie explained, leading the way around the deck. "Ah, here she is!"

"Annette, this is the Prince del Pino."

She sat down next to the girl and smilingly motioned to a chair beside her. "Won't Your Highness join us? You see, Mr. Buist is evidently going to desert us for a smoke. Perhaps you will take his place?"

With a murmured word of thanks, Sarto slipped into the low, easy chair, his mind going back rapidly to a certain tea-party when he had first taken Mr. Buist's place,—when the humble chauffeur had been first allowed the honor of sitting by Mrs. Waring.

What a turning of tables to-night! With what subtle difference of texture the Fates had woven in the old design!

And yet this exquisite situation had its undoubted perils. It was with a swift realization of his own immediate danger that, turning his head, the mock Prince del Pino now met Gussie Waring's half-puzzled, interrogative gaze.

"Really," she apologized, "your face is so absurdly familiar, you know, I've been wondering, ever since I first saw you across the dinner-table, where I could possibly have met you before,—or is it that you remind me of some one I know? Let me think" (she frowned absently). "Who can it be?"

"Yes, who can it be?" echoed the man beside her. He smiled a faint twinkle in his inscrutable eye. "Not Souravieff, I hope?"

Gussie took the bait. "Souravieff. I should think not!" She laughed, remembering the diplomat's razor-like outlines. Then, her thoughts swerving unconsciously into a new channel, "Oh, by the way, prince, we have another mutual friend I haven't mentioned yet,"—this with a mischievous side-glance at Annette. "Perhaps you haven't heard of my experience with your chauffeur?"

"Ah, that miserable scélérat!" ejaculated Ludovic Sarto. He bent towards the woman he had robbed, his face positively sphinx-like in its impenetrability, his manner serious, deferential; and, relapsing unconsciously into French, "My dear Mrs. Waring, I cannot tell you how distressed—absolutely apologetic—I feel about your loss. To think of that fellow of mine turning out such a rascal! It is inconceivable."

He paused, hesitated, then, the humor of the situation carrying him on irresistibly, "Why, I trusted Ludovic Sarto as I did myself," he declared, with infinite pathos; "I was sincerely attached to him!"

For the first time he looked across deliberately at the girl on his other side.

Annette Bancroft was leaning forward also, taking in every word that he said, her lips parted, her small face, in the all-revealing electric lights, oddly tense and eager.

"Ah! you too!" she exclaimed impulsively, as she caught his eye. "Wasn't it a terrible disappointment that he should turn out so? That poor chauffeur!"

There was a little pause, then,—

"How about my poor diamonds?" asked Gussie. "What do you think, prince?" She turned to him. "Shall we ever get hold of that man?"

"How can I tell?" asked Ludovic Sarto.

He cleared his throat and spoke in business-like English. "What steps are you taking, if I may ask, madame? I suppose it is in the hands of the police—Yes?"

Mrs. Waring nodded her head. "I have a very capable detective," she said confidentially, "who tracked the chauffeur all the way from Southampton to Liverpool, where, unfortunately, he gave him the slip. Mr. Blantock's idea is that he was trying to get over to America."

"That is very probable," agreed Sarto.

Turning slightly, he glanced again at Annette, to find her eyes fixed on him with an intensity that was almost painful. "My experience of the man indeed," he went on, choosing his words deliberately and watching her face, "is that he seldom fails of his ends. Sarto, I think, will elude you by every means in his power. He is a shrewd fellow, I can tell you, and if you are too many for him,"—he shrugged his shoulders,—"*ma foi!* I doubt me if you will ever catch him alive."

With keen satisfaction he saw Annette wince. "Ah!" she said, in a low tone, "what a grisly suggestion!" Then, rising abruptly, "There's Mr. Buist." This with evident relief. "I think I am going to join him and walk up and down a bit, if you and the prince will excuse me, Gussie."

Holding on to the rail, she made her way off unsteadily. Watching the small figure, Sarto was so absorbed in his own speculations that it was with a start he became conscious of a voice beside him.

"Don't you think," it asked, in languid, rather bored accents, "that your chauffeur and my diamonds have absorbed quite enough of the conversation? It seems to me that you and I, prince, have a thousand other things in common."

VII.

It was on the fifth day out that a fog drifting in from the Great Banks struck up with the Majestic, bringing the great ship down to half speed. For forty-eight hours she steamed slowly ahead over a great, glutinous, lonely ocean, walled in by shrouds of mist, her fog horn sounding drearily and incessantly. It was not a hopeful prospect, and yet,—

"I believe the fog is changing its course," predicted the Prince del Pino, late on the second day of darkness. "I would lay a wager that within twenty-four hours we sight your Sandy Hook."

He and Annette Bancroft were sitting amidships, about eight bells of the afternoon, in a cosy angle of the deck, well screened from the steady drip-drip-drip of the mist, which nevertheless lay heavy on everything, touching the blond hair of the girl with chill fingers and lining her steamer-cap with little shining drops.

"Your Highness doesn't speak with much enthusiasm," she now commented, in answer to her companion's speech. "From your tone," she hesitated slightly, "one wouldn't suppose that you were especially anxious to have your prophecy fulfilled."

"Perhaps I am not," agreed the man beside her. He was sitting a little forward in his chair, elbows on knees, gazing fixedly into

the blankness. "Perhaps I am not in such a desperate hurry to reach New York." He smiled, an introspective, half smile. "Perhaps I enjoy this drifting existence we are leading, shut up in this fog-country. Who knows?"

Narrowing his eyes he stared in front of him. "What a mysterious thing it is, this brume! Nothing to be seen before us or behind. Somewhat the way it is in this life, Miss Bancroft, and yet,"—he lifted his eyebrows with a faint shrug of the shoulders,—“when a man loses his—what you call—bearings in the exceeding mistiness and swerves from the straight course, he is called hard names and cast into prison. It appears a trifle unjust, does it not?"

"Y-e-s," agreed Annette. She was also leaning forward, her hands clasped, watching him with a puzzled, wondering gaze.

"Yes," she repeated slowly, "it does sound cruel, unjust, and yet"—she hesitated—"so much depends—doesn't it?—on how far your mariner has strayed or on what your man has done. Of course, you're not referring to actual crime." Her voice dropped impressively.

Putting up his monocle, Ludovic Sarto scrutinized the little gray-coated figure so near him.

It was an unusual state of things that had thrown those two together; as a rule, during the past five days the Prince del Pino had fallen to Mrs. Waring's share.

"Crime?" he repeated; "criminal? peste! What horrible words!" This with a twist of the thin lips, concealing a half smile. "What do you know, indeed, about crime, Miss Bancroft? Can a jeune demoiselle like yourself comprehend the swirling currents,"—his tones deepened and roughened,—“the irresistible impulses that may turn an honest man *at any moment* into a criminal,—a thief, for instance?"

Behind his monocle his eyes glittered expressively. How inevitably, all against his will, his thoughts harked back to the one subject on his mind!

Fortunately, Annette found nothing suspicious in the conversation's drift.

"A thief!" she repeated, absently. "That reminds me of Sarto. Do you know,"—she spoke with a certain wistfulness,—“I've so often thought that that poor fellow had great possibilities, with his cleverness and—and attractions——”

"Ah!" ejaculated the man beside her, as she did not finish her sentence.

Pulling out a cigar, he lit it very deliberately, speaking between whiffs. "It is astonishing to me that you should have found out all that. Creatures of Sarto's class"—his mouth curved cynically—

“are not, as a rule, supposed to possess any personality—individuality even, to say nothing of attractions.”

For a moment Annette stared at him, wondering, as she had a hundred times during the past five days, what manner of man this extraordinary prince really was.

“Ah! Your Highness doesn't really mean that,” she said impulsively; “I'm sure you found out, during those two years he was with you, that Sarto wasn't an ordinary chauffeur. Isn't it incredible to you that any one of his education, his refinement, should have had the instincts of a common thief? Isn't it unaccountable?”

“Yes, I suppose it is,” agreed the other, “to you;—perhaps if you had ever known anything about the man and his past you might understand a little.”

He had dropped his monocle while speaking, and, free from its glassy screen, his eyes gleamed out with their queer dumb wistfulness unconcealed.

For the moment the Prince del Pino was off his guard.

“Oh!” exclaimed Annette Bancroft. She was leaning forward and looking at him with a certain eagerness.

“You are so like him!” she cried involuntarily, “so astonishingly like him at times!”

With fingers that twitched ever so slightly, the man beside her replaced his eye-glass.

“Who?” he asked quietly, knowing full well whom she meant.

Annette was vividly crimson.

“I oughtn't to have mentioned it,” she apologized hesitatingly, biting her lip with annoyance. “There is a certain resemblance—we've all noticed it—between Your Highness and that chauffeur—just a trick of expression, I suppose. Of course you know it!”

“Oh! yes. I am quite aware of the likeness,” said Ludovic Sarto. “In fact, we have been taken for each other more than once.”

He got up with a resolute shake of the shoulders and stood frowning ahead of him; then, without looking at her, “I wonder if you have ever heard anything of Sarto's parentage, Miss Bancroft?” he asked, with some hesitation. “It might explain him more or less.”

And, before she could answer, he went on, in an odd, constrained tone, leaving his English mechanically for the easier French. “His mother was a French girl of good family, his father a gondolier—it was a Venetian romance, you see. She ran off, married him, and of course was never forgiven. Well, you can imagine the sequence—the misery for her. Ludovic was their only child—his mother—”

He stopped short.

Annette looked up quickly. "I see," she said, also in French. "That's where the education and refinement came in."

"Yes, he had every advantage," said the man, looking over the rail; "she did what she could, and then she died—poor woman! Curious, was it not?"—he spoke a little huskily,—“that, in spite of her training, the vagabond streak in the fellow was so strong.”

Annette followed his thought. "Yes," she said slowly, "I think I understand. It was the son of the gondolier who stole those jewels."

There was a moment's silence while they both stared ahead of them, and then the girl rose abruptly.

"I think I'll go in now," she said; "won't Your Highness pilot me back to the cabin-door? I really can't see my hand before my face in this fog."

But, looking down at the small figure beside him, Sarto saw, with an inexplicable thrill, that it was not the fog alone that was blinding Annette's eyes.

When he had helped her in, he found his way out again on deck and dropped into the nearest chair with a gesture of weariness. The telling of that story had been a necessity—a momentary relief to his feelings, but the after effects were undoubtedly depressing.

Viewed from his present stand-point, Ludovic Sarto's career made a pretty poor showing, and the man had merged himself so completely in his new rôle that he was able to view the chauffeur and his shortcomings with the detached, temporarily impersonal feeling that a contemplative snake might experience towards his discarded winter skin! In his borrowed identity Sarto was at his best, with all the attractive qualities, hidden in the chauffeur, turned brilliantly to the light, a far more agreeable personage, the mock Prince del Pino, than the saturnine, dyspeptic invalid, who might be at that instant dying in a Liverpool hospital. Perhaps he was already dead!

A sudden light leaped into the chauffeur's eyes and then went out.

Fool! What possible difference could it make to him whether Roderigo del Pino lived or died? Whatever happened, when the Majestic touched its pier Ludovic Sarto must return to his own again, with the events of the last five days only an episode.

His mind went back slowly, reviewing that sea life with an odd mixture of enjoyment, pride, bitterness, and jealousy. Yes, jealousy! At times the chauffeur, who had always had the world to fight, the odds against him, was conscious of an acute, unreasoning jealousy of his own present triumphs. They were so easily won, so palpably unjust! All doors were open to him naturally

now. Everything possible, his opinions received with deference, his wit with appreciation, his attentions——

Here he smiled—a tight, curiously covert smile.

Mrs. Waring had been very charming to the Prince del Pino, her most brilliant, seductive self. Still with the same tense smile the man, whom she had once humiliated to the dust, reviewed a dozen most agreeable *tete-a-tetes*, word for word, his eyes gleaming sombrely in the dark, his lean cheek burnt to a dull red.

Ah! But there were moments indeed when the chauffeur enjoyed the prince's triumphs.

Through the dimness of the fog luminous spots gleamed now, intensifying the gloom.

The steamer was lighting up. From far away came the first brazen notes of the band.

Listening absently, Sarto lost sight for the moment of Gussie's meteoric charms. In the dark expanse of his mind a faint light now became visible, a small, fixed star.

Yes, Annette Bancroft had not changed. With a strange warmth at his heart that was more than gratitude, he saw her again, standing at the cabin-door, her lips trembling, her eyes misty with pity for the chauffeur who had played so false; and to his sensitive, envious nature, the tears she had shed for Ludovic Sarto outweighed a hundred-fold all the smiles lavished on the Prince del Pino.

After all, the ego clamors insistently in every one of us. In spite of his lapses, this man had an unquenchable loyalty towards himself—the snake a fondness for its own skin.

For some minutes the time slipped by, punctuated by an occasional ringing of bells, and lost to the present the chauffeur sat steeped in memories introspective, while the fog drew its curtain shelteringly about him and the even plashing of the screw chimed in with his mood.

The sound of voices aroused him from his brown study.

It had grown very dark, the fog hiding the electric bulbs a few feet off. And at first, his senses smothered by the noise of the waves, Sarto was only dimly aware that a man and a woman were talking not six feet away from him, their tones coming through the wall of fog that rendered them uncannily invisible.

The next instant he leaned forward in sudden eagerness, his breath half-caught, for he had discovered who they were, those two, almost at his elbow, leaning over the rail.

"No, I'm not going in yet," a familiar voice clipped the darkness; "let's just stand here and look out a moment. This fog fascinates me. It's like being up in the clouds, or under Niagara Falls, or in one's own cool little grave, isn't it?"

Her companion grunted. "Is it?" he asked, in matter-of-fact tones; "I'm sure I don't know. Seem's to me beastly wet; that's about all. Look here, Gussie, I want to ask you something."

"Do you?" Gussie's voice was not precisely encouraging. "Well! What do you want to know? what's the matter?"

Buist cleared his throat portentously. There was an instant's silence, broken only by the subdued trampling of the surf, and an almost inaudible movement as some one not eight feet away leaned back against the cabin wall, with ears alert, as he composed himself shamelessly to listen.

"It would be a great relief"—the Englishman spoke at last with a certain ponderous formality—"I should be very much obliged if you would kindly let me know just where you and I stand at this present moment?"

"Certainly. At this present moment"—Gussie was most obligingly prompt—"let me see—on the deck of the *Majestic*, I should say, facing due north—I don't know exactly what the latitude and longitude are, but I can easily find out if you want to know."

A loud, exasperated sigh came out of the fog.

"Would you mind being serious for one moment?" inquired a resolutely patient voice. "This is the first five minutes I have had alone with you in as many days. Perhaps you can spare me an instant—I know it's a great deal to ask—from Del Pino's society."

He paused, waiting for her to contradict him, for some time; however, there was silence, emphasized by the impatient tapping of a small boot.

"I knew it," came pettishly at length. "Now you're going to be a horrid, cross man and spoil the whole evening. You're in one of your impossible moods. Oh dear! and I thought we were going to have such a nice time together out here in this fog by ourselves."

There was a wonderfully natural catch in the voice, calculated to soothe the average masculine wrath, but Gerald's was beyond such sedatives.

"Yes, you can always be nice enough when you want to," he growled; "but there are limits to a man's endurance, don't you know? I've stood this sort of treatment long enough. Gad! you must think I *am* a duffer not to see through your game all this time. How long has it been going on?" He gave an expressive snort. "First of all there was that rotten sport on the Riviera. I was played against him pretty successfully for two weeks,—not quite as blind as a bat, let me tell you! Then that donkey of a Swede down at Monte Carlo—I thought he was the limit, but you didn't stop there——"

His tone sombered. "I've stood a lot, Gussie; but when you

started to make a fool of your own chauffeur!—Pah! The fellow's head was completely turned before you were through with him. Well," he gave a cumbrous sigh, "I thought there'd be a little peace when he was shipped, but no! You must needs take up with this precious prince!"

"Well!" Gussie's voice slid imperturbably from the darkness. "What about him, I'd like to know? I own I've had rather hopeless material to manage from time to time,"—her tones were suspiciously dry,—“but surely you can't object to the prince; he's been a most agreeable addition to our party."

"Has he? Yes, I thought so! That settles it."

Gerald seemed to be talking to himself.

"Just a minute, Gussie," he asked, with ominous quietness. "D'you remember what you said to me just before we left Havre, five days ago?"

"Five days ago—is it only five days ago?" Mrs. Waring wondered irrelevantly. "It seems a great deal longer."

"D'you remember what you promised that day?" Buist's tone was a trifle louder.

"Promised!" Gussie repeated the words blankly. "My dear boy, did I really promise anything? Don't be a Jew! (A little flutter of skirts). Surely—you wouldn't consider a few vague words binding. I'm sure I don't remember what I said."

"Pity I didn't take it down in black and white. One would think a person's word amounted to something. Good Heavens——"

And Buist stopped short, politeness and chivalry towards the weaker vessel forbidding the utterance of his sentiments at that moment.

Women of Gussie's stamp are as elusive, as intangible, as running water, and when, with painstaking zeal, some poor, deluded mortal attempts to corner the pretty, sparkling thing—lo and behold! it slips away through his fingers to ripple gayly down hill.

"No, don't speak." Gerald shook himself determinedly. "I think I see how things are, and there's no use in losing one's temper." He spoke tersely. "Del Pino's a very different affair from your other amusements! This fellow's got money and position, and he's in earnest. It's just this. Things have come to a point where you've got to decide which of us it is to be, Gussie. You can't put me off any longer. Rather know the worst, you know. Come! Which of us is it to be?"

"Gerald!"

Poor Gussie Waring felt all the natural irritation of a professional gamester whose hand is forced unwarrantably by a clumsy amateur.

"How absurd and uncalled-for this is!" she objected petulantly. "I might just as well call you to account for the time you spend with Annette. You're certainly not alone when the prince and I are together and Annette——"

"She's a nice girl," the interruption came uncompromisingly, "and you know our standing perfectly well. Would you mind answering my question? I'll not trouble you again. Do you consider yourself engaged to me?"

"No, of course not; but," Gussie's tones rang with genuine alarm, "I DON'T want to lose you, Gerald; I really can't do without you after all these years!"

Buist laughed bitterly. "I'm afraid you'll have to," he ejaculated, "and the sooner I take myself off the better. You'll forget me quick enough!" His voice grated. "Just as conveniently as you forgot that five days ago you promised to marry me. Now if you care to go in——"

As the steps and voices retreated, some one moved stiffly out of his chair and, standing up somewhat unsteadily, peered ahead into the darkness.

"Mon Dieu!" he ejaculated, with a low whistle, "she's jilted him, *she's jilted him*, and because of me!"

He was silent for some moments, and then a low laugh gurgled out of the darkness.

"Nom d'un chien!" said a soft voice very rapidly, "after all, Sarto the chauffeur has given thee back thy kick with interest! Monsieur the Englishman, that score is settled!"

VIII.

"Yes, it's almost over," Mrs. Waring remarked at length.

She and her companion had been sitting silent for some time on a secluded angle of the upper deck as the Majestic made its stately progress into New York harbor, the following Saturday morning,—a wonderful morning, by the way, with a dappled blue and white sky on which the multitudinous tangle of shipping, and the airy fabric of Brooklyn bridge, hung like intrusive cobwebs that a breath of wind might blow away.

The man in the steamer-chair beside Mrs. Waring glanced around from his gloomy contemplation of the scene in answer to her remark.

"Over?" he repeated, in carefully accented English. "I do not know about that. Why should *it* be over?"

He sat up suddenly with an alert movement and looked at the morning, then at Gussie, who lounged beside him, a very smart, brilliant personage in her cadet-blue, tailor-made fittings.

"That depends,"—Mrs. Waring told him, with smiling evasiveness—"everything depends on your definition of it."

The other pondered an instant.

"The it to which I was referring," he said gravely, "is an exceedingly difficult matter to define. I have been trying to do so during the past five days, but in vain. *It* baffles me; *it* eludes me; *it* is bewildering, alluring, impossible!"

"Why impossible?" asked Gussie, with lifted eyebrows. She sat smiling enigmatically and toying with the rings on her unglowed hands.

Involuntarily Sarto's eyes dropped to the hands, studying them intently. They were so characteristic of the woman, so perfectly made, so indolent, so luxurious, so tantalizingly within his reach!

"I wonder if *it* is impossible!" he speculated, in a curiously vibrant tone.

Only a few words spoken and Gussie Waring would be engaged to him,—the former employer at the mercy of her discarded chauffeur. He had a heavy score against the woman beside him! Why not collect it now in full?

"Why not?" asked the man breathlessly, and he leaned forward.

It was while the inevitable, orthodox words were shaping themselves on his lips, which Gussie was so evidently expecting, that a boot-heel clicked sharply on the deck floor, and suddenly, athwart it's white expanse between the two, a long shadow fell, blotting out the sun.

"Oh, is that you, Mr. Blantock?" Gussie's tones were not precisely cordial. "Have you anything new to report to us?"

"I wish I had, Mrs. Waring," confessed the detective apologetically. "But luck's against me now. Here we are almost in and no news of our man."

Taking out a cigarette imperturbably from his vest-pocket, the man to whom he was referring lit it and raised his eyes to the once dreaded brown overcoat.

"Did you indeed expect to meet Sarto on board?" he inquired pleasantly and with the utmost nonchalance.

The detective hesitated a moment. "Well! Your Highness!" he explained doubtfully, "I thought it was on the cards that he'd try to make this steamer, and the sharpest of us can't always tell to an inch where a crook of that sort'll stow himself. I don't deny I had a sort of idea at first that the man might be on this steamer."

"And are you quite convinced that he assuredly is not?" inquired the chauffeur, still in matter-of-fact tones and between steady whiffs of his cigarette.

The detective looked vaguely injured.

"All I can say," he volunteered sulkily, "is that there isn't a corner of the ship that I don't know about and not a passenger who can't be accounted for.—No," he turned decisively to Mrs. Waring, "my hopes are now all banked over here. We've got our men on the lookout, you see, and no shipping can get in without being pretty thoroughly overhauled. My opinion is that we'll land him before long."

"I should not be at all surprised if you are right," agreed the individual in question.

He was standing up now, his hand in his pockets, watching the detective with a cool, patronizing stare. "And, yet—what does the proverb say—'A bon chat, bon rat'—or, as you English have it, 'It takes a thief to catch a thief.'"

He relaxed into an irrepressible smile. "I cannot tell you how much I am interested in this capture of yours, Monsieur Blantock. Just keep your eyes open, my friend—that is my advice—and, believe me, you will come across Sarto before you know it!"

A half hour later, amid the shrieking of whistles, the rolling of trucks,—in fact, the composite roar of a great city, that affects so disagreeably the nerves of the returning American,—Ludovic Sarto, having passed successfully through the purgatory of the Custom-House, found himself in the comparative paradise of Eleventh Street, standing with Gerald Buist outside of Mrs. Waring's carriage window, which was indeed effectually blocked up by the Englishman's thick-set form, Gussie's attention being temporarily absorbed in bidding her rejected suitor a sisterly good-bye.

Quick to realize the advantages of the moment, the pseudo-prince made his way around to the other side of the carriage, where Annette was leaning out of her window expectantly.

"I wonder," he said, smiling down at her, "if it is to be actually a final adieu; do you know, Miss Bancroft, I have a curious—shall we say presentiment?—that I am to see you again. That is the reason I am about to ask for your card."

He stopped short, struck, startled even, by the deep flush that swept over the girl's clear skin at his slight words.

She looked down hurriedly, however, and, searching for a card in the bag on her lap, handed it to him silently with eyes averted.

"Does that mean," she faltered, "that Your Highness is really thinking of coming to Washington?"

Again Sarto wondered over her irrepressible agitation, with a faint, curious thrill somewhere in the region of his collar-bone.

"Who knows?" he returned laughingly; "I am nothing but a feu follet, what you call will-o'-the-wisp, appearing now here, now

there. Who knows where I may turn up?" and he pocketed the strip of pasteboard, conscious that Mrs. Waring's eyes were upon him, viewing the incident with small favor.

"We've really got to be off!" she now announced crisply. "Gerald, just tell the man the St. Regis, please.—Well, prince," holding out her hand as that individual came hastily round, "I'm going to be in Washington for a week of getting to rights before leaving for Newport. We're off by the four o'clock train this afternoon." She bent towards him, dropping her voice. "Don't you leave then too?"

Sarto looked at her an instant. There was a queer, twisted smile about his mouth and a very wistful look in his eyes.

"Why do you tempt me?" he asked reproachfully.

"Tempt you?" Gussie laughed. "Dear me! There is nothing going on in Washington at this season. Every one has left; even your friend Count Souravieff is in Newport now. I have positively no inducement to offer you."

"Except the only one that matters to me," finished the other in a very low tone.

He glanced around. Buist was shouting directions to the cabman, and at the other end of the cab sat the girl looking determinedly out of her window. Then, with a daring laugh, "I ought not to go," said Sarto *sotto-voce*, "but I cannot resist it just for a few days!"

"Four o'clock then."

And he drew back as the carriage started off, his parting look more than his words haunting Gussie for the rest of the morning, filling her with an agreeable sense of satisfaction—and Mrs. Waring needed satisfaction.

Never in the course of her successful career had she been so baffled! For, in spite of the enforced propinquity given by a long five-days voyage, exposed to the romantic influences of the sea and every opportunity that art could devise and coquetry sanction, the incredible fact remained that the Prince del Pino had not proposed!

The cab with its two inmates had rolled away, and Sarto was making off, his eyes on the ground, mechanically retracing his steps into the quay-office, when he bumped violently against some one who was hastening in the opposite direction,—a middle-aged person, evidently a foreigner, in a light gray spring suit, with a striped waistcoat, vivid tie, and immaculate derby.

Throwing a casual glance at our friend, this man was passing rapidly by him with an angry execration in French, when a sudden idea made him stop short and whirl spasmodically round on his heel.

"Sarto!" he cried, still in French. "Why! It is my old friend Ludovic Sarto!"

Flushing and paling by turns, the chauffeur stood still, glancing about him with swift apprehension.

Heaven be praised! Buist had taken himself off just in time! Recovering himself, "M. le Comte Souravieff!" he said, also in French, with a deferential bow. "This is indeed a pleasure."

"You came over with the prince, I take it," the other returned, with a smile.

He had remarkably white, even teeth and keen gray eyes that lit up pleasantly, the effect of his well-modelled, strong-jawed face being, however, somewhat marred by a large aquiline nose shaped like a vulture's beak.

"By the way, where is Son Altesse?"

Sarto glanced around, his abnormally alert mind sorting out the possibilities of the situation just as an experienced gamester looks over his hand. "Where is Son Altesse?" he echoed wonderingly. "But a moment ago he was handing some ladies into a cab, and now I see him not anywhere."

"Gone!" ejaculated the other blankly, "and I came to the docks especially to meet him. What can have become of him, do you suppose?"

The chauffeur shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows?" he said, in his characteristic way. "My orders are to await Son Altesse at the Hotel Waldorf. That is all I can tell you."

There was a moment's pause while Souravieff seemed to be considering the situation.

"Well!" he said at length, hailing a cab, "there is nothing to be done, so far as I can see, but to return. Come, my friend, I will give you a lift to your hotel. It is in my own direction. Diable!" he jumped into the trap with a word to the driver, Sarto following. "Curses take these steamship companies. Here have I been, since eight o'clock this morning, kicking my heels in their wretched office, and I am now only granted my permit in time to find—parbleu!—that the prince, whom I especially wanted to see, has already departed."

"Too bad!" ejaculated the chauffeur hypocritically. "If Your Excellency had only reached there five minutes earlier——"

He did not complete his sentence,—and, indeed, how could he? What would have happened if Count Souravieff had reached there five minutes earlier?

For a moment, as the latter settled himself on the cushions and the cab rolled off, Sarto fell to wondering over the Count's recognizing him in the disguise which had so successfully taken in his late

employers, and yet—what could be more natural? They remembered him as the moustached and bearded chauffeur, disfigured by an all-concealing motoring get-up, and he had been clean shaven during that tour in the Tyrol when he was thrown with Souravieff.

“Well, my friend Sarto,” the latter remarked good-naturedly, after a short pause occupied in lighting a cigar, “how has the world gone with thee since we last met?—well, judging by thine opulent appearance. *Ma foi!* With that Parisian overcoat and expensive hat one would almost take thee for the prince himself. Ah!” he chuckled and blew great rings of smoke into the air, “hast thou forgotten the little masquerade at St. Moritz, when thou personated the prince in the Casino so that he might prove an alibi in that affair we knew of? Ha, ha, ha! His Highness was not any too well pleased when he had to pay up for the money thou lost for him that night, thou rogue!”

A slight smile crept over the chauffeur’s impassive face. He was thinking of other and greater escapades since then and asking himself with decided curiosity if the count read the daily papers.

“*Son Altesse* has not been well of late,” he ventured guardedly. “He was quite seriously ill at Liverpool, and those English journals have it that he is down with some malignant disease at the present moment.”

“I am not surprised,” assented the other indifferently. “The reporters probably say the same things about myself. I never have time to read anything nowadays but the foreign dispatches. A diplomat’s life is no sinecure in this country, where one is *fêted* and entertained from night till morning! A ball here, a dinner there, a carnival beyond—one can scarcely keep one’s appointments at the Embassy.” He yawned. “Ah, bah! I have not slept for a week, and the appetite it comes no more in eating. Sarto, thy simple, uneventful existence, my man, is more to be envied. The fatigue—*mon Dieu!* To-night I am in Newport—only here for the day to meet some ladies,” he rubbed his nose savagely, “whom, alas! I have not met. Plague take those steamship companies!”

And he fell silent, musing over his wrongs, while the chauffeur gazed out of the window and the cab pursued its tortuous way.

At last Count Souravieff turned his keen gray eyes on his companion.

“There were two American ladies on board the *Majestic*,” he said suddenly, “friends of mine,—a Madame Reechard Wareeng and her *dame de compagnie*, *vous les avez remarké, mon ami Sarto?*”

The chauffeur’s eyelids flickered, “Wareeng!” he repeated. “The name is familiar—I think I have heard it before. Is she a tall, slim blonde, with reddish hair?”

"Parfaitement!" The count spread out his hands. "Une taille de guépe!" he explained, "and of an elegance! Ah!" he dropped his voice solemnly, "she has an income of seventy-five thousand."

With swift eagerness he turned on his companion. "The prince—does he know them, are they connaissances—intimes? Ah!" a light of inspiration leaped into his eyes,—“I have it! those were the two ladies whom you said he was helping into a cab—Hein?”

The chauffeur saw that there was no use in denying it. "Very likely," he said calmly, inwardly cursing himself for his momentary imprudence.

Souravieff eyed him an instant speculatively. "Then Son Altesse doubtless knows where Madame Waring is staying," he said, jumping swiftly to an inevitable conclusion. "Of course, he possibly even gave the direction to the cabman. Good! That is what I want to know,—the name of her hotel—where she is staying."

His beaky nose was intrusively near the chauffeur's, his keen eyes searching the other's face. "Tell me," he repeated eagerly, "how am I to see Son Altesse?"

Sarto's face was expressionless. "I cannot tell Your Excellency" he was beginning, when the count broke in impatiently,—

"Yes, yes! You can tell—you must tell. Look you!" He gesticulated violently with his strong white hands. "*I must see the prince this very afternoon.* It is a necessity. Tell me where to find him, my good fellow." His tone was coaxing in the extreme, and with one hand he rustled something suggestively in his pocket.

The chauffeur smiled enigmatically. He had been doing some rapid thinking during the last five minutes.

"One likes to be obliging," he said. "Let me see."

He appeared to reflect a moment, and then, turning to the other with an engaging smile, "If M. le comte follows my advice," he said quietly, "he will be at the Club Union this afternoon at about four o'clock. That is the best I can do."

Souravieff put his hand with impulsive gratitude into his pocket, and then, moved by the counter currents of prudence, drew it forth empty.

"I am exceedingly obliged to you, Sarto," he said warmly, "and I am indeed glad to have been able to give you this lift. Here is your hotel. No, do not thank me; the obligation is on my side, and remember, my man,"—he lowered his voice confidentially, "if anything should induce you to give up your present position you must be sure to let me know."

That afternoon at four o'clock, while, in company with two

fair ladies who shall be nameless, our friend Ludovic Sarto was sitting tranquilly in the Congressional Limited speeding to Washington, a perturbed Russian diplomat paced up and down the spacious reading-room of the Union Club, straining his eyes anxiously out of the broad windows with increasing impatience as the minutes passed by and the Prince del Pino did not appear!

IX.

SATURDAY in New York had been cold and blustery; Sunday in Washington was warm with the breath of the tropics. On the wide pavements the summer sun fell glitteringly wherever the black-etched shadow of the long tree arcades gave it a chance to fall at all. There was touch of languor in the still air, a breathlessness, the masses of greenery hardly moving a leaf, above them a palpitating blue sky.

In the Metropolitan Club the big electric fans were whirling madly all day, but the very few loungers in the comparatively deserted rooms preferred to sit by the front windows looking out into shady H Street, down which an occasional saunterer passed in the lightest of summer clothes.

As the day wore on the atmosphere became heavier, the sky veiled in an ominous gray opaqueness near the horizon.

"Going to have a thunder-storm," predicted a tall man in white flannels who was standing by one of the Club windows at about five o'clock. "That's because I'm dining at the Country Club tonight. Just my luck." He groaned. "It's the deuce and all going through an electric storm in my automobile."

"Pocket your pride and take a trolley-car," suggested the other man who was looking out. "Those clouds won't work up before midnight, anyway, if they do at all."

He put up an eye-glass. "There's another Dip coming along. Funny how you can tell them instantly by their walk! All of us Americans have our individual ways of trotting about, but on the other side they seem to have been drilled into the same step by the same dancing-master. See that fellow! Think he's a Frenchman or an Italian?"

"A little of both, I should say," declared the other, following his glance. "And a swell, too, from the look of him and the cut of his clothes! I suppose he's over here on some 'special mission!'"

And they both returned to their cocktails.

The object of their attention meanwhile was proceeding up Connecticut Avenue at a leisurely pace, that permitted him to glance up from time to time at the houses he passed, many of which sported wooden barricades, wondering inwardly that their owners should

be hurrying away from this bit of paradise. For paradise it was, indeed. The evening sky had partially thrown off its gray veiling, displaying a sumptuous riot of flaring tints, against which the red belfry of a distant church struck a solemn note.

As he passed on, guided by the lamp-posts, making scientific cuts through side streets, the roof-line of the houses seemed to become more irregular, seen through green tree-vistas, under which one caught glimpses of brilliantly-colored facades, terraces, and vivid flower-beds, sloping to stately allées and broad avenues, gay with pedestrians, carriages, and automobiles. While visible at intervals, near at hand seemingly and yet curiously remote, aloof, the monument, like a silver arrow, pierced the still air, pointing heavenward.

Occasionally asking his way and always keeping a diligent eye on the lamp-posts, the foreigner found himself at last walking down the cloistered aisles of Massachusetts Avenue, where he began to look questioningly at the different house-fronts he was passing and consult the card in his hand.

Stopping before a white exterior of ornate lines, framed by an Italian garden, he glanced up at the slightly-bowed shutters and then, coming to a decision, stepped rapidly along the carriage-drive and lifted the ponderous brass knocker.

"Is Mrs. Waring at home?" he asked in due time of the functionary in livery who opened the door, and, receiving an answer in the affirmative, followed a second footman into a great hall, whose shrouded chandeliers and vast uncovered expanse suggested that its hostess was only there on the wing for other latitudes.

Following his guide up a wide, shallow staircase, he stopped before a curtained door, long enough to have the portière drawn back and hear his name announced in muffled tones.

Before him was unmitigated dimness at first, out of which presently a circle of black dots resolved themselves, surrounding a white object—all of this developing on nearer view into Gussie Waring, a seraphically mundane figure in *crépe de chine*, behind her tea-table, with half a dozen men around her.

"I hoped you would come in," she said, holding out a hand of welcome to the new-comer. Then, turning gayly to her little court, "This is the Prince del Pino, arrived yesterday in America—the very latest thing out, you see. We must make the most of him, my friends, for he's only here for a few days."

Motioning the honored guest to a chair beside her, she introduced him in her characteristic, off-hand fashion to the men about him, and resumed her *tete-a-tete* with the stodgy-looking senator on her other side.

The rest of the room looked at the Prince del Pino.

"What does Your Highness think of our little village?" asked a stout man savoring unmistakably of the far West. "Plenty of room to turn about in, eh?"

The supposed nobleman smiled graciously.

"To turn around in?" he ejaculated, in his precise English. "Mon Dieu! After the maelstrom of your New York, Washington seems to me a blessed retreat—in truth a rest-cure. But it is charming—this place! Everywhere fine houses, wide boulevards, well-dressed men, and as for your far-famed American woman—but—(he made a bow toward the figure behind the tea-table)—I made her acquaintance five days ago, you see!"

Conscious that he was acquitting himself well, he broke off, little realizing the ordeal Fate had in store for him!

"Prince." Gussie had deserted the senator and was smiling over her shoulder with covert mischief in her half-closed eyes. "You will have to prove an alibi. We have all been reading about you in the morning *Post*."

She bent forward with the paper in her hand. "See, Your Highness! Over there—on that column to your right."

Adjusting his monocle, the man she addressed glanced over the sheet with an air of polite interest.

"What can it be?" he exclaimed, even as he realized with instinctive certainty what he should find.

"Ah! This sounds alarming!" And, with apparent amazement, he read aloud:

"Special from the Liverpool *Daily Transcript* :

"It has just transpired that a certain patient who is occupying a private room in the Queen's Hospital here is no less a person than the Prince Rodrigo del Pino, whose anticipated trip to America was interrupted by the attack of measles from which he is just recovering. It is hoped that the distinguished invalid will soon be able to carry out his first plans."

So this was the end of the scarlet-fever scare and Alceste's well-guarded secret. In spite of his precautions, the truth was out! Something had gone wrong. Some one had blundered.

Pulling himself together with a decided effort, the chauffeur looked up to find seven pairs of eyes confronting him with varying degrees of interest and curiosity. It was a difficult situation to carry off, appealing irresistibly to the adventurer's love of risk, to the actor's instinct for a dramatic climax.

"Mon Dieu!" he ejaculated solemnly. "This is an equivocal position in which I find myself! How am I to prove an alibi?"

"That is your affair!"

Throwing his head back, he faced them squarely, daringly, his thin lips twitching. "Yes," he pursued gravely, "this is the issue,—either this report is false or," his eyes twinkled irresistibly, "I am myself. My friends, put it to the vote at once! I am in a state of intolerable suspense and exceeding agitation till I hear your verdict."

It was an audacious move, but the chauffeur knew what he was about. In counting the cost, he had not reckoned without his hostess.

"Here's my hand!" she said, raising it in gay, swift response to his whim. "I put my money on the prince without hesitation. How about you, gentlemen? Remember, he's at your mercy."

A burst of laughter answered her as every hand went up, the prodigious clapping sealing the verdict.

The mock prince had scored another victory, indeed a conquest.

"A thousand thanks for your gratifying confidence," he said, laughingly glancing at his new adherents. "Now for the explanation: As it happens, the 'certain patient in a private room of the Queen's Hospital' is no less a person than my valet. I had to leave the man behind at the last moment with a case of measles,—the reporters did the rest! I beseech you, do not be afraid of *me!*" He spread out his hands in comic deprecation. "I have had that dangerous disease myself years ago, I assure you! I do not want to be avoided in the least."

And for the next half-hour he was most certainly NOT avoided, being undoubtedly the lion of the occasion, the chief centre of attraction; and at the end of that time—such is the magic influence of that trio of forces, a ready tongue, a ready smile, and an attractive personality—there was not a man in the large, dimly-lighted room who would not have been willing to swear that Del Pino was not only a capital good fellow but a born aristocrat with every sign of his birth and breeding!

A little while after he had been borne off by two attachés in the direction of the embassies, a lithe, middle-aged man was admitted at the front door, left his hat in the hall, with a glance at the stacks of cards arranged in circular rows on the table, and, hurrying upstairs, pushed his way past the footman, entering the drawing-room unannounced.

At sight of him there was a general turning of heads and a cry of "Souravieff! You here!"

"Why, M. le Comte," Gussie looked around. "This is a surprise! We thought you were in Newport!"

Count Souravieff bowed over her hand. "I am only here for the day," he said. "I must return to Newport to-night,—in fact, I am due there this very minute (this impressively). *You* are responsible for my not keeping my appointment. Ah!" he settled down

in the chair beside Mrs. Waring and dropped his voice to a confidential pitch. "The Fates have been working against me of late. I had intended to be on the docks to greet you on your arrival yesterday, but, alas!—your miserable steamship companies overturned my cart of apples!" He waved his white hands. "Concevez donc, when I reached there with my permit, you had gone. Even my friend Del Pino had departed. There was no one to speak to me but his chauffeur."

"What!" exclaimed Gussie at this juncture. She stared at him with suddenly-awakened interest. "Who did you say was the only person to be seen?"

Souravieff disliked interruptions excessively. Checked in the full flow of his eloquence, he raised his eyebrows as well as his voice, and explained to Gussie in a tone of mild reproof. "The man whom I met, madame, was the chauffeur of my friend Del Pino."

Then, conscious that he had the undivided attention of the room, he went on with restored equanimity: "Eh bien! from the fellow I acquired the information that his master would be at the Club Union at the hour of four, so to that abominable place I repaired, in order to find out if Del Pino knew of your whereabouts."

But at this point in his narrative there was another unaccountable interruption.

"Excuse me," Gussie said, in a curiously strained voice; "what was the name of the man who directed you to the club? The Prince del Pino, as far as I know, hasn't any chauffeur."

Souravieff eyed her with rising displeasure. Never having heard of the Waring robbery, he considered this second interruption on the part of his hostess absolutely inane and in conspicuously bad taste.

"Pardon, madame," he said formally; "but the prince *has* a chauffeur,—a man named Ludovic Sarto, who managed his motor while we were in the Tyrol."

There was a pause, while everyone in the room looked wonderingly at the pair by the tea-table, one of whom was leaning forward, her eyes unnaturally bright and dilated, her manner more and more excited.

"You saw Ludovic Sarto!" she ejaculated at length. "I really can't believe it!"

Count Souravieff now began to think that Gussie Waring was going out of her mind.

"Well!" he said, laughing in a constrained way and glancing around for sympathy, "I can only state that I met the Prince's chauffeur—or his double—coming out of the steamship docks yesterday morning. Behold my deposition, madame!"

There was another pause. "Then the prince was right!" remarked Gussie slowly. Her face had grown curiously pale and she shivered a little. "Yes," she repeated, as if to herself. "He was right! Oh, think of it!"—this with a half-frightened gasp—"that man must have been on board with us all the time!"

X.

SOME days after the Prince del Pino made his first appearance in Washington, two people were talking in the drawing-room of a small house in S Street at the hour which the French call, so curiously, "Between the dog and the wolf."

Of the pair in the gloaming, the man was standing up with his back to an attenuated mantle-piece, against which he leaned his huge frame, gingerly looking down from time to time at the girl opposite in the depths of a Market-Harborough chair.

"Think of it!" he was saying, in rather subdued tones. "I was actually on my way here yesterday, just coming out of the Shoreham, when the cable was handed me. You got my note telling you that I couldn't keep my appointment? What was it we were going to do? Oh! yes, go up the Monument. Yesterday seems about five hundred years ago!"

"It was very good of you to come and tell me about it," the girl said gently; "very friendly."

"Was it?"—Gerald Buist wheeled abruptly around and stared with sudden absorption out of the window. "It was kinder of you to let me," he said. "There's a certain relief in talking. When that cable came yesterday"—He broke off suddenly, and then continued, in an odd choked voice, "Well, that sort of unexpected shock rather knocks over a man! To lose poor old Jack—my only brother. And then this later news coming right on top of it——"

Again he could go no further.

Annette left her chair impulsively and stood beside him, all the womanliness, the latent strength in her, reaching out to the poor fellow stricken in a strange land.

"It isn't certain yet," she said soothingly, stroking his rough coat-sleeve with sublime unconsciousness, "about your father; I mean—the cable—was it *quite* hopeless?"

There was a slight pause and Gerald turned towards her a very set face. "Quite!" he said shortly.

Then with a certain shy awkwardness he took her hand and held it a moment. "Thank you," he said huskily; "you've been very good to me, Miss Bancroft." He shook himself determinedly into the commonplace. "You *were* surprised, weren't you, when I turned up the other day, and asked you to take me in hand and

show me the sights here? I really don't know what made me come to Washington! Can't imagine, for the life of me!"

The girl beside him had a shrewd suspicion that *she* could! Even when the attracting magnet is removed, the force of habit still dominates us in a measure, drawing us all unconsciously in the old directions.

"Have you seen or heard anything of Gussie lately?" Buist now asked, with massive carelessness, turning to go.

Annette shook her head.

"No," she said, tactfully avoiding his embarrassed eye. "I saw in the *Post* that she'd been dining at one of the embassies last night."

"Del Pino was there too," remarked Buist, completing her information with surprising accuracy, "and he was at the horse-show with her that afternoon. I suppose they're together all the time." Here he felt it incumbent to shrug his shoulders loftily. "That's what he's here for!"

"So you think that's what he's here for?" echoed the girl.

There was the faintest hint of interrogation, incredulity in her tones, that made Buist glance curiously at the small figure, the dim, opaque shading of the June twilight accentuating the blonde fairness of her hair and childish outlines of face and figure with mellowed distinctness.

"Why," he drawled, "any one can see that the man wants to marry Gussie, and I really don't see any special reason why she shouldn't take him, do you?"

His air of impersonal unconcern and indifference was a sorry mask through which a pair of miserably-anxious eyes questioned Annette's face.

Woman-like she outwardly evaded the appeal even while answering it. "Do you really think they're in love with each other?" she asked quietly.

"Love!" Gerald hastily assumed the blank, unrecognizing expression with which one repeats the name of an undesirable and half-forgotten acquaintance. "What is love?" He narrowed his eyes, viewing the word through a mental microscope with scientific impersonality. "Well, I suppose the thing exists, but it's just a sort of temporary disease that attacks one at times! Most of us have it, or think we have—which is the same thing. But if you've been through it once, you're immune, that's one great, great comfort,—you'll *never* catch it again!"

He spoke with savage conviction, conscious of scars which were still painful to the touch. "No, I think Gussie and Del Pino are too entirely sane to fall in love—lucky for them! They're simply,

in cold blood, making what your papers would call 'a brilliant match.' He has the title, and she—everything else!"

"He has the title!" repeated Annette.

She was staring at the honest-faced man before her, marvelling at his utter unconsciousness of his own probably equal advantages in that respect at that moment. Certainly, as far as rank and its devotees were concerned, there was little to choose between the Prince del Pino and the new Earl of Lindsay. If Gerald only realized it, chance—the eternal chance—was his to-day.

Annette's lips parted impulsively and then closed again. It seemed such a pitiful waste that a loyal, unselfish love like his should be sacrificed on Ambition's altar.

The girl spoke with sudden heat. "Gussie is my cousin, Mr. Buist," she said determinedly; "do you think, knowing her as we both do, caring for her," she looked away as she spoke,—“tell me frankly—do you think that she could make a man who loved her happy, that he would be content—well! with what she has to give?"

Gerald did not hesitate an instant. "I should rather think she could," he said, with a sincerity that was almost pathetic. "Great heavens! The man who loved Gussie would be thankful for *anything* she could give him."

Then, stiffening with the inevitable contraction that followed such unaccustomed expansion, he shook hands formally with his small hostess.

"Got all my boxes to pack, you see,—have to be off by the tenthirty train so as to take to-morrow's steamer from New York. Good-bye."

Annette followed him to the door.

"Don't you think"—she made up her mind quickly—"wouldn't it be possible for you stop in and see Gussie if only for a moment this afternoon? I think she'll be hurt if she finds you've been here without looking her up."

"I'm afraid I can't flatter myself." Buist's tone was determinedly brisk. "Besides, why should she know? You'll have to keep my secret, Miss Bancroft." He backed into the hall. "There's a great deal to be done and it's getting beastly late."

Indeed, the little hall outside was undeniably dim.

Feeling for his hat with some haste in the shade, Buist dislodged a sheaf of cards, stuck in the rack, that came pelting him with light touches, and, even as he opened the door, one fell fluttering out onto the step outside, where the faint Italian script stared up at him impudently, revealed by the fading light: "Prince Roderigo del Pino," and a curious crest.

The mark of the beast! Again the track of those alien footsteps that had invaded his hunting-ground.

Buist stared at the little strip of pasteboard with a puzzled frown. When had *he* been here? He closed the door with an exasperated slam and stalked down the steps.

Certainly Annette had had very little to say about Del Pino, yet, on the other hand, what was there to be said? Why should not one fellow-passenger of the Majestic hunt up another? and what possible concern was it of his—Gerald Buist?

His mind reverting to nearer, more personal, more painful matters, the Englishman made his way thoughtfully to the S Street corner. But at the lamp-post he came to a sudden halt.

Standing quite still, he looked ahead of him, a very keen look in his eyes, for there, coming up the avenue towards him with familiarly jaunty gait, was a slim, supple, unmistakable figure.

"The devil!" ejaculated Buist.

His face set in uncompromising creases, he went forward again, looking stiffly ahead of him.

"Not my friend M. Buist?" Del Pino stopped short. "This Washington, indeed, supplies the unexpected." He scrutinized the Englishman with smiling eyes that told nothing. "What in the world are *you* doing here?"

Buist ignored the cordially outstretched hand.

"Very much what you are, I fancy;" he returned, with such conspicuous lack of cordiality on his part that the other's smile broadened and deepened.

"Then you must be amusing yourself very successfully," he commented airily. "For me—my kind friends here provide continually some agreeable *divertissement*. Mais à propos—you come perchance from S Street?" The smile died out of the slanting eyes, which acquired a sudden metallic glint. "How is the charming Miss Bancroft?"

For an instant Buist contemplated the Italian sombrely, and then, turning on his heel, "You will probably have an opportunity soon of judging for yourself," he rejoined curtly. "Good-afternoon." And he strode on with a somewhat unnecessarily martial tread.

Why in the world was Del Pino hanging around here? That was a question that was agitating him as he tramped down the Avenue.

Annette was an uncommon good sort; with unwonted enthusiasm the Englishman admitted that, even though his loyalty, his irrepressible pride in the woman he had loved for so long, told him that the girl's modest attractions could not be considered in the running with Gussie's.

Gerald thought he understood what foreigners of Del Pino's stamp

admired in women, which made it seem all the more mysterious to him that this man—in fact that any man, whom Mrs. Waring delighted to honor, should have the opportunity, let alone the inclination, to appreciate Annette Bancroft.

What axe did the Italian expect to grind in S Street? Was he playing a double game with two women, or—a very alert look came into Gerald's eyes—was he out of it entirely as far as one of them was concerned? Could it be possible that, even at this the eleventh hour, with everything in his favor, the Prince del Pino had been turned down?

Buist reached this overwhelming question point and Dupont Circle simultaneously, and stood a moment considering the situation; then, half mechanically, he turned into Massachusetts Avenue. He walked rapidly, with an absorbed look on his grave face, his rather slow mind grappling with a problem that was bewildering enough. Why should Mrs. Waring's accepted lover have called on Annette Bancroft twice within three days—unless—he was *not* Mrs. Waring's accepted lover?

Gerald's steps unconsciously slackened. Half a dozen doors away from him loomed up a white exterior of ornate lines, an exterior with which, though Gerald had never crossed its threshold, he seemed oddly familiar.

"I suppose," he muttered, consulting his watch interestedly, "that it would be better form to stop in there for a few minutes! One likes to do the decent thing."

He stepped up the drive-way and hesitated again in front of the imposing door of Mrs. Waring's house, as diffident and self-distrustful as if he were the humblest book-agent, instead of the possessor of unquestioned rank and several millions of good English pounds sterling.

"It's ridiculous, my calling here under the circumstances!" he told himself sternly. And then, "Perhaps," the after-thought came eagerly on tiptoe, "she 'll be sorry when I tell her the news from England."

And buoyed up by sudden hopefulness Gerald Buist rang the bell.

XI.

DINNER at Chevy Chase was nearing its close.

Along the broad, trellised verandas, hung with Chinese lanterns and vivid posters, were dotted the small, round tables, each surrounded by a half-dozen members and their guests, whose chatter rose interruptedly.

Looking around him, his impressionable senses pleasantly thrilled

by the light, the color, the movement of the gay scene, the mock Prince del Pino felt an exhilaration, a rich enjoyment of the present, which was not entirely due to the champagne he had drunk.

This was to be his last night—he told himself that, as he had many a time before during his Washington week, with the secret consciousness that the morrow would find him still on the stage, playing his part to the same appreciative audience. Like most successful actors, Ludovic Sarto had become dependent on the glare of the footlights. He really could not tear himself away, could not make up his mind to give up the rôle which had become second nature to him.

Seated at Mrs. Waring's right, with five other chosen spirits surrounding her table, himself the bright, particular luminary of the occasion, the mock prince kept the talk and laughter up to concert pitch, while efficient waiters kept him supplied with the delicacies which his sybaritic soul craved, while on every side stretched vistas very grateful to the eye of the exiled European.

"One could almost fancy oneself at a Parisian café in the Bois," he acknowledged, with a reminiscent sigh.

Gussie met his glance smilingly. Indeed, her attention had been pretty obviously consecrated to him throughout the entire meal, much to the disgust of her host, a stodgy senator, at whose right hand she sat.

"Yes, it is a bit like Paris," she assented, in answer to the other remark. "The open-air restaurant effect, and then the cosmopolitan type of the crowd!"

"The crowd!" echoed the mock prince. He shrugged his shoulders, lowering his voice significantly, then, in rapid French, "Must there always be the crowd? Can one never see you alone?" His heavy eyes met hers for the fraction of a minute. "Remember, I am to drive you back in my motor!"

Gussie's answer was drowned in the sudden rattle of chairs as the people at the tables rose to their feet.

"No, I shall not forget!" she smiled at him over her shoulder, moving off and leading the way towards the veranda steps.

A moment later the little party were out on the lawn, grouped under the dense shadow of a copper-beech, its rustling tops blotting the night sky. Settling himself some distance from Mrs. Waring, now *tete-a-tete* with her host, Sarto leaned back lazily in the wide garden chair, a curiously sardonic smile on his lips, as he watched the senator eagerly making the most of Gussie's brief attention.

How little he imagined—this man of politics and money—that, under the Prince del Pino's mask, a very humble rival had already

distanced him! How little the woman opposite realized that her hopes, inclinations, and ambitions were all centred on—her ex-chauffeur!

During the whole course of Sarto's present perilous career never had his star seemed more in the ascendant, never had the winning cards seemed more certainly in his grasp, than at that very moment, when fate, in the person of a middle-aged Russian diplomat, was pursuing him all unconsciously over the Chevy Chase lawn.

"Ah, Meeses Wareeng!"

At the sound of the familiar sibilant tones, Sarto leaned forward with a start, hardly able to believe his eyes and his ears. For, standing under the beech tree only a few feet away, shaking hands effusively with Gussie, was a lithe, well-known shadow.

"Well, you *are* a gad-about!" Mrs. Waring was ejaculating. "One minute in Newport, the next in Washington, and welcome everywhere.—Prince!" she raised her voice. "Here is a joyful surprise. Your long-lost friend Count Souravieff!"

Throwing a desperate glance around, the chauffeur withdrew hastily into the deepest shadow of the beech tree, and there awaited the diplomat's uncertain advance, his mind working with pretur-natural swiftness. It was just possible that in this friendly darkness he might pass unrecognized—if he could only keep silent. How fortunate that the count was such a talker!

The rapid thoughts chased each other through his brain while Souravieff was shaking him warmly by the hand.

"I can hardly see you in this infernal darkness," he lamented. "Roderigo Mon Chou! What good luck! Come, let us sit down," suiting the action to the word, "and talk. I'm all impatience to hear everything about yourself,"—which he proved by launching forth immediately into a personal narrative of his own, just as the other had shrewdly suspected that he would,—Boris Souravieff, like all egoists, being only too delighted to talk about himself indefinitely, granted a listener, and in this instance a listener was most inevitably provided.

"As I was saying, my dear fellow"—having detailed his history up to date, the count crossed his legs sociably and, thrusting a cigar into his mouth, prepared for a prolonged monologue—"when we last met at Monte Carlo, I was having a most interesting experience." Striking a match at this point, he held it daintily between finger and thumb and turned his twinkling glance on the face which the next instant was swiftly averted.

For a long moment there was silence while the tiny flame burnt down to the count's fingers, and the man beside him sat staring fixedly in the opposite direction and cursing himself for his insane

carelessness and lack of foresight. And yet, in the darkness, he had not even detected the count's cigar!

That brief sudden illumination had taken him completely by surprise. Had Souravieff discovered him?

Listening with anxious impatience, Sarto heard the other fumbling again in his pockets. Ah! there was no doubt about it. The count had seen enough to suspect; now he was going to make sure! There was a small metallic click!

But the second match was never lighted.

How often, when her victim is at his last gasp, Fortune changes her fickle mind and gives him another chance!

Just as the diplomat's hurried, nervous fingers opened the little silver box in his hands, the sound of footsteps approached in the darkness, crunching over grass and twigs.

"Count Souravieff!" came in commanding tones. "A moment, if you please." It was the voice of the Russian ambassador.

With a smothered exclamation, his attaché sprang to his feet and pushed aside the intervening beech branches. "At once, Your Excellency!" he said, and then, turning, "Pray do not move!" he urged; "I will be back directly. Just wait an instant, Del Pino."

It is perhaps hardly necessary to mention that Del Pino did not wait! The diplomats were barely out of sight when, with a couple of strides, he was standing by Mrs. Waring's chair, interrupting her *tete-a-tete* with scant ceremony.

"Can you come now?" he asked, speaking in low, decided tones that only reached her ear. "I feel as if I had been waiting for a very long time."

So did Gussie—to tell the truth. "Yes, I will have to be going now," she agreed, rising without hesitation. Then, to her host: "Won't you let us slip away?" she asked in a whisper; "I don't want to break up the party."

And, leaving the senator with a slight nod, Mrs. Waring and her chauffeur disappeared into the darkness.

Five minutes later two attachés, standing on the little bridge that leads from Chevy Chase Club House to the main road, saw an automobile glide out of the motor-shed at the back. As it shot past with a muffled chug-chug-chug, "There he is!" said one of the men excitedly. "Look, Souravieff! Did you see his face in the light?"

But the count had turned on his heel and was making down the steps as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Come on!" he cried. "Help me get up steam! My motor's faster than his. I am going to give him a chase!"

XII.

"AREN'T we going faster than the law allows?" Mrs. Waring asked pantingly.

She was sitting upright, clasping the seat with both hands and straining her eyes through a dim, encircling swirl of wind and dust.

"The law!" ejaculated her companion shortly. He glanced over his shoulder, and then, in parentheses, half-aloud, "Necessity is the only law I acknowledge!"

Seizing the emergency-brake at this moment, he jammed it down, bringing the hissing motor to a stand-still just as a jewel worm flashed by in the darkness, turning miraculously into a crowded trolley car, loaded with tourists, who looked out curiously.

"A close shave!" ejaculated the chauffeur under his breath, as he let his machine out recklessly on the long road, strung with twinkling lights which alternated with inky black stretches. For some minutes nothing could be heard but the pants of the motor keeping time to the screaming wind. At last, turning her head, Gussie looked into a pair of red eyes peering at her furtively around the curve of the distant road.

"There comes another motor," she said idly. "I wonder where it's going at such a tremendous rate."

The man beside her looked back.

"Perhaps," he said, "they are trying to catch up with us. My faith! They are certainly gaining a little;" and, muttering something under his breath, he opened the throttle.

In the blinding spurt that followed, Mrs. Waring clung spasmodically to her hat.

"This isn't a race," she cried, above the din, a note of exasperation in her strained voice. "Why this—this awful speed, Prince?"

A curious laugh responded. "Are you really afraid?" he asked.

In the glare of the motor-lamps, Gussie met the reckless eyes smiling at her, with a swift answering excitement which she did not attempt to analyze.

"Of course I am not afraid," she said, hardly knowing what she meant, "with you!"

There was a pause, and then, "That is what I hoped you would say," he told her thickly.

As the speed quickened again, Gussie closed her eyes, not caring for the moment what happened or where they were going. An irresponsible mood was upon her, the echo of her companion's.

Once before he had roused the spirit of romance and adventure dormant in her for a few brief minutes, long enough to make her forget his chauffeur's leather coat.

The Prince del Pino had awakened another feeling.

While she sat struggling, yielding to it, the man who had inspired it sat grasping the steering-wheel, every fibre of his mind bent on reaching Washington before his pursuers.

It was the deciding race of his life! A desperate trial of skill, with the professional chauffeur and his three-hundred-yard start, pitted against Souravieff's superior motor run by an amateur.

The machine versus the mechanic! A contest between matter, with its perfected possibilities, and the infinite resources of a man's mind, guided by that fifth sense that necessity lends!

At the start the odds seemed equal, but with every minute the issue was more certain.

At Cleveland Park the pursuing motor was not two hundred yards behind.

As Sarto whirled past the Zoo station Souravieff's lights glared at him across twice that distance.

And as he turned into the comparative dusk of the Adams Mills Road they had entirely disappeared.

At last, through her half consciousness, Gussie felt that the fierce sweep of the motor had dwindled to a mild gliding motion.

Opening her eyes, "Dupont Circle already?" she cried in astonishment, looking around. "Where's the other automobile?"

Her companion shrugged his shoulders. "A mile and a half out of town, I should imagine," he speculated easily, "left behind long ago. You see, *we* won the race."

His hat was off, and in the white blink of the electric lights the handsome face shone out positively brilliant with triumph and daring.

Gussie looked up at him with genuine admiration. Success in every phase appealed to her irresistibly—had always done so.

"I knew you would win that race!" she said, in a voice that trembled a little. "You naturally come out ahead!"

Then, startled by the glint in his eyes, she dropped her own to the deft hands managing the levers.

For a moment neither spoke, Sarto being—to tell the truth—absorbed in his own situation, doubtful enough, in spite of his momentary advantage.

Distanced as he had been, Souravieff would reach the Grafton sooner or later, and Sarto must be there and gone before he arrived. Every minute counted. Changing speeds, he pulled himself together determinedly at the sound of Gussie's voice.

"Speaking of races," she was saying demurely, "suggests chauffeurs! Do you know, I have another grievance against that man of yours?" She raised her eyebrows in delicate, humorous protest.

"What will you say when I tell you that, to cap his other misdemeanors, Sarto had the audacity to fall in love with me?"

Tilting her shoulders, she glanced sidewise at the man beside her.

He was staring blankly ahead of him, with a fierce intensity that saw, instead of the long tree arcade through which they were passing, its linden roof shingled with stars, a French highway bounding a swamp, a woman sitting by the road-side, and a dim, motionless figure watching her.

As he did not speak, Gussie went on, with a faint, half-mocking laugh, "Fancy my own chauffeur doing me the honor to profess his undying passion for me. Imagine such a thing!"

"Imagine!" ejaculated a queer hoarse voice. "Mache! I can imagine nothing else!"

Gussie's cheeks flushed slowly. "The—the effrontery of his daring——"

"Daring!" echoed the same unnatural tones. "Daring to be human! Cospetto! What could you expect? As well blame a peasant on the Campagna for catching the malaria!"

A loud, jangling laugh!

Gussie roused herself with a determined effort. "You do not realize the impropriety," she protested faintly; "a man of his class!" She heard him grating his teeth.

"Yes, that is it. It is the livery of your victims that makes all the difference with you. The chauffeur, poor devil, had no chance!"

He was moodily silent a moment and then, turning on her with a swiftness that made Gussie start, "What of Roderigo del Pino?" he demanded harshly, searching her face. "What chance has he?"

Surely, never was there a stormier, more fantastic wooing. Gussie shivered with the sheer excitement of the thing, her throbbing pulses keeping pace with his.

At last, moving her lips with difficulty, "*Don't you know?*" she managed to articulate.

"*Ah!*" ejaculated Sarto.

Involuntarily he found himself considering her curiously. Gussie was not looking at him, but her very beautiful eyes had an excited gleam in them, her breath came and went. Did she covet that petty coronet so much, then? Mrs. Waring had had other, better chances. Was there something in her, after all, beyond heartless ambition? Another Gussie?

Feeling himself weakening, he turned his eyes away and set his lips, thinking quickly, with added venom.

She had accepted him!

Well! Now he would have her do more—stoop lower!

He spoke again. "You say I *know*. *What* do I know, except

that it is once more *the livery* that appeals to you? Perhaps, in this instance, *my coat of arms* (certainly it is old enough). As for the man—a mere detail. What do you care about the wounded human being beneath?"

To Gussie Waring's ears, the rough, bitter tones came from the very extremity of passion, appealing to her jaded senses as no polished flattery had ever done.

"You do not understand," she murmured. "Perhaps it is the *man* underneath for whom I *do* care!"

The chauffeur bent nearer; his lips were twisting feverishly, his eyes burning with a very fierce, malignant light. The moment of triumph was near and he must have it *all—everything*.

"Say it again." He could hardly pronounce the words. "I want to hear it from your own lips that it is myself you care for,—*myself*." He hesitated tensely. "The *man, not the Prince del Pino*."

Gussie gazed about her.

The motor was going silently, as it were on tiptoe, down the dim avenue. No one was in sight for the moment; nothing to be heard but the smothered movements of the trees as the wind shook their tops, scattering linden blossoms, a heavy incense from his vast censer, powdering the air.

The forces of the night were working for Sarto, intensifying his magnetic spell. No wonder that she mistook it for another feeling.

At last, as if the words were being forced out of her, "I love you," she said distinctly; "never the prince,—only *you—you—you!*"

A little sentence, but terribly full of meaning. In it an old debt was discharged—a rapacious creditor satisfied.

The chauffeur had paid himself back already in large measure, but in Gussie's broken confession *the double score was settled in full!*

XIII.

"You shall hear from me early in the morning," the mock Prince del Pino had told Mrs. Waring when he left her at her house; and then, turning his motor in the direction of his hotel, he gave himself up to the business of the moment, making the most of the brief time left to him.

It was half-past ten when he stood outside of a house in S Street and consulted his watch.

Half-past ten. Very late for a visit, and yet—they were awake in the house!

Through the bowed shutters and open windows came the sound of one of Chopin's waltzes, played by a girl's slightly amateur fingers on a piano that was not of the best. But on that night of

witchery, in the silent lighted street, the air floated out with a certain graceful stateliness.

Curbing his impatience, Sarto waited until the last note of the phrase was played, regardless of the flight of time, and then, mounting the steps, rang the bell.

There was a little hesitation before a light tread came along the hall and the door opened.

"I had almost given up Your Highness," said Annette Bancroft.

Her visitor stood, hat in hand, looking up at her.

"I am all apologies for the lateness of the hour," he began in a low voice. "But I have been dining at Chevy Chase and was detained longer than I thought. I shall only stay a moment."

The girl led the way, without speaking, into the drawing-room, where two candles were burning, revealing the open piano heaped with music. Behind it the window stood open, letting in the light from the street.

"Roses!" ejaculated the mock prince. He daintily sniffed at a bowlful standing on the centre-table. "Papa Gontier," he murmured, lifting the heavy heads. "He has good taste in flowers—the Englishman."

Annette made a faint acquiescence. She had seated herself on the piano-stool, a ghost-like little figure in the half light.

Turning away from the table, Sarto moved towards the piano.

"Ah, I had forgotten that!" he said, speaking *sotto-voce*. "M. Buist remains after I am gone. He has the best of it!"

"After you have gone!" echoed Annette.

She stood motionless, staring with parted lips and widened eyes into the face of the man who bent over the piano, his dark, mobile features so near hers.

"Yes," he said, speaking in very quiet tones, to which his curiously expressive voice lent a certain pathos. "It is to say good-bye I am come to-night. Before morning I will have left Washington. I shall *never* see you again."

The last words rang with an irrepressible melancholy that sent a shiver through his listener. Turning, forgetful of the all-revealing lights in the street below, she looked up into his face, her own white with the shock of his words—her eyes wide with the secret of her heart.

"Annette!" cried Ludovic Sarto.

Love is a great mystery! . . . It moves through the winding passages of our cold, dark hearts so silently that we never suspect its presence until suddenly one day we see it for the first time mirrored in the light of another's eyes.

At some time—*when* the chauffeur could not tell—some Midas

touch had turned the gratitude, the friendship he felt for this girl into the gold of his heart.

And in this instant of miracles the man's whole being, his double nature, even the dark side which had achieved its sinister triumph one short hour ago, seemed touched by that same Divine alchemy—the base metal in him transformed and purified.

There are certain moments in this dull life of ours when the froth is on the wine—moments of dazzling, diamond-like brilliance—moments as sweet as the first taste of a nectarine and as evanescent.

Even as Ludovic Sarto and Annette Bancroft gazed into each other's eyes, the moment passed by, never to return.

The next a terrible realization came into the man's heart. "Wait a moment!" he said hoarsely. "I—I have something to tell you!"

Turning sharply away, he took a few turns up and down the room, grappling with the ordeal that was suddenly upon him.

For the girl must be told the truth now! It was inevitable! Alas! the discovery of her secret demanded the revealing of his.

It was a strange psychic fact that to Sarto now, in spite of his slippery, diverse nature, no other course occurred. The man who loved Annette Bancroft—and was loved in return—could no longer mask behind the Prince del Pino.

Ludovic must come forth and bear his responsibilities. The law of self-preservation, which he had only acknowledged so far, had given way to another, diviner. For the first time in his life the mercurial chauffeur bent his head to the law of self-sacrifice.

Turning suddenly, he looked at the girl at the piano.

Annette was leaning forward, facing him, a faint nervous smile on her lips, her eyes full of a dawning, shy expectancy.

Watching her, his wonderfully keen—almost feminine—perceptions dissecting the girl's soul, Sarto saw, with shuddering, sickening horror and self-disgust, all that the girl in her innocent romantic soul was imagining. A fairy-tale no less—foolish enough!—with a prince for its hero and for its heroine—

The man who loved her knew, with an inward recoil, that it fell to him to shatter this pretty little castle in the air—with its occupants.

Standing before her, he spoke formally. "Miss Bancroft, tell me, how long have we known each other—you and I?"

Annette raised her eyes to his, and a vivid color tinged her pale cheeks.

"Two weeks," she said, without the faintest hint of coquetry or hesitation. "It was just two weeks ago to-night that we met on board the Majestic."

"No!" Sarto shook his head. "You have known me longer than that. Look at me!"

He drew nearer, with sudden determination. "Where have you seen me before? Think! Remember!"

But the girl only gazed at him with astonished, half-frightened eyes.

"Before?" she faltered; "I—don't understand."

Sarto moved impatiently. The suspense was becoming unbearable.

"Think!" he urged relentlessly. "Of whom did you say I reminded you? Have you forgotten Sarto, the chauffeur?"

"You Sarto?" Annette half whispered the words. "Sarto—and the Prince del Pino!"

Her irrepressible imagination was at work again.

With a half groan Sarto turned away. "No more fairy tales, child!" he said roughly. "The book is closed now! The man you have known is *not the Prince del Pino*." His voice vibrated. "Only an impostor—a miserable impostor. Listen!" He hesitated, standing with his back to the window, a silhouette of a man, looking at the girl between her two candles as a lost soul might look at an angel in heaven.

Then he told his story, from the moment that he looked into Mrs. Waring's trunk to the present.

Perhaps never in the course of his checkered career had the chauffeur, past-master as he was in the science of the tongue, acquitted himself so ill. By a skilful suppression of a fact here, the strengthening of an episode there,—in fact, a little judicious light and shade,—the tale might have made a very creditable autobiography, in which Ludovic Sarto, the hero, would have shone forth in an adventurous, seductive—possibly even an heroic—light.

To a lover all things are possible, permissible. But for the time being Sarto was not a lover.

He stood as it were in his confessional, speaking to a hidden ear, dissecting his conduct with the scrupulous exactness of the penitent. And the pale girl sitting between the two candles was to him a distant vision in a dim church, silent, inspiring, uplifting! Only at the last, the man looked out through the sinner's eyes, with a faint satisfaction in his own sin, an irresistible pride in his own performance.

"I must say I played the part well!" Sarto boasted. "My acting was successful as far as it went. I dare say there are a score here who would say a good word for me"——

A wail crept into his voice. "Ah, the irony of Fate! While they are applauding the Prince del Pino out there in the audience, the

poor mountebank must crawl off to hide himself and his broken heart. But I forgot,"—with a jarring laugh,—“chauffeurs—people of a certain class—are not permitted to have hearts!”

He stood, poor Sarto, very human and very much in love, his face working, his heart rebelling at the bitterness of his cup, the injustice that deprived him of the fruits of his own triumphs—the enjoyment of his own happiness.

And there was silence in the little room, while from the street outside came the smooth roll of wheels and a man's tenor in the distance singing the air from Pagliacci, bird-like atoms of sound threading the roar of the city.

At last Annette spoke. “What have you done with the diamonds?” she asked very quietly.

The man before her caught his breath. “Ah, the diamonds! I had forgotten about them.”

For an instant he stared at the girl blankly. All this time Ludovic Sarto had been thinking of himself as the chauffeur. Surely that was low enough! But now, with a heavy, irretrievable sense of doom, he saw in her eyes whence he had fallen and how far! From the pedestal on which she had placed the Prince del Pino, down to the thief—the robber of Mrs. Waring's diamonds. What a descent! And in the fall—love, that brittle, delicate thing, lay shattered, broken into fragments.

Sarto was suddenly face to face with a judge, young, austere, implacable, in whose clear tones there sounded an echo of some distant Puritan ancestor; in whose glance he saw himself condemned.

“The diamonds,” he repeated with an effort, “go to Mrs. Waring to-morrow, with a note of—of explanation. I shall see to it—the first thing in the morning.”

He spoke with the submissive impersonal air of a servant, his eyes on the ground, and for a moment Annette listened silently.

“What are you doing here then?” she asked suddenly. “Don't you know that if Count Souravieff is after you, he may be here at any moment?” Her voice rose sharply. “You will be caught, imprisoned!”

But the chauffeur only smiled, with a sparkle in his keen eyes which had not been there before. Slight as it was, that note of anxiety had not escaped him. Though in fragments, still there was love for him in the girl's heart.

“Oh, I am safe enough indeed!” he answered confidently. “My motor, in which I led them a chase, is standing in front of a pharmacie in F Street at this moment. For myself, I left my hotel an hour ago and took my valise with its contents to’—he hesitated—“well, never mind where. When one leads a double life, Miss Ban-

croft, one finds it convenient sometimes to live in two places. And then I came on here. Yes, it is quite safe; but it is well that you remind me that I must go."

"What will become of you?" asked the girl, almost in a whisper.

She still sat, her face turned away, staring fixedly at the opposite wall.

Sarto moved toward the door.

"What will become of me?" he echoed, with his old fatalistic shrug of the shoulders. "Who knows?" His voice dropped. "I have sinned, and I must do penance, make expiation. There is much ahead of me."

He opened the door abruptly and stood hesitating. "Will you not look at me before I go, and pity, forgive, forget?"

For the first time Annette met his glance. She had been listening to the leather-coated chauffeur, shrinking from the thief: now, raising her head, she saw, standing in the doorway, a curiously attractive figure, looking at her with wistful eyes. The man, after all, whom she loved.

Half unconsciously, she leaned toward him with a desolate little cry.

"Pity, forgive, yes!" she repeated. "Yes. But forget? Oh, I cannot! I will not give you up!"

Rising to her feet, she stood, her hands clasped tightly, her lips parted, gazing at him with the soul itself shining in her eyes. But Sarto did not move. He stood looking at her standing between her candles, the sculpted image of a saint carved in stone, and a very wistful look came into his face.

"There is a lighted shrine in my heart," he said, speaking as if to himself, "and the flame can never go out. The candle will be burning there always through the long, lonely pilgrimage,—and at the end——"

"I will be waiting," said Annette very softly.

For a long instant their eyes met. Her's were full of tears, but into the man's there came a far-off, ineffable look as of one who sees visions and dreams dreams.

"Some day the pilgrim will come back to you," he said.

And, with love burning triumphantly at the candles of his shrine, Sarto went out into the night.

At ten o'clock the next morning, while Mrs. Waring was sitting up in bed and sipping her chocolate, her maid brought her a flat, square, bewrapped parcel, just arrived by a messenger-boy.

Giving a glance at the address, written in a delicate, foreign-looking hand, Gussie tore open the wrappings with excited fingers,

pulled out the orthodox cotton-wool so suggestive of a jeweller, and revealed a chamois glove-case!

Pinned to it was a card on which was engraved, "Il Principe Roderigo del Pino," and underneath, in pencil, "Better known as Ludovic Sarto, Mrs. Waring's ex-chauffeur, begs to send her the enclosed jewels, as a slight return for the many kind favors which have rendered his memorable Washington sojourn so agreeably diverting."

About a week after Mrs. Waring's very sudden departure for England, *Town Tit-bits* had the following paragraph:

—"Prince Roderigo del Pino—so the papers have it—only arrived in New York yesterday on the Scotia, and is to give Newport's summer colony a glimpse of his titles and millions to-morrow.

"Can it be possible that there are two Roderigo del Pinos? If not, may we ask the identity of the mysterious Italian nobleman, who disappeared himself in Washington two weeks ago in the train of that noted society leader, Mrs. R—d W—ng, whose rumored engagement to the Earl of L—y, we understand, is an undoubted fact?"



WERE YOU

BY HELENA SHARPSTEEN

WERE you a bright red rose, dear,
 Then I should be the stem,
 But if you were a ruby,
 I'd be the diadem.

Were you a falling snowflake,
 Mine were the brown earth's part
 To wait for you in silence,
 And take you to my heart.

And should you be a dew-drop,
 I were the leaf's broad fan;
 But see, you are a woman,
 So I became a man.

DISSATISFACTION IN THE COUNTRY POST-OFFICES

By Henry A. Castle

Auditor for the Post-Office Department, 1897 to 1904

UNSATISFACTORY conditions in the rural and village post-offices of the country constitute one of the obstacles to genuine postal reform.

Of the sixty-two thousand postmasters who "hold down jobs" in fourth-class offices a very large proportion are doing their best to perform their responsible duties faithfully. Others are careless and indifferent, too independent to care or too ignorant to know what is justly required of them. But nearly all, including some of the best and most diligent, are smarting under what they honestly feel to be improper discrimination against them in the matter of compensation for their work and security in their official positions.

All the people, even the inhabitants of the largest cities, are concerned in the efficiency of the mail service in the smaller offices. They are the fountain heads of the entire system. If the work is not properly done there, confusion and chaos will prevail everywhere.

The ignorance of the illiterate postmaster crops out more noticeably, perhaps, in his communications to the Department than in his dealings with the unfortunate patrons of his office. The voluminous files at Washington are stuffed with freak letters, only a few of which ever get into print.

An official whose small emoluments were threatened with reduction, by having some of his territory cut off by a rural delivery route, wrote to warn the Postmaster-General that: "About Nine out of Every Ten that Assign for Rheual Free Delivery mail Surves is Dishatisfide and doant Want hit, and Ses they wars Fool and Lyde in to Assign the Patishron for Rheual Free Delivry."

A Republican postmaster in Tennessee "took his pen in hand" to say that he thought the Postmaster-General should send him a small "presant," just to rub vitriol on the wounds of the Democrats in the neighborhood. A "nice watch" was suggested as an

appropriate token of esteem, and, said the postmaster, "it would do me much good to tell wheir i got the Present from."

Not all the freak epistles to the Departmental chiefs with modest requests for donations are flagrantly illiterate. An instructive account of the peculiar letters which reach the Postmaster-General tells of a postmaster who wrote that he had just had an addition to his family. This enterprising citizen said that he was going to name the boy for the head of the Department, and when he grew up was going to tell the young hopeful to be a politician. There was no false modesty about asking for money on the part of the fond parent. He said he would take check, money-order, or draft, or any other equivalent of real money recommended for mailing purposes. The Postmaster-General was expressly told not to send a Christmas cup, as cups are "foolish."

One postmaster in rural New York writes to another this moving appeal in behalf of a mail contractor whose compensation arrived all too slowly:

"Dear Sir: The fellow that I had sworn in to carry the mail was to me about his pay but I have not received the mail money and so I cannot pay him.

"And I wish if possible you would send it soon, because it has run over the regular payment time. And he thinks it funny about it, because there is another pay due to him for by this one.

"And he hasn't only about one month and $\frac{1}{2}$ to carry it, so he thinks he ought to receive his pay regular

"Because he has carried it regular and there has been no mistake in the mail."

Next to ignorance, indifference is perhaps the most exasperating defect found in the functionaries who preside at the rural offices. A Western paper relates the experience a business man had in a careless town down east. Important letters were expected. Said the man, "I figured out about when they ought to arrive, and went down to the post-office to inquire for them. 'No letters here for you,' said the postmaster, who was also a justice of the peace. 'They ought to have been here yesterday,' I said. 'Couldn't have got here yesterday, as old Brown, who carries the mail, was drunk, and didn't go over to Bosco after it.' 'And how about to-day?' 'Well, he's sober enough to-day, but his old woman has cut her foot.' 'But there will be a mail to-morrow,' I queried. 'Skasely, sir. We don't have no mail on Thursdays.' 'Then how about next day?' 'Friday is a sort of off day with the Bosco postmaster, and he generally goes fishing. If he don't he sends the boy over. I never count on it, however.' 'You seem to have a slipshod way of running postal affairs out in this country,' I said as I turned away. 'Waal, I dunno

380 Dissatisfaction in the Country Post-Offices

but we have,' he admitted, as he looked at me over the top of his spectacles, 'but, as long as nobody but Uncle Bill Simpson ever gets any mail, and that's only a circular about how to kill cockroaches, we kinder take things easy and let the United States run along without worrying about mails.' "

A remedy for both ignorance and chronic inefficiency generally is proposed in the extension of modified, judicious civil-service regulations over the incumbents of post-offices of the fourth class. Examinations would then precede appointments. These need not be competitive: that would be impracticable when, as in most cases, location is an important point governing selections. But they should be of sufficient latitude to insure at least the needed qualifications for properly conducting the government business.

A long step in the direction of a more secure tenure to this class of officials has been made by the present administration in declaring that they shall be removed only for cause. If this regulation can be made permanent and combined with the examination feature just referred to, there will be established a practical "merit system" covering these sixty-two thousand places which have heretofore been the prey of spoilsmen.



Among the things which a judicious application of the merit system would regulate are necessarily the method of getting into the service and the process of getting out again. That both these things need attention may be gathered from the following illustrative cases:

A woman out west tells how her husband, Silas, got appointed postmaster: "There was four candidates,—three men and a woman. One was an undertaker and the woman was a milliner, and the only way they could settle it was by havin' a post-office inspector come along and decide it. He come and the undertaker showed him his hearse, along with other qualifications which he thought entitled him to the post-office. The woman and her friends showed the inspector how clean the milliner shop was kept and showed him the artificial flowers and artificial birds and the poor woman showed him her artificial limb, Silas 'lowed, trying to outdo the undertaker. The other candidate was keeping a drug-store and sold 'nips' to poor and weary pilgrims travelin' from afar at ten cents a nip, and, while the inspector took a deadhead nip, he said the law made it impossible to dispense drinks and mail out of the same room, so this left only Silas to buck the undertaker and the milliner. Whatever he done I never knew, but Silas made a sign at the inspector and I seen him acknowledge it and so I begins to smell woollen and it wasn't

long until the inspector got around to where Silas was handin' out the mail, for he was deputy, as they call it, to handle the post-office until the new postmaster was appointed. Mr. Inspector says, says he, 'Young feller, you don't run a burial cart nor a milliner store nor you don't mix drinks, but if you can raise a bond, why you can have the office.'"

Thus the spoils system of appointing postmasters, as manipulated by congressmen, is clearly outclassed by the secret society system when manipulated by a duly credentialed and thoroughly earnest inspector. As to getting out of a position which has grown to be undesirable—that is usually easy, but not always. A disgusted postmaster in Arkansas, who had tried ten times to resign, without success, forwarded a long letter, concluding with a manifest *sine qua non*, as follows:

"But, anyhow, this time I am unanimously through fiddling about it, and this here 'leventh and last resignation of mine has got to be accepted, let the chips fall where they may. Along about four o'clock this afternoon a passel of our best citizens informed me in no uncertain tones that if I wasn't up and gone by midnight they lowed to tar and feather and rail-ride me out of our law-abidin' little city, for a small matter that it ain't necessary for me to go into details at present; and a spell ago a friend let me know that they had reconsidered to the extent of decidin' to make it nine o'clock instead of midnight, and were already a-bilin' of the tar.

"So you can see for yourself that it is high time for me to step down and out. No more at present."



That much of the present success of our postal system is due to the honest enforcement of genuine civil-service principles every close observer must admit. The letter-carriers, both urban and rural, the hard-working clerks in city post-offices, the heroic railway mail-clerks—all come to their positions after a competitive examination that severely tests their mental endowments and educational equipment. They hold those positions not by political favor. Their efficiency increases with experience, and promotions come, slowly it is true, but on the basis of demonstrated skill in their several lines of work. The American mail service of to-day could no more be run, to the satisfaction of its patrons, under the old spoils system than it could with the stage-coach as a vehicle for transportation.

Ignorance is, perhaps, an unpardonable sin in any one holding official position. But some of the curtness and impatience occasionally exhibited by the sorely tried postmaster can be explained,

if not excused, by the monumental ignorance or effrontery displayed by a large proportion of the people who come to do business with him.

A white-headed old French Canadian entered the post-office in a New Hampshire village and requested the aid of the clerk in addressing a letter.

"Ah want him to go to mah nephew, Mis' Olive Bedeau, Franklin," said he, producing what had once been a square white envelope.

"Sure, how do you spell Bedeau?" asked the clerk, whose scholastic attainments did not embrace a very extensive acquaintance with French surnames.

"Do' know how to spell 'Bedeau'?"

"No."

"Wal, den," and the old man scratched his head reflectively for some seconds, "you jes mak' him 'Mis' Olive Bradley.' Dat her name ever sence she bin got marrie'."

No line of business is so insignificant as not to be more or less dependent on the post-office for success. A verdant youth came in and asked:

"Are thar eny mail here fur eny of the Phillips boys?"

The postmaster looked carefully through and informed him that there was not.

Then he became very communicative—told his troubles to the postmaster, as people frequently do, saying, "I 'lowed there 'ud be by this time, cause a feller over at Xenia promist me a hound pup, and said he'd drap me a keerd when it was ready to wean."

Before leaving he requested that if any came for him, the postmaster would keep it until he called again, and he faithfully promised to do so. Though that fellow was a voter, that was probably his first visit to a post-office, and he had never received a letter in his life, but he finally received the "keerd" and we presume he got the pup. The second time he came into the office he walked up to the window as familiarly as if he had known the officials always, and said, "Dick, kin you tell me how much nine ties will come to at thirty cents a tie?" The reply was, "Yes, sir; two dollars and seventy cents."

With a look of blank astonishment upon his unsophisticated countenance, he exclaimed, "How in thunder do you know? You never figgered it!"

Soft words butter no parsnips, but hot utterances stimulate the circulation. Hence some patrons revel in a display of insolence to even the most courteous postal official. A stranger came to the post-office and asked to have his mail forwarded to another town.

"What is your name?"

“What difference does that make?”

“Why, I want to write it down.”

“Well, it’s none of your — business. Just write that down.”

The question of adequate compensation is one that appeals urgently to the postmaster of the fourth class, though he is, for a government employee remarkably quiet and exceptionally modest in presenting suggestions. There are no salaries attached to these positions. No one receives over one thousand dollars per annum, and the emoluments are based on the business done,—that is, on a percentage of the postage-stamps “cancelled” in the office in the regular course of business.

Probably not one in ten of them receives five hundred dollars a year. It is known that thirty thousand receive less than one hundred dollars and sixteen thousand less than fifty dollars a year. These last get all their earnings; they receive 100 per cent. of their “cancellations;” yet they are not satisfied. No grade of the postmasters of this class is satisfied. It is getting to be generally admitted that, as compared with other government employees, they are very poorly paid.



A postmaster gives this striking statement of the drawbacks to the privilege he is supposed to enjoy: “We who live on star routes and have rural delivery offices get nothing for having to neglect our own business and hand out mail to the carrier. I run a store and have a daily mail, and often it is the case that I am waiting on a customer, maybe a lady, and the mail-carrier comes in, and I have to stop right then and attend to the mail and neglect my own interest for Uncle Sam, and probably get two or four cents for it. This is to do twice a day for that amount, and then get thunder if a newspaper has not come on time. The postmaster is the one that catches it on every side.”

Another complains that, while a section hand on the railroad that runs through his village gets forty dollars a month for working ten hours a day, he, the trusted official of the United States mail service, works fourteen hours a day for an average of twenty-two dollars a month.

These are a few of the causes of friction and discontent in the village and rural post-offices. A reformation of the postal system that will work a cure of its numerous defects must not neglect due attention to this the real fountain head of the whole vast enterprise.

A NIGHT WITH NATURE

By Adèle Marie Shaw

AS SET FORTH BY MRS. JACK CARMICHAEL TO THE HUSBAND OF HER CHOICE, UPON THE VERANDA OF THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE, JUST ONE HALF HOUR AFTER JACK'S ARRIVAL AT THAT HOSTELRY



DO I still want to spend part of your vacation camping? No, Jack, not unless we can camp alone. Oh dear, no. Yes, I did say something about it—but that was before—Oh you needn't ask. I'm going to tell you. I've been saving it up.

You see Professor Schirmir wrote me from the Schirmir Summer School Camp and he did make "roughing it" sound attractive! I thought we'd be simple and picturesque, you and I, roaming the forest by day and sitting around a camp-fire at night—and oh, the cheapness of it! We could have had the Canadian tour on what we saved. You know, for old married people, we aren't a bit choosy about our food and we do love real woods. I'd have been willing to live in a nice clean dug-out or a robbers' cave or anything if we could have had it to ourselves. It seemed as good as settled the moment I read the Professor's letter, but I remembered the awful week you spent at the "quaint little inn" kept by Rita's "dear old mountain guide," so I decided to go first and see what this was like.

I broke it gently to Aunt Emerson that she might be left here at the Mountain House unfriended and alone for twenty-four hours or even forty-eight. The gentleness was all wasted. I think she was glad to be rid of me. She was learning to make woolly boots and giving her whole mind to it. She's around on the shady side of the porch running ribbons in them at this minute.

I left her counting stitches, and sipping iced tea under the maples. It was hot even up here the day I started, and it grew hotter the farther we got down into the valley. You see I was terribly tired sitting around rocking and reading with the porch ladies, and walking an inch from the door and back for exercise. I just longed for wildness. I thought when you came I'd give you a day or two chained to Aunt Emerson's chariot, then I'd spring the Professor's camp on you for a lovely surprise. But that heat wilted my assurance—a little.

It took longer to get there than I'd supposed. I changed cars twice and then there was a trolley before I found the camp stage. All the way I'd been looking forward to that "old-fashioned stage." I thought it would be drawn by two or maybe four big strong horses and go creaking comfortably through a shady wood road. And it wasn't a stage at all; just a carryall and one bony horse. The stupid boy who drove it let me lift in my bag myself. The bony horse dragged us up a sandy road in a kind of seesaw gallop while the sun beat down harder and harder on his back. Wherever you looked you could see waves of heat squirming up from the landscape. After miles without a thread of shade I discovered a grove ahead.

I don't know exactly what I expected but I was sure the Camp would be cool and woodsy with log cabins, and paths winding away under the trees into nice dim places, and the summer school students "star-scattered on the grass," you know, and everything smelling of balsam and wild herbs, and a big brook flowing along over stones. I can hardly remember the pretty picture I'd made for myself, it was all so different.

Crooked rows of painted cottages—one was blue—and a great smell of baking and frying, just like a cheap city suburb set down in the woods! All along the way as we drove up there were women hanging out clothes. It was Monday and they stuck to tradition.

Half way up the clothes lane we came upon the Professor and his wife. I'd never met Mrs. Professor. The letter had said, "My wife thinks we're too primitive here," so I'd imagined she was a portly person fond of her feather bed. Not a bit. She was not in the least stout and she wore a tailored gown. (*She was not washing.*) There wasn't any perceptible enthusiasm in the way she welcomed me. I really thought at first she suspected me of being a sort of female disciple pursuing her good-looking husband into the woods! I was wrong. She was just as chilly and remote to everybody. She acted as a normal being might in a home for the feeble-minded.

When I saw the building where they took me to brush up I put out of my mind for good and all the log cabin that I'd been dreaming about. A log cabin with an open fireplace and pine cones all ready for a cool evening, with little windows in the logs to show the green outside—Oh, I buried that cabin-for-two! It was out of the picture beside a wooden tent of a house big enough for a boarding school.

But I didn't give up the woods. The trees looked thicker farther along and I thought the moment luncheon was over I'd run off and enjoy myself. I thought this while I was slopping water over my cindery fingers and hunting for a towel. I'd forgotten to put one in so I asked an aged caretaker who was fussing around the place

if she'd get me one. She was a good soul whose conversation debilitated without enlivening.

"Towel!" she exclaimed, and went off in a meditative fit. "Towel! Towel! H'm! Oho, yes, yes. Towel. I can get you one." And she hasted forth. I'd dripped nearly dry when she came galumphing back.

"Here 'tis," she called, panting away like a steam roller. "Here's your towel. It's been used but it's all right."

It certainly had been used. It was like the school towel at Davis Corner after the long recess.

My idea of camp food was like the rest of my ideas; it was all wrong for that place. We were fed, hundreds of us, in a long, low, rakish shed where the waitresses were appalled at my appetite. I seemed to be the only person in my immediate neighborhood who didn't think eating was a paltry business. It had rained so the earth floor was damp but I got my feet up on the rounds of my chair and ate all the vegetables out of the little birds' bath-tubs about my plate. The vegetables were just like those that come out of cans everywhere else, but there was some talk at our table that sounded like "nature." They were raving over a specimen of the *corydillis glauca*. I think that was the name. It's that pink thing that grows all over Pine Mountain. This one was either darker or lighter than most. I didn't hear it all, for there were two people at my end of the table keeping up an agonized "conversation" in summer-school French. They weren't in the Nature section.

I gurgled as prettily as I could over the *corydillis* but I didn't neglect my pie, so I was the last to go.

"Now," thought I, as I got out of the wooden eating-cave into the open again, "for my woods!" I wanted to get away from the blue house and the lavender house and the eating-house into a place where I couldn't see a thing but trees. But the whole crowd were scuttling away to something on a programme and I couldn't manage my escape.

I had my choice of two things, but no woods. I could go to the fern class or I could follow Professor Schirmir with a swarm of crazy children and drag slimy little beasts out of a pool. I took the fern class. That was in another wooden tent, all sort of obscure and mildewed and dusty, for the trees grew thick outside, and I suppose scientists don't do much housekeeping. We sat around against the wall in the dark and peered at one another across a mussy table.

The Professor was youngish. I never saw such a hopeful man. "In a few minutes," he said, "I can make this subject so clear to you that you can identify any fern in this section of the country without trouble." I kept both ears cocked and I took notes on the

back of one of your letters. Here they are. Doesn't it sound pretty? I'll read it to you.

Nephrodium marginale goldianum—
A-sexual spores.

Schizæaceæ: rud. ring.
Hymen-phyllaceæ.
Polypodeaceæ

Usporceugeatæ marattiaceæ.
Spludgassaceæ.

There was a ribald person in the darkest corner who asked, "What is the pet name of that *asplenium* you just mentioned?" and it was just plain spleenwort.

I peeked at all the specimens with a baby microscope and I looked solemn and intelligent and kept thinking of the book in my bag I'd meant to read out in the woods. Poor old wilted specimens! They made me sick. I wanted to get out where things were growing.

When that part of the class was over we trooped out into the air. At least I "trooped." The rest hung around the fern professor and squinted through one another's microscopes. There were two dear old ladies comparing note books; they seemed bothered because they hadn't any notes alike.

I was slipping away in the direction where the houses looked thinnest when the woman who'd lent me her microscope called me back. She was another "transient," a famous botanist from Maine or Minnesota or somewhere. She didn't look any more exhilarated than I felt but we simply couldn't get away. I'd given up the idea of a brook. No decent brook would babble around such a *caravan-serai*, but I still hoped for a "shady nook" remote from dwellings.

The fern class was really only half over. The second hour was just beginning. It was to be another lesson—in the meadow. The botanical lady and I fell in with the procession and trotted with the rest past all the clothes lines and the pink and purple porches. Out in the hot country we met Professor Schirmir and the children. A few of the infants were strutting proudly because they carried jars full of bugs and water. They looked happy and I wished I'd gone for bugs. The smallest child was perched on the Professor's shoulder dripping a wet, weedy net all over his black coat. The good man's

face was all streaky with perspiration but that man has some secret for not knowing when he's uncomfortable!

It was a damp meadow. How it steamed! Most of the pollywog escort deserted the bugs to come rioting after us. They pulled up everything in sight and had an adorable time. The rest of us just stood around and blistered. And I couldn't get my wood paths, and my mossy banks, and the places where I'd thought you and I could be alone together, out of my head. By supper time I was thinking of you much too hard and getting precious homesick.

It was worse when the whippoorwills started in. There wasn't any camp fire. Instead everybody was going with Professor Schirmir to hunt fox fire. Do you know what fox fire is? It's phosphorescence. Mrs. Professor didn't go. She said her youngest seemed croupy. I hadn't even that excuse.

It was pitch dark when we started. We had no light, no lantern, no match—nothing. I had no rubbers, but the woman who took me under her wing had. They kept dropping off and I helped her paw around in the mud after them. Phosphorescence you know can't be caught except in swampish places in the woods.

The Professor can "feel the North." The rest of us just walked all over one another trying to hang to his coat-tails. He just pointed himself south by sou'east or whatever it was and plodded ahead. There was a fat woman in front of me who went down into the squishy leaves every other minute. Before I could put out my hand to clutch her she would bob up and be bouncing along. One woman sang: "Shed not a tear o'er thy friend's early bier," the whole way, and one kept stopping to say, "Isn't this sport!"

It was a long walk, and very jungly. Live things kept scuttling and slinking and slipping all around us in the dark. Every now and then a bird or a squirrel we'd disturbed in his decent bed scolded or swore, and I was with him! The excitement that buoyed up the rest seemed to skip me. I was pretty "fretty" by the time the swamp got up around my ankle bones. It smelt, too. The little shine that put everyone else into an ecstasy just said *malaria* to me.

Oh, I shall do it up nicely some day for Jeanie Moore. She's very nifty over her blazed trails and cairns and little tuppenny climbs. I'll warrant you, Jack, she never followed a man that can "feel the North" into a vast and solitudinous swamp at midnight (it was just as dark as midnight) and watched the—the death fires of the wood playing over their victims! How's that, Jack, for your prosy Jill!

Ugh! I scratched my face and tore my stockings—Of course I had on low shoes. What else would you wear in the middle of sum-

mer?—And I banged my knee so it aches still. I'd given up my stories-round-the-camp-fire but I tell you I wanted my downy.

Even that I had to wait for. When we got back to the hill above the cottages the whole sticky, chilly, swampy crowd halted to stow away a dozen giggling girls in a lean-to, canvas tent. There was barely room for them packed close on the ground, nothing under them but a scrubby lot of twigs. We left 'em finally, all on their right sides, their heads in a row above the blanket, and the rain was pouring in *torrents*. It lightened like mad, and the thunder—Well, I ran the rest of the way and just tumbled myself into the door the fat woman said was mine. I think she rolled most of the way down the hill, but she got there without a bone broken.

The caretaker woman was rooting around in a perfect chaos of packing boxes. "My, ain't you wet!" she called. "You better go right up to your room, I sh'd think. You're drippin' all over the place!"

I continued to drip up the stairs. It was a kind of junk shop below and a kind of loft above. I found my way by tagging two dripping women and one dripping man. They showed me my room. I thought the man would depart. You see the upstairs was only one big room separated into cells by partitions that came just over your head. But the man remained. He was the husband of the wettest woman. How that man loved nature! "Hear the rain on the roof! Do you hear it!" he kept calling. He was quite an infant in his glee.

I was nicely concealed in my own cupboard, but I didn't feel concealed. Nice people? Certainly they were—the salt of the earth, and it was much more sheltered than a sleeping-car.

I'd heard several keys turn in the doors, but conversation went right on after people were shut in.

"This shower going to turn into a rain, Mr. Harrison?" called the woman whose husband liked rain on the roof.

Mr. Harrison's answer appeared to arise from the cell next mine. I struggled to make my toothbrush perfectly noiseless. More keys turned. There was a minute's quiet. From the door of the compartment opposite mine came the voice of the botanical lady.

"May I have a basin, please?" she asked.

The caretaker was on the spot. "The' ain't enough of them tin basins to go around," said she loud and clear, "but I've ben takin' care o' this place for nine years an' I guess I c'n roust one out for you if anybody can. You'll have to set it out pretty early. The's others'll be wantin' of it. But not before six mebbe." I wished I could see that botanical lady's face.

By this time a lot more people were clambering up the stairs and

slamming their doors. Garments dropped on chairs or flapped against the walls. There was no noise in the botanical lady's room. I could feel the silence that ascended from it.

"I hope," one woman called across, with a pins-between-the-teeth effect, "that that boy won't have the nightmare to-night. How did they ever happen to put him in here?"

One of the men was growling about Professor Schirmir. "If he doesn't come soon the police will be knocking to know why the lights aren't out," he announced to any who would listen.

"He's sitting out on the hill till the shower's over; the girls that are tenting were scared," explained Rain-on-the-roof.

I was trying to make a stealthy ascent to my husk mattress,—and it was a very good mattress but very high up,—when the Professor came. He made sure that his son's croup hadn't been fatal and immured himself in his own compartment. While he moved jars and bottles and pitchers and boxes and cases and things (I found out afterward that he had given up his room to me and slept in his laboratory) the talk started up again. Every one wanted a word with Professor Schirmir, but it simmered down finally. I thought the last conversational gem had been tossed over the partitions and was just trying to get to sleep when there was the most awful howl. Oh, it was fearsome! It set the whole place on end.

"Only the boy," some one shouted. "Wake him up, somebody."

There was a patter of feet and "Lemme lone—Wha' yer doin'?" I pulled a quilt over my ears and made another attempt at sleep. Sleep! The talkers had gotten their second wind. Oh, it was "terrible merry," and right in the midst, "Goodness, what's going on down stairs?" somebody demanded.

"The perlice!" The boy seemed to be snickering in his cot. "Lights burnin'," he said.

It was the police too. There are camp laws about lights and noise. He patrols to see that they're kept. I thought he and the caretaker would spend the entire night trying to lock the door. I could hear her chattering away two-forty to the square inch.

"'Tain't ben locked this summer but somebody's ben complainin' an' I suppose I've got ter git it together. Though what in tunket—the' aint a thing in the place anybody'd want"—then she dropped to a sort of stage whisper—"nor a pusson neither," said she.

The policeman got his oar in at last. "You push inside and I'll pull out here," he interpolated; evidently he wanted the door between them. She was talkative, that old lady.

The whole house shook like the ague. It couldn't last forever of course and when the caretaker's shoes came off (she roomed at the

end of the loft) I thought the last boot had dropped, so to speak. For a regular eternity I lay there thinking how horribly locked in I was and that the police would certainly arrest me if I dropped from the windows; but after about *three* eternities I got dozy and was just going off when the boy piped up again—"I'm awful cold," and I gave up sleep. I *suppose* I was *sound asleep* in about five minutes, for the next I really knew the Rain-lover's wife was crying, "I've an extra towel here. Anybody want it?" and I piped up like the boy, "I do."

"I giv' you a towel yesterday," said the caretaker, stern and reproachful.

I'd made up my mind it wouldn't do to leave Aunt Emerson alone any forty-eight hours. I told the Professor she was getting on in years and I must not stay away.

He just patted the nearest tree and looked up at it affectionately.

"And leave all this?" he said. "Oh it's too bad, too bad."

When the "stage" appeared the caretaker was doing fearful gymnastics somewhere among the bales and boxes of the first floor of my lodging. I could just see her in the huge cloud of dust she'd stirred up.

"Good-bye, come again," she called. "I can't stop to shake hands for the cookin' class meets here in fifteen minutes and I've got to git ready for 'em."

Let's walk out to Fisher's Point. It's woods the whole way. And Jackie, don't you tell Aunt Emerson the camp wasn't perfectly lovely.



YOU

BY KATHERINE FAY

YOU mean for me what birds at daybreak sing,
 When earth awakening calls to them
 With little yellow daffodils, 'Tis spring!
 You mean the wondrous music of the spheres,
 When o'er the distant purple hills
 Through soft piled clouds, the great white moon appears.
 You mean what the great sea is fain to say,
 When murmuring low on silver sands
 It sings a lullaby at close of day.
 The trees all bow their heads, they listen too!
 The winds are telling them, dear love,
 How all the world now means for me—but you!

WHEN THE SUN WENT DOWN

By Francis Lynde

Author of "The Quickening," "The Grafters," etc.



SAVE when the lighted candle was stuck by its spike-pointed holder in a crevice of the rock, it was always pitch dark in the farther end of Kilgore's tunnel.

He had started it straight enough, but the perversity of inanimate things had intervened. After he had gnawed his way fifty feet from grass roots into the flinty heart of Bull Mountain, he had struck a "fault," a wide transverse split in the porphyry cutting his drift at right angles, and in one bad quarter of an hour the thin vein of gold-bearing ore was lost, and tons of earth and loose rock had shot down into the gangway. Later, at the end of six weeks of single-handed toil, he had made shift to burrow and timber his way through the sliding avalanche to the native rock beyond, only to find that the rediscovered vein had changed its direction. So there was a crook in the tunnel; and from that on the cheerful square of daylight, framed by the timbering at the entrance, was no longer visible from the working face.

To a man of finer grain the deprivation might have been partly sentimental. But Bartley Kilgore and sentiment had parted company years before; say, on the day when he had shot Jeff Layne for making love to the girl he had meant to marry,—this in his native Tennessee mountains. His cursings of the crook in the tunnel were chiefly on the score of its wastefulness. In the straight drive from the entrance to the darkening angle, enough daylight penetrated to suffice for the barrow-loading and wheeling. But now he had to keep a candle burning, and the candles cost money.

Afterward he began to miss the daylight for another reason which did not precisely define itself. One day he used the last of a box of candles and opened another. The new ones burned indifferently bad, growing steadily worse after the first layer or two. Kilgore's patience under pin-pricks was short in inverse proportion to his stubborn persistence in the larger field. The poor light enraged

him, and he found himself hurrying through the drilling and charging intervals so that he might slake his eye-thirst on the glimpses of sunlight had in barrowing the loosened rock and débris out to the dump. At such moments he did not omit to swear pointedly at old man Slaughter, the outfitter at Red Elephant, who had sold him the candles.

This was in the latter part of August. Early in September he began to remark a singular climatic change. He had summered and wintered the higher—and remoter—altitudes as jack-freighter, prospector, and miner since the year when he had successfully eluded the sheriff of Roane County, Tennessee. But only once, when the eastern forests on Mount Blanco were burning in mile-long windrows, had he seen the clear, crystalline air of the high summits clouded with the blue haze that reminded him of the autumn-leaf fires in the Cumberlands.

But now again there was a tinting of haze in the air, red rather than blue; noticeable at first only in the mornings and evenings, but later encroaching upon the meridian until finally the noonday sun lost its brilliancy and became a ball of crimson fire swinging in a lurid sky over the pointing pinnacle of Cameron's Needle.

Kilgore wondered where the forest fires were, and was vaguely troubled,—as the beasts and birds are in the shadowing of an eclipse. Since April, when he had tramped the twenty miles from Red Elephant with the fourth and final back-load of his summer's grub-stake, he had not seen the face of his kind, and there was no one to question about the singular obscurity. Being purely extraneous, however, the phenomenon was easily negligible from Kilgore's point of view.

In times past he had been a man moved by such springs of action as are operative in the unfettered life of the frontier. But since his chance discovery of the knife-blade seam of precious metal on Bull Mountain three years before, he had become a mere machine, wound up and set to do two things alternately,—to grind provision-money in whatever labor-mill offered during the winters, and to dig and delve through the short summers at the beckoning of the golden finger.

His passion was both more and less than greed, since greed looks to some future beyond the ultimate day of grasplings. But Kilgore had lost sight of whatever might lie beyond the culminating moment. Fruition for him meant the last lucky shot fired in the heading, the shot which should bring down a golden shower from the suddenly widened vein. Past that—save possibly to a celebrating orgie in the Red Elephant dance-hall which should outspend and outlast all previous efforts in that field—his forecastings did not run.

So, in spite of the curious clouding of the skies and the poor light of the candles, he wrought on early and late; hoping fiercely when the ore-seam thickened a little, and driving the work still more desperately when each succeeding shot showed the narrow line pinching almost to invisibility.

As the sun grew dimmer in the noontide sky, the candles in Kilgore's burrow burned still more blurringly, scanting their miserable light until it took three of them, guttering in reckless extravagance at the same time, to make the gloom visible.

Kilgore had no nerves, or, if he had, he did not know it; but with the deepening of the gloom he found the shadows full of ominous suggestion. A splinter of rock falling from the tunnel roof made him start and sweat as if it were the warning of another "fault" avalanche. When he failed to strike the drill head because he could no longer see it plainly, the miss left him strangely tremulous and shaken. For a tonic he would blow out the candles and drill for an hour in the Stygian blackness. It was like the bursting of bonds, this frenzy of labor without light; and a little later he found that he could drill the hole, place the explosive, and tamp it ready for the firing, all without the help of the blurring candles.

It was the firing of a shot that gave him his first hint of the truth. Economizing always for the sake of the dwindling stores in the cabin at the foot of the dump, careful method had come to be second nature. When all was ready for the shot, it had been his custom to extinguish the candles, stowing them carefully in some crevice of safety. That done, and the tools hidden, he would kindle the fuse with a match and feel his way in the darkness to the sheltering angle.

The risk, such as it was, lay in the stumbling retreat. Always the sputtering red scintillations of the slow-match powder had told him when the fuse was fairly alight; but now and then, since the candles had begun to burn with fuzzy halos, he had missed seeing the powder sparklings and had come to depend more and more upon the snake-like hiss for his note of warning.

But it chanced that one day, when he was firing the noon blast, he neither saw nor heard. Luckily, he was holding the fuse between the thumb and finger of his left hand, and so had his warning through another sense,—had it and sprang up to dash out upon the dump, sucking his thumb and growling like a hurt animal.

The muffled roar of the explosion crashed flatly at the tunnel's mouth, like the falling of plank upon plank. Kilgore did not heed it; nor did he go back to see what the shot had accomplished, as he usually did—at meal-time as otherwhiles. Instead, he crept cautiously down the steep path that led to his cabin in the gulch

below, stumbling over obstructions he could not see, and still sucking his burned thumb.

The smoky haze was so thick for him that he did not make out the figure of a man sitting on the bench beside the cabin door till he was crossing the little rivulet at the toe of the dump

When he did see, his first impulse was to go back to the tunnel. Never more gregarious than the self-contained, reticent stock from which he was descended, the dumb battle with the rocks had stunned his one hereditary virtue—the open-handed hospitality of his Tennessee forefathers. But the hint of the burned thumb was crying out for denial or confirmation, and he was stumbling on again when the stranger called out cheerily:

“Howdy, neighbor! I allowed maybe grub-time ’d fetch y’u out o’ that hole o’ your’n up yonder. What’s the good word with y’u?”

Kilgore did not reply until he had come close enough to peer into the man’s face. And then he ignored the greeting query.

“Yes; I ’most always make out to get ’round at eatin’ time,” he said, not inhospitably. Then he asked a question of his own: “Prospectin’?”

The wayfarer laughed. “That’s what I *wuz* doin’ till the grub run shy. Now I’m headin’ over the range for another stake out o’ Jim Lighter, at the Molly Murphy. Me an’ Jim’s pardoners.”

“Well, come awn in and make you an arm,” said Kilgore. “Ther’ ain’t nothin’ much but sow-belly an’ corn pone; but sich as it is, ye’re welcome.” And when he was stirring the embers on the hearth he added, “I hain’t seen the shape of a man sence last spring.”

“I reckon it *is* sort o’ lonesome up here on Bull Crick,” was the rejoinder; after which the talk lapsed until the freshly fried bacon, cold corn bread, and coffee were on the rough slab that served Kilgore for a table. Even then the host waited until the edge of the guest’s appetite was a little blunted before he said:

“You allowed you’d been prospectin’; run acrost anything worth while?”

For answer the stranger reached for his haversack, took out a lump of ore with tiny globules of gold showing here and there from its roasting in the camp fire, and passed it across the table.

“That looks sort o’ hopeful, don’t it?” he said, with pardonable triumph. And when Kilgore examined it, holding it within six inches of his eyes: “Great Moses, neighbor! you must be all-fired nigh-sighted!”

Kilgore put the lump of ore down and stared soberly out at the gray dump filling the vista beyond the open door. He could barely distinguish its outlines in the red haze.

"Yes; I been gettin' that-away lately." Then he pulled himself together and asked the questions that had been trembling on his lips every instant of the silent half-hour. "I been layin' it to the smoke. Did you ever see sich a hell of a smother sence you was born? Whereabouts are the woods a-burnin' this fall?—*and why don't it smell?*"

The guest was sitting with his back to the door, and he screwed himself on his block of wood and looked out.

"Why, land o' glory, pardner! y'u must 'a' been hittin' the pipe!" he ejaculated. "I know it ain't corn-juice, 'r y'u 'd 've passed it 'round. Ther' ain't no timber fires; and I reckon the Lord never made a purtier day 'n this 'n' sence He begun 'way back yonder in old Cap'n Noah's time!"

Kilgore's sudden pallor could not show through the grime and bronze on his weather-beaten face. His heavy jaw muscled in knots, and under cover of the slab table his hands were clenched till the finger-nails bit into the palms. He knew now; knew why the candles burned in fuzzy circles, and why he could stare at the noon-day sun with unblinking eyes. But he made no sign that the guest might interpret.

"That so?" he said slowly. "Seemed like it was mighty hazy to me; but maybe it's 'count o' my bein' so nigh-sighted. Fill up your pipe afore you hit the trail ag'in. I got a sack o' terbacker somewheres 'round, ef I can make out to find hit."

The tobacco was found, the pipe was filled, and the guest went his way. Kilgore sat for an hour afterward on the bench at the cabin door, staring gloomily at the huge bulk of Bull Mountain, looming dimly, though its steep talus was no more than a stone's throw distant. At length he got up wearily and set about doing what was to be done.

It took him all the remainder of the afternoon, working in the befogging haze, to close up the mouth of the tunnel with the spare timbers, to post his notice of ownership, charcoaled in uncertain capitals on a candle-box cover, and to set his house in order for the journey. And in the twilight, the real twilight which was night dark to him, he felt his way to the downward trail leading to Red Elephant and the railroad.

The eye specialist in Denver was a consumptive, a Johns Hopkins man with a professional repute on two continents and the inability to win health or a promise of life on either. Perhaps the certainty of his own sentence blunted his sympathy for others; or his apparent lack of it may have been merely an honest regard for the truth. At all events, he thrust the sword into Kilgore and turned it round.

"If you could put yourself under treatment for a year, you

might have one chance in a thousand of regaining your sight, or one in a hundred of keeping as much of it as you have now," was the verdict, pronounced after a long and searching examination. Then came the turn of the sword, the twisting of it in the wound. "If you had come to me in the beginning, I might have cured you; but it is too late now."

Kilgore was still in the chair, scowling blankly into the mirror of the ophthalmoscope.

"I reckon hit don't make no difference, but I'd like to know what done it, doc."

"Dissipation, or overwork, or both," was the curt rejoinder. "You have the physique of a horse, but you've broken it. And your eyes happened to be the weakest link in the chain, that's all."

Kilgore got out of the chair and felt for his wallet. When he emptied it into his palm there was a single gold piece and a little silver. The man of science was not without bowels when it came to the matter of fees.

"Is that all you have?" he demanded brusquely.

Kilgore felt the coins one by one.

"That's the size of it," he said; and the trained ear of the physician caught the colorless note which marks the voice of the blind.

"Then I don't want it. You are welcome to what you've had. Good-morning."

Kilgore felt his way out of the office and down the five confusing flights of stairs to the street. There was an elevator, but he did not know it. Two days later, in the fringe of the evening, he was stumbling heavily up the trail which skirts the base of Bull Mountain, with a sack of meal, a fitch of bacon, and a coil of light wire on his back.

With the coming of a new day he made his final preparations for the forlorn-hope battle, painstakingly and with careful method.

From the door of the cabin he ran a strand of the wire up the path that led to the tunnel's mouth, supporting it at hand-height on a row of stakes. Back of the hut was the grove of fir-trees where he cut his firewood; and when he had felled and split a sufficient supply, he strung another line of wire to lead him to it. The third wire ran to the pool in the rivulet where he dipped up water; and when this was stretched, he was ready to begin the harder task.

It took him a full week, testing and trying hour after hour, before he could learn to trace the course of the finger-width vein of ore by the sense of touch. At first it seemed blankly impossible ever to learn it. The jagged rock face of the heading was dumb to the questioning finger-tips. Times unnumbered he flung himself

on his face to grovel despairingly before the dumb wall, yelling like a madman in the keen anguish of disappointment. Yet he always rose to try again and again, and yet again; and at length the iron will triumphed over the seemingly impossible.

It was on the first day of the second week that he fired his thirty-ninth experimental shot. When the air cleared he went back into the den of darkness, passed his fingers up and down for many minutes over the new rock-face, and finally drew two roughly parallel lines from roof to floor with a sharp-edged splinter of the porphyry. Next he lighted the candles, six of them, and by the supremest effort compelled the failing eyes to verify the scratched outlines. This time his cry was a pæan of triumph. He could see the vein with his finger-tips!

The other obstacles were more easily overcome. He had long since learned to drill and charge mechanically, and in firing he had only to improve upon the lesson of the burned thumb. Curiously enough, it was the wheelbarrow that gave him the most trouble. Try as he might, he could never learn to guide it straight with his eyes shut. But this obstacle he overcame by laying a rude double track of slender saplings for the barrow's wheel.

When all these things were done, the midday sun was no more than a dull red blot in the sky, and the transition from the tunnel's belly of blackness to the daylight was like passing from the night to the earliest grayings of a cloudy dawn. Kilgore would have been more or less than a man if his farewell to the light of day had not thrust him through and through with hot needles of despairing anguish. But his surcease was work—toil of the bitterest, prolonged to the verge of exhaustion.

His only measure of time was the number of holes drilled, charged, and fired; and when at length the night of blindness was fully come, he grew careless of his time-markings and worked on and on until he could no longer strike the drill with the hammer for sheer weariness. When the collapse came, he would crawl stiffly out of the tunnel into the day or night, as it chanced, feel his way down to the cabin, cook his ash-bread and bacon, eat, smoke, sleep, and so to work again.

The first deep snow of winter had fallen, to make his goings to and fro over the steep path more difficult than before, when the other sun, the sun of hope, went down, leaving his narrow world in darkness that could be felt, that could smite and thrust out strangling hands to throttle him.

In one of the toiling intervals he broke his rule, which was to fire but one shot at a time. In battery firing there was always the chance that one or more of the shots might fail, with the added

chance that he might blindly explode the failure in drilling again.

But the one-shot progress was maddeningly slow, and for days the thin vein had been pinching narrower. Kilgore was sick with the fear that he should lose it entirely, and the creeping torture of the slow uncovering was more than he could bear. So, in a reckless moment, he decided to take the risk of a battery.

It was hours afterward when he cut the six fuse-ends to equal length, split them, wrapped them together with a bit of twine, and applied the match. Since he was saving of fuse, as of everything else, he had no more than groped his way to the mouth of the tunnel when the explosion came, and the mighty breath of it nearly knocked him down.

Five minutes later he was feeling his way back, sniffing for gas, and stumbling over the cross-ties of his barrow track. Ten feet from the heading he plunged helplessly over a great heap of débris half filling the tunnel, by which he knew that the multiplied shots had done their work.

But when he crouched before the new rock-face to pass his fingers eagerly over its shattered surface, the narrow line of the ore seam was not to be found. Again and again he felt for it, the nausea of his anguish upheaving itself in sobbing groans. It was no use; it was gone.

It was the tortured soul of the man Bartley Kilgore that dragged his gaunt body out of the tunnel and down the slippery path to the cabin in the gulch. On its pegs above the sleeping-bunk lay the rifle with which years before he had squared his account with Jeff Layne. It was but a touch of his toe to the trigger, with his chin resting upon the muzzle.

He groped his way into the cabin. It was colder in the dead interior than in the open air, and he knelt to feel in the ashes on the hearth. There were a few live embers, and he raked them together and kindled them with fir splinters, holding his stiffened fingers to the blaze.

The fire burned smartly and he fed it with more fuel, heaping the wood in the narrow fireplace. It was gratefully warming, and he sprawled before it like a tired dog, telling himself that it would be time enough to get up and go to his place when the fire died down. And so sleep overtook him, the sodden sleep of the outworn and utterly exhausted.

It was deep in the afternoon of another day when he awoke, unrefreshed and with dull despair still sitting in the seat of reason. But when he had rekindled the fire and cooked his meal, the iron will once more rallied, pressing sheer despair into its service. There were a few pounds of meal and meat remaining, with giant powder

enough and a few lengths of fuse. Why should he die leaving the last stone still unturned? The provisions and explosives would carry him through another week. Well and good. For another week he would drive the tunnel as it had never been driven before. All this and more he said aloud to himself, confirming it with an outthrust of the heavy jaw.

He kept his word, with a margin for good measure. Day and night—though it was all night to him—he toiled, firing batteries always now, and searching vainly with work-worn fingers after each fusillade for the familiar bisecting line of the ore seam. It did not reappear; and to add to his perplexity, the character of the rock in the heading seemed to have changed completely. It was softer, more friable, and the shots tore out great heaps of it at each discharge.

“It’s another one o’ them damn ‘faults;’ that’s about what *hit* is,” he speculated bitterly; and there was one small comfort in the thought: if it caved in upon him, he would never know what hurt him.

He was still in the softer material when he came to the bottom of the meal-bag and the last frying of meat. The fuse also was nearly gone, though there was powder in plenty. He faced the inevitable in the grim strength of despair. Hunger could be borne and the fuse could be economized. While it lasted, he would go on.

He did go on, through one day of fasting and then another. On the third the belly-pinch of famine laid hold of him, and he could no longer stagger down the long tunnel between the handles of the loaded barrow. Still he drilled on, and charged and fired, cutting the failing fuse shorter and shorter, until at last, what with the scant time for retreat and the cramps that bent him double, he could get no farther than the crooked angle before the explosion came.

“Hit’s a-comin’ to that ther’ mouthful o’ cold lead, after all,” he muttered, when he was crawling back into the depths to drill and load yet one more time. “If I could thess make out oncet more to get my fingers on that——” He broke down, sobbing and choking in his weakness because there were no words bitter enough to adjective the lost lead.

He made the final drive a battery of five shots, drilling the holes to centre inward in order to make the most of the remaining length of fuse. Even then the shortened ends barely came together for the simultaneous firing, and the flame was within a foot of the powder when he started to run.

He was scrambling over the heaped-up débris which he was no longer able to clear away when the hunger cramp gripped him again.

But now the brute love of life was strong in him, and fear, the fear of a death not planned for, lent him strength to straighten up and run. Twice, thrice, he dashed blindly into the side walls of the narrow outlet, striving madly to get the line of direction; then the earth quaked and a hundred clenched fists beat him down.

It was a bright winter day in Bull Creek Gulch, and the snow at the head of the pass had not proved deep enough to discourage the three men and the loaded burro picking their way down the unbroken trail.

When Kilgore's dump and cabin came in sight, one of the men pointed them out.

"That's the one-man outfit I was tellin' y'u about," he said,— "the nigh-sighted feller. Wonder if he's struck it rich yet?"

The question answered itself in a way, when they came to the toe of the dump. Its outer layer was ore; good, clean ore, and some of it rich enough to show the precious metal in grains and fine-lined streakings.

They examined it, open-mouthed, and one of the three found voice.

"Great Joash! what in thunder is he throwin' that stuff away for? He must be plum' locoed! Why, say, boys, there's money enough right yere on this dump to buy out the Molly Murphy— with the mill thrown in!"

"Telephone wires, too, by gravy!" said the jack-driving member of the trio, pointing to Kilgore's guide-line.

Curiosity opened the door of the cabin first, and when the cold hearth, the empty meal-bag, and the tumbled bunk hinted at disaster, climbed the path to the tunnel. There were candle-ends in the box under the timbering, and the explorers provided themselves with light and went softly into the depths.

They found Kilgore as the clenched and beating fists had left him,—sprawled upon his face a few feet from the heading, with the wealth of a new Golconda half burying and holding him down. The stranger who had broken bread with the dead man stooped and tried to lift one of the out-flung arms.

"The Lord on'y knows how long ago it was," he commented. "Looks like he was froze that-away."

"But how on top of earth——" began the jack-driver.

The prospector cleared the air of the little mystery in a word.

"I was tellin' y'u he was nigh-sighted. I reckon it was a heap worse'n that—he was going blind, right then. When he found it out—and I shouldn't wonder if I was the one that told him—he strung them wires to keep from gettin' lost, and jest kep'on drillin'

and shootin' in the dark. Which the same is about the sandiest thing I ever run up ag'inst, by gum!"

One of the three was a man of many aliases, who had looked upon death of his own making more times than he cared to recall. But his voice shook when he said:

"Yes, but that ain't what gets next to me. Here he was, pickin' away in the dark, and, ez y'u might say, plum rollin' rich in this yere stuff, *and he never knowed it!* Ain't that hell and repeat?"



TO A WOODLAND VIOLET

BY CLARENCE URMY

GOLDEN Fairy-face, I found you where the redwood forests
rise,
So my fancy hailed and crowned you "Dryad of the Sun-
down Skies."

Convent-like the tall ferns walled you like a lovely cloistered nun,
So I knelt down close and called you "Little Sister to the Sun."

Vision-like the mosses framed you, like a sudden star your birth,
So I thought awhile and named you "Bit-o'-Dreamland, dropped
to earth."

Bit-o'-Dreamland, Sister, Dryad, names which you may say are
wrong,
Yet what pleasure Joy and I had, singing you this little song!



TWO COUNSELLORS

BY DORA READ GOODALE

ACOBWEB on life's Alpine slope
Man's sunward path appears:
Youth cries: "Take counsel of your hope!"
Age whispers: "Heed your fears!"



Because a lady knits her brows she is not necessarily fond of fancy work.

THE FATE OF ALVARA

By Elliott Flower

Author of "Delightful Dodd," "The Best Policy," Etc.



IN the early morning Pedro Alvara and the little Pedro went into the mountains to search for a lost cow, and they did not return. Where the search would lead them could not be foretold, and it might be difficult bringing the cow back, so Senora Maria Alvara and her daughter Beatriz did not begin to worry until night fell. Pedro would not willingly keep the little Pedro out that late.

"It is the work of Gaspar Bernaldez," said the elder woman, bitterly.

There was nothing that she and her daughter could do. It would be folly for them to attempt to follow alone into the mountains in the night, and the nearest neighbors were many miles away. So they watched and waited until the suspense became unbearable.

It was nearly morning when the senora, saying nothing, went to the barn, and presently returned with a saddled pony.

"Ride to Carlos Fonseca," she said to her daughter. "If I should go, murder would follow, for he knows the story well. But he will stay his hand for you, and there must be no trouble. The search is what I want."

The senorita rode fast. A dreadful fear clutched at her heart, but she knew she had need of all her self-possession, for Carlos was a man to act hastily in such a matter and would not be easily controlled.

"I will ride to Bernaldez," he declared, as he brought out his horse.

"There is the search first," she insisted. "Many things may happen in the mountains, and it may be that Bernaldez is ignorant."

"I shall know," he said.

"There would be the shooting first, and you would seek to know afterward," she told him. "If he has done this thing, he shall answer for it, but to shoot without the proof would be only to make more trouble for us all. There is the law. It helps us little, but it threatens us much."

Fear for him had much to do with her firmness—not fear of bodily harm, but fear of what the law might do. The law gave little heed to much that happened in Tres Posos Valley, high in the mountains of Lower California, but a man might not kill except in self-defense, or, possibly, to avenge the clearly-proved murder of one near to him.

“Have we not trouble enough already?” she asked as a clinching argument. “When there is proof, he shall answer—to you, if you wish.”

“It is a promise?” he asked.

“It is a promise,” she said. “When there is no doubt that he has killed, you shall be free to do with him as you wish.”

She said “when” instead of “if,” for, in her own mind, there was little doubt, but there must be proof to satisfy others. If her father was dead, there was all the more reason why her lover should not act recklessly and with danger to himself: there must be justification for what he might do.

But proof that would justify was strangely lacking. For a week the men who had gathered from up and down the valley searched the mountains without finding a trace of Pedro Alvara and the little Pedro, his son. This was unexpected. It was a difficult country to search, wild and rugged, with ravines and ridges and rocks and much of the wiry sage, but all had believed that some trace of the missing ones would be found. And there was nothing—nothing upon which to base even a surmise. Yet, in the face of this disappointment, so totally contrary to her expectations, Beatriz held Carlos to his promise.

The searchers gave up and returned to their homes, Gaspar Bernaldez with them. Bernaldez had been only a perfunctory searcher at best. He acted like one who had no great interest in the matter and no desire to act the hypocrite: as if he came from a sense of duty to join with others of the valley in anything that so deeply concerned them. As the story of his trouble with Alvara was partly known, this did not seem unnatural. That trouble might also explain why he did not go near the Alvara home, why he avoided Carlos, and why he alone was always armed while searching. This, too, when a missing buckle compelled him to go to the trouble of tying his cartridge-belt with a piece of string.

But, if Gaspar Bernaldez avoided them, there was no reason that Senora Alvara could see why she should avoid him. She, like her daughter, feared to send Carlos to him, but she was not afraid to go herself. She found him putting a new buckle on his cartridge-belt.

“Where is my Pedro?” she demanded.

"How should I know?" he retorted sullenly.

"How should you know!" she exclaimed shrilly. "Have you not been trying to take the ranch from him? Have you not quarreled and followed? Have you not threatened?"

"The ranch should be mine," he said.

"And why?" she demanded. "Was it not bought with good money? Has not my Pedro worked it these many years and made it what it is? Has he not the papers to prove that it is his?"

"It was my father's," persisted Bernaldez doggedly. "It should have been kept, and I would buy it back."

"You buy!" she cried. "And how would you buy—you who have done no work in years and even now live on what your mother earns, like a helpless baby! You would have had him give you the ranch and wait for the pay to come out of what you made from it—you who never made anything by work and would sit in the shadow of the house and try to make money out of it by the work of others. It would be a fine thing to let you have it, even if we wanted to sell. But your anger has been great, and twice I have seen you when you would have killed, if you dared. What have you done with my Pedro?"

"I know nothing of him."

"It is a lie!" she said fiercely, "and the curse of the liar and the murderer will fall on you. I shall watch, and I shall see."

"I know nothing," he repeated. "He mocked me when I would have back my father's ranch, but I know nothing."

Senora Alvara had expected no other outcome of the interview, but it had been necessary for her own peace of mind that she should do this much. Bernaldez was a man past middle age, so utterly worthless that he was content to live, without work, on the bounty of his aged mother. She managed the ranch, worked industriously herself, and employed a man to do what her son should have done. His father had had title to more land than he could use, and had sold that which now comprised the Alvara ranch. Had his son shown anything of industry and ability, this land would have gone to him, but he was so notoriously lazy and unfit that the father had deemed it wiser to sell than to permit him to sacrifice it to his general indolence and shiftlessness. The son, however, had persisted in considering the Alvaras as interlopers, and, after his father's death, he had made persistent efforts to recover the land—first by threats, and then by all sorts of impractical propositions that involved some sort of ultimate, but no immediate, payment. Out of this there had grown much bitterness on both sides. So persistent was Bernaldez that his efforts became nothing short of persecution, and, as he was known to be vindictive and unscrupulous,

the resulting quarrels had greatly worried Alvara's wife and daughter.

Of the details of the trouble the others in the valley, with the exception of Carlos, knew little—only that, as a result of some disagreement, the two were on unfriendly terms. So, while they had no love for the worthless one, they were not prepared to convict him of murder on the mere evidence of a mysterious disappearance, and an unjustifiable killing was the one thing for which, according to both the written and the unwritten law, a man would have to answer promptly. Possibly, in spite of this, Senora Alvara would now have been willing to leave the matter to the quick and deep passion of Carlos, but her daughter would not agree. There must be justification that could be proved.

"When we know," she said always, and she restrained him through the very love that impelled him to act.

Senora Alvara secured a man to do the work that her husband had formerly done, and the work of the ranch was continued as before. If Bernaldez had expected her, being thus left, to sell and move away, he made no sign. Owing to its inaccessibility, opportunities to sell Tres Posos Valley land are few, and cash sales are almost unknown, so it might easily happen that his would be the only offer. Possibly this is why the senora and her daughter decided to remain.

"There is a curse on the place," was Bernaldez' comment when the news reached him. "Evil lies there."

This was recalled when two of the Alvara cows, straying away, fell from a bluff and were killed. The senora and her daughter were of the opinion that the cows must have been driven over the bluff, but there is much of superstition in the Mexican, and the disappearance of father and son had been so mysteriously complete that the minds of many were ready for a more awe-inspiring explanation. Then followed many unaccountable disasters: something was always going wrong at the Alvara ranch. Cows wandered away and were lost; at night they would occasionally become such a prey to fright that they would hurl themselves against the barbed-wire fence that inclosed their night pasture; a rock crashed down on, and wrecked, a buckboard. So closely did misfortune pursue the Alvaras that the man they had engaged left them, piously crossing himself as he did so. Another came, and he also left in a short time. He said that a spirit of evil rested on the place.

All this had its effect upon Senora Alvara. She had stood bravely against the shock of the first, most serious, blow, but this continuance of evil destroyed her nerve: all she wanted was peace, only peace. The loss of husband and son had been hard enough,

but this constant and losing fight against the unseen was overwhelming. Whether it was man or devil that thus harassed them, she felt unequal to a longer contest: her spirit was gone and she was afraid. Then, too, the superstition of the others made them slow to speak of their troubles, and they endured much in silence.

"Some day," mumbled the senora, now grown haggard through fear and worry, "it will not be the cows, but the people who own the cows; it will not be the buckboard, but those who ride in it. Let us go where there is peace."

It was only a little after this that Carlos found a scrap of paper slipped under the door of his cabin one morning. On it was written, "Follow first." The writing he knew, but of the meaning of the message he was uncertain. He rode at once to the Alvara ranch, and found it deserted by all save a man from far down the valley, who was taking away the cattle that had been quietly sold to him. Senora Alvara and her daughter had left the night before, and Beatriz must have stopped to slip the note under the door of his cabin as they drove past.

"Follow first." His impulse was to go at once in search of Gaspar Bernaldez. Much that had happened had been kept from him, lest his temper should put him beyond control, but he knew enough to make him attribute this desertion to the evil work of the man who had so long coveted their property. Beatriz knew this; she knew what his first thought would be, and so she had said, "Follow first." He must see her before he acted. And he bitterly told himself that, after seeing her, he would do nothing. She would hold him to his promise. But she had said, "Follow first," and he followed. What arguments he used with her and what arguments she used with him may not be known, but they returned together and went to his ranch, giving no heed to the one abandoned. After her father's disappearance, he had wanted to marry her and take her to his own ranch, but she had refused to leave her mother at that time. Then he had offered to marry her, give up his own ranch, and take the management of hers, but she had refused to consent to the sacrifice. There was then no thought of abandoning the Alvara ranch. Now, however, the ranch was abandoned, and Beatriz had returned with Carlos as his wife. Others in the valley marvelled that he did nothing, even when Gaspar Bernaldez took possession of the property. So far as Carlos was concerned, it was as if no such ranch existed, and the others held the affair to be no concern of theirs.

Yet there was that about Carlos that made one think of a leashed hound. He looked often in the direction in which the ranch lay, and he scowled and talked fiercely to himself. He seemed ever straining at the leash that held him, but it had the strength needed, al-

though woven wholly of affection. His wife, knowing his nature, watched him anxiously.

"What would you do?" she asked one day. "Have we not enough here?"

"It is your mother's," he replied, meaning the other ranch.

"She asks only peace," she said, "and it is not there. Of all Tres Posos that is for her the only place, and she dares not go there. So she stays away. Until her fear is gone, it is better so."

"But it is bitter to know that he is there," he persisted. "If she would come, I would drive him out."

"Would it be better than it was before?" she asked. "Is she not as afraid now as she was then? There has been trouble enough, and she seeks only to escape more. So also do I. And you have promised."

"She shall yet have it without fear," he declared. "I know"—

"You know what you think," she interrupted. "When you *do* know"—

"When I *do* know?" he repeated inquiringly, as she paused.

She waved her arms toward the south, where the ranch lay.

"You have my promise," she said, "as I have yours."

Thus unsatisfactorily all such discussions ended. And he knew that she was wise, for, as matters stood, only ill could come of such a settlement as would be possible between him and Bernaldez. It was not alone that Bernaldez was in possession of the ranch, now claiming to have had some agreement with the missing Alvara; that was a great aggravation, but behind it lay something more serious—something suspected and of which there was no proof. And because of this element of doubt, that forbade him to act, Senora Alvara was practically a fugitive from her own home, working for small wages in a town on the other side of the border line between Mexico and the United States. Without her coöperation, he was not even free to take the minor satisfaction of ousting Bernaldez, and her coöperation could not be secured.

"Let me alone," she had pleaded. "I am tired and afraid. Only let me alone."

At first he had hoped to gain the knowledge—absolute, incontrovertible knowledge—that would satisfy the valley and even the authorities. Not that it ever occurred to him to appeal to the authorities, but this knowledge would be his justification if they ever came to him, and this knowledge would release him under his wife's promise. But the hope of solving the mystery of the Alvara disappearance and thus reaching Bernaldez, gradually died out. He was still watchfully alert when in the mountains; he still scrutinized closely every inch of ground over which he passed; he still in-

investigated every hidden recess that he came across; he still went carefully through the sage; but that was because it had become a matter of habit. Anything unusual would catch his eye instantly, and he would investigate, but only because it had become second nature for him to do so.

Thus perfunctorily searching one day, he found what he sought. It was over the top of the mountain ridge, on the slope toward the desert. There was not much—mostly bones, some fragments of apparel that had withstood the action of the elements, and a buckle. The discovery was so sudden and unexpected that he stood appalled for a moment. At last, beyond the possibility of a doubt, he knew the fate of Alvara and the little Pedro. The fragments of apparel gave sufficient evidence of identity, and there was the buckle. He picked up the buckle. There was something of fierce joy in his face as he examined it and slipped it into his pocket.

"It is the buckle that Bernaldez lost," he muttered. "In all the valley there has been no other of that strange pattern."

Every other emotion gave place to the thought that Bernaldez was now at his mercy, that he was released from his promise to his wife, that the attitude of her mother no longer mattered, that he had his wife's promise to leave all to him.

It was evening when he reached home, and he went about his customary work without a word of his discovery. His first impulse had been to go direct to Bernaldez, but this was too big a thing to be settled hastily: he had been waiting for it so long, he had been so often disappointed, that he must have time to think, to plan, to give himself the joy of anticipation. This was the culmination of a great purpose and not at all in the nature of a momentary passion. Something of the unrelenting, irresistible deliberateness of fate had possession of him: he would move slowly, quietly, unexcitedly, but there should be no escape.

"You will go to Campo in the morning," he told his wife.

"I will be ready," she said, "but why do we go to Campo?"

"We do not go," he returned; "you alone go."

She looked at him in surprise, and she saw in his face something that made her anxious.

"Why?" she asked.

"In the morning you shall know," he answered.

Again she looked at him, but she asked no more questions. There was a sternness that she had never seen before.

He sat late under the stars that night, and answered impatiently when she spoke to him, as if the interruption interfered with some great plan he was making. He was serious, silent, abstracted. In the morning, when the horses and buckboard were ready for

her, he still had the air of one upon whom a great responsibility rested. So unusual was his manner, so stern his face, that she feared to ask questions, even when he helped her to the seat of the buckboard.

"From Campo," he said, when all was ready, "there is the stage. Tell your mother the ranch is hers, without fear."

"Carlos!" she cried.

"Bernaldez," he continued quietly, "will have no further need of it."

"You have not killed——"

"I have done nothing," he interrupted, "but I know and I have proof. She will come with you and will not be again disturbed."

"I will wait," she said. "I am afraid. How can I know what——"

So suddenly and fiercely his eyes blazed that she stopped, frightened.

"He answers to *me!*" he cried. "I have your promise. For you there is nothing but to go to Campo and there take the stage." Then he added more quietly, "There will be no trouble, but the ranch is for your mother when she comes. Go now."

She drove away, afraid to go and still more afraid to remain in the face of his command. It was seldom that his wishes took the form of commands, but she obeyed always when they did, and his eye, tone and manner showed that this was the time of all others to bow to his will.

When she had disappeared to the north, he put his rifle under his arm, and started on foot for the ranch where Bernaldez, with a few cows given him by his mother and such energy in other directions as his indolence would permit, was making a pretense of industry. There was the same deliberateness, the same air of unalterable purpose, that had marked him since his return from the mountain the previous evening. He neither hurried nor lagged.

Bernaldez was taken unawares, and found himself covered before he really knew what had happened.

"Drop the belt without so much as putting a finger on the gun," ordered Carlos.

The belt, containing cartridges and revolver, fell to the ground. Bernaldez was as white as his swarthy skin would permit, fearing to disobey and fearing that even obedience would not save him from death. He knew how Carlos regarded him.

"There is a journey to be made," Carlos went on. "The way is long, so take of water and food what you can well carry."

"Where?" asked the frightened man.

"Be quick," said Carlos, ignoring the question, "and remember that I am watching."

Under the watchful eye of Carlos, Bernaldez equipped himself with provision-bag and canteen, and the two started up the mountain ridge, Bernaldez leading as Carlos, from behind, directed. No word was spoken except as Bernaldez would try to swerve to one side or the other from the course and Carlos would gruffly hold him to the direction desired. Bernaldez soon knew where he was going, and a greater fear came into his heart as the truth was forced upon him. There was no path, so it was easy to change the direction slightly without the appearance of any deliberate design. His first mistake was quite accidental; his second was to verify a suspicion; after that he made these mistakes with the desperation of a man fighting against fate. But Carlos always called him back. They were going, in as straight a line as the nature of the country would allow, to the bones of Pedro and the little Pedro.

Up, up they went, to the top of the long, uneven chain of hills and mountains that incloses the valley, and then the great desert stretched away before them to the east. Bernaldez was staggering now, and even under that hot sun a cold sweat broke out on his forehead. He thought desperately of making a sudden dash—but where? There was no shelter that he could reach that would be materially helpful to an unarmed man. It might be better to take this chance than to be shot down in cold blood, but it might be he was wrong in his reading of Carlos' purpose. If he could only know—

"Would you kill me?" he asked suddenly.

"Is it for a trip to hell that I had you take water and food?" retorted Carlos.

After that, Bernaldez regained a little of his confidence. He had forgotten the food and water slung from his shoulders, but surely there was evidence that his immediate death was not a part of the plan. He walked with firmer step now, and even found it possible to think connectedly and to do a little planning himself.

Down the steep, rugged descent to the desert they went direct to the place where Alvara and his little son had been left long before.

"Stop here!" commanded Carlos suddenly, and he pointed to what lay almost at Bernaldez' feet. "I wanted you to know why I have done this, and that I have waited for proof of what I always knew."

Bernaldez controlled himself with an effort. Vicious and unscrupulous, but still superstitious, he had never dared to revisit this spot. But his plight was desperate now.

"What is it?" he asked.

There was an ominous click.

"You coward! you snake! you devil! you fool!" roared Carlos in a frenzy of rage. "Do you think to make an ass of me with your play-acting! From here, where you left them, I ought to send you to hell without waiting."

"I didn't kill them," protested Bernaldez, quickly changing his tactics. "I didn't know. You have no right to accuse me. There is no proof. How should I know, until I looked more closely——"

The words died away on his lips as his fascinated gaze rested on a buckle that Carlos had taken from his pocket and was holding up before him. Bernaldez trembled and spoke no more.

"Listen," said Carlos, as he dropped the buckle back into his pocket that he might be the more ready with his gun. "This way you came once, and went back. Now you do not go back. Up and down the valley flies the news of what you have done, and death lies surely behind you. Before you lies the desert. It may be that you can find safety there; it may be that you will suffer worse than death and yet live; it may be that you will die of thirst and your body will shrivel in the sun. You will go beyond reach of a rifle-bullet straight into the desert, and then you may choose your course. To the east there is great distance of sand and sun and the bones of many who have gone before you; to the south there is Los Concitillos and the overhanging bluffs to hold you to the desert like a prison wall; to the north it will be far before you dare leave the sand, for there is water only where men live and wait and watch for him who killed Alvara and the little Pedro. These are the chances that are yours."

Carlos sat down on a rock, his gun across his knees, and motioned Bernaldez toward the desert. There was nothing more to be said, nothing more to be done. His face showed a determination as unalterable, as inexorable, as pitiless, as fate itself.

Slowly Bernaldez went down the descent, slowly he made his way among the little foothills, slowly he plodded on over the hot sand, while Carlos, motionless, watched from the rock.



SPARKS

Self-made men are inordinately vain of their job.

Some men are so polished that they positively look glassy.

No man's heart is permanently satisfied until his mind is.

A man may be the Salt of the Earth, but most women prefer a dash of ginger in him.

Minna Thomas Antrim.

THE SUMMER GRASS-WIDOWER

By Minna Thomas Antrim

THE joys of the wifeless, childless summer-husband have been but half chronicled. After Mary and little Mary and little Johnnie have been safely transported to their appointed summer-home, what of our hero? Weeps he? Goes he hence straightway to his home to gaze sadly at rooms that "echo" no more with "childish laughter?" Tears he his locks, or heaps he ashes thereon? Not so. He goes as the crow flies—exactly where the spirit moves him. Metaphorically he throws time to the dogs, and his chest expands with the joy of living.

Meanwhile he tells himself that, having pleased his family, he has earned the right to please himself,—which means?— It depends upon the man. There is, as we all know, a very caddish sort of grass-widower who palms himself off as a bachelor and goes on his way callously, trampling down honor and boasting of "scalps." With him we have nothing to do. Our sort is the man who is manly, and who is going to have a good time at no one's expense save his own.

Man is a lover of things edible, and so the grass-widower begins his good time by good breakfasting. He fortifies the "inner man" in so satisfying a manner that his countenance fairly beams, for he has eaten those things that his palate has long craved, things that they "never have at home."

His conscience gives him a little prick when he remembers why his thrifty Mary does not serve costly delicacies, fit only for a plutocrat, to a family of seven. However, he has enjoyed his tidbit and thinks no more of its cost. The piper's bills may be steep, but man usually pays ungrudgingly.

Later he prowls around a bit, tubs luxuriously, and gets into togs fit for the possible company of ladies. *Wicked man?* Not so, mesdames! Who shall tell whom a lone man may run up against at near-by park, musical pavilion, or upon the outward-bound trolleys? Groves, parks, and roof-gardens are the happy hunting-

grounds of the grass-widower in July and August. Without them he were indeed desolate. Club Land is dead, but the Open is alive and aglow with Welcome everywhere.

Ofttimes our hero goes upon short itineraries alone. Oftener he joins another wifeless man, and they twain revel together in looking upon all sorts and conditions of men, and pretty girls,—especially pretty girls. There is no man who has a keener eye for a pretty girl than a man who has married one, unless possibly it might be the husband of a plain one. If a cat may look at a king blamelessly, a married man may look at a pretty maiden sans wrong. Anyhow, it is one of his favorite amusements when—semi-detached.

Another joy of temporary widowerhood is a bid to the home of a chum whose family is still in town. It is upon such a gala occasion that he is at his best. The average peace-loving husband is usually self-conscious when his wife is present, especially if she is of a reticent nature. Dreading aftermaths, he is afraid of displeasing her as to the manner and matter of his discourse, but being unfettered he casts off self and—talks as his spirit prompts. His chum is delighted, after many days, to see his old friend again an *individual*. The guest's joy is also great, for in spite of himself Mr. Man misses the accustomed rustle of petticoats, and hearing it in a friend's house is both consoling and—enough.



Week-ends are the red-letter times of the summer homer. His family being too far away, or transportation too expensive, he catches a four o'clock flyer for the nearest city by the sea on Saturday afternoon. He knows that he may have to sleep upon a piano or a billiard-table,—what matter? This but adds zest to his journey. The unexpected to man is always a joyous thing—if Sorrow is not train-bearer. So, shaven and shorn of care for the while, he joins the mighty caravan and betimes arrives. The ocean and the moon, to say nothing of music, sea-food, and beautiful women, make life almost a too perfect thing.

Monday morning comes. Is he an unwilling pilgrim cityward? Not he. Refreshed, he goes back to work in order to secure the wherewithal for his family to do themselves proud, and him credit.

Occasionally our man decides to do a little "chefing" at home. This usually strikes him when the funds are running low. He decides upon "plain steak," and considers himself a Napoleon of finance when he has purchased provender for one meal at the cost of a similar festival at a fashionable restaurant. Let us see. The steak is as

thick as a slender roast. He decides to broil it in a pan. He does—not wisely, but too well. He lets it cook itself whilst he answers the clamoring 'phone. Jones and he covenant together to go out upon a motor trip an hour hence. When he hangs up the receiver, his nostrils are grievously offended. He sprints kitchenward. There is no steak. There is a cinder. Also there is no pan. Our hero uses strenuosities of expression, and goes steakless the while. That night Jones wonders why his companion eats so ravenously. Politeness forbids comment; nevertheless Jones wonders. The joys of home cooking are honored in the breach henceforth by our friend. At the worst, while the lunch-counter flourishes, no man need cook, decides he.



To a grass-widower, next in companionableness to the cheerful clock, comes a good leakless hose. What is the natural impulse of the home-coming man upon a torrid night? Exactly! To get the hose. What fun he gets out of it only another man of a similar mind can appreciate. How he delights in deluging the street before his own door, then before his neighbor's on the right, then upon the left, and after them the deluge across the way, as far as his nozzle will reach. How he aches to sprinkle that silly spooning couple across the way, or would delight in sousing the girl's too unmindful parents.

Ever and anon he chuckles mirthfully. Ah! if he dared take off his shoes and socks and paddle around upon the wet pavement. He does not! What would Mary say, he wonders, and for her sake, and a little because he'd hate like sin to be caught red-handed or barefooted in so boyish an act, he keeps on his "tans." Finally he unscrews his hose after a full hour's dalliance.

Is he a creature for commiseration, think ye, ye mournful-tidings bearers? If his days are days of labor, are not his nights nights of rest? He sleeps home, of course. Where? Oh, anywhere that there may be a breath of air. From the roof to the cellar he may "bunk," and no one say him nay. If he is "doing a foolish thing," it is his affair. That cold that he "might catch" will be *his* cold; therefore, pillows in glad hand, robed breezily, he wends his peaceful way en route for comfort and the Land o' Nod.

Finally he is snoring, and—perchance dreams of Mary, or of Martha, or of that gold-laden ship that is soon coming in, or some other dream of the happy grass-widower.

A DRINK FROM THE HASSAYAMPA

By George Brydges Rodney



WE sat upon the porch of the *Biggest Liar in the Southwest but One* and listened to him. The sun was dropping slowly behind the shoulder of the San Francisco peaks, and the cold mountain twilight—for it is cold there even in June—was upon us.

Conversation turned upon trout, whereon our host said much.

“Do you know a man named Wilkinson on the Ouray Agency?” asked some one.

“Don’t talk to me about Wilkinson,” the old man grunted out between puffs at his pipe. “Him an’ me camped three weeks once on the head-waters of the Hassayampa——”

He fell into silence.

“Well?”

“An’ anybody what ’s ever drunk the waters of the Hassayampa can’t tell the truth.

“I never drunk the waters there,” he added hastily. “I had other stuff to drink; but Wilkinson, he must ’ve drunk a barrel—nigh foundered hisself. Don’t make no difference though; everybody believes him, an’ he tells ’em the wust kind o’ lies an’ says I said it. It ’s easier to push a needle through the eye of a camel than fur me to ’stablish a reputation while that outlaw ’s in the country. ’Course I don’t mean to say that I ain’t fond of a joke, but I learned about two year ago that it don’t pay to stretch the truth to make one.”

Somebody asked a question.

“’Course I ’ll tell ye.” His eyes twinkled as he looked at the group on the porch. “An’ this here ain’t a lie. It ’s the solemn truth, an’ it ’s got a moral that ye can see fur yerself. You know that timber-wolf skin that ’s on the dinin’-room floor? Well, just about five year ago I killed that wolf up on the Black Mesa, an’ I skinned him an’ brought it home. That night the ambulance came in, takin’ the new commandin’ officer from the railroad to Fort Jewell. There was quite a party of ’em an’ they was right hungry.”

Remembering his qualities as a host we one and all licked our lips, knowing what that party must have had.

"He was a man I 'd knowed twenty-five year before, when he was a lieutenant, an' we set up till midnight talkin' over ole days when Grey Fox pushed the Apaches to the aide o' the mesa an' made the country fit fur white men. While we was yarnin' he seen that wolf-hide an' he says: 'Gum!' he says, 'where 'd you git that? I 'd like to git one just fur look's sake.'

" 'You can often git 'em about here now,' I says, unthinkin' an' meanin' only to be polite.

" 'I 'll come up some day,—say, next Sunday,'—says he, 'an' we 'll go git some—you an' me, hey?'

"Now, I 'm a ole man—seventy year an' some days—an' ain't too fond o' humpin' over this *mal pais*; but I says, 'All right,' an' the major, he goes to bed.

"Nex' mornin' I got up early 'tendin' to go down to the creek to get some trout fur the ole man. When I started out o' the door, I tripped over that blamed hide an' fell into a bucket o' kindlin' wood, an' knocked enough skin off 'n my shins to *make* a second lieutenant o' infantry. 'Damn that hide!' I says, an' kicked it off 'n the porch. When I come back it was just 'bout daylight, an' that skin looked so natural lyin' under a bush that blamed if it did n't make me jump. That put the idee into my fool head; so I took the skin an' cut a little saplin' an' stuck it in the ground just behind a big pine log. Then I took the skin an' stretched it over the saplin' so the line o' the back just showed over the log. To make it look more natural, I sticks the nose an' fore paws out beyond the end o' the log an' puts a dead chicken under the paws. When I gits back on the porch, blamed if I did n't want to take a shot at it myself. But I did n't. I went an' knocked at the major's door.

" 'Who is it?' says he.

" 'Me,' says I, 'an' if you want to git a gray wolf come down quick,' I says.

"With that I hears the bed shake, an' then he like to knocked the chiny ornaments off 'n the dinin'-room mantel jumpin' out o' bed. He was in his bare feet an' he only had on some kin' of a white shimmy thing that come down to his knees. Gosh! but he looked odd.

"I shoved my 45:90 Winchester into his hand an' says, 'Come on; he 's after the chickens.'

"When the ole man seen that wolf's back, he says, 'Gad! man, he 's as big as a' ox!'

" 'Sneak down in the grass an' shoot him in the back,' says I.

"I wish you could 've seen him. There was a heavy frost on

the grass an' the ole man just wallered in it. By the time he 'd wriggled ten yards, his shimmy 'd worked up under his chin, an' he looked like that picture from the Bible that 's in the settin'-room—'The Flight of Lot from Gommorry.'

"Bime-by he gets a good place an' he says, 'How fur away is it, Jim?'

" 'Sixty yards,' says I; 'shoot, man, shoot!'

"With that she went off, an' I seen the major stan' up an' pull down the tail o' his shimmy, an' look kin' o' funny.

" 'Dod blame it!' says he; 'look at that!'

"The bullet just natchally throwed that skin two foot in the air. The ole man took one look at it an' then looks at me. I was leanin' up agin the porch post holdin' my sides an' gaspin'.

" 'You got him,' says I; 'you got him first shot. You skinned him alive.'

" 'Got hell!' says he. 'Durn you an' your fool jokes! I 'll git square with you, Jim, if I got to lay fur you like twenty hens.'

"Then he went in the house. Was he mad? He was so blamed mad that he et four bony-tails fur trout an' never noticed it.

"While they was waitin' fur the ambulance to come roun', the ole lady was settin' in the front room talkin' to me. Bime-by she picks up a pack o' cyards that was layin' on the table—odd things they was. Made by the Injuns out o' horse-hide scraped so blamed thin you could see through 'em an' painted with colored earth. Ole Alchesay give 'em to me, an' I valleyed 'em considerable 'cause they 're some skeerse nowadays.

"I tole her they was a' ole pack o' Spanish cyards over two hundred year old, an' that they was the only pack like that in the country. Then, aimin' some at squarin' myself with her on account o' the major's shootin' trip in the mornin', I says, 'If you 'd like to have 'em, it 'll be doin' me a favor to take 'em. My house is so plum full of Injun things I ain't got room to move about.'

"She jumps at it sudden, an' she packs away them playin'-cyards in her side-pack quicker 'n an Apache 'd stow away hot bread, an' that 's some quick.

"Then the ambulance come up an' they all hit the trail, an' the major kin' o' grins at me when I says, 'How about the wolf-skin?'

" 'You keep that,' says he, 'to think o' me on.'

"And I fergot all about it.

"Now, here comes the wust part of it. About two year passed, an' the ole man was made colonel o' one o' the new regiments an' was moved east fur station. 'Course he stopped here when he went out.

“ ‘How about that wolf?’ says I, meanin’ a joke.

“ ‘He never said nothin’ an’ he would n’t even drink with me, so I knowed he had n’t fargot it.

“ ‘Sometime after that I was east. Went to Chicago to see about sellin’ some cattle, an’ one day I seen in the paper that the colonel was stationed at Fort Sheridan, so I thinks to myself I ’ll just drap in on him. So I called him up on the telephone an’ says, ‘Colonel, the ole gray wolf ’s come to see you an’ wants to smoke the peace-pipe.’

“ ‘Who is it?’ says he, kin’ o’ sharp.

“ ‘ ‘Member the gray wolf that you skinned alive at the first shot?’ I says.

“ ‘Good Lord!’ says he. ‘Come out, Jim, an’ we ’ll smoke that pipe over a drink.’

“ ‘An’, bein’ a fool, I put on my war paint an’ packs myself in one o’ them short-waisted trolley-cyars, an’ they dumps me out at Sheridan.

“ ‘The ole man shore done the best he could fur me. Besides smokin’ that peace-pipe an’ loadin’ me up with mint juleps till I was as full as a cornucopia, he puts me in the hands o’ some o’ the other officers, an’, as they was considerable fond o’ poker, bime-by it looked like I ’d leave that post with no more clothes ’n Moses had when Pharaoh’s daughter found him wrapped up in a bulrush.

“ ‘All this time everybody was just as nice an’ square as ye find ’em at army posts.

“ ‘It warn’t till I ’d been there four days that I noticed that whenever I met any o’ the ladies o’ the garrison they ’d dodge an’ scurry fur cover worse ’n a skeered quail. When this ’d happened four or five times, I begun to think that somethin’ was up. So one night, when me an’ the ole man was settin’ in his den, I says, ‘Look here, colonel, looks to me like I ’m about as popular here as a skunk at a church social. What ’s the matter?’

“ ‘All your imagination,’ says he. ‘Come into the drawin’-room where the ladies is.’

“ ‘There was about ten of ’em in there playin’ bridge, an’ the doctor’s wife had them durn horse-hide cyards in her grub-hooks an’ was askin’ questions about ’em. The ole lady turns to me an’ says, ‘Here ’s the very man who can tell you all about ’em.’

“ ‘With that they all fell foul o’ me.

“ ‘What are they?’ says one.

“ ‘Oh, how unique!’ says another.

“ ‘Where ’d you git ’em? Can you git me some like ’em?’ says a third.

“ ‘I did n’t say nothin’; ’cause I remembered that I ’d told the

ole lady some kin' of a lie about them cyards, an' to save my life I could n't 've told what I *did* tell her, an' I did n't want to make myself out a liar before strangers, so I just kept my trap shut.

" 'Tell 'em,' said the colonel, edgin' up to me. 'It 's all among friends, Jim. Tell 'em,' he says.

"I says nothin', bein' among strangers an' bein' some bashful.

" 'Go on,' says he, 'or I 'll tell 'em myself.'

"Seemed to me like he was makin' a mountain out of a mole-hill, but, bein' as I was n't particularly anxious to be proved a liar by the ole lady, I says nothin'.

" 'Go on, colonel,' says one of 'em, squawkin' out.

" 'Well, you all know that he give 'em to my wife,' says he, 'an' you 've all noticed that they 're some peculiar in the materials what they 're made of.'

" 'Oh, yes, yes,' says they; 'never seen anything like it.'

" 'Maybe you don't know that Jim there has lived among the Injuns fur thirty-five year, an' he shore knows the Redskin natur. Tell 'em about the Stovel's Ranch fight, Jim,' says he.

" 'An', bein' a plum fool an' thinkin' in my fool heart that the ole man seein' my bashfulness was tryin' to help me out o' my fix, I went ahead an' told 'em an' told it good. Man, you could 've *seen* ole man Stovel layin' behind the ole 'dobie wall pumpin' bullets at the Apaches, who had killed his wife out by the well, fifty yards from the house, an' him tryin' to git the body. I tell you every hair on them women's heads was standin' up like a porcupine-quill, an' when I says, 'but he never gits the body 'cause the Injuns carried it off,' they was gaspin' *some*.

" 'An' that 's where I come in,' says the colonel. 'Jim 'd been livin' among them Injuns fur eight year. 'Course it was n't his fault,' says he, lyin' artful like. 'He was captured when he was a boy, so he did n't know no better; but, when they carried off the body o' that poor woman, poor ole Jim, he took an' skinned her an' made the skin up into them playin'-cyards, an' he cuts off her long yellow hair,' says he, weavin' a sob into his voice, 'an' makes it up into this quirt,' says he, producin' one from behind his back.

" 'Poor ole Jim,' says he. 'I 'm sorry, ole man, this come out; but you 've got your pardon, an' it 's not certain you *killed* the woman anyhow.'

"Man! Man! Them women just natchally *quit*, an' the colonel, he took one look at me where I 'd set down hard on the floor.

" 'Come on, Jim,' says he; 'we 'd better leave.'

"I was so durned mad I could n't say a word; so I pulled out fur my bed, an' I shore cusses the ole man. But the wust comes

the next mornin', when I picks up the mornin' paper and sees in black letters two inches high:

'CANNIBAL IN OUR MIDST
AT FORT SHERIDAN.'

An' there was a whole lot more of it.

"When I went down the officers' line to the cyar—would you believe it?—every durned person cut me dead. The ole man come ridin' up just as I got on the cyar, and yells after me, 'Send me that wolf-skin, Jim. It 'll look nice with the cyards an' the quilt.'

"I was so blamed mad that I just jumped off the cyar an' throwed a brick at him an' hit his orderly."

There was a pause, ended by a glass being thrust under the old man's nose.

"Drink," we said; "this is not from the Hassayampa. These be the waters of Truth."



I WANT TO GO HOME

BY HAROLD CHILD

I WANT to go home.
I want to go home
To the nest in the woods.

I want the old things;
The traps in the brush,
The open savannas,
The pines and the brush;
The hunt for bird eggs
In the stumps and the brush.
I want the old friends—
The ten-year-old friends
George, John, Bill and Joe.
I want to laugh, and cry,
Be hungry and tired,
Be coddled and scolded,
In the same old way.
I want the old sights.
I want the old sounds.
I want the old nights
And the broad cheery hearth;
And I want the old folks,
By the broad clay hearth.
Oh, I want it all—
The old home; the old life.

AN EGOIST ON "WEEDS"

By *Dr. Charles C. Abbott*

I AM as a weed in a neglected field; my neighbors do not cultivate me, and by so much am I nearer to nature and carry with me an uncontaminated self. It is everything to be natural, to let "yea" and "nay" stand for assent and denial without qualification. When the morning breeze cools my brow, I set about my day's work saying "I am," and mean it. When neighbors call such candor in question, they may be scrutinized to advantage. Because "candor" is found only in the dictionary is not of itself proof that its significance is *nil*. We all have heard of lost arts, and surely some of them it would be profitable to regain.

I have seen something of civilization and had a glimpse of savagery: the former is not all good nor the latter all bad. Each might learn of the other. A trace of the savage adds a dash of seasoning to the extreme of civilization. A modicum of advanced thought would prove profitable to the savage. Standing off, in the character of an independent "I am," I see much to admire whether I look to the right or to the left, to the extreme of culture or the extreme of ignorance.

Here, then, is food for thought. I have been thinking and never again will I turn my back on the more nearly natural phases of humanity. It is glorious to crouch in a shady nook, these summer days, and show my teeth. My ineffectual bark is infinitely worse than my impossible bite.

My daily comfort is in tending toward naturalism. It is a delight to be, and not pleasant to pretend. He is least egoistic who is most so. A life centred in self develops fully, and such a life is of most use to the world at large. If all the flower's energy is spent in perfume and color, what becomes of the matured seed that should be? We cannot bear fruit if there is not singleness of purpose. There are thousands of people who go about pitying everybody and helping no one.

Here I am, tucked away among the weeds, idle as they are. Idle? There is not a plant about me but is busy with the stern facts of its existence, and I do not sit with folded hands. There is a pencil betwixt thumb and fingers and I am thinking. Is this idleness? I cannot swing a sledge-hammer, but by gentler means perhaps may

shape a thought. If I do, I am happy and the world is not more miserable.

Then there is the lost art of keeping one's mouth shut. I am trying to rediscover it. I have no thought of crying my wares when I have strung odd thoughts upon an inky string.

"Human weeds," say you? Ah, well, what would the wayside be if there were never a weed to cover it! Thanks to the malevolence of language, we have all to rediscover the beauty of a weed. We cannot speak the word charitably. We pucker our lips and spit it out impatiently. Some one with a softer heart and harder head, called weeds, "wild-flowers," and by no more help than this slight change our attitude becomes more rational. There is magic in that sweet word "wild," whether applied to flowers or to mankind. Call a meditative Rambler, with note-book and pencil, a "wild-flower," not a weed. You will feel better: so will he.

Weeds proper, the weeds of the dictionary, always bear inspection. Theirs is no rough-and-tumble make up. I can find as intricate structure, as delicate coloring, as spicy an odor, as the traveller can bring from the antipodes. We need to know them. Why so many are "born to blush unseen and waste their sweetness," is because we shun the desert air too sedulously: it is not a poison, but a balm. Walk up to a weed as if it were your best friend. It never proves your worst enemy.

Weed or statelier growth, I find myself at home in this neglected nook. Though never gardenized by fixed rules, Nature has not forgotten to sow some seed, nor has the rain chanced to fall always beyond its confines. It is wholesome here, there is no suggestiveness of perverted life—which is ever in the ascendancy in a town. Here I can nurse my egoism until it overtops mountains, yet not be blinded to others' egoism, which overtops my own. The world is wide and the sky too high to touch.

It is the silent ego that is a force in Nature. It is at home with all human organs but the tongue. When it becomes noisy, turn a deaf ear; and above all, turn a deaf ear to your own shouting. If ever tired of hearing of yourself, you will know how weary are your neighbors. The sane egoist is not obtrusive. What he does concerns him alone. If he is not discovered through his work, let him be content to live unknown. Forced attention to one's self leads to the discovery of a fraud. Awake to find yourself famous, if you can, but if such happening is not a veritable surprise, the fame will be as unsubstantial as a bubble. Scrutinized too closely, it will utterly disappear.

I am a weed among weeds, perhaps, but thought loves the rhythm of the passing breeze. Here I am really anchored to the

unyielding earth, yet swaying to and fro among the tree-tops. I have but to close my eyes to become oblivious to the gross and alive to the ethereal. The quaint notion of a soul ever at war with the body, now, is very natural. My ego grows impatient and I am envious of the over-drifting clouds.

Better as it is. Nature designed men for men and it is nature thwarted when they make fools of themselves. Almost as bad is it never to break a path for yourself. It is so easy to think another's thought that we shun the labor of thinking our own. So do we lessen the world's population by one, standing forever in vacated shoes. Some one I admire counts for one: why should not I? Alarmingly near the sublime is the ridiculous, but better to count a failure than to make no effort. Is it not to fall short when one is only known to his neighbors as their neighbor?

Such a waste of time! How often do I hear these deprecatory words. It is not really so. I am wearing out a pencil. I am using up a note-book. I am endangering a new pocket-knife. This is encouraging to more than one artisan. It is meritorious to give encouragement, and in due time I must refurnish myself with simple needs. If I am not a producer, save of idle thoughts, I am at least a consumer, and sad the fate of the one without the other. There be those who are always serious and therein make a serious mistake. Happiness is no ignoble aim. It is said to be vain to pursue it. So it is, but it is not vain when happiness seeks you out. I invited it to sit beside me, here in the shade of briars and rank weeds, and it accepted. Nature fashioned them and her's is no 'prentice hand. An honest weed is excellent company. Here I carry no burden but that of my thoughts. They never bear me down. Thinking is a pleasure, not a task. I leave to townsmen the solving of problems. While they are grave, I am gay. Though the mad world slides to Sheol, I will keep on smiling. The wrinkles of a grin are less taxing than the furrows of a frown.



A SOUTHERN DUSK

BY HILTON R. GREER

THE blue convolvulus of Day
Has hid its honeyed heart away,

And, jasmine-like, the yellow stars
Cling to the Dusk's dim trellis-bars,

While, ghostly through the purple gloom,
A moon-Magnolia bursts to bloom!

THE LIGHTS OF STRATHMUIR

By William MacLeod Raine

TRUTH is, I was run to earth. On all sides the outposts of the redcoats hemmed me in, though, thanks to the mist, I was still free of them. Just below, in the valley, evening lights were beginning to gleam a welcome from a dozen farm-houses where stanch Elliotts and Nicksons lived. But the risk gave me pause. 'Twas here the soldiers would look first for Wat Elliott of Langmuir.

The toss of a penny, the flip of a card, would have turned me. I stood in a swither 'twixt will and will-not. Should I break south and, if my luck held, bring up, a dripping sop, at Jack Headley's in the chill fag-end of this hellish night? Or should I venture into the glen and lie snug and warm at Strathmuir? I would be safer legging it to Headley's along the slushing moor, if one might mention safety in so precarious a case as mine. I would be a deal more comfortable toasting my shins before my uncle's roaring fire and drinking a punch brewed by little Kate.

The devil of it is I have an imagination that vaults. It pictured me lolling in the fire-glow like an old tabby, warmed through and through to a turn, while Katie's bright eyes sparkled as I retailed the hazards of the game we had played and lost for the king across the water. Faith, Wat Elliott would be the hero of the hour, an Othello bronzed by a hundred grilling suns. So I conceived the part, and fell in love with it. I could see Gib's leering eyes and hear his father's smug pious phrases, the servants gaping open-mouthed while they waited on us, amazed to behold me so insouciant upon whose head a hundred pounds reward rested. But most it was Kate I saw, the child's eager, shining face, and her lips half parted in a queer taking little stare she had. For lack of better she should be the Desdemona of the occasion.

The sky was a sodden sieve and would be for hours. Darkness fell suddenly, and with the mirk came a beat of gusty rain against my face. I hesitated no longer. Strathmuir be it!

But I had no mind to go blundering into the camp of an enemy. For all I knew a troop of redcoats might be quartered at the stead-

ing. So I came down the brae like a deer-stalker, climbed over the garden dike, and hugged the shadow of the birches. From here I reconnoitred. A fan-shaped shaft of light flared out from the nearest window, through which I could see a sight deucedly alluring to a poor, fly-by-night, hunted devil like myself.

'Twas the picture of my imagination made real. There sat my nunky in the big arm-chair, as pious and conscientious an old hypocrite as ever rejoiced in the eternal damnation of his fellow-men. On the settle hunkered that imp of mischief Gib, looking precisely as malicious as when I had last thrashed him for reasons good.

But Kate—surely this lissom lass, with the dark, long-lashed eyes, was not little helter-skelter Kate who had waded bare-foot in the burn not four years ago. Yet I knew it must be, and instanter became eager to supply the missing figure in the snug picture I had drawn. I was convinced there was a chair of honor in the room Wat Elliott could fill to admiration.

Upon the thought I slipped across the open to the kitchen door—and plumped into a pair of arms waiting for me. A deluge of good broad Scotch and an ungentle hand rang at my ears.

“I'll gar ye hang about this hoose after the servant lassies, my feckless mannie. Tak that—and that!”

I laughed aloud in sweet relief. No redcoat this. My ringing ears could swear to both voice and hand as belonging to old Nance, my foster-mother. Agog with glee, I smacked the indignant dame a buss on the cheek. Round the ample waist I caught her and whirled her willy-nilly, sputtering wrathful protests, into the kitchen in a mad dance. While she stood gathering breath to do justice to her wrath, the moonlight shifted and fell full on my face.

“Guid save us! it's my laddie come hame, and all of us thinking you a stark corse on that waefu' field! Blithe will the laird be to see you.”

I had my own opinion about that. There was something about my uncle's cold and calculating nature that gagged me whenever I tried to whip my lagging heart into a liking for him. With me out of the way he stood heir to my father's estates. That his heart would leap with joy to see me sound and well was more than I could persuade myself.

But the delight of Nance was not dubious. Tears were in her eyes and the hands that reached out for me trembled.

“Where has my laddie been a' these months?” she reproached.

I told her I had been hiding in the Highlands since Culloden, nursing a wound at the house of a kind-hearted Macdonald widow; that I had been recognized and hunted over the hills, skulking in the bracken like a fox; that I had been taken and had broken

prison, though even now the troopers, eluded for the moment, were hot on my heels.

"You will be famished, Wat."

"As a driven stirk," I nodded, for I had not eaten since the night before.

Nance set food before me, and I vow the taste of that venison steak and of those scones is in my mouth to this day. While I was still eating, the old woman slipped out, and presently Kate stood in the door-way. No light was in the room save the glow of the fire, and I bulked merely a shadow in the flickering flame. She halted uncertainly, the least bit in the world apprehensive of she knew not what. Nance must have suggested a surprise, for the pulse beat like a fluttering butterfly in her brown throat.

I was struck anew at the change in her. Where I had left an awkward child I found a woman extraordinarily taking, as lithely graceful as the doe I had startled in the heather earlier in the day. Small wonder I was mazed at the mass of dark rippling hair, the wonderful dusky eyes, the splendid poise of head, and all of them won without the loss of the boyish shyness that had made her, vivid as a flame, so good a comrade in her burn-paddling days.

"What is it? Who is there?" she asked.

I stepped into the shine of the fire. She gave a little cry and put her hand to the lintel to support herself. I noticed that the color had fled from her face.

"Wat!" she cried and her voice was a sob. "They told us you were——" The sentence died unfinished.

A flood of triumphant vanity surged through me, for I had guessed in that instant of unconscious confession the secret she had died rather than let me know. I stepped forward with hands outstretched.

"Yet I am alive to kiss and be kissed."

The blushes beat into her cheeks in waves. Instinctively she fell back. Never unconsenting eyes yielded themselves more plainly and reluctantly. I had no thought but to take what the gods offered so generously. Yet—explain it how you will—'twas her fingers my lips brushed, not her cheek.

To women's tender hands and hearts commend me when adversity stings. These two—Nance had slipped in again—were for making a hero of me by reason of my situation, I nothing loath believe me. The scratch on my arm was a thing to "Oh!" and "Deary me!" about. The tale of my hazards was an epic of romance that beggared Homer. You might have thought, to hear them talk, the prince sat snug at Windsor instead of being a skulking wanderer in the isles of the north, and that I was just the one man had put him there.

Came plump into this admiring chorus of ours a dissentient note.

"And didn't I say our dear cheat-the-gibbet cousin would come sneaking back with his precious skin safe?" a cool, glibing voice demanded.

I wheeled, as a horse answers the spur. But instantly my hand fell from the sword-hilt. It was Gib of course, lolling in the doorway, a sneer in the sulky, half-shut eyes.

When I made proffer of my hand, he thrust his deep into his pockets.

"Gib!" cried his sister, with a toasted face.

"Then you were a true prophet of evil, cousin, for here's the bad penny back to plague you," I said lightly.

"For long?" he wanted to know, with a tilted lift of his eyebrows, and thereupon fished a placard from his pocket. "Your company is in such demand, I thought perhaps——" He handed me the paper, smiling maliciously.

I shrugged, passing it to Kate. "The thing stares at me from every hamlet, devil take it. 'Tis no longer news to me that my eyes are steel-blue, that I stand six foot to the line, or that I possess great effrontery."

"'A hundred pounds reward for the recapture of the notorious and desperate rebel Walter Gordon of Langmuir!'" the girl read aloud, then glanced through the rest of it with grave eyes.

"If you weren't an Elliott and my beloved coz to boot, here would be Fortune knocking at my door," jeered Gib. "Fegs! I should think your neck would ache in anticipation."

Anger fumed up in the leal girl like tow. "Shame, Gib, shame! Here is our cousin in peril and you mock at him. You knew him to be alive and did not tell me. Have you no loyalty?"

"Dead or alive, what matters it to you?" he growled sullenly. Always jealous of her liking for me, he was envious still.

It chanced that my uncle was reading the story of the prodigal son when they took me to him. He put a finger in the place to look up absent-mindedly at us. I could see disappointment chase amazement across his face before his smile was in working order.

"I am come for the fatted calf," I told him merrily.

He had never liked me. My levity and folly had always appeared ill-timed to him, who never had a youth like other men.

"Make not a mock of Scripture, nephew," were his first sour words to me; and hard on the heels of them came his formal congratulations at my escape.

A fellow shuffled past with a log for the fire.

"Egad, sir, I hope your felicitations are not premature. For

me, the sight of redcoats tires me. The soldiers are thick as rowans in these hills."

Strathmuir fell to stroking his long beard. "You must be careful, nephew, not to risk betrayal. I hear there is a reward—a hundred pounds, is it not?—on your head."

I happened to be looking past him at the great fire-place, and it stuck in my mind that the fellow pottering over it gave a start at the mention of the reward. But this did not trouble me, for the Elliotts hang together and in my kinsman's house I need not fear a betrayal from his dependants.

"If they should take me here, you would be implicated for harboring a rebel, nunky," I laughed.

His restless hand stopped at his chin. "And that's a thing to be thought of. Draw the blinds, Kate, and see that the doors are bolted. You'll have to snatch a bite and be off, Walter."

Kate, half-way to the door, stopped in a flame. "Would you turn out your brother's son on a night like this?" she cried.

"Would I keep him here for the soldiers to take him?" he asked evenly. "The word of a servant to them——" He stopped, his eyes travelling to the fellow at the fire.

Smilingly my glance went that way too, but the smile froze on my face. I recognized that sinister countenance as belonging to Neil Nickson, once a herder of mine, but discharged by me for theft after the flogging he deserved.

My troubled thoughts followed Nickson out of the room, and, when the other servants trooped in for prayers with no sign of him, I confess myself daunted. Yet surely he would never dare to betray me. The Elliotts would hang him to the nearest tree.

Never had my uncle's prayers been so wordy as on that night and to me his petitions reverted again and once again.

" . . . Be exceeding merciful to this our kinsman in trouble. Bring him to a sense of his unworthiness. If need be, chastise him with whips of scorpions . . . "

Faith, the whips of hunger and thirst and weariness and pain had flogged me for months. I could think of none I had not been lashed with save the hangman's noose, and my uncle's prayers might have spared me that.

" . . . Teach him that even in the valley of the shadow of death Thy rod and Thy staff will comfort him, that the destruction of his body is a little thing if his immortal soul . . . "

The shadow of a suspicion rifted to my mind. Had Strathmuir's words about the reward been a covert hint to Nickson? Had there been in his solicitude an undercurrent of treachery? The thing was possible, and yet—surely he would never destroy me. Elliotts shoulder to shoulder, was the clan cry.

Still the voice droned on. Devil take his windiness, thought I, suddenly keen to be gone. Suspicions were alive in me and trooping through my mind. What a fool I had been to thrust my head into a trap! I would take to the heather again as soon as I could decently make my farewells.

A knock thundered at the door, and into the room poured a dozen redcoats. I leaped to my feet and had my sword out in a gliff. But when I saw myself outnumbered beyond hope, I had the sense to hand over my weapon to the captain with a smile as ready and as false as Strathmuir's own.

The officer was a ruddy-cheeked English lad, who shone as clean as if he had just come out from under a scrubbing-brush. In his elation at my capture his English phlegm melted.

"Egad, you're mine this time, my ranting Jacobite," he cried excitedly, in his clipped Southern accent. "There will be no more talk about 'Baby Gaston' in the regiment. Gadzooks, no! It will be 'Major Gaston' after this take. Some of the graybeards are going to sit up when I march across the border with Elliott of Langmuir."

I took his measure on the spot, and set out instantly to gull the lad so that he would make a failure of it.

"You have done what no campaigner of the lot has been able to do, and that is to lay Elliott of Langmuir by the heels. It takes no wise man to see that the wool is not to be drawn over *your* eyes," I told him gravely, and followed it with other flatteries as gross till I judged him hooked.

He had a capacious appetite for such tid-bits, and I gorged the great gomeril till he swelled like a turkey-cock at my words. He thought he had found the man of all men who appreciated his wisdom. "And now, captain," I continued, "since you are gentleman as well as officer, I make bold to ask what one soldier may fairly ask of another. There are affairs to be arranged that I may never have another chance to settle. May I not have a minute alone with my kinsfolk in a corner of this room?"

He hemmed and hawed, but in the end, perhaps because the grizzled sergeant undertook to oppose my request, bade me speak and be hanged to me; he hoped he was gentleman enough to know another when he met one, even though I was a Scotchman and a cursed Jacobite to boot.

I lost no time in beating about the bush, but told my uncle straightway that his man Nickson had sold me and that I expected him to get me out of the hands of the soldiers by hook or crook. Strathmuir stroked his long beard sadly and professed great concern at my predicament, but was quite unable to see how he could help

me materially. Yet aught he could do consistent with his duty he would of course hazard. He offered to speak to the captain and request him as a special favor to treat me with all gentleness.

I looked at him with a smiling scorn out of the corner of my eye.

"You will ask him to see me hanged as gently as may be?" I feared. "No, no, Strathmuir! I will seek even less of you, and that is to get word to Will Elliott of the Craigs of the plight I am in. But do not send Neil Nickson with the message," I finished, with an edge to my voice, and looked him straight in the eye.

Kate, whose white, woeful face had been knocking at my heart, broke in eagerly at the word.

"Yes, yes! And the Elliott lads will rescue you from the soldiers, Wat."

But her father was of another mind. He deplored the bloodshed that must follow any attempt to rescue me from the troopers and reminded me that an attack on the king's soldiers would be followed by stringent measures of retaliation. He thought it better I should stand my trial.

Now, Strathmuir knew as well as I did that, even if my case had any merits,—and from a Whig point of view it had none,—they would not appear at the trial. A packed jury would sit in a box and listen to lying witnesses, after which they would vote "Guilty" as in duty bound, and Wat Elliott would be another acorn for the dule-tree. This I told him with heated point, but Strathmuir only shook his head portentously. I understood him to make answer that he would be blithe to serve me in any proper way, but he was no man of blood and he could not find it in accord with his conscience to lift his hand in such a matter.

I think Kate here for the first time began to doubt her father. I never want a woman to look at me as she looked at him.

"Are you going to let the head of the house be murdered and never lift a hand to save him?" she wanted to know.

"I'll get the best counsel in England to defend him."

"Defend him!" she scorned. "You know well the trial will be a farce. What right have the Englishers to judge an Elliott?" she cried stanchly, and, since she has a temper of her own, she told him the truth in choice phrases of honest Scots before flinging away from him indignantly.

Strathmuir looked after his daughter with benignant pity.

"'And sometimes Kate the curst,'" he quoted from Will Shakespeare. For Strathmuir was a great reader.

"Whatever you make up your mind to do, don't let your fondness for me fyle so grand a conscience as yours!" I told him scornfully.

"My conscience is answerable only to my God, Walter Elliott; and it is to be considered first," he answered quietly and with dignity.

Your thorough-going hypocrite must believe in himself at all hazards. He must be so false that even he never guesses what a knave he is. I make no doubt that Strathmuir justified himself by specious arguments for his treachery to me.

I looked at him closely, my eyes reading him through and through. "I count you my murderer—no less. You may save my life by lifting a hand, and you do not do it. 'Fore God, man, can an Elliott be so base?"

I turned from him, my heart in a flame of scorn. As I did so, I was aware of Gib standing beside me, a curious contemptuous grin on his sardonic face. Something bitter in his expression, some suggestion of repressed emotion, I could not quite make out.

Kate came flying back, her sweet eyes full of trouble. "Oh, Wat, the doors are guarded. No one may go out," she whispered me.

I shrugged. "What must be must, dear lass."

Gib, at my elbow, murmured something about the Ardloch dule-tree. I flung him out of my way and strode to the English officer.

"Ready, Captain Gaston, when you are," I told him.

"And that will be after my men have eaten, my debonair Jacobite. Unless this psalm-singing kinsman of yours wants to pay the aiders-and-abettors fine, egad! he had better set out a dinner fit for a king."

While the soldiers ate, Kate and I sat a little apart. It was a sad pleasure to me to feel myself in a kind of privacy with my little friend. Even Strathmuir, counting me a man as good as dead, respected my tacit desire. In such an hour the heart knows itself as perhaps it never has before. We sat hand in hand under cover of my cloak. It is sure that with eyes and lips we leaned in thought toward each other, caressed each the other with an infinite tenderness. If tears touched her fine proud eyes, their inspiration was of nobility. The thoughts that moved us both were lifted ones. No need of words and phrases between us. If I died, 'twas for a cause, and one leal heart would always love my memory. If I lived, no seas were broad or deep enough to keep us two apart. In all the hubbub of the soldiers' noisy dinner we sat in silence, heart speaking to heart.

'Twas two hours later—in a black dripping night—that we made ready to leave. Gib I had not seen since I had flung him aside, but Strathmuir was on hand to speed me on my way to death with

consoling tags of Scripture. Nance and the other servants were wringing their hands and weeping, but Kate's smile was steadfast and her bearing perfect, though she was white as death. There was a promise in her eyes I knew she would keep as long as life.

The captain took the road to Ardloch. I rode behind a trooper, my arms strapped round his body. We sloshed along the black lane silently, save for the curse of a redcoat when his horse stumbled. The leaders were just coming up from the Ardloch burn to the famous old dule-tree where three highwaymen had been hanged, when I pricked up my ears at the sound of a whaup's call. I had ridden on too many wild night raids with him not to know Will of the Craigs' signal. I crouched low behind my man and waited for the attack. It came as we climbed the bank, so suddenly that resistance was impossible. Out of the gorse rose Elliotts by the score at the horses' very heads and dragged the riders from their saddles. Scarce a blow was struck before the Southrons were trussed silently in the darkness, tight as good hemp rope would bind them.

On Captain Gaston's own horse I rode away, and in his uniform. At the cross-roads my rescuers scattered, each to reach his own home as soon as possible. One remained to guide me on my way as far as Dunsmuir Heights. The night was pit mirk, and I could make out only that he was a slight, wiry young man, scarce full grown. We had ridden far before I guessed who it was, for he received in silence my attempts at talk.

At last he drew rein and pointed to the river below. "Follow the stream for ten miles till you come to Herriot's ferry. He is a true man and will arrange you shipping for France." He wheeled his horse to ride away.

"Gib, when a man wrongs another he must e'en admit it. Will you shake hands, lad?" I asked.

He turned and thrust his white, passionate face into mine.

"Never, not while there is breath in my body," he cried in a low voice shaking with bitterness. "I have always hated you, Walter Elliott, and I hate you now. Do you think I don't know you've always scorned me, curse you, because you are strong and handsome and I am a crooked weakling? When you were a boy you fleered at me and now that you are a man you despise me. I saw it in your face to-night. Your gay laugh and your court manners have robbed me of my sister's love. She always cared more for you than me. You'll break her heart and fling it back to her. She's only a country wench, not good enough for gay Wat Elliott, God send his wicked soul to perdition."

I marvelled greatly at him. "If you thought all this, why did you save my life? For it must have been you that slipped down

the old yew tree outside Kate's window and cried the gathering to the lads that rescued me."

"Because I would let no man say that a servant of my father had betrayed his guest, the man I hated."

My heart echoed to the pure nobility that had found lodgement in that misshapen body. He was no true son of that douce traitor Strathmuir, for he could love and he could hate and the call of honor sounded like a bell through all his burning passions.

I uncovered my head to him. "You have saved my life, Gilbert Elliott, though you hate me. Sir, you are a better gentleman than I. Yet you do me wrong, for I have disliked not you but the jealous temper in you. I cry pardon if my boyish folly has hurt you. As for your sister you are in wrong again. 'Tis true she loves me, but no more than I love her. When I return from France, it will be to wed Kate, who is my promised wife."

Gib's big eyes stared at me out of a white, startled face. "Is that the truth, man?"

And I answered, "It is the truth."



A PRAYER IN PAIN

BY EMILY SARGENT LEWIS

LORD, I beseech Thee, not so sharp again;
 I cannot suffer so and be Thy child;
 I am some brute thing, tortured, trapped and wild,
 Fighting the hands that would relieve its pain.

I have known sorrow, Lord, and blessed Thy name,
 Standing upright, although I could not see
 Because of tears:—but still my soul was free,—
 No coward then, I merited no blame.

But now, dear Lord, my weak flesh shames me so,
 I pray Thee, ere from torture I grow dumb,
 Let Thy bright angel with the sharp sword come,
 To slay me and Pain's demons at one blow.

This ask I in His name who once did shrink,
 From that too bitter cup they made Him drink.



THE BACHELOR GIRL'S SOLILOQUY

To be always a Girl—to have four personal instead of three partnership letters before your name—to have no man's rights piling up your wrongs. O joy! O blessedness!

Never to have to ask a trousered creature if you may go, or do, where or what you wish. Never to have to "kiss" the creature at the door, or "welcome" it with a smile. To be no man's slave. To have your own exclusive table. Your own personal chair, your own virginal lamp in your own honorable room. Never to have to endure the odor of vile tobacco. To be obliged to study no man's moods. Never to be deprived of woman's time-honored right to the Last Word. To rule your own roost. To sleep with the windows up, or down, as best suits you. To be a Sister to many and wife to none. To be a "good fellow" with your kinsmen. To wear the colors you like best. To be allowed to yell your head off at the Game, when your side wins, unchidden by husbandly "Don't." O joy! O blessedness!

To have a career. To live for your Art. To be a bachelor girl, or a glorious New Woman. To be independent. To be free. To depend upon no mere man for your amusements. To see what plays you wish. To be equal to any emergency. To go about unchaperoned, yet serene. To owe no escort taxes. To be able to look every man in the face. To look every woman in the face, and to look the husbandless future in the face unflinchingly. To have all your time to yourself. O joy! O blessedness!

Never to be humiliated by a young husband who loves you too little, or by an old husband who loves you too well. To be your own mistress. To have your wardrobe all to yourself; also the bureau drawers. Never to have your ears horrified by a collar-button-dropping man. Never to be charged with neglected duties. To have your own spending money. Never to be scolded about bills.

Walnuts and Wine

To select your own books. To choose your own friends. Not to be obliged to be in, or go out, when it suits you to do neither. O joy! O blessedness!

To have no noisy children to disturb you when you are reading. To have no squabbling. To have no muddy hands to wash, no soiled dresses to change hourly. Not to be "Mother" to an army of Insurgents. To have a free foot. To be able to pack your suit-case, and go off to the shore in virgin peace, sans husband, sans children, and—sans end. O joy! O blessedness!

To have no "in-laws"—ye gods! only to think of it—to have no "in-laws," not one—not one. Never to have your scientific cooking odiously compared, nor your darning sniffed at by a coldly critical man. To have no sisters-in-law to be "hurt" at things you have said in all ignorance of your pain-giving power. Never to have a mother-in-law love you—bitterly. O joy! O blessedness!

To be able to laugh with the matrons who laugh at your unmated estate, knowing in your heart that of the two conditions yours is the more blissful. Never to have to choose between "love and duty" nor between being divorced and being old-fashioned. To have no badly concocted lies to find out. To have no "club" or "sick friend" fabrications to sift to the bottom. To be able to sleep the long sleep of the just, or to read until dawn, if the book is worth while—without—a base call. O joy! O blessedness!

To look your worst without prying eyes, and candid tongue to tell you so. To be allowed to have fads. To ride hobbies. To "go in" for any sport you like. To slum, or chum, as you have a mind. To use slang or to abuse it, as you happen to feel inclined. Not to be "called down" or "tripped up" concerning lapses in grammar or errors in dates. To meet man as an equal upon his own ground. To make him sprint to keep up with you. To show him no social fear and no business favor. To teach him humility and that he is not, nor ever will be again, woman's sole rock of defense. To let him know in your own person that there is one woman would rather be her own, than any man's for life. O joy! O blessedness!

Finally, to know that you are and will be the only original first and last bachelor girl in your own particular family. O joy! O blessedness!

Esmi Allison.

Walnuts and Wine

PEARS



Matchless for the Complexion

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."

Walnuts and Wine

HE DODGED

It is said of a noted Virginia judge that in a pinch he always came out ahead. An incident of his childhood might go to prove this.

"Well, Benny," said his father when the lad had been going to school about a month, "what did you learn to-day?"

"About the mouse, father."

"Spell Mouse!" his father asked.

After a little pause Benny answered,— "Father, I don't believe it was a mouse after all, it was a rat."

S. W. L.

A CONFESSION

By Nathan Haskell Dole

I bear with me where'er I go
The image of a Lady fair;
'T is not my Wife's; she does not know
How much for that bright face I care.

I often take it out and gaze
In rapture on its perfect lines.
It has inspired my happiest lays;
My Sun of Fortune in it shines!

O classic head with fillet graced!
O Grecian nose, O dimpled chin!
O lips so exquisitely traced!
O silvery hair and polished skin!

Yes, silvery hair, tho' still so young
And scarcely changed by lapse of Time:—
This Maiden fair whose praise I've sung
Beams on me from a treasured Dime!

AFTER MANY TRIALS

Johnny had been fighting. His mother was telling him of the evils of resorting to violence to obtain redress for a wrong.

"I don't care," said Johnny, "he took my ball."

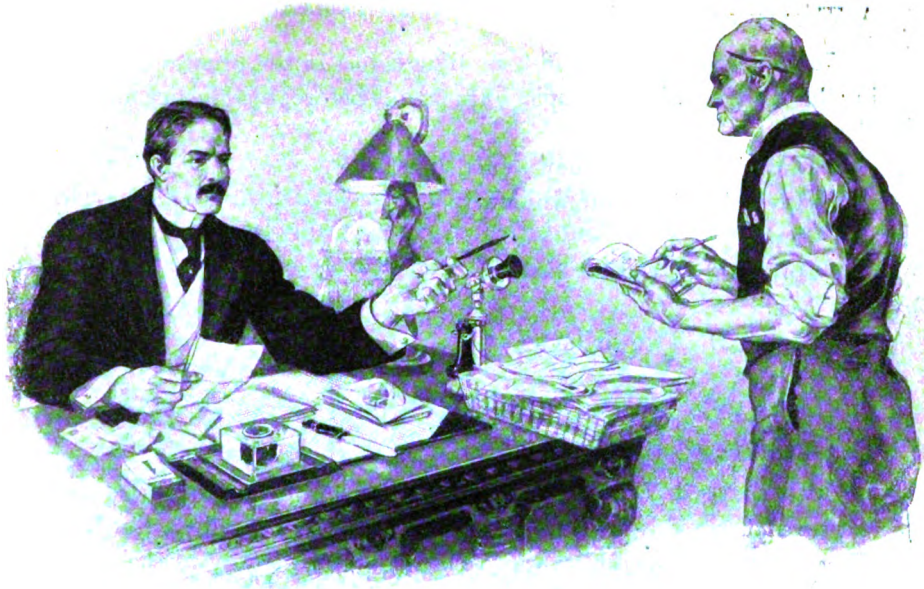
"Did you try to get it from him peaceably?"

"Yes'm."

"How many times did you try, Johnny?"

"I tried once, twice, thrice, and force; and I didn't get the ball till the last trial."

Ed. Moberly.



The Making of a Man

A Hint to the Poorly Paid

Successful, valuable work, whether physical or mental, depends upon your thinker—your power to concentrate, and to act.

A man succeeds in measure as he is fitted for his work.

Keen, active brain, and steady, reliable nerves to carry out its orders, depend upon the kind of food you eat.

Literally millions of successful workers in all parts of the world have found by trial that

Grape=Nuts

is the perfect food that makes and keeps them sturdy, and able to command money, fame, and power.

“There’s a Reason”

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

A WESTERN CEREMONY

In some parts of the West, no time is lost in the process of "giving in marriage." A couple once came before the Justice of the Peace:

"Link," he said. They joined hands.

"Have him?" (to the woman.)

"Yep!"

"Have her?" (to the man.)

"Yes."

"Married! Two dollars."

Alleyn Martin.

CONSIDERATE

WE charged Young Hopeful with cruelty to animals when he captured three fire-flies and held them clutched in a little hot fist. He eyed us with speechless reproach, then went his way to the chipmunk's hole, down which he carefully poked his prizes. "There," he said in a tone of relief, "now you can see to go to bed!"

M. B. H.

GETTING AROUND A DIFFICULTY

An instructor in a certain boys' school is noted among his pupils for his difficult examination questions. One of the youthful students after struggling over a particularly strenuous list of questions in geography, came upon the following query, which completely stumped him.

"Name twelve animals of the polar regions."

The youngster scratched his head, thought hard for many minutes, and finally, under the spell of a sudden inspiration, wrote:

"Six seals and six polar bears."

The professor was so pleased with his pupil's cleverness that he marked his paper 100 per cent.

Charles Hanson Towne.

HE KNEW

Ikey, Sr.—"Vat would you do, Ikey, if der vas a fire in der store?"

Ikey, Jr.—"Go get de insurance man."

R. S. F.

The Delights of Happy Childhood

Wouldn't you be happy if you could have all you wanted of the daintiest and most delicious "goodie" you ever tasted, without having someone tell you, you mustn't eat any more of it? That's exactly what you can have when you eat

Quaker Rice (Puffed)

There is something about Quaker Rice that makes it decidedly different from the ordinary cereal—the more you eat of it, the more you want. Its dainty lightness, delicate flavor and delicious crispness make you marvel at the ingenuity that has transformed common rice into such a wholesome and appetizing food.

Quaker Rice retains all of the goodness of the rice kernel, and by a special patented puffing process, cooks it thoroughly and adds to its palatableness, making it truly the delight of happy childhood.

Quaker Rice should be heated for a minute in a hot oven, and then served with milk, cream or sugar. Or, you will find recipes on the package for making dainty Quaker Rice confections. Quaker Rice is so easily digested and so pure and wholesome, that the children can eat all of it they want.

Quaker Rice is sold by grocers everywhere at 10 cents the package.

Made by the Manufacturers of Quaker Oats. Address. Chicago, U. S. A.

Copyright, 1906, by
The American Cereal Co.



HEALTHY NERVES

A young man strode into a doctor's office and explained his symptoms after the manner of a millionaire.

The doctor wrote two prescriptions, placed them in an envelope and handed them to him, with instructions to have them filled at once. As he turned to go out the young man asked how much the medicine would cost.

"Oh, about two dollars," replied the doctor.

To his astonishment, the young man asked for a loan of that amount.

"Just let me have the envelope for a moment," said the doctor. Whereupon he took out one of the prescriptions and tore it into bits.

"Why, what did you do that for?" inquired the young man.

"That one was for your nerves," the doctor answered, "and I see you need nothing for them."

Samuel L. Upson.

CREDITABLE.

By May Kelly

"My dear," said he, "you are superb!

To any man a credit.

You'll be the reigning belle to-night."

And kissed her as he said it.

"My love, I'm glad you like my clothes."

With beating heart she said it.

"Because this party gown and wrap

Are *also* to your credit!"

BEAMED TOO SOON

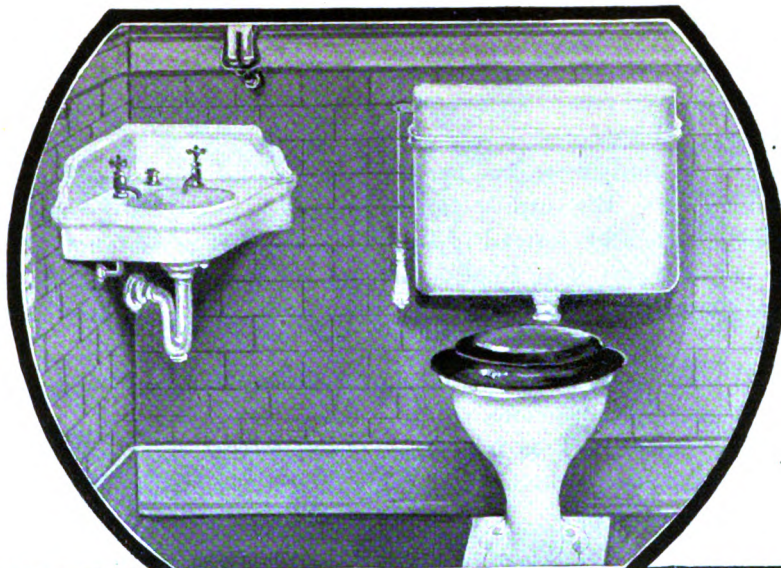
It fell to the lot of five-year-old Wallace Stewart, being the third son in rapid succession, to sift the family ashes, as his brothers had done before him. One morning the boy was told by his beaming father that a baby had arrived the night before. Wallace also beamed, much to his parent's gratification.

"And just think! it is our first little girl!"

Wallace's smile vanished and he scowled like a pirate.

"A *girl!*" as if it were the synonym for all that was opprobrious.
"Gee! must I *always* sift ashes?"

R. B. Sweezey.



SY-CLO
TRADE MARK

The Mark of Closet Sanitation

What disinfection means to the surgeon—what vaccination means to the public health—all that and more does the SY-CLO Closet mean to the sanitation of the home. The SY-CLO is more than the best closet—it is a wonderfully efficient and perpetual safeguard of health.

Unlike the ordinary closet, the SY-CLO has a double cleaning action. Instead of being merely flushed, its bowl is instantly and completely emptied by a powerful syphonic *pull* from below, and at the same time, thoroughly washed by a copious flush of water from above. The outlet of the SY-CLO closet is closed by a water seal of unusual depth that makes the escape of sewer gas impossible.

Being of a single piece of hand moulded china, the SY-CLO is without crack, seam or crevice that might collect impurity and furnish a breeding place for germs of disease.

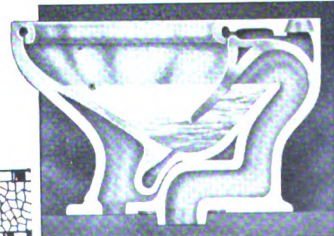
The SY-CLO closet has no surface to chip off or crack, is not affected by acid, water, or wear, and with ordinary care, will outlast the building in which it is installed.

The name "SY-CLO" on a closet guarantees that it is made under the direction and supervision of the Potteries Selling Company, of the best materials, and with the aid of the best engineering skill, and has the united endorsement of eighteen of the leading potteries of America.

Booklet on "Household Health" sent free if you mention the name of your plumber.

Lavatories of every size and design made of the same material as the SY-CLO Closets.

POTTERIES SELLING COMPANY, Trenton, N. J.



Walnuts and Wine

AUNT MARY'S GLORIOUS FINISH

A dear old New England spinster, the embodiment of the timid and shrinking, passed away at Carlsbad, where she had gone for her health. Her nearest kinsman, a nephew, ordered her body sent back to be buried—as was her last wish—in the quiet little country churchyard. His surprise can be imagined, when, on opening the casket, he beheld, instead of the placid features of his aunt Mary, the majestic port of an English General in full regimentals, whom he remembered had chanced to die at the same time and place as his aunt.

At once he cabled to the General's heirs explaining the situation and requesting instructions.

They came back as follows:—"Give the General quiet funeral. Aunt Mary interred to-day with full military honors, six brass bands, saluting guns."

H. P. Hunter.

THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

By John L. Shroy

I haven't much faith in the man who complains
Of the work he has chosen to do.
He's lazy, or else he's deficient in brains,
And—maybe—a hypocrite, too.
He's likely to cheat and he's likely to rob;
Away with the man who finds fault with his job.

But give me the man with the sun in his face.
And the shadows all dancing behind;
Who can meet his reverses with calmness and grace,
And never forgets to be kind;
For whether he's wielding a scepter or swab,
I have faith in the man who's in love with his job.

NOT UNNATURAL

Sable: "Do you think your wife will be asked to address the meeting?"

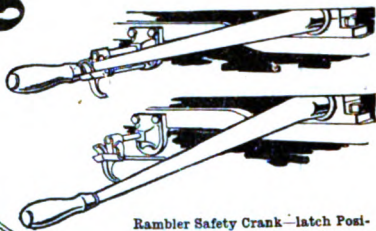
Cable: "No; it won't be necessary."

G. T. Evans.

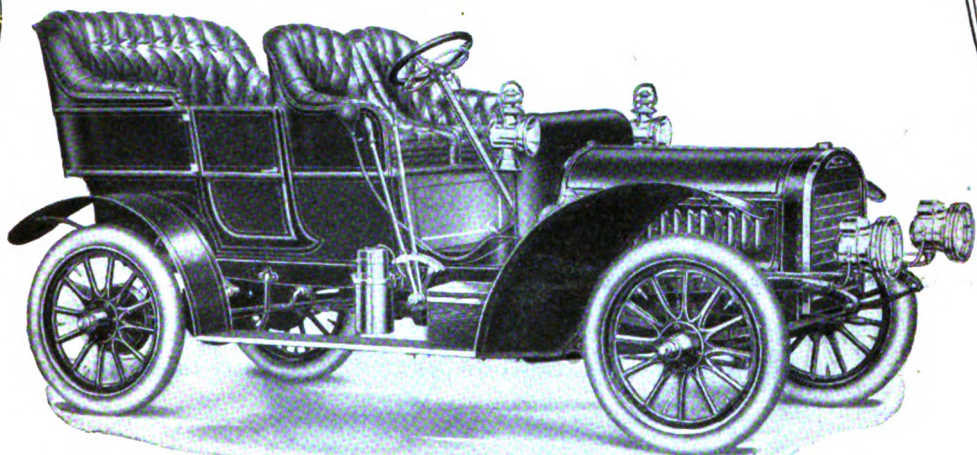
Walnuts and Wine

Rambler

The Car of
Safety,
Service and
Power.



Rambler Safety Crank - latch Positively prevents back-firing.



Model 14, \$1,750, with full equipment.

IN the development of the Rambler, while power, service and simplicity have been considered points of paramount importance, there has been no slighting of the minor details that mark the reliable automobile.

An example of this is our safety crank latch. This is so constructed that on releasing the crank therefrom to start the motor, the spark is automatically and positively retarded, thus avoiding back firing, which has so often resulted in serious injury to the operator.

This is only one of the many valuable features, described in the second edition of our 1906 catalog, which is now ready and at your service.

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

Branches:

Chicago, Milwaukee, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco.

New York Agency, 38-40 W. 62nd St.

Representatives in all leading cities.

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company

Walnuts and Wine

THE RETORT DIRECT

A U. S. sailor who had served through the Civil War and despite years of drill was bent in the shoulders and rounded in the back, was passing along Church street in Liverpool one day when his ship was lying in the Mersey. Along came two smart young Tommy Atkins'—straight as ramrods and gorgeous in new uniforms,—who thought to have some fun with the old Yankee man-o'-warsman.

“Jack, ahoy!” cried the youngest and smartest of the two, “what are you carrying on your back?”

Back came the answer, quick as a shot—

“Bunker Hill.”

And the Tommies pursued their way with chastened spirits.

Minna Irving.

REVISIONS

By the Debutante.

It's a poor refusal that doesn't work both ways.

By Mr. Henpeck.

To have and to—scold!

By the Skirt.

United we stand, but divided we get all sorts of nasty things said about us.

By the Husband.

Money makes the mare go—shopping.

By the “Quick Lunch” Patron.

Distance lends enchantment to the—stew!

By the Bankrupt.

A little credit is a dangerous thing.

By the Author.

Deferred royalties make the heart sick.

By the City Editor.

No news is *bad* news.

By the American Jury.

Woman can do no wrong.

Walter Pulitzer.

Walnuts and Wine

MENNEN'S

Borated Talcum

TOILET POWDER



The Mennen Caddie

offers instant relief from chaps and skin roughness which keen fall winds bring to out-of-door folks.

Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder

is put up in non-refillable box—Mennen's face on the cover guarantees it's genuine. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents.

Gerhard Mennen Co.

Newark, N. J.

*"Try Mennen's
Violet
Talcum Powder."*



DE WATEHMEELION MAN

By Victor A. Hermann

Up en down de sunny street
Neveh mindin' dust noh heat
Cums det watehmeelion man,
Slice ob red heaht in his han';
Ebhy time de ol' mule staht
Seem det he'll fall out de caht,
But deh he sit on de big green pile
Wid a drippin' slice en a happy smile;
En fro de town de whole day long
Yu kin heah him chant his song:

"W-watehmeelions red en sweet,
Honey juice en sugah meat;
Red heaht melt right in yo' mouf,
W-watehmeelions fum de Souf'."

De skies am gray wheh de sun went down
En de sultry night close on de town;
En fro de streets det's dahk en damp
Ol' Marcus cum wid a smoky lamp;
En de balky mule en de creaky caht,
En he plug det fruit en he show de heaht;
"Honey sweet," ol' Marcus say,
"Few mo' lef', Ah'm guine away;"
En long wid de chime ob de midnight gong,
Yu heah de echo ob his song:

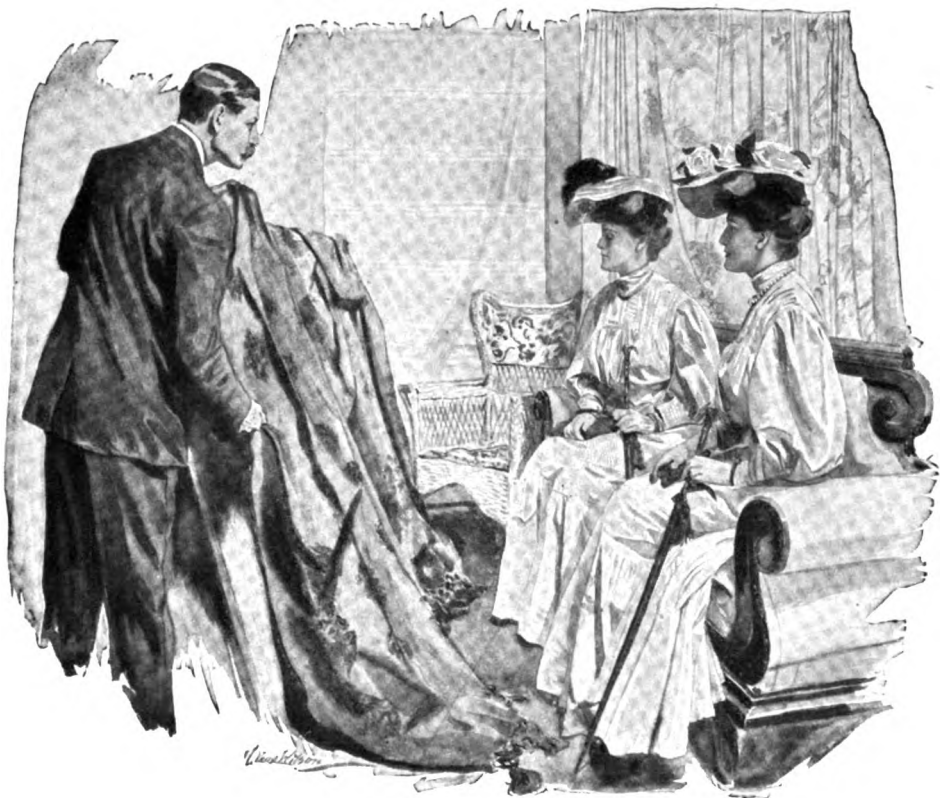
"Watehmeelions red en sweet,
Honey juice en sugah meat;
Red heaht melt right in yo' mouf,
W-watehmeelions fum de Souf'."

ENCOURAGING

He: "What flowers do you like best?"

She: "Orange blossoms."

Emma C. Dowd.



The Woman Who Knows Tapestries

ONE can't imagine a woman of taste selecting any but Artloom Tapestries if given a choice. Moderate in price and so much more effective than ordinary curtains sold in the stores.

The test of curtains is what they will do for a room: raw colorings and crude combinations kill other furnishings. Artloom curtains dress a room, they lend of their richness and beauty to their surroundings. They are artistic but not obtrusive.

They may be seen in homes of wealth all over the land and in thousands of modest homes and apartments where money counts for less than refinement.

After all, good taste is something money cannot buy, and it doesn't add a penny to the cost of manufacture.

Beautiful empire and floral effects, correct "period" designs, as little as \$4.00, and up.

If you think of buying curtains, couch-covers, or table-covers, our Style-book "J" of Artloom designs in colors will help you choose the right thing for your room. It is free. If you write at once we will send also, without cost, a clever little book, "Home Making" by Edith W. Fisher, illustrated with twelve full-page views showing contrasting interior decorations.

Your dealer doubtless has Artloom Tapestries, but you ought to write for our book anyway, so as to be sure you get what you ask for. The label "Artloom Tapestries" on every piece is your safeguard.

Philadelphia Tapestry Mills, Philadelphia, Pa.

Walnuts and Wine

LITERARY GOSSIP

Why is Stewart Edward White?

For the same reason that made Roy Farrell Greene and Abbie Farwell Brown.

What caused Albert Bigelow Paine?

E. Nesbit him.

What did William R. Lighton?

The same spot Bulwer Lytton.

Why did Grace MacGowen Cooke?

In order to Fry Mary A. Livermore and Boyle Alice Hegan Rice.

Who would make Charles Stearns Hartwell?

Margaret Sherwood.

Is Mabel Osgood Wright?

Yes, also Hamilton Wright Mabie.

Why did Will C. Steel Charles Coffin?

To put Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Marion Phelps.

LESS RISKY

He: "Why do we do the meanest and most hateful things to those we love the best?"

She: "I presume it is because no one else would stand it."

Will S. Gidley.

"SO LONG"

Old Gent: "Well, well, my boy, where do you belong?"

Lanky Youth: "Why, ma says it's my legs, 'cause I'm all right settin' down."

Naomi Hale Cook.

EXPLICIT

A Dutch woman kept a toll-gate. One foggy day a traveller asked, "Madam, how far is it to A——?"

"Shoost a leetle ways," was the reply.

"Yes, but how far?" again asked the traveller.

"Shoost a leetle ways," more emphatically.

"Madam, is it one, two, three, four or five miles?"

The good woman ingenuously replied, "I dinks it is."

William Purdue.

'Tis **HEALTHY -**
DECENT - WISE

'Tis a fine habit--self-
respect--due to others--
proven thrift--a simple duty
--better than cosmetics.

Be Clean

USE HAND
SAPOLIO

Walnuts and Wine

SONNET TO A MOSQUITO

By Mary Gregory Hume

Oh let me greet thee, airy, floating thing,
An angel of the insect people thou !
Circling above my head on gauzy wing,
Humming for me thy song of sweetest—*Ow* !

The cricket fills the Winter eve with cheer,
Singing beside the hearth a homely tune;
But sweeter far thy gentle *zoo-oo* to hear,
While thou dost nip me 'neath the Summer moon.

Then come again, sweet creature ! Rest again
On my fond hand, from whence in sporting play—
(Thou surely did'st not mean to give me pain)—
Thou'st plucked just now a gill of blood away!

Come nearer ! I will safely send thee back.
Always with tender care I'll treat thee—*whack* !

TRANSLATIONS

(From the exercise book used by an eighteen-year-old girl pupil
at a fashionable school for linguists):

Garde mobile—A chauffeur.

Esprit de corps—A ghost.

Vista bene—A good showing.

Tertium quid—Three sticks of gum.

Pater familias—A man with ten children, or over.

Neglige—In a careless manner.

Non est inventus—Something that never happened.

Hoi Polloi—A tall politician.

Ruse de guerre—A Russian going to war.

Gens de lettres—A postal clerk.

Billet doux—Admittance for two.

Bete noire—A dumb negro.

Dejeuner a la fourchette—A small dinner fork.

Locus criminis—A tough vicinity.

Natale solum—Not twins.

Qui vive—A lively visitor.

L. Corbridge

Pabst Extract



The Stepping-stone to Health

All the world takes on a brighter hue when you feel at your best. Don't let work and worry undermine your strength—help nature morning, noon and night with

Pabst Extract

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Walnuts and Wine

BUBBLES RE-BLOWN

Eventually it may become practical to eliminate the equine element from the New York horse show.—*Detroit News*.

But never the asinine.—*Life*.

The management finds its greatest interest in the fee line.

The people only feel the colonial policy as an increasing burden. They do not perceive any resulting blessing.—*Frankfurter Zeitung*.

The Germans doubtless excel in philosophy, but when it comes to cant we Anglo-Saxons have them faded.—*Life*.

The French, however, are still superior in Gaul.

Bereft of several of her children, who are detained in Germany by operation of the German law, her property in the Fatherland tied up in the courts, Mme. Schumann-Heink has appealed to the State Department at Washington.—*Daily Paper*.

To be "made in Germany" is not always wise.—*Life*.

This, however, is a case of wife.

James J. Papatheodorokoumountourtourgeototolous registered in Chicago.—*Harper's Weekly*.

That's just the kind of man you'd expect would register in Chicago.—*Life*.

If the ink holds out.

Chicago is said to contain eighteen thousand deserted wives—*Chicago Journal*.

Which was it—bridge, or the cooking recipes in *The Ladies Home Journal*?—*Life*.

Bridge suggests schooners,—and schooners, Bok. We now see how *Life* manufactures its wit.

Karl von Kraft.

Walnuts and Wine

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A WISH

By Grace G. Bostwick

I would that I might be wherever I may,
For I can't be wherever I should;
But if I could be where I might, anyway,
I might be wherever I would.

NOT COMPLIMENTARY

A stock dealer, buying horses in Colorado, had been directed to the ranch of Old Bill Sands. Wishing to learn something of Old Bill's business methods, before entering into negotiations, he made some inquiries at a nearby ranch.

"What sort of business man is Bill Sands?" he asked.

"Wall, stranger," replied the rancher, "I don't think Old Bill would go plumb to hell for a nickel; but he'd keep fishing around the edges for it until he fell in."

Charles Cannon.

EXPLAINED AT LAST

"Nowadays every one who travels seems to see the rock of Gibraltar. I wonder what has made it so fashionable?"

"Perhaps it's because it has a strait front."

C. A. Bolton.

ELGIN'S BEST.

"Is that sheep of yours 'registered', Mr. Jones?" asked Mr. Brown.

"'Registered?' I should say so." replied Mr. Brown.

"What is he?" inquired Brown.

"He's a ram,—I thought any fool'd know that," angrily returned Jones.

"I mean what is he registered *as*?"

"*As*? I don't understand," densely went on Jones.

"What's the stock?"

"Oh, why he's Elgin's Best Butter."

Hovey-King, Jr.

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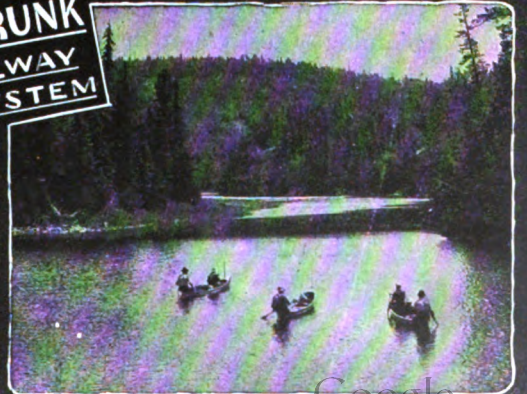
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Walnuts and Wine

TWO OF A KIND

A clergyman in Allentown, Pennsylvania, is said to be the homeliest man in the State. He was once thus accosted in the street by a rather disreputable-looking person:

"You're a minister, ain't you?"

"I am, sir," responded the other, with an effort to control his disgust at this very familiar air.

"Then, would you mind comin' home with me to see my wife?"

The clergyman, smothering his natural desire to deny the request, consented to accompany the man. When the two arrived, the man, who had crowded into the house ahead of the clergyman, pointed to the astonished preacher and, with a broad grin of delight, said emphatically:

"Now, look here, Mary. You've been tellin' me for years that I was the ugliest man in Pennsylvania. For heaven's sake, just take a look at this old fellow!"

Edwin Tarrisse.

A DEFINITION

By E. J. Johnson

A stick and a ball and a wee, small boy,
A whack, and the ball is off;
A walk of a mile; then do it again,
And that is the game of golf.

WHICH PIT

Parker ate peaches every day during the peach season. Especially, he liked to watch peaches being pared and sliced for table use. Someone in the family had a temporary ailment, complaining of distress at the pit of the stomach. This expression the boy evidently made note of. The next time peach short-cake came on the table, Parker ate so much of it that someone expressed a fear that he might "crack open!"

"And if I did, would the pit come out?" he asked.

"What pit?"

"The pit of my stomach!" was the ready answer.

Mary R. Miller

Walnuts and Wine



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Walnuts and Wine

CLASSIFICATION UP-TO-DATE

One of the librarians of a public institution in New York tells of some amusing blunders committed by a young woman in his cataloguing department. It appears that the young person so new to intricacies of the catalogue work was entrusted with the listing of certain volumes under the head "Mill." The following are samples of what she did in that line:

"Mill on Liberty."

"Ditto on the Floss."

Another inexperienced employee, says the librarian, was responsible for these remarkable entries under "Lead":

"Lead,—see Metallurgy."

"Lead,—Kindly Light."

"Lead,—Poisoning."

Edwin Tarrisse.

KEPT HER WORD

By T. E. McGrath

She would not wed the best of men—
'Twas what she said at first.
She proved her strength of purpose—
She wed about the worst.

IT WAS LATE

Essie: "Ida had a perfectly lovely dress last season. I wonder what she is wearing now?"

Bessie (looking at the clock): "Probably pajamas."

G. T. Evans.

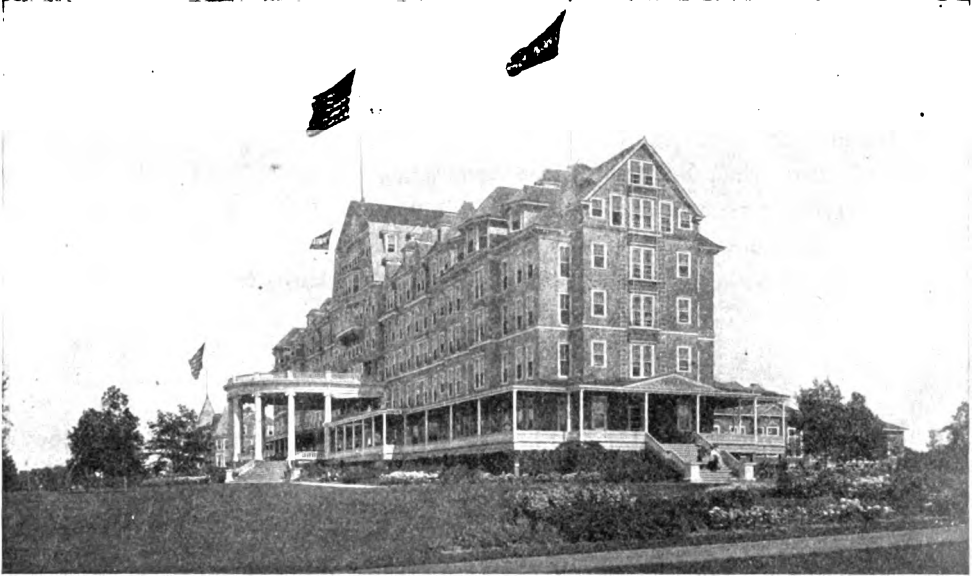
SOMETHING LACKING

The small boy was making calls with his mother, and, to soothe his evident restlessness, the minister's wife had given him an apple.

"What do you say, William?" the mother prompted.

"Peel it!" William answered, with conviction.

Paul E. Triem.



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Walnuts and Wine

WOULDN'T FIT

Some visitors from the North attended service at a colored church in Alabama and were much amused when the good old preacher referred to John I. and John II. as "John with one eye and John with two eyes!"

But when he gave out a hymn beginning "Purge Me With Hyssop," there was consternation in the choir and great fumbling around for a tune to fit the words. At last the leading chorister addressed the preacher: "Say, Brother Johnsing, won't you please try some odder yarb?"

Jessie R. Loveless.

MISUNDERSTOOD

Charley Litewate: "Are you fond of puppies, Miss Tandem?"
Miss Tandem: "This is so sudden!"

Will S. Gidley.

SOMETHING GOOD

Angry Customer: "Haven't you anything good at this hotel?"
Clerk: "Well—we have a minister."

Robert Todd.

LITERAL

The new office-boy was found sitting in his chair with the telephone transmitter in his lap.

"What in the world are you doing?" asked the boss.

"A fellow called up a little while ago," replied the future head of the firm, "and told me to hold the 'phone till he called again."

Maurice Smiley.

A FEAT INDEED

Susie had tried the teacher's patience sorely, and when the latter looked up and saw the little girl chewing gum, with her feet sprawling into the aisle, she said,

"Susie Jones, take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in!"

F. B. Phipps.

UNABLE TO STATE

"Is your wife a blonde or a brunette?"

"Can't say. She's been at the hair-dresser's for the last hour."

S. T. Hobbes.

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1906



LIPS THAT WERE SEALED

BY ALMA MARTIN ESTABROOK

Author of "My Cousin Patricia."

I.

ACROSS the brilliant parquette, from the Bishop's box, Miss Winstanley openly beckoned me with her little white black-dotted fan. Henrietta Winstanley is the Bishop's sister, a lady more like her own fan than anything I can think of at the moment to compare her with; a small fluttering thing, constantly in motion, creating a pleasant stir wherever she happens to be, smelling deliciously of orris root or lavender, her black eyes sparkling like the iridescents on the fan.

There were beside her in the box the Bishop, Barbara Hemingray, her brother Dan,—the most popular young rascal in town, —Ankony, acting president of the Central Savings Company, and, for the rest, a part of the Forlorn Hope, as Miss Winstanley calls the ardent band of Barbara's followers, whom she has always stoutly declared Barbara would have none of. I wish I had been as sure of it.

The Bishop looked the Bishop, or he would probably have been Dr. Winstanley, as his father had been before him, or Winstanley, attorney-at-law, following the way his maternal uncles had taken, or merely Winstanley, dealer in loans and real estate, as he once told me his predilection undeniably tended. But he looked the Bishop, and his sister, who was much older than he, vowed that he should become what nature so evidently intended. No one ever understood clearly just how she contrived it, but that she had

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triumphantly arrived with him none could contradict. Indeed, whatever Miss Henrietta Winstanley undertakes she is pretty certain to accomplish.

She had declared to me often, and with warmth, that if she could help it Ankony should not marry Barbara Hemingray, as he very evidently proposed to do, if possible. Therefore I was not surprised at the summons which beckoned me as her aide-de-camp, for Ankony had been making the most unmistakable love to Barbara ever since the curtain had gone up and that part of the Forlorn Hope represented in the box had yielded itself to what was going on over the footlights.

"There's ingratitude for you," whispered she, as I bent over her.

"It looks more like devotion," I remarked dryly.

"I launched that man socially. He had been very nice about my charities, and one must make some return, you know; besides, he isn't altogether a bad sort. But he must not think he can marry Barbara Hemingray."

"Does he?"

She made a comprehensive gesture. "You can see for yourself. Such audaciousness I never knew! He seems to forget the gulf between them."

"The gulf of blood, eh?" said I.

"Exactly. What is there harder to get around? I don't mind a self-made man—in the third generation; but Ankony is in the first, and proud of it. And he imagines that because Dan is in his employ he can force his attentions on Barbara when and as he likes."

"Isn't it possible that he may not meet with quite the discouragement you think?" I suggested, with a smile that was mere braggadocio.

"Nonsense! You don't believe any such thing as that. Do you suppose for a minute that Barbara would receive him,—or his impossible sister-in-law either, for the matter of that,—if she didn't feel that she had to?" She sighed and hurried on: "One has to do so many awkward and unpleasant things when one is poor, and they *are* so poor. Do you know it's a fact that they have to depend entirely nowadays on Dan's salary? And so, you see, quite naturally, they must be decent to Mr. Ankony."

"How they manage to get on I don't know," I observed gravely.

Miss Winstanley shook her brisk little head. "No more do I. Dan isn't economical, you know,—how can we expect him to be, with his bringing up? It's such a pity their father should have made that last unfortunate investment just before he died. It must be

frightfully hard on them both; but the brunt of it falls on Barbara, as is natural, perhaps. You've noticed, haven't you, that when a man and woman practise economy together it's always the woman who, somehow, seems to get in the most exercise? I'm sure Dan is as considerate and careful as he knows how to be, but he is so generous, you know."

"Perhaps he's a bit too generous."

She nodded. "That's it, precisely. Now, those are his flowers that the poor little neglected Pratt girl is carrying to-night. It was sweet of him to send them, of course, but he couldn't afford to do it. It's done the girl no end of good I've no doubt; but Barbara, why"—she leaned closer to my ear—"I don't know that I ought to tell you, but I think I will: that is a made-over gown she has on this minute—twice made-over, if you want the truth."

"It's the prettiest gown in the house!" I exclaimed boldly.

"Only because it's on the prettiest girl," smiled she.

"But they say she isn't pretty, you know."

"Who says it? The envious? Of course; they always say such things. I admit she isn't a classic beauty, if that's what you mean."

"Thank heaven for it!" I fervently ejaculated.

Miss Winstanley twinkled as only Miss Winstanley can.

"I'll tell you what she is, Mr. Twining," she said, with warmth. "She is a genius, if she isn't a downright beauty; she is a genius for simplicity, and I don't know but that's better than being a radiant beauty. There is nothing so charming to my mind as simplicity. Look at her clothes, her hair, her manner, her style! All simple, irresistibly simple. And it isn't an assumed simplicity; it's inbred and genuine and delightful."

I captured the hand that swayed the little white fan and arrested it long enough to press its slender fingers.

"I don't blame you for loving her," she said, in a soft little voice; "I'd love her too if I were a man."

"You are putting it rather strong, aren't you?" I suggested.

"About you caring for her? Well, how do you put it?" and she turned to me with a smile.

"Frankly," I admitted, "I haven't as yet put it at all."

"What! You know what delays are."

"They are sometimes necessary and expedient," I pleaded.

"Necessary, perhaps, but never expedient. I don't believe in them."

"Then I must certainly endeavor to follow a course more in keeping with your ideas."

"Tell me why you men always have to be reminded of your p's

and q's?" she demanded impatiently. "A woman looks after her own."

And, being reminded of hers, she turned to the Bishop, whose glasses had been leveled for a full minute on the box of Mrs. Jack Ankony opposite. Mrs. Ankony is Ankony's brother's wife, a pretty young woman, with all the ambitions that her family should have had and hadn't; so that her way is rather a difficult one to make, since the Ankonys are only just taking their first society steps.

As I glanced toward Mrs. Ankony's box, I heard the Bishop's sister begin to speak to the Bishop of a widow of charitable inclinations and large means whom rumor says she is anxious he shall marry. I could see that she believed firmly in plentiful reminders.

I turned to Barbara at the moment, and Barbara to me. There was, I thought, a glimmer of something like relief in her eyes. I know her eyes very well indeed, and I am not usually mistaken in what they convey. I moved my chair close, as if I meant to stay. The fluffy sleeve of her gown touched my coat. It was a white gown, and Barbara is adorable in white,—or, to speak more accurately, if that delightful state has its degrees of comparison, she is superlatively adorable in it.

"Do you care for the prima donna, Mr. Twining?" she asked.

"The prima donna?" I repeated vaguely.

"There is one, you know," she said with one of her laughs that I am particularly fond of.

"I must admit to not having observed, but now that you have called my attention to her I shall certainly take note of her."

"Do," she counselled; "it isn't nice to appear so distraught."

"I am distracted," I confessed in her ear.

The ear and the cheek next to me grew very rosy. Barbara sat up with great dignity and looked out over the parquette, as if it had been neglected, like the prima donna.

Ankony, I felt, could cheerfully have run me through, but I looked at Miss Winstanley and took courage.

"Do you see Dan?" said Barbara presently. "He has been devoting himself to those overlooked Crump girls, and now he is smiling on Anne Bowers."

"His ability to make himself go round is touching. It ought to be appreciated."

"I'm sure it is. It's awfully nice of him, really," she insisted.

"Of course it is. I have often wished I might follow in his footsteps, but I never seem to come to the place where I'm ready to try. Do you, Ankony?"

"No; I've no fancy for indiscriminate love-making," he answered, rather nastily.

"Dear me, it isn't love-making at all," cried Miss Winstanley, whirling about at the first sound of an attack upon her favorite. "It's just his tender-heartedness. He can't see any one neglected. Why, I saw him driving with Rose Terrell the other day; I don't suppose anybody has taken her to drive in years. She looked quite radiant, poor thing!"

"Dan is a sort of social philanthropist," I suggested.

"It requires more money than the most of us have to be any sort of a philanthropist," Ankony muttered, in an aside that I alone caught. Or I thought I was the only one to catch it until I saw the way Barbara's cheeks were tingling and her eyes sparkling and then I knew that she had heard and that he would pay well for his remark.

At the moment Bishop Winstanley addressed his sister, and she turned from us, while Ankony leaned over to ask me if I had met his sister-in-law's guest, Miss Streeter.

"That's coming," said I amiably, not disposed to take myself off at the covert suggestion. "Pretty girl, isn't she?" and I looked to where the Bishop's glasses had pointed. "Rather after the Madonna order, don't you think?"

"I don't know anything about 'em," Ankony replied.

Barbara tilted her head thoughtfully. "Sistine, isn't it?" she observed.

"Undoubtedly," I agreed.

"You'd like her," Ankony said. "I'm sure Edith"—Edith was Mrs. Jack—"would like to have you drop in on them to-night."

"I will—later," I said.

Miss Winstanley must have heard, for at the exact instant she reached back of her and squeezed my arm.

I stayed till the last act. I couldn't decently stay longer; besides, I knew Ankony well enough to be sure he would have it out with Barbara in spite of me. He had routed the Forlorn Hope by this time and had the field clear except for the watchful Miss Winstanley. But I remembered the flashing of Barbara's eyes and left them together cheerfully enough.

As I went out of the theatre I brushed shoulders with Henrietta Winstanley, tripping along at her brother's side and keeping an eye out for me, as mine was trained for her.

"He proposed to her the minute you were gone," she whispered excitedly, "right under our noses! Think of it! But oh, you should have heard her refuse him!"

"I should have liked it better than anything else on earth," I admitted. "You are certain——"

"Why, you must have known she'd refuse him!"

"Far be it from me to set myself up as certain of anything with which a woman has to do."

She shook her head at me significantly.

"Make certain!" she cried.

I walked beside her for an instant in silence, and she slipped her fingers into mine.

"I do want to see you both happy," she said.

The Bishop turned to us. "Fine-looking girl with Mrs. Ankony," he remarked. "Did you notice her?"

"The Sistine," I murmured absently.

"Eh? Miss Streeter."

"Yes, of course; Miss Streeter."

"I don't care for Mrs. Ankony, and I shouldn't care for her guest, in all probability," said his sister.

"My dear Henrietta, how very absurd!" he protested amiably. And then: "It seemed to me that Ankony was very attentive to Barbara to-night. Did you notice?"

Miss Winstanley laughed a crisp little laugh.

"Omit the qualifying adverb, or change it to 'offensively.' The man is wretchedly bred. Good-night, Mr. Twining. Come to see me when you have anything particularly pleasant to tell me, and do let that be soon."

She settled back in the Bishop's landau with a satisfied little smile, and I leaned in and bent over her hand.

As they rolled away I turned to meet Dan Hemingray, who had just been shutting the carriage door on the spinster Averills and their almost despairing mamma.

"Barbara went with the Deans," he explained; "we're using other people's carriages these days, you know."

"Lucky to have 'em offered," I grumbled; "I don't. Walk over to the car with me. There's no harm in a street-car."

"And mighty little comfort."

"That's largely a question of up-bringing," I laughed.

"Or down-sitting," he grinned. Then he sighed, deeply and miserably, and tried to hide it in a series of coughs that did not deceive me.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Did you notice Ankony to-night?" he inquired.

"Yes. The fellow is a boor."

"His attentions were rather defiant, it seemed to me, as if—as if he challenged Barbara to cut him. Did you think so?"

"No. Why on earth should he have that attitude toward her? You're in his employ, but you are not bound to him, nor under any obligation whatever."

"No—no, that is——"

"See here," I broke in, rather impatiently, "there are plenty of concerns as big as his that would be glad to give you a good berth. Don't let him press his obnoxious attentions on your sister just because you happen to be giving him excellent service for his money."

Dan looked at me oddly. "You don't understand, Tom," he said.

"It seems to me I understand perfectly, and I'd like to thrash him for his impudence."

He laughed, but the troubled look came back quickly to his usually sunny face.

"Miss Winstanley says he proposed to her to-night," I said.

He looked positively ghastly at that.

"Oh, good Lord!" he cried, "I hoped she could stave him off!"

"She didn't accept him."

"No, no—of course not. But I wish——"

"It seems to me," I cut in, "that you'd be glad to have it over. He was bound to offer himself sooner or later, and now that he's done it and she has refused him, you all understand each other, and he won't be forever underfoot, as he has been. It will be much less embarrassing all round."

He shook his head and, lighting a cigar, walked on moodily beside me.

"Ankony is the devil," he said nervously. "You don't understand."

II.

THE next day Ankony sent for me. I am the legal adviser of the Central Savings Company.

He was looking particularly bellicose. It was at once evident to me that he had his foot on somebody's neck and meant to keep it there. I thought of what Miss Winstanley had said of self-made men in the first generation. Surely, I told myself, there were but few of them who were not belligerent.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" Ankony declared.

I removed my gloves and found a comfortable chair. I was in no haste, as I am not greatly interested in the kettles of the acting president of the Central Savings Company, except as I am paid to become so, and Ankony's mood and the recollection of his aggressiveness the night before made me a little more antagonistic, if possible, than usual.

"It's the last thing in the world anybody would have thought likely to happen," he said. "Upon my soul, I don't see why it's so

hard for a man to keep himself square these days. He *has* been going it a bit strong, perhaps, but I'm fond of him, and I'm not naturally suspicious, and the thought that he might be tempted never occurred to me."

"Would you mind going at it other end round?" I suggested, for I hate to guess at things.

He flushed. He hates suggestions.

"If you want it flat, flat you'll get it," he said coarsely. "Hemingray's been stealing from the company."

I smoothed my gloves.

"No," said I quietly; "oh, no; not Dan Hemingray."

Ankony was purple in a minute.

"You're mighty sure of that, are you?" he sneered.

"I am," said I; "I know Dan Hemingray."

"You know Jim Austin too, don't you?"

I winced inwardly. Austin is an expert accountant, infallible, and an honest fellow besides.

"What of that?" I demanded.

"Well, he says Hemingray is a thief."

"I'm sorry he thinks so," I remarked.

"You don't? You won't?"

"No, of course I won't."

"You mean that Austin's wrong?"

"He may be. No man is infallible always."

"Jim Austin hasn't been found making any mistakes that I know of."

"What does he say about it?" I asked.

"That Hemingray has taken about three thousand, and that he has been taking it for more than six months. Of course I understand that under the circumstances——"

"Under no circumstances would I believe a thing like that until it had been proved to me."

"It won't take long to prove it. We'll call Austin."

"Wait. If you are convinced, you may convince me, if you can. I am not ready to talk with any one outside yet. Not even Austin."

He sneered openly. A sneer from a man like Ankony is not a nice thing to stand. I beat my gloves against my leg. I wanted to throw them in his face. But it was not at just the stage in the proceedings when I could afford to, so I held down my choler.

He dragged a chair to the table, and I followed. He flung open the books with an air of triumph that he had not the decency to conceal. I knew how he was smarting under Barbara's refusal.

For an hour we went over the accounts. Then we looked up and faced each other: Jim Austin had made no mistake.

"Social success is costly, you see," Ankony commented. "A poor man can't afford to make himself quite so nice to the halt and the sick and the blind."

"Nor can a rich man afford to make himself so insolent," said I. "You are talking of a friend of mine, remember."

"A nice kind of a friend, I must say!"

"An unfortunate one."

"I've no patience with that sort of thing, Twining," he declared, a little more conciliatingly.

"No, I don't expect you to have. Neither do I expect you to understand his temptation; I don't understand it myself, for I wasn't born a rich man's son, thank God, to have the silver spoon snatched suddenly out of my mouth and a rough pewter one pushed in in its place! It's not a pleasant experience that, and if we haven't gone through it we don't know anything about it. It takes a strong man to meet that sort of thing and not be upset by it. Dan isn't strong, perhaps; he is only open-hearted and big and generous and kind."

"And a thief," supplemented he.

"He was not an intentional one. He meant to put the money back, I am assured of that."

"Oh, they all expect to do that."

"I dare say," I replied unargumentatively.

"That's no excuse," he protested.

"I am not urging it as one."

"A man's a fool to take such chances."

"Discretion stands for morality with you, then?" I remarked.

"No such thing!" he cried. "There's no use in getting excited or sore about this thing, Twining."

I made a hasty calculation and offered him my proposition. It was to refund to him before the end of six weeks all that Hemingray had taken, with interest, Dan to be turned over to me, and nothing to be said of the affair to any one.

"I suppose you call that restitution?" he inquired.

"Something like it, yes."

"Well, I don't. We're tired of this thing of being robbed behind our backs by the men we trust. I didn't send for you to consider ways and means of getting the money back and letting Hemingray go scot free. I sent for you as the company's attorney to proceed at once with the necessary steps leading to his arrest and incarceration."

"Ah," said I, "now we understand each other."

He nodded.

"I would hardly have expected this of you, Ankony."

"You admit the theft, don't you?"

"Do *you* admit the motive that prompts you in the prosecution?"

"That's got nothing to do with it. But naturally—quite naturally, I'm sure—it is to our interest to stop this business and make an example of the thief. We've stood it too long already. This is the fifth time this has happened to the company in twice that many years. I tell you it won't do to let it go on."

I looked at him and smiled. It may not have been a very pleasant smile; I certainly didn't intend it to be, and he flushed beneath it.

"What do you mean?" he blustered.

"That what you are telling me is all nonsense," I retorted.

"Now that you've gone this far, perhaps you will go a little farther and make yourself plain," he cried angrily.

"Certainly. You were refused last night by Miss Hemingray."

"She told you that!"

"If you knew her better you would not ask such a question. She told me nothing. You made your proposal so public that the refusal was bound to be more or less so, and you have yourself to thank for the fact that I, with others, know of it. Now, to make her suffer, you throw her brother into prison."

He got up hotly and took a step or two toward me.

"Be careful what you say. You know better than that."

"Your habit has not been to run down offenders," I remarked.

"We've had to let several of them go because of their relation to members of the company. But there must be a stop somewhere, and I am in earnest when I say that it must be here. I'm sorry for the boy and for his sister, though I don't expect you to believe it. But——"

"No, don't," said I.

I took up my hat.

"Wait! Where are you going?"

"Back to my office."

"What for?"

"Because our interview is at an end."

"It's only begun. We must talk of how we are to proceed."

I walked toward the door.

"Am I to understand you refuse to have anything to do with the prosecution?" he cried.

"You certainly are, Ankony."

"I must remind you of your obligation to the company."

"There's an obligation before it," I said, my hand on the knob.

"That sounds very fine," he sneered. "Naturally, I can understand that you wish the Hemingray name kept clean, since——"

"Don't go any further, if you please. I shall send in my resignation at once."

"Oh, better think twice of that, Mr. Twining."

I went out and shut the door. But half-way down the hall I turned deliberately, hesitated only a moment, and went back. What pride I had for myself and for Dan and Barbara was gone. Matters must be amicably adjusted if possible.

"Ankony," I said, going in to him, "for God's sake think of Miss Hemingray, if you won't think of the boy. If she had accepted you last night, you would not have followed this course. You wouldn't have considered it. You would have been full of other plans this morning. Surely we can't hold women to blame for not caring for us when we ask them to. It's not fair. Love isn't to be compelled; you know that as well as I do. Think better of this. Won't you? You know what an honored place theirs has always been in the community. You know what luck they've had ever since their father's death, and how they've met it. You have been a guest in their house, a friend of them both. You must have admired their courage, their smiles, and the incomparable way in which they have both set themselves to make things come right. The boy has been weak."

"He stole the money——" he broke in.

"Yes, I know he did. I'm not exonerating him; I'm not trying to. It was a crime, and I recognize it, of course, and your right to prosecute, if you are so determined. But put yourself in his place if you can. He is simply prodigal in his kindness. There are more people in town to-day who have been buoyed up and brightened by him than by any other man, old or young. Maybe he did take your money to help do it. But as much as he ever expected to do anything he expected to pay it all back. He stinted himself; it was only with others he was generous. And then his sister—he wanted to make things easy for her if he could. He was ashamed to admit that he couldn't keep it up. Foolish? Of course it was foolish. But you admire him a little for trying to carry his end of the Hemingray string as it had always been kept up, don't you? You see what it has already cost him. Don't make it cost him everything he's got. Give him another chance. He'll redeem himself. You'll see. Try him."

"You ask too much."

"Too much! I only ask what you've done for fellows that were rascals and deep-dyed culprits. Surely you can give him the leniency you gave them. As for the bad influence, there won't be any, as you must admit, since no one knows of it, nor will know of it if you do as I ask. Let the boy go, Ankony."

"You plead well. I don't wonder you want the Hemingray escutcheon kept clean, and I'm sorry I can't accommodate you."

"You won't?"

"I can't."

"Rubbish. Will you?"

"I will not, Mr. Twining. I must proceed with the prosecution."

I pulled myself in hand with a strong effort.

"If I did what I want to do, I'd throttle you, Ankony," I said, and I went out and shut the door between him and my rage, which was becoming ungovernable.

I spent the rest of the morning in a determined effort to find something to change the course of events and save Dan. But all my determination and eagerness went for nothing. There was absolutely nothing I could lay hands upon. Ankony was inexorable and vindictive. And no help could come outside of Ankony. There was no further appeal to be made to him. I knew of nothing with which to threaten or frighten him. He was impregnable in his own past discretion and I was in a frenzy of helplessness.

As I was leaving the office on a further search, which, I admitted even as I undertook it, promised nothing, I ran face to face with Barbara in the hallway. A glance at her showed me that she knew. She had smiled through losses and bereavement and pain, but she was not smiling now. The Hemingrays knew how to meet vicissitude but not dishonor. Shame had burned the brightness from her eyes and seared dry that deeper well of cheer in her brave heart.

She looked at me dimly, as if in that acute moment I did not enter in, and she could not concentrate her half-paralyzed faculties upon me. It was startling to see her so. Her face, without a smile or the reflection of a smile, was strange to me and appalling. It smote me. An agony of longing to do something, say something, offer something of help, was upon me, but I felt its futility. What could I do, with bound hands?

I bowed to her and moved on to my further office. At the door, however, I turned to look after her, and was astonished to see her pause before Ankony's office. Then I understood: she was going to intercede for Dan. As the comprehension swept over me, I called to her. I would not have her humiliate herself uselessly. But she did not hear me, and passed in, and I told myself that perhaps, after all, she might move him; certainly any man—but Ankony was a monster, not a man. His pride was always keener than his emotion, and his pride was smarting.

I left my door open to be ready if there should be anything I could do for her, but when she came down the hall Ankony was with her. He was all deference and attention, radiating satisfaction and triumph. Yet Barbara was smiling,—not the old smile, to be sure, but as if in tremendous relief,—and the despair had faded

from her eyes, while her head was lifted with the old proud poise, and her step was not leaden as it had been when she passed down the hall.

"Perhaps your brother might like to go to join my brother Jack for a while," Ankony was saying, as they passed my door. "The company rather needs him out there, and he might find the change pleasant."

So she had gained Dan's freedom—his one more chance!

I went out to tramp and settle my nerves. I needed to readjust myself to the situation. When I came back I found my resignation, which I had sent to Ankony several hours earlier, lying on my desk. It had been returned to me with a note from him saying the company refused to consider it, as the reason for my urging it had been removed, and it was therefore hoped that our former relations might continue.

I tore the note and the resignation across.

"So much for the charm and the persuasive powers of a woman," I muttered. "No man is adamant."

III.

"FELICITATE me," commanded Mrs. Jack Ankony the next day, as she brought her cart up to the curb and leaned down to me with a smile of complete satisfaction.

"Gladly, if you will give me a new reason for it," I replied. "There are so many well-known ones, but I have heard of nothing new. What is it?"

"Flatterer! But, really, don't you know? Haven't you heard? Am I actually to be the news-bearer?"

"I know nothing, I assure you. I never hear things, Mrs. Ankony, until everybody else has heard them. Do take pity on me, won't you?"

"But I supposed *you* would have heard—you, of all people, not to know! Why, it's in all the papers. That is, it's going to be to-night."

"But I am not the seventh daughter of the seventh daughter, you know; I can't read the future, nor the papers till they come out."

She made a funny little mouth. "If you tease me, Mr. Twining, perhaps I shan't tell you."

"Oh, but you will," I smiled; "nothing could keep you from it."

"Frankly, nothing could," she laughingly admitted.

"Then tell me, do," I begged.

She leaned down to me, composing her face from merriment to tranquillity.

"I'm the happiest woman in town to-day: the charming M

Hemingray is to marry my husband's brother. Don't you think I have a right to be?"

I had just strength to stoop and pat the head of a ridiculous spaniel that sprang out of the cart and frisked about my feet.

"Are you surprised?" she challenged.

I continued to fondle the spaniel.

"I'm never surprised at anything, Mrs. Ankony."

"Oh, how like a very old person that sounds!"

"I am old—very old, in experience."

Mrs. Ankony nodded ready assent. "So I should have said, Mr. Twining, but you are also very clever."

I stood up with recovered equilibrium.

"What a pleasant exchange of compliments!" I observed.

"Do you know," she remarked thoughtfully, "it seems rather a pity we should have known each other so slightly, Mr. Twining. I believe we have each missed something by it."

"The loss I am sure is all mine, and I have often regretted it. Is it, do you think, too late to remedy so lamentable a matter?" I inquired, trying to rise to the situation as a half-hearted fish rises to the fly.

"It is just possible we may see more of each other now, since my brother is very fond of having his friends about him, and, as you are one of his wife's—dear me! how premature I am, but then one is certain there will be no slip here, and that she will be his wife,—one of Miss Hemingray's greatest friends—you are, aren't you?"

"She has none better," I replied.

"Yes, so I thought, and of course Edward will wish her to continue to see her old acquaintances and friends just as before, so I dare say we may often meet."

I writhed inwardly beneath her pretty patronage, and understood in a measure little Henrietta Winstanley's feelings for her.

"But in the mean time," she continued pleasantly, "I hope you will come to see Cecelia and me. Good-by. Remember, we shall expect you." She gathered up the reins and then thought better of leaving me to find my way afoot up the avenue.

"Why not let me give you a lift?" she asked.

"Thank you, but I am leaving the avenue a block or two up."

"Ah, too bad! Bless me, look at this, pray! Here is Cecelia now—my cousin Miss Streeter, you know—and the Bishop."

"The Bishop?" I echoed. "What Bishop?"

She laughed gayly.

"I don't wonder you are surprised," she said; "Bishop Winstanley," and, as we turned to look at them, she could not help the complacent little tuck her lips took. I did not blame her for it.

"How she fits her name, doesn't she?" I exclaimed.

"Cecelia? Why, yes, I suppose so. Oh, and the Bishop is such a dear! Cecelia is an ardent horsewoman, and when he found we had no good mount in our stable—I never ride, you know—what does he do but insist upon bringing her one of his. Splendid fellow."

"The mount?" I inquired.

"And the Bishop," she smiled back at me. "Now, if you will, you may hand my dog up. I almost forgot him in the excitement of the minute."

I chased him over the grass and captured him finally, tongue out.

"Poor dear, you must forgive him the exercise he made you take. He is so playful. He doesn't know how tiresome playfulness is."

I handed him up with a caress. I was remembering the turn he had served me.

"I do believe you like him," she declared.

"I do. But I am killing a little time, if I must acknowledge the truth: I am waiting to see the Bishop and Miss Streeter go by. How slowly they come!"

"They look well together, don't they?" she murmured critically.

"The ensemble is perfect," I said.

"How quaint you are!" she laughed.

We turned with smiles and bows to the Bishop and his companion. They were indeed imposing. The Sistine bowed guardedly, as if she feared to disarrange her halo, and the Bishop beamed, a little guiltily, it seemed to me. Later I found it to be another case of the mouse and the absent cat.

Mrs. Ankony whirled along in the opposite direction after they had gone, and in a blur of emotions I hurried down the avenue, not sure where I meant to bring up, but presently finding myself ascending the Winstanley steps. I was not clearly conscious of my reason for wanting to see Henrietta Winstanley just then except that she always clarified things for me,—and certainly they had never needed it worse than now.

To my great disappointment, I found that she had gone out of town to join an invalid friend, and that her return and destination were not known at home, depending as they did upon the caprice of the friend. Her servant thought it probable, however, that she would not be back in town for several weeks, perhaps a month.

I turned from her door in the deepest regret, but my tumbling thoughts had already begun to steady themselves into something resembling calm, and I saw things a little more clearly: one thing I perceived with startling clearness, and that was that Barbara had given herself for Dan's liberty and good name.

What it meant to her drove away, for the moment, all thought of what it meant to me, but later my own rebellion arose and rioted—to no end. It was indeed the hopelessness of it all that smote me from the beginning. I felt like a paralyzed man in a fire. But he listens for the sound of his rescuers, and for me there could be no help. There had been but one way to save Dan,—a way so hideous it had not even suggested itself to me, but Barbara, loving him as she did and determined to save him, had thought of it at once and had not hesitated to take it, monstrous as it was in its cruelty.

That Dan could accept so high a price of her astonished me, but I knew that she dominated him in the affairs of their every-day life, and I could understand that, sick as he was with despair and remorse, he would yield to her fierce persuasion, without at first realizing just what she was offering for his honor.

My mind refused to conceive of the enormity of the sacrifice. I walked on stupidly, having no notion where I was going, but feeling that I must keep going. The avenue was filled with vehicles. It was its most fashionable hour, and several of my friends were passing; but I affected to see none of them. To save me, I could not have met their smiles with summoned ones, and I was not minded to try. But, looking straight ahead as I was, I yet felt them coming—Barbara and Ankony, and they were upon me before I could turn into a side street and avoid them.

Ankony's turnout was the smartest in the street, and it was fitting, perhaps, that the most charming girl in town should sit beside him. She wore a simple blue gown,—perhaps it too was made-over; I reflected hastily that she would not have to wear that kind after she married Ankony,—and to the casual observer she must have looked happy and serene, but to me, in the instant of our meeting, there was something back of her smiles that startled me, something that surely looked forth in terror—the impotent terror that is vague and still and does not realize its own appeal. It was as if, unconsciously, she had put out a sudden hand to me.

I went out to the curb to speak with them.

"You will want to give us your blessing, Twining, if you have heard the good news," Ankony said, with great geniality.

"Yes, I have just heard," I said.

I held out my hand to Barbara, and she gave me hers, a little, cold, unsteady hand. Her eyes tried not to falter beneath mine, and she smiled. I wished to heaven she had not, for I carried that smile with me for weeks.

"Miss Hemingray knows that I desire nothing so much as her happiness," said I.

She pressed the tips of my fingers as I withdrew them.

Ankony extended his hand, but I was stooping to fleck something from my trousers.

"Well," said he, in a simulation of vast amiability, "my taste can't be denied, you will have to agree with me, no matter what may be said of hers."

"You are right," I said heartily; "you are a fortunate man."

"So I am being told on every hand. But I didn't need that, to know it. I thought *you* would say so, Twining."

"No one so heartily."

"It's gratifying to find that one's fiancée is so generally beloved, I'm sure."

Barbara turned upon us with a flush and a smile.

"Oh, do stop saying nice things of me! It's horrid of you. I don't like it. You make me feel as if I were walking around my own bier."

Ankony smiled at her whimsicalness, but I knew her to be on the verge of undoing.

"Our friends tell us they are surprised; that nothing like this was to have been expected," he observed, looking at me.

I could have throttled him: his blade was cutting both ways now, and he knew it. Barbara went very white and shut her lips with an odd fierceness.

"Perhaps," he went on, in that smooth voice of his, "it *has* been a bit sudden—a little surprising."

"Many things are surprising," I said, and met his eyes with my indignant ones. His shifted.

"We are blocking the street," Barbara cried. "Let us go on."

"As you please," Ankony answered. "Always as you please—dear."

I saw the color splash over her white cheeks at the endearment. This was a part of the cost,—the outrageous, impossible cost.

IV.

I WENT to see Barbara a few days later.

It is queer how a changed atmosphere seems to affect the material as well as the immaterial,—even the Hemingray doorsteps appeared changed as I stood on them in the dusk of the spring evening, awaiting to be admitted.

I was shown into the south drawing-room to wait for Barbara; I have been shown into the south drawing-room to wait for her a hundred times, and I had always before found it a pleasant, inviting place; but I got no further than the threshold this evening: the change in it was amazing. The prodigality of light struck me first, and then its gala-air; it was as if it too were receiving congratula-

tions in its best clothes along with its mistress. There were flowers everywhere. I am fond of all flowers but those taken by another man to the girl I love. Ankony's flowers overran the south drawing-room; they were on the three-cornered piano that had belonged to Barbara's mother, on the quaint cabinet with ormolu mounts and parquetry panelling that had been her great-grandmother's, on her grandmother's mahogany table, and on mantels and shelves and cases.

Their fragrance met me at the threshold and stopped me there as if it had been funeral fragrance. With a shiver I crossed quickly to the library. There was no light there but a dim firelight. The library, evidently, was not receiving congratulations, and I entered with a sigh of thankfulness for something unchanged, when, mockery of mockeries, just as I was throwing myself down to wait for Barbara I discovered a great bowl of Soleil d'Or roses glowing in the middle of the table. The Forlorn Hope had offered its tribute of American Beauties and Jacqueminots and Maréchal Neils to Barbara, but it had always been my privilege to take her the splendid Soleil d'Or. I stood for a minute looking at these upon her table, then I picked up the big crystal bowl and carried it across to the drawing-room, where I set it down not too gently.

Presently I heard Barbara's step in the hall. It sounded a little languid, I thought.

"I am here," I said, from the library.

"What are you doing there in the dark?"

"I like the dark and the library."

"How capricious you are! I never knew you to wait here before."

I made no reply, but I stirred the fire in the hope that she would not ring for lights.

"I am tired," she said, as she sank into a chair I drew for her.

"Pleasantly?" I inquired with sympathy.

"No, downrightly. People have been coming for days to say nice things to me. I suppose I ought to be glad."

"Oh, I don't know. Nice things can become awfully tiresome."

She nodded wearily.

"I promise in the beginning to say nothing nice whatever," I hastened to assure her.

She smiled a little.

"You rarely do," she observed; "but I think I shall rather like it to-night. I've about exhausted all my replies. You've no idea how quickly you run out of replies to the sort of amiable platitudes that have been showered on me lately."

"I dare say. You know I've never experienced anything like it.

People make phrases, and you make phrases back at them. Is that it? But you wouldn't make them for me, I am sure."

"No, I think I shouldn't consider it worth while."

"It wouldn't be good for you if I caught you at it."

"That's the real cleverness," she mused, "to make a catchword sound pristine in its freshness. A lot of women I know can do it. I never could. It's art, or——"

"Do you remember the story of the fairy godmother who put pearls instead of words in the mouth of one of her godchildren?" I asked. "If these were still the blessed days of fairies, I know a lot of good folks who would ask for catchwords, don't you?"

She laughed softly.

"Instead of brains," she said. "They would be so much easier managed."

"Exactly!"

We laughed again. For a moment I think we forgot. We were so accustomed to being gay.

"You are very amiable to-night," she remarked after a moment. "It's so nice to find you that way. You are not always so, you know. For instance——"

"You mistake," I interrupted; "I'm not amiable at all to-night. I am exceedingly out of sorts. I have lost something, and I don't like losing things; it makes me cross."

"Careless people always lose things," said she severely; "I always told you how careless you were."

"I'm afraid you were right," I admitted; "but I didn't mean to be."

"Oh, one never means to be, of course. Don't urge that as an excuse."

"The fault is not all mine," I extenuated.

She laughed.

"Whom are you trying to put it on?" she asked.

But I did not reply, and presently she inquired more kindly:

"Was what you lost of much value?"

"Of the greatest value."

"Pshaw! that's too bad. Have you tried to recover it?" And now a friendly interest warmed her tones.

"It's no use," said I hopelessly.

"But I should think you'd try, at least," she urged.

I looked at her speculatively.

"I wish I dared," I sighed.

"How queer! Why don't you dare?"

"There are several reasons."

She faced me accusingly.

"Are you talking in epigram?" she suddenly demanded. "You know how I hate it."

"Not at all," I protested; "but, you see, this didn't really belong to me. I never possessed it. I hoped that some day it would be mine, and now I have lost the hope of it. Do you see what I mean?"

She put her chin in her palm and stared into the fire.

"That is so different—so altogether different," she said.

"But quite as hard to bear," I insisted. "It is no easier to lose the hope of a thing than to lose the thing itself."

"Perhaps not," she admitted thoughtfully; "but we have all had a great many losses of that kind."

"I never had a loss like this," I replied seriously, and I arose to punch the fire and change the subject.

Barbara, however, was both sympathetic and interested, and also, I think, she considered this a safe and comfortable topic and she wished to avoid others that might not prove so. So she said:

"I can't see why you have given up all hope of getting this thing that you want. You say you dare not make another try at it. But I don't understand. Is it some sort of a chairmanship, and has it been given to some one else?"

"It is not a chairmanship," I answered her; "but, yes, it has been given to some one else."

"Quite irrevocably?"

"I am afraid so."

"I'm so sorry for you."

"Thank you. I need your sympathy."

"Then it meant a great deal to you?"

She turned in her chair quite suddenly and looked at me, the question in her eyes. At the moment the fire began to flame and crackle, falling full on my unwilling face, and her eyes, meeting mine, comprehended in spite of me, wavered, and dropped.

"Oh!" she breathed very softly, "oh, why did you—did you do it?"

"He isn't much of a man who goes about whimpering, is he?" I asked, trying to smile but making a dismal failure of it. "If the fire had only smouldered a minute longer you need never have known. Don't remember it, and don't let it make any difference in your—your happiness."

"Don't!" she cried. She put her face down on the arm of the chair and left it there a minute, while I stood looking helplessly down at her. Presently she lifted her head and looked at me with eyes filled with scorn.

"I hate myself when I think of what you must think of me she flashed. "Can you think one kindly thing?"

"Not one," said I, "but a thousand."

Her smile wavered through tears, and she put out her hand to me. She ought not,—it was a dangerous moment: there are times when the hardest thing in the world is to take the hand of the woman you love. But she didn't know it, and I took it.

"Then you don't—you won't—oh, *will* you——" she cried chaotically.

"I won't," I declared. "It's all right. Why, Barbara, bless you, you knew that, didn't you?"

She nodded slowly. "Of course there never was—oh, why do you make me say such things?—there never was anything—anything between us, Mr. Twining. You don't care for me, really, I am sure. You—never told me so, and——"

"No, I never told you so," I repeated. "I was waiting——"

"Don't," she begged. "But, you see, I didn't know. And, oh, it couldn't have——"

I stooped and touched her hair with my lips.

"Never mind," said I; "tell me about who has been to see you. I want to know everything you know."

She lifted me a grateful glance.

"Mrs. Tyson Potter was here," she said, and a new, stinging smile touched her lips. "She came to say pleasantly unpleasant things. She told me quite frankly that it was a wise thing for a poor girl like me to marry rich. *You* wouldn't——"

"I am not a Mrs. Tyson Potter. The old heathen!"

Barbara flashed me a smile.

"But it's rather the natural thing for people to say of such an engagement," she protested a moment later. "You know it is."

"Nonsense! It isn't. And what do you care what they say? Was there ever a betrothal that was not the signal-gun for a perfect volley of silly chatter?"

She smoothed a crumpled frill of lace.

"Miss Winstanley has not been here," she said significantly.

"She's not in town. She left the day before your engagement was announced. Didn't you know?"

"No. Oh, I'm so glad! I thought she disapproved. And I'm so very fond of her I couldn't bear——"

"Nothing of the sort. She'll write you the minute she hears, of course. She has gone off somewhere with a sick friend and probably hasn't heard the news yet."

"How comforting you are! It's such a relief to hear it. I couldn't bear to feel estranged from her. The Bishop was very kind. He sent me those beautiful roses there."

"Where?" questioned I eagerly.

"There on the table. Wasn't it odd he should have chosen Soleil d'Or beauties? Why, where are they?" she asked, as she turned to look at them, and so to avoid looking at me.

"They are in the south drawing-room," I replied gravely; "I'll go and get them."

I caught the glimmer in her eyes as I passed her.

When I came back she was stooping so I could not see her face, but she said softly, "I have asked Mr. Ankony always to send me the paler roses."

It was the point beyond which I could not keep my head, nor my lips.

"Barbara!" I cried out foolishly.

"You know how I dislike reminders," she said quietly. "And ours has been a pleasant—friendship."

I had got hold of myself again.

"What did the Bishop write you?" I asked.

"Oh, a charming little note. He said the most beautiful things in it."

"It is a part of his mission—to say beautiful things."

"And how well he fills it! He is such a dear."

"So Mrs. Ankony says," I remarked.

"Mrs. Ankony?"

"Mrs. Jack—when he rides in the park with Miss Streeter."

"Oh," and she smiled politely. How many women smile politely when their husband's relatives are mentioned!

"She is going to give a dinner for me next week; I hope you are coming," she said.

"No, I had thought I would not."

"Oh, perhaps you don't like her. Is that it?"

"Not at all. I was thinking entirely of—myself."

She looked away, blushing daintily. "I wish you wouldn't," she protested. "About the dinner; you mustn't come if you don't want to, of course."

"I suppose I may as well get used to it," I observed, more philosophically than I felt. "I can't wipe myself out entirely, you know. And you wouldn't want me to, I'm sure."

She did not answer. Sighing gently, she leaned back in the battered old chair that had been her father's favorite. She looked slender and childish and dear in that chair, and the firelight was exquisite on her hands and gown and hair, but I thought her pale, even beneath its faintly ruddy glow.

"I suppose you will go to the Canadian Rockies for your bridal trip?" I suggested presently.

"No, no!" she cried sharply.

"You always said you would like that, you know."

"I have changed my mind."

I fingered an old Spanish cooking-pot of copper that stood on the table between us. That old Spanish cooking-pot! How many times, in crucial moments, we have bent to examine it, Barbara and I. There is not a scratch or dent on its polished surface that I cannot see with my eyes shut.

"There is something I want you to understand," I said slowly, "and then we won't talk any more about it."

"Ye—es?" she encouraged, rather doubtfully.

"It is only that, no matter what comes, you are to remember that I have not changed."

She put her hand to her throat with a gesture new to me, and full of pain. "Why will you?" she pleaded. "Don't, please don't!"

"I don't want to hurt you, dear. It can't matter to you one way or the other now. And you are to understand that I don't blame you one bit. Jove! how could I? You couldn't care for me if you couldn't. And heaven knows I don't wonder that you couldn't. But I want you to know, that's all. I think perhaps you have always known, a little,—haven't you? Such things between some people don't have to be put into words. Voicing them seems somehow to rob them of their exquisiteness. You know what I mean, don't you? 'I love you' sounds so empty, while it is so overflowingly replete. I fancied you felt as I did about it, dear. I was waiting, indeed, to know a little better just how you did feel. I wanted not to lose your friendship if you could not give me your love. Failing that, I was determined to have for my own the perfect relationship that has so long endured between us, and I knew I should spoil it by declaring my love for you prematurely."

"Yes," she breathed.

"So I never told you I loved you, Barbara, and I am telling you now that you may be sure that, little as it amounts to, my devotion is yours to command, if you need it. If you can ever lean even a little on it, won't you? Do, dear. I want so much to serve you,—if I may, at any time, in any way. No, don't say anything, please. I know you would like to say something kind. Bless your heart! Let me take it for granted. I'm going now."

She lifted her head, with a gesture for silence.

"Some one is coming," she whispered.

There were voices in the hall,—Ankony's and that of his sister-in-law, and others that I did not stop to recognize. I was in a distinctly un-Ankony mood, and I caught up my hat and moved toward the side door; by that same side door had I made many exits.

Barbara followed me, her hand extended.

"Don't go," she pleaded. "How can you desert me so?"

"I would do anything else for you," I murmured. "Anything but stay."

Then I let myself out as they came down the hall, and found my way to the street through the familiar rose garden.

V.

BISHOP WINSTANLEY sent for me the next day. His unexpected summons came late in the afternoon, when I was very busy, and I could not answer it at once. I drove promptly to his house the moment I was released from my last engagement, but it was late and the lights were on. He sent word down that he was dressing for dinner, but that he would be glad to have me come directly to his dressing-room. I went up, to find him in a rather flamboyant gown, sitting incongruously before his sister's dainty little dressing-table, with its pink-shaded candles.

He put down a silver-backed brush and rose to greet me. I knew him better in canonicals and broadcloth than in this bizarre attire, and he rather embarrassed me; but, as usual, he was serene and apparently quite undisturbed, as if he were as accustomed to granting audiences here as in the stately rooms below.

"They are doing over my suite while my sister is away," he explained, "and I have taken possession here. Sit down, if you can find room for the pillows. Such trifling pillows as they are," with a smile. "For so sensible a woman as my sister, she amazes me with her furbelows."

"I suppose she would call them comforts," I suggested.

"Oh, doubtless," said he. "They are more like little pink and yellow cotton puffs than anything that might give real comfort." He tossed a couple of them out of a brocaded arm-chair and, indicating it, drew up another for himself.

"I hope my summons did not inconvenience you, arriving at such an hour?" he remarked. "But my mind has been greatly perturbed, and I wished to have it put at peace one way or the other. The matter upon which I wish you to advise me is one of exceeding delicacy and unusualness."

I bowed.

"Perhaps you know Mrs. Anson Dines," he remarked, by way of beginning.

"I have the misfortune not to," said I.

"Well, I don't know that I should put it quite like that, Mr. Twining," he said, with a smile; "but she is certainly a most estimable person, of—I think I may truthfully say—the most original

and startling ideas, particularly as to—but we shall touch upon that later. Mrs. Dines has long been a friend of my sister's."

"Ah, so I recall," I interrupted. Mrs. Dines was the widow whom I heard Miss Winstanley speak of to the Bishop the evening at the opera when his glasses had been so persistently levelled where she thought they ought not to be. I imagined something interesting was about to be unfolded, but I was in no way prepared for what came.

"You have—ah, seen Mrs. Dines?" the Bishop asked.

"Once," said I; "a somewhat stout lady with copious——"

"Chins," supplied he gravely.

"Dear me," said I.

The Bishop nodded solemnly.

"A trifle elderly?" I ventured, encouraged by something in his eyes.

"A trifle! She is sixty."

"Ah, is it possible?"

"Mrs. Dines admits sixty," he replied. "She may be more. But sixty—is enough."

I nodded, not quite understanding, and waiting for that which I knew would make it plain.

"Mrs. Dines is a lady of very large means and equally generous inclinations," he continued. "A woman who has done much good and should continue to do more. Charitable work is her passion. She is an enthusiast along that particular line. My sister finds in her a most beautiful and commendable character."

"I have often heard her called so."

"There are undoubtedly many admirable things about the lady."

"As a young woman I imagine she may have been attractive," I ventured, watching the Bishop out of the tail of my eye.

"As a young woman," he repeated.

"And clever," said I.

He smiled. "She is still clever enough," he commented.

There was a long pause, during which his shapely fingers caressed the tassel of his dressing-gown.

"Mrs. Dines is in Africa at present," he continued. "She says she desires to remain there indefinitely. Wishing to further to its utmost the work she has undertaken, and to be entirely unhampered and unharassed by restrictions, she has sent this most remarkable proposition to my sister, who in turn has endorsed it and sent it on to me with all promptness. I wish you to tell me what you think of it, sir."

He handed me a decorous-looking document, which I opened with much interest. It was exceedingly direct and simple—as unadorned and simple as the lady who had indited it: Mrs. Anson

Dines, for the privilege of using the powerful name of Bishop Charles Winstanley, would dedicate her undivided effort and her undivided fortune to the church which the Bishop so brilliantly adorned, especially to that portion of it which she had taken under her special care and loving direction, there in a country so far from her home. The marriage should be performed by proxy, and Bishop Winstanley should continue, then and always, at perfect liberty to pursue his own helpful and shining career in his own land, and in his own manner, quite as if she did not bear his name.

I finished what was so curiously and so plainly set forth, and looked up to meet the Bishop's questioning eyes.

"A most remarkable document," I observed.

"But could such a thing be done, Mr. Twining?"

"The marriage suggested?" I asked. "Certainly, sir. It would be as binding as one you yourself would perform, with the parties kneeling at your own chancel and all the usual and fashionable formulæ employed."

"I was in doubt as to its legality,—the numerous technical phases that might ensue——"

"It is quite within the sanction of the law."

"A trifle irregular, however."

"Under certain conditions one might accept the irregularity," I suggested.

The Bishop flushed delicately beneath the light of his candles. A frown drew across his smooth forehead.

"Then there is no reason why the arrangement suggested by Mrs. Dines might not be carried out?" he asked.

"There is none offered by the law, Bishop Winstanley," I replied.

"Upon my soul, I wish that you could have apprised me of some technical objection, Mr. Twining; I do indeed," he exclaimed.

I lifted my brows.

"Because there is a very good reason, outside the law, why no such absurd arrangement should be entered into."

"I should be interested to hear it if you feel disposed to speak of it," I said politely. I was in reality consumed to know what it was.

"I believe you legal men are considered deep wells into which all sorts of trouble and embarrassment may be safely poured," he remarked.

"The reason will be safe with me if you care to intrust it to me, sir."

He smiled a charming smile.

"It is very simple," he said; "I do not wish to marry the lady."

"Then why on earth do you consider it?" I cried.

"Bless your soul, I do not," he chuckled.

"But I thought——"

"I may have given you the impression. Frankly, I am somewhat disturbed to know just the way out of the absurd position in which the lady, encouraged doubtless by my sister, has put me. It is not an easy thing to decline even such an alliance as she suggests, sir. I dare say you have had no such experience—for which you may thank your stars. It is only fair, perhaps, to admit that the ladies have some ground for thinking I would not be entirely unwilling to enter into such an astonishing plan. To begin with, I am forty-five years old,—old enough to have thought of matrimony if I ever expected to. Perhaps the fact that I have not thought of it has encouraged my sister and Mrs. Dines to assume that I do not mean to do so. Hence they have frankly suggested it to me. Then I have always been an admirer of Mrs. Dines, who, as I have told you, is an admirable woman, and fifteen years my senior, and they have probably considered my admiration to be devoid of reverence, which is not the case. There are besides these reasons others which I need not mention to you, not to speak of the financial one, which, in her zeal for her charities, my sister has not overlooked. But I cannot consider any of them. I sent for you hoping you would tell me that the illegality of such a step would put it out of the question. But since you cannot help me, I must find a way of my own."

I smiled and held out my hand.

"I am more sorry than I can tell to have failed you," I said; "but I haven't a doubt that, left to your own devices, you will get delicately and safely out of the matter."

He smiled back at me, retaining my hand.

"I think you know my sister, do you not?" he suggested, and there was a twinkle in his eyes exactly like that I recalled so vividly in Miss Winstanley's.

"I have the pleasure of knowing her very well," I said.

"She is a wonderful woman," he declared.

I bowed.

"Did you ever have an elder sister, Mr. Twining?" he inquired.

I regretted that I had never been so blessed.

"Ah," said he, "that accounts for your not being an attorney-general or a chief justice," and he smilingly bowed me out.

VI.

"MR. HEMINGRAY is in the sitting-room, sir, and wishes to see you at once."

I blinked up into the reposed countenance of my faithful

and imperturbable Kimmens, who stood above my bed, a lighted candle in his hand, its rays over his ruddy face and ruddier pajamas.

"Mr. Hemingray!" I repeated in sleepy amazement.

"Mr. Dan Hemingray; yes, sir."

"What time is it?"

"A little past two. Mr. Hemingray just came in by train, I think."

"Bless me! Well, go to bed, Kimmens. I won't need you. I'll go right in, tell Mr. Hemingray."

Kimmens went with dignity and fluttering garments.

As I hurried in Dan looked up at me from a chair in which he had sunk in an odd heap.

"Sick, Dan?" I asked.

"Sick to death—at heart," he groaned.

"What's the matter?"

He wheeled on me sharply.

"You know all about it, don't you—what I did, you know?"

I stopped to light the gas in my grate.

"Yes, I know, old fellow."

There was an instant's silence.

"Did Ankony tell you?"

"Yes."

"He made Barbara believe no one knew."

"He told me before that. I'm sure he hasn't told any one else. You may depend on that, I think. He wanted——"

"He wanted you to prosecute; I know. I'm a nice sort, ain't I? What do you think of me?" he sneered.

"I think you may have been a bit weak, but that there's a bully lot of strength in you yet and that it's going to assert itself. That's what I think," and I stretched out my hand.

He gripped it absently. "Do you know what made Ankony change his mind about the prosecution?" he asked.

"I've imagined."

"Then you know that I'm a cad as well as thief. I let myself be saved by accepting Barbara's bondage. You know as well as I do how she hates him. It was you who told me how she scorned him the night before at the opera. She didn't change. You know that. She simply took him to save me, and I let her. Good Lord, Tom, I let her!"

"I know how hard it would have been to resist her pleading," I said.

"I was so sick I didn't know what I did. She's more to me than anybody on earth, and yet I let her sell herself for me; but, thank

heaven, the sacrifice isn't consummated yet, and I've come to myself in time to stop it."

"I knew you would! I was sure of it," I exclaimed.

"Were you?" he asked wonderingly. "Did you have that much faith in me? It was more than I had in myself. I thought I meant to let it go on. I went away thinking I did."

"You didn't know what you thought. You were stunned."

"That's no excuse!" he cried, and I could see how he had been lashing himself.

"Oh, yes, it is! She can be very persuasive, and she meant you to yield to her."

"Yes, she meant it all right. But it's all off now. I've come back to give myself up. If Ankony wants to, he may put me behind the bars. I'm not anxious to have that happen, as I've got a lot to make good, you know. If he gives me the chance, Twining, I swear I'll do it; but if he don't—well, I'd rather be in prison than see her married to him."

I nodded.

"I've been thinking," he began hesitatingly, "that maybe you fellows who have been so good to me would put enough faith in me—rag of a man that I am—to lend me the three thousand to pay Ankony back. Would you?"

"We must find another way, Dan," I said, dreading to tell him that I had already tried that way; "but the fact of the matter is that Ankony refused to accept my offer to make good. I asked him to give me that privilege in the beginning. But there *must* be another way, and we'll find it."

"When did you see him?" he asked.

"Before there was anything said to you. Oh, don't make a fuss about it! It was little enough to do, goodness knows! Any one of half a hundred fellows and twice that many women would have done it if they'd known. But Ankony was stubborn."

"He wanted to make an example of me. It was all because Barbara had turned him down." The Hemingray forehead was flushed to a painful red, the Hemingray lips were sensitively aquiver, but the Hemingray eyes were flashing. "He wanted to punish her along with me. He told her the night before when she refused him that the Hemingray pride was a bauble that needed crushing. Think of it! I ought to have strangled him instead of promising that my sister should marry him."

He tramped up and down my little sitting-room in a fury of impotent resentment.

"Then you don't think he'll take the money and let me go?" he asked after a little.

"I'm afraid not, unless he yields to her persuasions."

He shook his head hopelessly.

"He wouldn't listen to them before. He set his price and made her pay it," and he shivered uncontrollably and threw himself down on the couch.

"We can't do anything to-night," I said. "You must go to bed. You're undone and won't be fit for anything to-morrow unless you get some rest. I'll see if I have a bed ready."

"Don't bother. I can't sleep. I hated to get you out at this time of night, but I hoped we might settle upon something before morning."

"I wish to the Lord we could!" I fervently ejaculated.

"You can't think of any other way?"

"Not now. But we must. The trouble is, there's nothing to appeal to in Ankony, and nothing that I can get hold of to frighten him into decency. I wouldn't give a rap for his morals, but his discretion is unassailable."

"I've heard things hinted," he reflected, "but nothing openly suggested. He'd take precious good care of that. No, I don't believe we can reach him that way."

"I'm afraid not."

"I'm not worth all this trouble," he groaned.

"Shut up and come along to bed."

"I tell you I can't sleep."

"You must. Come along."

He followed me patiently.

"Have your man wake me at seven," he said; "I must get home early."

When I had seen him in bed, I went out into the dimly lighted sitting-room and sat down to try once more to find some way out of the pressing difficulties.

Dan was awake and leaving the next morning when I awoke and, hearing him, looked out on the apartment.

"Stay for breakfast, can't you?" I called.

"No, thank you; I've got to get home, but I'll come back after I've seen Barbara, and tell you what's to be done; but," with a queer settling of his face, "I guess there's only one thing to do."

"Don't do it till you've seen me," I said hastily; "I haven't given up hope yet. Come to me before you go to Ankony. I'll turn heaven and earth to find something."

"Don't bother. It's no use. Honestly, I believe that. But she shan't marry him."

He went, leaving me to reflect anew on how much easier it is to tangle things than to untangle them.

I had scarcely reached the office before he came. He looked bewildered and uncertain, and, sitting down on the other side of the table in my private room, stretched out his arms across it and leaned over to me. "She says she loves him," he said.

"Of course she says that!" I exclaimed.

"Then you don't believe it?"

"Do you?"

"I don't know what to believe. I didn't think it possible before, and I can't conceive it now; but she swears she does, and she looks—she actually looks as if she means it. Do you think she's pretending so as to make it easier for me?"

"Don't ask me, Hemingray."

"It's just what you might expect her to do, isn't it? I accused her of it, but she only laughed at me and said I was silly to imagine such a thing. She says she refused him the night before because she was piqued at something he did and wanted to make him suffer, but that she has cared for him all the time. You can make what you like out of it."

I drummed on the table. I had nothing to say. Things were dim and vague and hateful to me in that acute moment. I did not know what I believed,—what I wanted to believe. I was remembering all that had passed between her and me pertaining to her engagement, trying to make something definite and convincing out of it, but I decided that much of what I had deemed convincing had been based merely on my own conclusions and not upon anything she had actually said or conveyed.

"She says she'll marry him whether I give myself up or not," he went on; "that it won't make a particle of difference except that it will stir up an unnecessary fuss. Ankony won't do anything, of course, when she's going to marry him, and she says she is going to."

"Then I don't see anything for it but for you to leave things as they are," I admitted.

He was not satisfied, however, to do that on his own judgment.

"If I could only be sure she isn't playing a part," he mused.

"Then you're not sure?"

"One minute I think I am and the next I think I'm not. If there wasn't so much at stake, I'd risk my own opinion more readily. As it is, I'm afraid to do it." He looked at me with a sudden wistfulness. "Twining, do you—you *do* care a little for her, don't you?" he asked frankly.

"Not a little," said I grimly.

"Then will you help me to make sure?"

"How?"

"Go to her and find out."

I took a turn or two up and down the room.

"I'll go," I said.

"Maybe you'll be able to make her out better than I. I don't deny it seems to me she loves him. But pin her down. Don't let her wriggle away, whatever you do. You know she'll try to. And see here, Twining, I don't want her to know that you know about—about the money. She thinks nobody knows but Ankony, and it'd kill her to find out that he'd told it, even to you—or, rather, to you of all others. Remember you must keep that from her if you can."

"Trust me," I said, as I took up my hat.

"Oh, you're not going now, are you? I've just come from her, you know, and she'll be suspicious. Why not give her time to forget a little? It isn't easy to wait, but I believe it's better. Mrs. Ankony gives her dinner to-night. You'd have a chance to talk with her there, wouldn't you?"

"You're right," I said; "I'll wait."

Mrs. Ankony was in high and becoming feather that evening. She managed to veil her complacency until it missed being objectionable. This, however, was one of the few occasions which had come her way upon which she could distinctly congratulate herself: a dinner in compliment to "my dear Barbara"; a perfectly appointed dinner too, and one I think most of her guests enjoyed. For myself, I thought it would never end.

Most of Barbara's friends were there, and but few of Ankony's. The Forlorn Hope was there to a man, seeking to present an un battered front. I had a kindred feeling for them. Dan was not there. He simply would not go. Bishop Winstanley sat on the left of the hostess, beside Miss Streeter. He was delightfully fluent, and she sympathetically attendant. The soft light of the candles fell on her hair, on her pure contour, on her ivory skin and her pale shimmering gown. She ate, as the rest of us, but to me it was exactly as if a Correggio or a Botticelli had leaned from her frame to nibble a sweet wafer or trifle with a salad. Occasionally she spoke, but I did not hear what she said. I seem never, somehow, to hear her say anything, but when one looks as she does what one says is immaterial.

Barbara was scintillant, with all her old charm illuminated, as it were, by something new and vivifying within. I watched her with a sinking heart; surely she cared for Ankony or she could not look like this. I told myself so half a hundred times through dinner, and after, finding her with only three men dancing attendance upon

her, I promptly put them all to rout that I might carry her off and have it over.

"Come out and see the roses," I said.

"Mr. Ankony showed me them before dinner. They are beautiful."

"But he didn't show you the moon," I smiled, trying to keep to the old way of chaffing and laughter and so not frighten her into being guarded. "There is a very benign lady smiling out of it to-night, instead of our fat friend with the round face and the wide grin. Do come. You really must see."

She arose with a laugh. "I suppose I may as well, or you'll be peopling it with all sorts of impossible creatures just to tempt me."

We went through the French windows together, and I found her a chair at the corner of the long porch. I turned it about for her.

"But it's directly in the light," she objected.

"Exactly. I like you in the light. I can see you better."

"You could have seen me much better indoors, if that is all you want."

"It isn't all I want. I am not so modest. My wants are large to-night."

"Were they ever otherwise?" she smilingly inquired.

"You ought to know. My prayers have all been made to you."

"Oh, absurd! You don't expect me to believe that, Mr. Twining."

"Those of them that have amounted to anything," I modified.

"That is better. But what is it you want to-night? You make me curious."

Unable to keep up the bantering tone longer and fearing a sudden interruption, I leaned to her quickly: "I want you to tell me the truth about something, Barbara; will you?"

She moved a little so that her eyes were in the shadow.

"I don't quite like the sound of your voice," she confessed; still lightly, "it makes me a little apprehensive."

"Won't you be serious, and honest?" I begged.

"Dear me, am I ever anything else than honest?"

"Often, but come——"

"Why, what can you be about to ask me?"

"Only if you are happy. Don't start and don't be angry with me. And don't answer hastily nor with evasion. I am not to be evaded. You must understand how serious I am to have put such a question to you."

"It is certainly the most extraordinary behavior," she remarked coldly. She was looking at me with widely questioning eyes, and she had grown suddenly white. Did I know what Dan had done? That was what she was asking herself, I am sure. "I am entirely at a loss to explain why you should have dared to ask me this."

"I owe it to myself to make sure, Barbara," I told her. "Will you answer me?"

"This is not the real reason for your most unheard-of behavior," she said in a tense voice. "There must be something else. What is it?"

"Shall I tell you?"

"You must."

"Ankony is not the man you could have been expected to love," I blundered, not knowing how to find my way beneath her eyes. "Do you love him? If you tell me that you do, I will not distress you further."

"Are you intimating, with other kind friends, that I am marrying him for reasons other than those of affection, that—oh, it is unthinkable! And from you!"

"Barbara, listen to me," I cried.

"No, not a word. You have said too much now. Can't you see that it makes me rise in a kind of vicious protest to have my happiness inspected on every side as if it were some wretched vagrant seeking shelter where nobody had any faith in it?"

"Have you faith in it yourself?" I asked.

She lifted her head and faced me.

"All the faith in the world," she declared.

And then she saw Ankony, who had come at the moment searching for her, and held out her hand to him. As he approached and took it, she leaned for an instant against his arm with an indescribable movement that had nothing of defiance in it, it seemed to me, but only affection.

"I have been telling Mr. Twining how happy I am," she said to him, in a soft voice that must have moved a wooden man to adoration. "I hope you don't mind my being so foolish, do you?"

Still holding her hand, Ankony bent and touched her hair with his lips.

"I should mind if you were unhappy and told him that," he said with a laugh. "They want you in there. Will you come? I promised to bring you."

She stood up and laid her fingers on his arm.

"Will you come along, Mr. Twining?" she asked.

"Thank you, not now," I replied.

I watched them as they moved away. At the window he stood aside for her to enter, and I saw her smile into his face in the way women have with the men they love.

As soon as I could find Mrs. Ankony I said good-night.

Dan was waiting for me.

"Well?" he questioned eagerly, as I went in.

"You were right," I said dully; "she loves him."

He looked at me pityingly and said nothing.

After a while he came over and stood by the mantel, staring down at the hearth.

"I suppose I might as well get along back to Jack Ankony," he said; "he needs me, if I'm going to stay with them; and there doesn't seem to be anything else for it just now."

I nodded absently.

"There's nothing I can do, I guess," he muttered hopelessly.

"No, there's nothing."

"It's a confounded shame, Tom," he declared, and I read the sympathy in his eyes.

"We won't talk about it," said I.

"I know Talking's no good."

I lit a cigar, and he found one to suit him in the box on the table.

"Sit down," I said.

He threw himself down opposite me, and we finished two cigars in silence, he on his side of the hearth, I on mine.

"I'll be off in the morning," he said, at the end of his second.

VII.

It was a wretched night two weeks later, gloomy and winterish, although spring was old enough to have done much better. I was dining alone and rather forlornly when I heard Kimmens open the outer door of my apartment and admit some one. There was the click of brisk heels along the hall, and Miss Winstanley beckoning me through the glass doors of the dining-room to go on with my dinner.

"Don't get up," she cried, as Kimmens threw open the doors and I hurried to meet her: "do let me be unceremonious, won't you? Go on with your dinner; I'll sit by you till you've finished. I've dined."

"I have just finished," I insisted.

"Then come into your sitting-room. I've a great deal to say."

"Welcome home," said I warmly, as I closed the sitting-room door behind us.

"It's quite time I got here, I'm sure. Such things as have been doing while I was away! What do you suppose I found in a memora-nda-book on my dressing-table?—my brother had been using my rooms, you know. A pressed rose!"

The scorn in her voice made me laugh heartily.

"I'm glad you find it amusing. I didn't," she declared.

"But the right sort of a memoranda-book always has a rose in it," I contended.

"Nonsense! Has yours?"

"I think it probable," I admitted, without humility.

"What foolishness! I can tell you that mine has not."

"Your heart holds your roses, dear lady."

She unfastened her fluffy black boa and smiled at me with a twinkle in her eyes—the twinkle that I like so much.

"Your pretty speeches won't throw me off the scent, Mr. Twining. I am going to find out whose rose that is in Charles's book. Think of it! At his age."

"At any age a man is sure to have something wrong with him if he never purloins a rose," I insisted. "He is lacking in something as certainly as the fellow who never sees a rose on a bush."

"There are plenty of them who don't know they grow on bushes," she said quickly. "They think they grow only on pretty girls' cor-sages."

I placed her a chair and she sank into it, but slipped quickly out to its edge and sat perched there, looking at me with her keen, eager old eyes.

"I came to talk to you about Barbara Hemingray," she said at once. "This engagement of hers to Ankony is monstrous. There can be but one reason for it, and that is that Dan has been getting himself into some sort of trouble that she has to get him out of, and could find no other way. Isn't that it? You know, of course."

"I wish that I could tell you that you are wrong," I answered.

She nodded. "I knew it. I told myself the minute I heard it that there could be but one meaning to it? I don't ask you what he did. I don't want to know. All I'm concerned in is how to get them both out of their difficulties. Dan is a good boy, if he *has* been weak. I'm not excusing him, mind you, but my heart is with him. We are all assailable at times. Now I may be adamant to-day and as soft as a marshmallow to-morrow. Do you see what I mean? Our moral nature is just like our physical one: it has its good and its bad days, and poor Dan was tempted on a bad one. That's all. But what I can't understand is that he was willing to accept his good name at such a cost."

I told her what I knew then, and her eyes brightened and her head nodded all through the recital like that of a little marionette.

"Ah, that's what I like to hear! My hope for the boy is restored. We'll make a fine man of him yet. But"—and there was a clouding of the fine eyes—"but the engagement isn't broken? What does that mean?"

"That she loves Ankony," said I.

For an instant she stared at me, speechless in the force of her amazement; then she actually smiled in her scorn.

"Oh, you men! You let a woman make you believe whatever she wants you to believe! I am provoked with you, Mr. Twining. You are clever enough about most things. How can you be so easily put upon in this?"

"You have only to see them together. You know how much I would like to believe otherwise."

"It were a preposterous impossibility! She, a Hemingray, to love him, an Ankony! Bah! it's too absurd to think of!"

"Love is an acrobat," I reminded her, trying to speak with some degree of lightness; "he lands where you least expect him to."

"Oh, don't make your figures for me! And don't try to hide from me all that you feel. Come, let us cease to be at cross-purposes."

"Most willingly; but, granted that you are right, what is to be done? You can't force her from the position she has taken, even if you do compel her to admit to you that she doesn't love him."

"I've no mind to try to reach the solution through her."

"Dan can do nothing."

"Oh, I quite understand that, too."

"Then where do you expect to go with your prayer?" I asked. She reflected an instant.

"I think it isn't going to be a prayer," she said.

"What can you threaten? Ankony won't give her up. Besides, as I have told you, if she isn't happy she is the most consummate actress I have ever seen."

"Of course she is. Now you are sensible in your deductions. Somebody says that Poverty is the mother of all the arts, you know, but it isn't so; it's Love who is their mother, and Barbara's skill at acting is born of her love for Dan."

She leaned on her elbow and was silent for a little, her eyes vague and troubled.

"You have nothing to offer—nothing at all?" she appealed.

"Nothing," I admitted ignominiously.

She sat still a little while longer and then arose briskly.

"I'm going to see her," she said.

She patted my arm as she passed me.

"I know," she murmured; "I know. But don't give up. We'll find a way yet. Mark me, we will." She smiled a queer little half-tearful smile in which there was a spark of the old humor. "The good always triumph, you know."

And she was gone.

VIII.

ONE early morning some days later, Bishop Winstanley was shown into my office. A glance sufficed to tell me that he was laboring under unusual excitement. He waited for my clerk to leave the room, when he announced, without prelude:

"A most astonishing thing has happened; Mrs. Anson Dines has sailed for America."

"Is it possible!" I exclaimed. "I thought she meant to remain abroad."

"So she did. So she did—indefinitely."

"And are you disposed to regard her change of plans as significant?" I inquired.

He looked at me oddly.

"The question shows how little you know the lady," he remarked.

I smiled. The situation seemed amazingly funny to me. But the Bishop was not inclined to regard it as being at all so.

"Then you await her coming with some anxiety," I observed.

"As a matter of fact, with the greatest anxiety."

I muttered my polite regret at this unexpected and startling crook in the straightness of his affairs.

He made no reply, but leaned back in his chair, with perturbation written large on his handsome and ordinarily composed features.

"Mrs. Dines evidently believes in going after what she wants—to use a common expression," I remarked.

He nodded, dismally.

"She is famous for it," he said. "What she determines upon neither heaven nor earth can dissuade her from. And she is evidently determined that this marriage shall be consummated."

"Bless me!" I murmured.

"My own inclinations in the matter seem not to enter in," he said grimly.

"Then you have sent her an answer to her remarkable document?"

"Oh, at once."

"May I inquire if it had the ring of finality to it?" I asked.

"The finality of an ultimatum," he assured me.

"Dear me, and still she comes!" I exclaimed.

"And still she comes," he echoed.

"What do *you* propose?" I inquired.

"I am a little bewildered," he confessed. "I must, however, find a way to extricate myself."

"Then you do not mean——"

"No, indeed. It is not, you understand, as if the lady had any

sentiment in the matter. To decline an offer of—matrimony is never quite easy, I fancy,”—and the Bishop smiled less grimly,—“but to decline it when one is assured that no affection enters in makes one a little more comfortable. Mrs. Dines is very clever and far-seeing, and she regards this marriage merely as an enterprise. She has become convinced that she can do more good in the field she has chosen as my wife than as Anson Dines’s widow; Anson Dines was a good fellow, but not a philanthropist, you understand,—nor a Bishop. Mrs. Dines never overlooks the possibilities of any situation. She doesn’t care a rap for me. She was devoted to her husband, and she isn’t the sort of a woman who loves twice. Why, you see yourself that she distinctly proposes that we shall occupy different continents.”

“And you?”

“I have, unfortunately, my own plans.”

“Which are not concurrent with hers?”

“In no way concurrent,” he replied with emphasis.

“Yours is not an enviable position,” I admitted.

“Enviably!” he cried. “I should think not. You understand that my sister is arrayed with her against me?”

I bowed. There was a moment’s silence.

“Mrs. Dines has contracted the habit of succeeding in what she undertakes,” he observed presently. “It is a most uncomfortable habit for all parties concerned, as I am always telling my sister, who seems herself to be on the verge of falling into it.”

“Miss Winstanley is a most successful woman,” I made enthusiastic comment.

“Undoubtedly,” he agreed; “but I insist that successful women may pile up trouble and anguish for themselves—and others. It is so amazing when they fail that they resign themselves badly to it.”

“I see,” said I.

“Mrs. Dines will not like coming across to meet with failure,” he remarked. “I wish it might be spared her. I also wish I knew how to ease the situation all around. Have you a suggestion?”

“I only know what I should do under similar circumstances,” I declared, trying not to smile broadly.

“Would you mind telling me what it is?” he asked.

“Not at all; but it is, of course, nothing that you would consider.”

“I am not so sure. Suppose you let me hear it.”

“I should resort to—absence,” said I.

“A good idea; I think I shall adopt it.”

“I don’t wish to seem false to your sister. I am her friend in all things, you understand, but surely——”

“Have no sense of disloyalty, Mr. Twining,” he urged, with his

old smile. "If my sister were thoroughly conversant with affairs, she would not think of pressing so preposterous a plan for my marital disposal, and in any case, what Mrs. Dines has asked would be impossible. But as Henrietta really got me into this, I think she may get me out. It is only fair, isn't it? However, I didn't come here to bother you with this affair. I am commissioned by my sister to ask you to come to see her as soon as you conveniently can. I think she wishes to consult you about a matter of business, perhaps. She did not tell me."

"I shall go at once."

"Oh, it isn't so important as that. Since I think of it, however, she did seem a little eager."

"I am free for the hour."

"That's very good of you. I am greatly obliged to you for your excellent suggestion. One would think you had had some experience yourself in similar situations."

And he smilingly departed.

I went at once to Miss Winstanley. From an upper window she must have seen me coming, for as I was admitted she ran down the stairs quite like a little girl, and led me into her sitting-room, closing the door carefully behind us. She had a letter in her hand, and as she extended it to me, I recognized the bold chirography of Mrs. Anson Dines.

Clearly I was to have both sides to this most interesting story.

Miss Winstanley was trembling with excitement, and her eyes shone. I could see that she was joyous in her eagerness and anticipation, and I had not till then realized how much she had set her heart on the ridiculous marriage which she and Mrs. Dines had planned for her amiable brother.

"Read it!" she cried, as she thrust the letter at me.

Expecting to read of the Bishop, I was dumfounded at Mrs. Dines's brief lines.

"I shall be in America on the heels of my letter," she wrote. "I am coming to stop the marriage of Edward Ankony and Barbara Hemingray. It must not take place. I shall come to you at once. I sail on the Cambria, the twenty-fifth."

I looked up at Miss Winstanley, and for a moment we stared at each other. She sat in a low chair in front of me, swinging forward in it, crushing her stiff black skirts in the embrace of her tense little arms.

"Well!" cried she.

"What does she mean?" I exclaimed. "Do you understand?"

"Not at all," she admitted promptly. "That's why I sent for

you. This came last night, and I couldn't sleep for thinking of it and trying to make it out. But I can't; so I gave it up and sent for you. You see what possibilities it opens."

They were indeed almost painful in their strength and suggestion.

"One thing is certain," she went on; "Hannah Dines is not the woman to cross the sea to no purpose. She knows what she is about. The moment I had news of Barbara's engagement, I wrote her, knowing that, as an old friend of the family, she would be greatly interested. This is her reply."

"And you have no explanation—does she dislike Ankony?"

"I never heard her mention him. I think she hardly knows him."

"She is fond of Barbara?"

"Oh, immensely so. She must know something——"

"Undoubtedly."

I tramped the floor, and Miss Winstanley did innumerable things as an outlet for her brimming emotions. She closed an open magazine, patted a depressed pillow into plumpness, hovered over a bowl of flowers, and teased her spaniel, talking all the time about what this might mean to us all.

"You may put your faith in Hannah Dines," she said.

"I wish I felt as sure of it as you do."

"She means just what she says, and she knows she can do it. The marriage is as good as stopped, Mr. Twining; you may take my word for it."

"Mrs. Dines is counting without her host; they will not give each other up."

"Rubbish!" she cried, confronting me with an indignant face, and snapping her fingers. "Why *will* you insist that she cares for him? I tell you she does not. Once the reason for her marrying him is removed, you will see."

"The Lord grant that I may!" I fervently ejaculated.

"You will," she insisted.

"Mrs. Dines should be here within four days," I said, making a rapid calculation.

She nodded.

"What are we to do in the mean time?" I asked.

"Possess ourselves in patience."

She was rapturously jubilant.

"I wish I could be as sanguine as you," said I.

"If you knew Mrs. Dines you would be," she declared. "I should have had your doubts if any other woman had written this, but I know how perfectly sure of herself she is."

I recalled one failure of hers. Then I remembered the Bishop's distress and smiled.

"We must keep the matter entirely between ourselves," said Miss Winstanley. "I have not even told my brother what her coming will mean. He is a long-time friend of hers; so I have told him that she is on her way to America, knowing that he would be interested to hear it, but I made no mention of her errand, nor do I expect to."

She was standing at the window, looking out. She turned on the instant and came toward me.

"Do try to be a little glad," she cried.

"You know what a second disappointment would mean," I said. "I am trying not to hope too much."

"But you may hope all you like. I have faith in Hannah Dines, and I am sure things are coming out right; sure of it, sure of it, *sure of it*," and she laughed blithely.

IX.

THE steamer on which Mrs. Dines arrived was three days belated, to our great impatience, arriving only the day but one before the wedding invitations were to go out; and as the Bishop was away from town on a trip, which annoyed and puzzled his sister, it fell to my lot to accompany her to meet Mrs. Dines.

It had been years since I had seen that lady and then but once and briefly, but I knew her the moment she came down the gang-plank, so exactly did she look as I had been sure she would: a large, ruddyish woman, in an indifferently tailored cheviot, with a man's keen eyes, a woman's nose, the copious chins of the Bishop's description, and a mouth inclining slightly to gentleness, with a firm jaw: the brusque, direct woman that one finds in a thousand. She had come easily into success, as the Bishop had said, and one could see that if Anson Dines had not accomplished anything for himself, she must have accomplished it for him, since a woman built in her mould could not have been a failure nor have allowed the man she married to remain one.

"I am ill," she said at once, as we moved to meet her and she stooped to offer a grayish cheek to her friend's lips. "The passage was frightfully rough. I don't know when I've had such a trip. I must get home and to bed."

She nodded briefly when I was presented to her, declined the arm I proffered, and, when we had finally got to the carriage, leaned back and closed her eyes, maintaining an absolute silence except when she aroused herself to answer briefly some question in the flow

of Miss Winstanley's solicitude. It was evident that *mal de mer* did not leave her in the most amiable spirits in the world.

Henrietta Winstanley sank lower and lower in her corner of the carriage, looking at me with appealing and dejected eyes. It was no wonder; to have waited all these nerve-wearing days on Mrs. Dines and then to have her arrive in this undone and uncommunicative condition was enough to sink even her buoyant spirits. For myself, I felt the hopelessness of the whole affair as I had felt it from the beginning.

As we neared the Winstanley house, Miss Winstanley said, quite casually, "By the way, Hannah, the Hemingray-Ankony invitations are out day after to-morrow."

"What!" cried Mrs. Dines, and her eyes flew open on the instant. "Why didn't you tell me at once? I had no idea it was to be so soon. I must see Dean at once."

Dean was her agent and adviser.

Miss Winstanley revived immediately.

"Are you able?" she inquired tenderly.

Mrs. Dines nodded, swallowed hard, and tried to sit up. She was greenish gray and looked frightfully ill.

"It isn't a question as to that," she declared; "I must see Dean this morning, at once. Aren't we almost home?"

"You see she has come fortified," said Miss Winstanley to me, as I was leaving, after having assisted Mrs. Dines into the house.

I went back to my office and managed to put in the rest of the morning and part of the afternoon, but my nerves were ragged and my alarm as to Mrs. Dines's condition was very real. Miss Winstanley had mentioned the physician she meant to call, and I went round to see him late in the day to inquire as to his patient, but his report of her was not at all encouraging and I almost wished I had stayed away. He thought it probable that she would not be out of bed for a fortnight.

Toward evening, as I came out of my club and started through Union Square, I became suddenly conscious of a slender familiar figure ahead of me, and, hastening, overtook Barbara. She was walking rapidly, and she turned at my salutation with a start, as if her thoughts had been far from her surroundings. Her eyes were feverish and I could see at once that she was very tired.

"Are you walking home?" I asked. "May I come along?"

She looked at me, hesitating.

"I don't think you had better," she said. "I am hurried and cross and absent-minded."

"I've seen you all three and still found you fairly——"

"Oh, don't muster out any silly compliments," she broke in

quickly. "I know that in my present mood I couldn't inspire a genuine one; so don't try to palm off any spurious ones on me. I'm not in the humor to be easily deceived. But you may come along if you're sure you don't mind. Perhaps it's just as well; there is—I have just posted you a note to say good-by."

"Good-by!" I gasped. "Where in the world are you going?"

"We sail for London to-morrow. Mr. Ankony has been called there by important business. We are to be married at noon. It's very sudden, isn't it? I feel as if I had been caught up by a huge whirlwind that wouldn't let me down."

"To-morrow! You sail to-morrow!" I repeated.

She nodded. "It was only a matter of a few weeks at most," she said.

"But to-morrow!" I echoed inanely.

She did not reply. Gathering her skirts out of the way of the fountain spray that drifted across the asphalt, she kept her eyes resolutely ahead. The roar of Broadway was in our ears. Through Fifteenth Street the late sunshine poured, and a mist came up from the bay. River whistles blew, and here and there an electric light sprang out. Walking hurriedly and in silence we crossed Broadway and came into the kindling shadows of the side-street, turning presently into Fifth Avenue.

"And your note?" I asked.

"Was only to say good-by and explain our hurried departure. We are so sorry to not have you all with us at the marriage, as we had expected. Even Dan may not get to town in time. I wired him at once, of course, but I'm afraid he can't make it. And Bishop Winstanley is away! It is all so unsatisfactory! I had never thought to have anyone marry me but him, you know. I'm afraid it will seem a sort of makeshift ceremony," with a little sigh.

"Suppose something should come up to prevent your sailing?" I asked, with an uncontrollable impulse.

She turned to me quickly, an odd look in her eyes, but in the same instant it faded and she lifted the shield of an impersonal smile.

"That is quite improbable. I never think of such things. Some people do, I know. But in this case we are almost quite ready. Mr. Ankony is rushing his preparations through, and I had even this half-hour's breathing space, so I walked through the old Square for the last time. Does that sound ghastly?" she asked, with a smile. "But I dare say it will never seem quite the same again."

Her tone was light, but it held the pang of sadness. Was it only the sadness that a woman must naturally feel at such a time, I asked myself, or did it hold all the ache and bitterness that Henri-

etta Winstanley still stoutly contended that it did? I looked at her keenly, and, feeling my glance, she put up a quick, impatient hand to her cheek.

"It isn't nice to stare at a bride-elect like that on the eve of her wedding," she said. "Don't you know that? She is always cross and pale and nervous. It isn't fair."

"Forgive me; but to-morrow—to-morrow I can't look at you,—nor for weeks and months perhaps. Oh, I know I'm hurting you! I'm a beast to do it. But a man can't mask a thing forever. And it hurts. God! how it hurts to think of your going!"

"Does that make it any harder—the going?" she asked.

"It is the suddenness of it," I said dully, and we walked a little way in silence. It was she who broke it.

"I am so sorry! so sorry!" she said, in the lowest, softest voice, and the regret and the tenderness in it touched me profoundly. "If I could say something, do something, to help—to make it easier for you! But I can't, and it—it hurts me, too. Oh, look at me once in friendliness and forgiveness!"

A lovely April twilight was settling about us, and in its shadows I turned to her.

"Can you do me the injustice to believe that I have anything but friendliness for you, dear?" I asked. "I am a poor whimpering thing to trouble you like this now—to let you see."

We had reached the steps of her house, and as we mounted them she slipped her hand through my arm with a little pressure, then quickly withdrew it.

"No, no, you are not that," she protested warmly; "you are all that is considerate and kind and good, and I——"

"If I were yielding you to any one else——" I blundered.

"Don't!" she cried; "you have your own little shrine in the temple of my heart, and I don't want you to dethrone yourself at the last. This is—is the last, you know. Good-by. I can't ask you in, and we shall not meet again before I go."

"Yet I think," said I, "that I will not say good-by."

She looked at me questioningly.

"Do you think leaving out a good-by makes a separation seem less real?" she smiled.

"This one would set the seal upon too many things," I replied.

She regarded me curiously there in the dim light of the old door-way, then bent her head distractingly until I could see only her lips and her rounded chin. That the lips trembled a little I could have sworn, but her voice was steady, although it was so low I could scarcely hear it.

"The seal was set long ago," she said. And for just an instant

we stood, her fingers in mine; then she withdrew them and went in and left me.

I hailed a cab and went at once to Henrietta Winstanley. I found her going over her charity accounts in her brother's study, looking miserable and down-spirited.

"Have you heard?" I demanded at once.

"Nothing. Not a word. What is there to hear?" she cried, with kindling excitement.

"She sent you a note, too, I suppose. It must have been delayed."

"Who sent me a note? Do try to be a little lucid, won't you? What has happened?"

"Nothing yet. It all happens to-morrow. Ankony is to marry Barbara at noon and sail with her by the *Deutschland* in the afternoon. I have just seen her. How is Mrs. Dines? Dare we hope——"

She caught me by the arm and shook it in her agitation.

"Dean has warned him! Don't you see? I told Hannah that he was Ankony's friend before he became her agent. That's exactly what he has done. You see, she sent for him yesterday and made him bring a packet of papers that she went over with him. Those papers incriminate Ankony. And Dean has warned him. If he marries Barbara, he knows that Mrs. Dines will not prosecute him. He'll be safe forever as Barbara's husband. And so he has the double motive in carrying her off: he wants her, and he wants to stop Hannah. But we'll see whether he can do it or not. We'll see. Wait for me. I must tell her at once."

She ran from the room and pattered up the stairs. I heard the excited babble of their voices from a room above, and her brisk steps as she paced the floor over my head.

I was as excited as she and impatient of any delay, but they did not keep me waiting long, and when she came again her cheeks were burning like a girl's.

"She'll stop him," she declared, in a high-pitched voice that trembled in its own elation. "She says she can do it. You leave it to her. She'll attend to it."

"But is she able? Isn't she abed?"

She laughed out sharply.

"My dear, if she were dead she'd send her spirit back to outwit him. That's what she'd do."

"What has she come armed with?" I mused.

She shook her head, smiling.

"Something that will do the work," she declared; "you may rely on that." And she put her hands in mine and smiled a flashing smile up at me.

With her assurance ringing in my ears and all my nerves throbbing, I left her, and went home and tried to dine, and then to sleep, but could, do neither.

X.

At an unearthly hour the next morning Ankony sent for me to go over some last company affairs with him. He looked as if he had slept as little as I, and was exceedingly nervous.

"Miss Hemingray wrote you that we are to be married at noon," he said. "We sail by the *Deutschland*. This business which is taking me will admit of no delay. It is awkward, coming just at this time. There are several affairs I shall have to leave unsettled here, but I'll explain them to you, and you can keep an eye on them while I'm away. We expect to get back as quickly as possible. I tried to find you yesterday, but you were out. However, I have as much time now as I had then,—which isn't a great deal, you will understand."

"You came to this decision yesterday?" I asked, looking at him with deliberate inspection.

He nodded. "Annoyingly sudden all round; but, fortunately, Miss Hemingray can make herself ready to go with me. Nothing but this very necessary business in London could make me change her plans so completely."

I looked at him curiously, and, giving me a quick glance, he moved to his desk.

"We must get to business," he said.

"By all means," I answered.

Throughout the consultation he kept looking at his watch and glancing toward the door, as if he feared an interruption and wanted to put himself out of reach of it. I expected it, too, but hardly so soon as it came.

"Mrs. Dines and Miss Winstanley," the office boy announced.

My eyes fixed eagerly upon Ankony. He went as white as chalk as he turned toward the door and saw them there, and his jaw took an ugly set.

Mrs. Dines was as pale as she had been when she came down the gang-plank of the *Cambria*, but she was quite composed. Beside her little Miss Winstanley looked like an agitated moth beside a placid robin. I was nearer the door than Ankony, and in sweeping me with her glance Mrs. Dines bowed curtly, then let her eyes travel on at once to him.

She overlooked the hand that he extended rather hesitatingly, and, sitting down where I had sat beside his desk, motioned him to his chair.

"I have heard of your engagement to Miss Hemingray," she said at once.

He murmured a conventional reply, and I took up my hat.

"Don't go, if you please, Mr. Twining," she said, without so much as turning to me. "We shall probably require your services, if you will be so good as to remain."

The scent of battle was thick in the air. Ankony had lost his pallor and was turning gray; he is always gray or choleric under emotion. I began to believe in Mrs. Dines, even as Henrietta Winstanley did. There was that about her which seemed to denote certain victory.

Poor Miss Winstanley, however, looked decidedly uncomfortable, in spite of the fact that she felt she was about to witness the culmination of this engagement which she held to be so monstrous. She too was a general, and a good one,—one whose record none could assail,—but her mode of attack differed widely from that of her friend Mrs. Dines. She was a strategist, pure and simple, while one could see with half an eye that Mrs. Dines had been born to the hammer-and-tongs method. She scorned strategy as some illustrious generals scorn latter-day war tactics.

She leaned toward Ankony across his wide desk.

"I have come from Africa to tell you that you must break the engagement at once," she said, making no pretence at lowering her full, steady voice.

Over the gray of his face a dull red spread and his lip curled slowly into an ugly downward curve.

"The statement is amazing, as well as amusing, madam," he observed, meeting her eyes steadily enough.

But she refused to skirmish. Her attack was to be open and direct, with no foolish beating about in the bushes.

"You know precisely why I make it, and how I can compel you to comply with it," she said.

He answered her with a smile of bravado.

"It has been a long time since this thing happened to which I refer, Mr. Ankony," she went on quickly; "but the sense of injury is not short lived. I may seem to have forgotten, as did my husband, no doubt. But he remembered, and so do I. Shall I go further?"

"We must speak in private," he said.

Miss Winstanley and I arose at once, but Mrs. Dines motioned us to remain.

"Miss Winstanley is equally interested with me in the establishment of justice," she said to him, "and Mr. Twining may be required to distinguish for you between the illegal and the merely dishonorable. They must both remain. I should have been glad to spare you

this, as I think my continued inaction in the matter must prove to you. But you have forced me to act. You have violated all sense of honor and right, and you have brought upon your head precisely the thing you would most eagerly have averted. If you thought I would stand by and see you marry Barbara Hemingray, knowing you to be the sort of man you are, you greatly misjudge me. But I am inclined to believe that you did not think me to be my husband's confidante, and that you felt yourself secure, your ignominy buried with him."

Ankony arose and held open the door into the inner office.

"I must insist upon discussing this matter in private," he protested hotly, in a voice that quavered.

Mrs. Dines sat still, an imperative hand held out detainingly to us. "The time is past for that," she told him; "if you had sought me out long ago it might have been very different. But understand that I mean to make no public disclosures if you accede to my demand. It remains with you to decide whether or not the very unpleasant facts go forth."

He continued to stand across the room from her, his hand still upon the door. He did not reply, and I could feel, rather than see, that he was terribly shaken. Mrs. Dines turned her chair till she faced him.

"That we may come to an understanding at once, I think I should tell you in the beginning that I know that when you were my husband's agent some years ago you hypothecated securities that were his—not yours. You were hard pushed then, and he knew it to be the crucial period of your whole business career; so he waited, believing that his confidence in you had not been entirely misplaced and that when you could you would make good the amount you had—stolen. But you did not. And after two years, when you had become amply able to do so, and did not, he realized that you had grown secure in the belief that your speculation was not discovered, and that you were without even the semblance of honor. He admitted this with singular reluctance, Mr. Ankony, for I think you know that he trusted you as not many men trust their fellows."

She paused, her eyes on his face. His muttered reply was not coherent, and she went on at once:

"When he saw you at last as you really were, he determined to prosecute you; but there came his last long illness and his death, and afterward my heart had softened a little to you and I had not the mind beside to put shame and sorrow upon your mother, so I did nothing. But when I heard the amazing news that you had proposed to marry a girl like Barbara Hemingray, I came back to

America to tell you that you must give her up or the delayed prosecution will begin at once."

Then he spoke. "You understand what this is you ask of me?" he said thickly.

"Perfectly," she nodded, and her tone was less unkindly. "If I did not know just how sweet and lovely and full of grace and innocence she is, I might perhaps have stayed away and left you to your wooing."

There was a long silence.

"You demand large interest, Mrs. Dines," he said.

"Accumulated interest is always large," she retorted. "But I do not wish to humiliate you any more than is necessary. You must, of course, bring to an immediate end this unfortunate engagement,—I believe you were to have been married at noon, were you not?" She glanced at the clock. "You have not much time. Some part of the truth Miss Hemingray must know. But you may make your own explanation aside from that. I only exact that she shall be made to understand that whatever sense of obligation she may have entertained for you is dissipated."

Ankony colored painfully and made no reply.

"I shall not intrude upon you further," she said; "but I desire you to understand that I am prepared to do all that I say I will do in case you do not yield to my stipulation. I have with me the papers which leave no room for doubt as to your guilt. Shall I give them to Mr. Twining, as your attorney?"

"I am the attorney of the company of which Mr. Ankony is the president, madam," I said; "but in no case——"

"It is not worth while," Ankony interrupted.

Mrs. Dines bowed. "My own attorney, Mr. Dean, has examined the papers, and he will tell you——"

"If he has not already done so," Miss Winstanley ventured, as her one little shot.

"That I am able to carry out my plans," Mrs. Dines finished. "But I think you will see the wisdom in following the less aggressive course."

"You leave me no choice in the matter," he said bitterly. "I am the under dog in the fight."

"The under dog is often to blame for the fight," she said tersely.

She approached the door, and I held it open for her.

"Do you sail alone by the Deutschland, Mr. Ankony?" she asked, turning.

He smiled grimly.

"I shall sail alone," he said.

XI.

ONCE in the corridor Mrs. Dines put out an unsteady hand to her friend.

"My tablets, Henrietta. It is so annoying to be weak."

"Weak!" echoed Miss Winstanley; "you were magnificent!" She clicked open her bag and produced a small white box, whose lid she quickly slipped, extending it to the suffering lady, while I begged them to come into my office until Mrs. Dines had rested and felt a little recovered. But Mrs. Dines declined.

"We must go to Barbara at once," she said. "Why, the poor child is probably getting into her wedding-gown at this minute. Think of it! Ankony will go to her, of course, with some explanation; but she must have enough of the truth from us to prevent any further mistake."

"And oh, the blessed relief it will be to her!" breathed Miss Winstanley.

"You forget that she may love him," I suggested.

Mrs. Dines spun round on me at that like a huge, laboriously spinning top.

"You think that possible? Gracious heaven, I hope not! I came to bring her happiness, not to break her heart."

"You need have no fear as to that," Miss Winstanley hastened, assuringly. "You have done her a service beyond words. You see, she has been very clever in carrying forward her part of the hideous program which she mapped out, and her cleverness has deceived Mr. Twining. I am willing to stake everything I have that she doesn't love Ankony, and that she does——" She paused, her significant glance full upon me.

Mrs. Dines lifted her brows, and, comprehending suddenly, held out her hand to me with gratifying and unexpected warmth.

"I hope Henrietta is right, Mr. Twining," she said; "I do indeed."

"You cannot hope it as I do," I replied earnestly; "but I have none of her assurance, and a great many doubts."

"We shall see," declared Miss Winstanley blithely.

We went down to the carriage in silence. There we found the Winstanley coachman about to ascend with a telegram which a house servant had just brought, knowing his mistress was to make her first visit to Ankony and hoping to find her there. She climbed into the carriage, opened the message, read it, went so white I was sure she was going to faint, and held it out to me without a word.

I read it with amazement and a conscience that gave me some decided twinges.

"Married!" I exclaimed; "Bishop Winstanley married! And to the Sistine!"

"What!" cried Mrs. Dines; "did I scare him like that?"

Her pallor gave way to a rush of color, and, leaning back, she laughed till her eyes fairly brimmed with tears. There was no attitudinizing about it; she was simply overcome with the humor of the situation, and I hoped earnestly that the Bishop's sister would gradually yield herself to it also. At present she showed no signs of it.

"Get in," she said to me; "we can't discuss it here."

Obeying, we rolled decorously off.

Mrs. Dines's hand went out and covered her friend's.

"My dear, can you ever forgive me for precipitating such a thing as this?" she asked anxiously.

Miss Winstanley shook her head.

"You—you didn't do it," she murmured; "he has been—been carrying pressed roses; I suppose any one else would have known what that meant, but I—dear heaven, how could I believe such a thing?" she wailed. "And to elope—oh, Hannah, think of it, Charles to elope!"

Mrs. Dines's laugh rumbled forth so contagiously that to save me I could not help echoing it softly.

"That's just what I *am* thinking of, dear," she said. "To think of his imagining that he had to fly from poor me like that! It's so funny! Oh, do try to see how very funny it is, Henrietta," and she sobbed in her enjoyment of the affair.

"It is absurd and unforgivable," said Miss Winstanley austere.

The large hand tightened over hers, and Mrs. Dines's tones became serious.

"You are not to hold it against him. Promise me that. Take it out of me, but don't spoil his happiness by censuring him. I'm the one to be punished, for anybody can see that the hastening is entirely due to me. I suppose if I had any vanity I'd be getting my punishment right now, but, unfortunately, my sense of the humorous outweighs my vanity and I can only—only—oh, Henrietta, for goodness' sake, laugh!"

A faint—a very faint twinkle lit in Miss Winstanley's hurt eyes,

"It is absurd for him to run away from us like this," she said. "For you know, Hannah, I was arrayed with you."

Her friend nodded warmly, laughter dancing over her face and in and out among the copious chins.

"She is really a charming girl," I put in.

"Who is she, anyway?" asked Mrs. Dines. "To think of my not asking that before!"

"Miss Streeter," said I; "a cousin of Mrs. Jack Ankony."

"Not Cecelia Streeter! You don't tell me! Why, Henrietta, dry your eyes; this match was made in heaven. She was born for the bishopric. Think how she looks the part."

"So I am always reminding Miss Winstanley," I ventured.

"Then that's all she ever does," wailed her sister-in-law miserably.

"Oh, by no means. You greatly misjudge her," Mrs. Dines contended. "She is calm, I grant you, but a bishop's wife should be calm. No, really, since your brother wouldn't have me, I don't know where he could have done better. Besides, she's prodigiously rich, you know. What! You didn't know? Oh, yes, immensely so. My poor little dot looks small beside hers. She doesn't talk about it, but——"

"Does she talk about anything?" I inquired.

Mrs. Dines shot me an amused glance over her friend's head.

"Silence is an excellent qualification for a bishop's wife, I'm sure, Mr. Twining; then she isn't always getting herself and the diocese into trouble. Now, see here, Henrietta, considering her looks and her reserve and her money, surely you might forgive her for letting your brother run off with her."

"It's very good of you to try to cheer me up," Miss Winstanley responded vaguely.

"And it's downright foolish of you to hold out against so beautiful an arrangement. To my mind this is as admirable a match all round as I have known of in a very long time. So do cheer up and be glad. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Twining?"

"Most heartily, as Miss Winstanley knows," said I.

That little lady was not, however, ready to yield herself at once to the sudden situation.

"To *run away!*" she moaned; "at Charles's age!"

"But don't you see that it's a great compliment to me?" smiled Mrs. Dines. "Let me get that much out of it, won't you? It shows how much confidence he has in my getting what I—want. You see, he didn't know what brought me to America, and, following on the heels of my proposal to him, it really seemed, you know, that I was coming to marry him, whether or no. You can see for yourself how the poor dear man must have felt. Did he imagine, I wonder, that if everything else failed I should kidnap him? Well, I forgive him even that. And I want you to forgive him, Henrietta. You must. That's a good, sensible sister. And now it's quite time we came back to our mutton. Tell the man to drive us to the Hemingrays', will you, Mr. Twining? If you don't feel up to going

in, Henrietta, I'll go alone, but one of us must certainly see Barbara at once."

"Then you may let me down at the Fifteenth Street corner of the Square," said I. "I'll get along back to the office."

As the carriage stopped, Miss Winstanley bent forward, looking eagerly after a fast-disappearing figure.

"Isn't that Dan?" she cried. "Can you overtake him? He is the one to take her the word."

I sprang out and caught up with him within the block, although he was swinging along at an uncomfortably brisk gait.

"On your way to the house, are you?" he asked when he saw me. "It must be pretty nearly time for the wedding. I was afraid I couldn't make it in time, but I caught a flyer within the hour after I had Barbara's message."

"Miss Winstanley wants you," I said, nodding to the carriage, that had turned and was bringing up to the curb.

He was surprised to see Mrs. Dines, and greeted her with a boyish affection that must have warmed her heart.

"All on the way to the wedding?" he inquired after he had shaken hands.

"There is to be no wedding, Dan," Miss Winstanley said gently.

He had paled before she could explain.

"Nothing's wrong with Barbara?" he asked quickly.

"No, no; everything is just coming right for her. Get in,"—with a glance toward the coachman. "We are driving to the house now, and Mrs. Dines will explain to you. Then you must tell Barbara what is to be told. We'll wait outside, and if she wants us we'll come right in. If not you must tell us, and we'll go away again. Won't you—will you——"

"I must tell you good-by," I said.

As I started off across the Square, Miss Winstanley called after me that she would send for me later in the day.

But I was too impatient to await her summons, and four o'clock found me at her door. As I turned in at the steps, the door opened and Dan came out, hurrying down and stopping at sight of me to wring my hand. He was beaming. I had not seen him so much like his old self in months, and it did my heart good. Somehow it also seemed to presage well for me. All his buoyancy had returned, and he was once more the charming, irresistible fellow we all loved.

"Everything's all right at last, Tom," he cried. "I don't deserve it, but I'm down on my knees giving thanks for it, just the same, and if ever——" he lowered his voice, looking over my shoulder at some one who was approaching—"if ever I get any of you into such a muss again, may I be hanged! Oh, it's been awful! You'll

never know. But it's over, thank God! And now it's up to me to make good. And that's what I'm going to do, old man. Who is this confounded fellow coming? I wanted to talk with you a minute, but I'll look in after dinner, if you're to be at home. There's a deal to tell you," and he was off.

An ecclesiastical-looking gentleman mounted the steps with me, inquiring for the Bishop, while I went in to Miss Winstanley.

She was flushed and smiling and bright-eyed.

"Did you think I had forgotten you? Bless you, no. But there has been so much to do. We only left Barbara, poor child, an hour ago. There were messages to be sent for her, orders to countermand, and——"

"Then she isn't going with him?" I broke in.

"Oh, did you think—is it possible you gave her credit for so little——"

"If she loved him——"

She caught me up sharply. "Of course she didn't love him. I always told you that, but you would go on in your stubborn unbelief in my intuitions, you foolish, foolish fellow. My, but she was gallant, though! She had me almost bewildered at first; but the moment she found that she could have done with all pretence and that her fancied obligation to Ankony was at an end, then how she changed! It was pitiful to see her. One understood the terrific strain she has been under. I'm not pretending to say whether or not she cares for you, Mr. Twining,—that's for you to find out for yourself, you know,—but I think it is only fair to tell you that she never has cared for Ankony."

"Thank God!" I devoutly murmured.

She patted my arm and made funny little dabs at her eyes with a dot of a handkerchief.

"She is going out of town to stay with some friends until the storm of the broken engagement has blown over, she told me. They go to-morrow, she and Dan. He will stay with her a fortnight, until she is a little recovered, for in spite of her wonderful courage and poise, she is tremendously undone by all this."

"And is there nothing——"

"Nothing just yet," she smiled. "Now let me tell you what Dan and I are going to do. You remember that I have some undeveloped mining property in Montana. Experts have given me a good deal of encouragement over it, but I have been waiting to find just the right man to put at the head of the work. And now Dan is to undertake it. Oh"—at my glance—"it isn't a philanthropic scheme. The boy will give me excellent service. If it is a good thing for him, it's a better thing for me. And I'm to go out

with him to launch the enterprise. I've no notion of being in the way when my brother and his wife return."

"But your brother can't do without you. You will always be as necessary to him as his wife."

"Later, perhaps, but not just at first," she said. "We don't know much about honeymoons, you and I, Mr. Twining; but I'm sure you'll agree with me that no man wants even his beloved sister underfoot at that time. So Dan and I are off in a fortnight."

"Good!" I approved; "and if things don't go well with me I'll come along. May I?"

XII.

BARBARA was away several weeks, and then one day Mrs. Dines, meeting me on the street, told me that she had come back to town and that she was well and entirely recovered from the effects of the unfortunate publicity of her broken engagement.

I went to see her that evening. It was just after dinner, and the maid told me that Miss Hemingray was going out, but that she would ask if she would see me for a few minutes.

As we stood talking, Barbara came down the stairs. She wore a rather scrumptious gown of white,—one from her trousseau, I imagined, and the hope went over me that it might yet fulfil the purpose for which it had been designed. Her cloak was white too—a velvety thing that I had not seen before. It became her wonderfully, with its bewitching folds and curves and richness. And her brown head, lifting itself with all its charming poise above the new loveliness, thrilled me, while the eyes that looked down on me were more like the eyes of the Barbara I loved than they had been for a very long time.

"Oh, you!" she exclaimed, from the landing where she paused an instant at sight of me.

"Going out?" I asked lightly, as if I were not dazzled and palpitant.

"To a very small affair at the Averills'. Why not come along?"

"Because I'm not asked. But you will give me a minute before you go?" I pleaded.

She glanced at the hall clock.

"Yes, I think so. Hord Averill is coming for me, but it isn't time for him yet."

"Annie," said I to the maid, "if Mr. Averill arrives, show him into the drawing-room and let him wait."

"You are very urgent," Barbara said, with a rather uncertain smile.

I held open the library door and she entered. She did not sit, but stood half turning to me, leaning against the corner of the table near the fireplace, where a low fire burned. I had never seen her half so lovely, nor so adorable.

"We have abused our friendship and treated it shamefully," I said at once, "and now perhaps I am about to maroon it; but I must take the chance. Forgive me if I have come too soon, dear, but I can wait no longer. I must know—now that you are free to tell me—whether I can ever hope that you will care for me."

"Do you know all that has happened?" she asked. She was as white as her gown, and her eyes only half lifted to mine.

"Yes, Barbara. Don't mind, dear. Part of it I guessed and the other part had to be told me. But I am glad that there is nothing for you to tell me,—nothing but the one thing I am so eager to hear. You won't keep me waiting any longer, will you?"

"After all that has happened you still want me for—your——"

"More than ever; a thousand times more than ever!" I cried.

"I don't understand how you can," she said. She turned her face from me, leaning heavily on the table, the soft firelight over her. "Could you ever be sure of me? I have deceived you so long."

"You must deceive neither yourself nor me now," I said seriously. "I want the truth, whatever that is. Be honest. Don't try to be kind to me. You have had to make pretence so long. Think only of yourself now."

I waited for her reply, but it was long in coming, so long that my heart sank.

"If I am to be honest," she began, "I must tell you that—that——"

"Yes? Don't be afraid, dear."

"That it would be foolish—foolish for me to—to try to—to care for you, for I——"

"Don't try to go on," I cried. "I see. I have been a fool to expect it."

A little sound of pain escaped her.

I pulled myself together with an effort.

"You mustn't worry," I said dully. "I can't blame you, heaven knows! I wouldn't have you come to me unless you love me, you know that. And I would rather go on—alone—than have you give yourself to me through pity."

"Oh, yes, yes!" she cried.

I stared into the fire. I had thought I was prepared!

Presently she began to speak again: "Won't you let me finish, please? I—I want you to understand. It would be foolish for me to—to try to care for you, because—because——"

"Oh, don't try to ease it for me!" I broke in. "I must learn to bear it. Forgive me for being so long getting myself in hand. You're not to blame yourself, dear. You never gave me any reason to hope, but I did. I told myself that I didn't, but I did—even when I thought Ankony was going to carry you off the next day, I still hoped. It seemed to me that heaven meant you should belong to me, and that I must have you. But there, there! don't look at me like that, and don't——"

"I am going to finish," she said resolutely. "Let me go on."

"I wish you wouldn't," I urged.

She sat down, bending to the fire. I could not see her eyes, but I knew they were misty, and the softness of her voice was indescribable.

"I couldn't try to care for you because—because I have been—have been fighting for months—to—to quit caring. Oh, why—*why* will you be so dense?"

"Barbara!" I cried, bending over her.

She put up a futile little hand between us, but I laughed in the rapture of the moment and caught her in my arms.

"Wait," she pleaded.

"My waiting is over!" I breathed. "Oh, look at me, dear one, and let me have the testimony of your eyes. I'm afraid of your lips."

"Foolish!" whispered she, lifting her eyes to mine. And then: "But oh, you are—Tom, Tom! you are crushing my beautiful new gown, and it—it did cost such a pile," with a little breathless laugh.

"There will be plenty of other gowns," I exclaimed, "but never another moment quite like this."

The fire did its best to be up to the situation; it crackled in a sudden noisy glee and threw enchanting shadows over Barbara's head as I looked down on it. Dan's rheumatic old spaniel, who haunted the library, awoke from his nap in the corner at the moment and, coming to stretch himself on the hearth-rug, observed something unusual going on, and, looking up inquiringly, brushed against Barbara's skirts to attract her attention.

The maid's light steps passed down the hall and I heard the outer door open and a man's voice in the vestibule.

"It's Averill," I said. "I shan't so much mind having to give you up to him now."

But he did not seem to enter into the moment with her.

"Oh, it has been so hard," she whispered, a little half sob breaking the sweetness of her voice. "There were times when I thought I should never, never be able to stand it," and I felt her shiver in my arms.

“I know, my brave one,” I whispered back; “I know.”

She lifted her head a moment later and looked at me, and my heart bowed beneath the shining of her eyes and the tremulous beauty of her dear face.

“But it doesn't matter now. Nothing matters now,” she said thrillingly.



THE PRAYER OF THE PHARISEE

BY MARGARET BOULDEN JAN DELLE

SEND me no shadows, Lord, I pray; lead thou
My life forward upon the sunny hills,
Nor let my foot slip from the pleasant ways;
And when the night steals forth, stay close to me—
Stay close, O Lord, for I shall be afraid.
Stretch forth thine hand and turn away all pain
And sorrow from my path; but let me find
Full joy and rapture while this earth I tread.
Then let me fall asleep some fair, bright even,
And waken to my heritage in heaven.



TO ONE ASLEEP

BY A. H. RUTLEDGE

JUST as a star blooms out above the deep,
Deep purple silence of a holy hour;
Just as the dream of some immaculate flower,
Beside still waters in the fields of sleep.

Just as a star that disappears at dawn,
Leaving a sacred halo where it burned,
Passed to the bourne of Beauty Undiscerned,
Passed from earth's sight, yet not forever gone.

Just as a star sinks in the sweet excess
Of rose and silver dawn within the sky,
Just as a thought that is too fair to die
Lives in the heart as Unseen Loveliness.

SOME ASPECTS OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

By Joseph M. Rogers

“IT is entirely untrue,” writes George Shaw, with fine indignation, “that I ever said I could write a better play than Shakespeare. What I said was that I *have* written a number of plays better than any Shakespeare ever wrote.” However, he goes on to admit that the Bard of Avon is the greater poet.

The sentence quoted is typical of Shaw. It is sarcastic, audacious, and questionable. Does the distinguished author mean what he says? Is he merely having fun with himself at the expense of his readers; or perhaps having fun with his readers at the expense of himself?

Such problems concerning Shaw arise constantly. Just now he is a prominent figure in the American world, though almost entirely because of what he wrote ten years ago. America has “discovered” Shaw and is agog. It is startled, amused, and confused. Some take him seriously. Others would do so but for the fact that the author himself does not, and seems to delight in making game of such as do. This is disconcerting to the average mind, especially to new apostles burning with proselyting fervor.

At present Shaw is an enigma to most persons, though to the literary world by no means a novelty. It all fell about on this wise. Arnold Daly and some clever fellow Thespians had started out a season with a play that failed. The dejected troupe came back to Broadway depleted in purse and breathing anathemas at the fate which had in mid-season consigned them to inaction. The bread-and-butter problem proving serious, it was suggested that Shaw’s “Candida” be put on the stage at Thursday matinées, largely for the benefit of professional stage people and with some hope—later so remarkably fulfilled—of attracting the public.

The last expression needs a little explanation. Mr. Shaw is no novice as a playwright. It is some fifteen years since he blossomed

forth as a dramatist under the ægis of the Independent Theatre of London. This institution was subsidized by earnest, wealthy, and hopeful people who discerned the low state into which the drama had fallen, due to lowered popular taste and the demands of "commercialism." Shakespeare seldom got a hearing, and a second Shakespeare of modern times would have fared no better in an age when musical comedies, howling farces, or extravaganzas with long rows of shapely females inclosed in pink tights, were the "best payers." The theatre managers may have bemoaned the decadence of dramatic art (though probably they did not), but in any event they turned a deaf ear to anything that was not in the foregoing category, and showed a preference for a society drama with a "problem." The last named was especially sought after if it was particularly nasty and the bad woman was made unusually attractive.

In a revolt against all this, the Independent Theatre undertook at large expense to elevate the drama by giving every aspiring playwright a chance, provided his wares were up to a certain standard. From an ethical point of view the success was not great; as to elevating the stage the experiment was a failure; financially it was disastrous. Hence the theatre closed, and Mr. Shaw, who had been its bright particular star, announced that thereafter he would write plays for publication only.

From a pecuniary point of view the decision was wise. The books sold widely,—not only for the plays, but because of the prefaces, which are unique among the delicious literature of modern times. Here we have Shaw at his best; rollicking, sarcastic, bubbling over with aphorisms, caustic, witty,—given over at times to rhodomontade, invective, flubdub, or shrewd wisdom, as the fancy seizes him.



All the world's a joke, is Shaw's mental attitude, and he is the chief jokesmith. When you have this pretty well in your mind you begin to think you are wrong and that he is a profound philosopher—that socialism of the most radical kind is the highest truth,—but, having reached this height, you are suddenly plunged into the depths again by one of his intellectual somersaults, leaving you gasping in astonishment, anger, and laughter combined. Then you give Shaw up; and this for the average person is the best policy.

In all the early period America had seen but two of his plays, "The Devil's Disciple" and "Arms and the Man." Mr. Mansfield kept them in his repertory, and, though they were listened to with attention, they never became favorites. The public could not quite understand them. "The Devil's Disciple" was not exactly accord-

ing to the Hoyle of American historical patriotism; while "Arms and the Man" was pronounced impossible. When the soldier of fortune announced that he disliked fighting and preferred chocolate drops to cartridges, or when the Bulgarian major announced that he never took a bath, people were so aghast that they did not know whether to laugh or be angry until it was too late to do either. They left the theatre in a state of unrest which is particularly displeasing to people who go to be amused and prefer their plays to be written according to the most approved formulas of past ages, in which one can practically presage the plot from the middle of the first act.

The further causes of the early popular failure of Shaw's plays are not far to seek. Audiences like to see on the stage men and women of flesh and blood in action, controlled by strong passions and responsive to conflicting emotions. Shaw, on the contrary, uses his characters as mere lay-figures to exploit his philosophy. There is little action, except as "business" is manufactured by the actors; the lines are undoubtedly clever, but they read better than they sound,—especially when accompanied by Shaw's delightful rubrics.

Shaw's pet aversions are Juliet and Rosalind; he declares both to be monstrosities. A public that loves these delightful Shakespearean creations was not likely under ordinary circumstances to rave over Shaw's stalking-horses, who discuss social problems in the academic fashion of university professors. With Shaw the idea—the theory—is everything, the exponent is nothing. Hence came the early failure.



The sudden rise of Shawism to popularity is due partly to the unusually clever way in which the plays have been produced, but more to a psychological wave which has swept over the country with such enthusiasm as to equal a cult. This fervor seems too violent to last, but for the moment it is here,—just as there are heterodox views on religion, politics, and education which are grievous to the orthodox. The age is indeed revolutionary—at times, or in places, it seems neurotic; and Shawism, so long ignored, has been exploited (to use a sonorous and highly-popular phrase) "at the right psychological moment."

In consequence of all this, when Daly and his comedians undertook "Candida" it was with many misgivings. At the success which followed they were more surprised than was the public. From occasional matinées the performances settled down to steady runs in New York and elsewhere. "The Man of Destiny" was

produced along with "a hellish contrivance" entitled "How He Lied to Her Husband," which was a burlesque on "Candida," by its author, presented at the very moment when the public was going "Candida"-mad, and beginning to believe in it.

By this time the public had "got a line" on Shaw to the extent that, when Napoleon orders the inn-keeper to kill his wife so that he may have red ink, it was not taken seriously, though the joke was lurid and not particularly refined to those who adored Candida and her wavering love between prosaic husband and poetic protégé. But this same public could not approve a parody on Candida, even though they laughed at it. They went home angry with Shaw but resolved to wreak vengeance on the author—by patronizing all other of his plays which should be produced! And this is the genesis of the craze for Shaw which has spread over the country in the last two seasons.



I know of no more delicious experience than attending a Shaw performance. What is being done on the stage is "well worth the price of admission," but the comments of the audience between acts form an entertainment which is not only incomparable but impossible to get elsewhere for any amount of gold. Usually the patrons of Shaw are amazed and feel that they have been humbugged in some fashion. They like what is given them, but they cannot tell why. They are ashamed that they cannot understand him, considering it a sort of intellectual affront to be given such strange pabulum, and yet they seldom complain, lest they write themselves down as unintelligent, but rather praise the man and his works. There is a good deal of pharisaism and sycophancy even in this independent age.

Admitting the fact of present interest in Shawism, how shall we account for it or account for the man himself? Probably we cannot do so entirely. A man of so many contradictory moods, dazzling fancies, paradoxical philosophies, such scintillating wit, naked realisms, and kaleidoscopic views of life, is not to be put into a testing tube and analyzed as if he were an element, or even an ordinary man. Still, we may learn something about him, even in spite of himself.

Mr. Shaw is an Irishman, as he continually boasts; a radical socialist—a revolutionist; and apparently his hand is not only against every man but also against every cherished modern institution. His first duty in life is to shock people,—perhaps in the hope of making them think; or, possibly, to amuse himself.

In brief, Shaw is an irritation.

He reached London at about the age of twenty, brimful of energy, radical opinions, and caustic wit,—and without a shilling. As a literary scavenger he managed to keep soul and body together while he wrote novels of serious import. All his scanty savings were devoted to express-charges for sending his manuscripts back and forth to unsympathetic publishers. Then he put them away and began working on a socialist newspaper where he could rave and tear his hair and flout mankind with impunity. The *Modern Babylon* is careless of revolutionary sentiments, largely because they make such little headway. And here he got his first chance to publish his novels. Copy being necessary, he hauled from the closet the mouse-bitten manuscripts, beginning with "An Unsocial Socialist," which was published, and roused the critics to a fine frenzy of expostulation. The novels were printed in reverse order of writing, and, though the critics could not ignore him, and devoutly damned his philosophy, they sagely admitted that his style was improving all the time.

"Cashel Byron's Profession" did make something of a hit and was actually published in book form; but the fifth manuscript has never been seen. The mice ate half of it and gave up in despair. The remainder was not printable, even from the point of view of Shaw, who likes to bite savagely into other people's productions.



Socialism from a literary and financial point of view proving a failure, since the stolid Britons refused to be reformed, Shaw became a critic in matters of art and music, and here he was recognized as a master. His point of view was original, often opposed to ordinary canons, but that the man has a sincere love of the good, the true, and the beautiful, that he has a sense of proportion and a knowledge of perspective in the fine arts, has been demonstrated in no uncertain manner. Probably no book concerning the Ring of the Niebelungs has ever been written that is so satisfactory as Shaw's "The Complete Wagnerite." He out-Wagners Wagner himself, and it is a pity that the great composer did not have the benefit of Shaw at the time he was preparing his music dramas. They would have been more coherent, less pagan, and still more delightful. It is hard for many music lovers to read into "The Ring" all that Shaw finds there—but that is the fault of Wagner. The book is a commentary on modern music and on life which alone would have made the author famous.

But, it is constantly asked, what manner of man is Shaw himself? What does he believe, and what is he trying to teach? If one

reads "The Revolutionist's Handbook," to be found at the end of "Man and Superman," it seems to follow that Shaw is a licentious monster, a sensuous avatar, and a social and intellectual Ishmaelite; the sort of man one would hate to meet in public. Now, the picture, for which Shaw alone is responsible, is utterly false. He is prosperous in business, a teetotaler, a vegetarian, a devoted husband, a modest gentleman in his conduct, and much esteemed in his private circle.

Why, then, should he persist in making of himself a mountebank, in lying concerning himself to his own apparent disadvantage? These questions are more easily asked than answered. In the first place, Shaw's love of fun is simply uncontrollable. He is the Wild Irishman of fancy and the Flying Dutchman of fable—only in an intellectual sense. That, however, does not explain very much. Nor does the fact that society affords abundant material for his sarcasm do much more. There have been other wits and satirists, notably Dean Swift, whom Shaw in some measure resembles. It is not alone that a man of large powers and strong individuality is disgusted with the sycophancy, pharisaism, and absurdities of the social code of morals,—a code which condemns poverty at all times and sin only when it is found out. These contradictions have been noted from the time man first began to record anything, and Shaw is only in a limited sense an apostle and preacher of social righteousness. But more than all this, he is a hater of shams, an iconoclast who does indeed destroy idols, but, instead of offering new ones of a better quality or replacing them with higher ideals, preaches a social condition which is worse than pharisaism. This Shaw even admits, since he by no means follows his own principles. Thus he writes himself down a fraud. We are getting ahead only by elimination. We have hardly found the real Shaw. Though his psychological processes defy accurate analysis, some of his teachings are clear.



The latest craze concerns his play "Man and Superman," which has been given to amazed audiences for some months. This latest creation of his pen was not originally intended for the stage, but was prepared for it, in response to an insatiable demand of the public, only by leaving out more than half, and that the most important part. No other play in modern times has caused such extraordinary and varied emotions. What would have happened had the stage retained the original third act, with its "hell scene,"—a mixture of Byron's "Don Juan," Goethe's "Faust," and Shaw himself! This act is an outrageous, sacrilegious, delightful piece of work. It is Shaw at his best in literature, and his worst in morals.

"Superman" is a bilingual translation of Nietzsche's "Uebermensch." Therefore, say some hasty critics, Shaw is a disciple of Wagner's crazy friend,—and later enemy,—who has kept people wondering what he really meant. Shaw is the disciple of no man, unless, as some very orthodox persons solemnly believe, he is himself the original "devil's disciple." In "Man and Superman" there are some traces of Nietzsche, of Schopenhauer, of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and of Æschylus, though each of these worthies would be amazed indeed to hear that Shaw was his disciple. Shaw has no more respect for the literature or opinions of others, dead or alive, than he has for the foibles or faiths of society. One thing, however, he seems to teach very plainly: that human action is based on the sexual instinct, and that this instinct is absolutely dominated by woman,—not on spiritual grounds, but as her response to the overpowering demand of nature for reproducing the species. This is no new theory. Many speculative philosophers and advanced scientists have long held the same view, but without Shaw's art of presenting the proposition. Moreover, such fundamental subjects are usually reserved for discussion in scholastic halls or by mature persons in solemn conclaves from which the young are rigidly excluded.



The fundamental facts of the sexual problem, whether they are in detail exactly as Shaw represents them or otherwise, are generally recognized, but they are by most persons of good breeding considered as belonging to the category of things "not to be mentioned in the presence of Mrs. Boffin!" Millions of young men grow up and learn these fundamental things from the worst possible sources, and millions of modest and refined girls do not learn them at all, in detail, until after marriage. This illogical, indefensible policy has been preached against for years without avail. One would suppose, therefore, that when Shaw came to the front with his bald statements of fact and philosophy to audiences in which young men and women were conspicuous, the blushes of shame would have been preponderant. No such situation has been noticed.

Though there have been misgivings and some outraged feelings in the audiences, as a rule the baldest sallies of Shaw's wit have been received with peals of presumably innocent laughter from rosy-cheeked girls munching chocolates. And none of them have seemed to feel the worse; and to this extent Shaw has obtained a victory. The normal young girl is conscious of her sex and knows more of certain of its aspects than is accredited to her. She has no

love for nasty details, but she accepts public discussion of the facts of sex with pride and as if she were fully acquainted with them. This is largely because Shaw speaks out with no attempt at subterfuge, with no fetid appeal to the imagination,—with no effort at disguising facts or sugar-coating nasty pills. An innocent girl may laugh at “Man and Superman” where she properly blushes in some of the well-patronized “society plays.” Shaw does not gild vice. He simply aims to impress a truth, and principally the truth that the female sex dominates the male,—which no sane philosopher denies. His major premise is that there are no morals in sex, only facts.



This brings us to the anticlimax produced by the single production of “Mrs. Warren’s Profession,” which the virtuous police of New York suppressed in the interest of decency. Shaw rightly considers this the greatest practical joke on record, since, no matter what may or may not be the ethical value of “Mrs. Warren’s Profession,” the police that suppressed it and permitted other classes of entertainment of an immeasurably worse character within a few blocks cannot be looked upon as good censors of morals.

Now, curious as it may seem, the only objection to “Mrs. Warren’s Profession” was that it made the social evil unpleasant. This seems a paradox when we think of “The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,” “Lady Windermere’s Fan,” and “Monna Vanna.” In all these, womanly virtue is scouted at, and the fallen woman receives the sympathy of the audience. In “Monna Vanna,” for instance, over which the so-called intellectual world was lately raving, the whole sentiment of the play is to show that adultery in a woman may be not only proper but really a very virtuous proceeding. The faithful, adoring husband is made out a monster, and when the audience sees Monna Vanna going to meet her lover in a dungeon it is expected to approve her action, although in the first act it was expected to rage at Monna’s virtue being made the price of the safety of a whole city.

Mrs. Warren is painted in absolutely realistic colors. Because she occupied a position toward certain men in high society,—a position held by many women in every social centre,—because she is shown in a detestable light and her sin is made horrible, the play is suppressed, while “Monna Vanna” is praised even in the religious press as being a great teacher of art and morals! This is no argument for the production of *any* of the plays mentioned, whether by Shaw, Wilde, Pinero, or Maeterlinck. But there is little consistency in cursing one and praising the rest.

Shaw wishes to teach that our system of morals to-day is conventional and based neither on right principles nor on the facts of nature. That it has failed to regenerate society, it was not necessary for him to show. It is a fact that many good people have taken a very ostrich-like position toward evil; that regeneration is demanded needs no demonstration. Shaw begins by demolishing the whole structure of conventional morals, so far as sex is concerned. He calls the predominant sex influence in human existence "The Life Force." In his plays he denies the necessity of marriage, rather flouts it, and in some instances apparently condemns it altogether. Actually he holds no such private views. Probably the heart of his intention is utterly to destroy all convention, and clear the mind of inherited and preconceived notions, many of which are demonstrably false, in order that the new structure may rise complete. This radical propaganda the author cannot possibly hope to see successful; but he has at least succeeded in making himself heard, and no one can ignore him.

There are certain aspects of Shaw's philosophy which he who will may see demonstrated. That woman is the dominating force in the world to-day is shown not only through her agency in promoting the best institutions which make for the uplift of mankind, not only in her self-sacrifice, her consecration, but in the fact that man is so largely devoted to accomplishing what she wishes.



In every large city and in many small ones there are to be found in great numbers immense structures devoted solely to the distribution of such articles of apparel as are delectable to womankind. Those of us who remember the fashions and the feminine attitude toward them forty years ago can but be amazed at the immense amount of time, energy, and money of to-day spent upon dress. The trite saying, "Vanity, thy name is woman," is only a half truth. Women do love adornment. It is the seeming passion of their nature in these days, but it is only an outward sign of a deeper impulse. Women do not love dress for itself alone; they love it for their sex. They love it because it makes them attractive to others. The average woman could not analyze her feelings in the matter, and may not believe this is correct; but it is true, and it is in response to that principle which Shaw has explained and which he has perhaps overestimated in potency, seeing that there are also other compelling motives in this complex life of ours.

Forty years ago in America getting married was easy for any woman. Family life was not expensive, and every girl was prac-

tically certain of a husband, and usually at an early age. Now the expense of living is greater. Young men without means hesitate to marry, and when they do, they seek the prizes. In this survival of the most attractive, in becoming wives, the average woman has an interest, and does her best to win in the race. The principle is founded on nature, and is a decree of God without which the human race would soon languish and become extinct. But Shaw objects to its present day manifestations.

Out of all the maze of contradiction and revolutionary doctrine of Shaw, he emerges, not a pagan, but a teacher who thinks he has laid hold on the whole truth because he has grasped, more fully than most, one of the most important phases. He has been fortunate in having a *métier* for his propaganda such as is vouchsafed few. He probably does take himself seriously at bottom. Knowing most people are unable to fathom his depths, he assumes the rôle of a clown or of a social leper in order that he may at least be heard. Like many another revolutionist, he is much better than his teachings, though angry lest any should find it out. Even his art is apparently not respected by him, for when any one begins to discover him, he does something outrageous to alienate sympathy. Speaking of a time when he was doing his most serious work he writes: "Too ill to work, I wrote books and plays," as if careless of his chief occupation.

What shall be said of such a painter? Probably it is best to let Shaw answer by quoting the last line of "Arms and the Man," through which he was first introduced to the American people: "What a man!"



IN THE DESERT

BY CECILIA A. LOIZEAUX

A NARROW strip of dreary, sun-baked sand;
 Brown shadows, purpling dimly toward the edge;
 A ribbon-width of tawny, sultry sky
 That presses inward like a circling band;
 Even the sun sinks dully o'er the ledge,
 And Night slips from his hiding-place nearby.

Within my tent I draw my curtain close
 And light my candle, and prepare for rest.
 And then I lay me down; but not to sleep;
 It is too still. My longing backward goes
 To rolling billows with high, wind-tost crest,
 And white-winged vessels dipping on the deep.

THE POINT OF CONTACT

By Jean Wilde Clark



“WELL, Nan, I am sorry to disappoint you, but I must positively forbid it.” There was no mistaking Dayton’s emphasis. “There’s Bob Turner’s wife, only last week, gazing at the beautiful sunset, turns the machine into a bank and tries to climb a tree, with pretty unsatisfactory results, as you know. Why she didn’t break her neck instead of her arm is a mystery. Let Louise and you get off on the tack of a new hat and you would do the same—lose your head. No, I tell you it’s not safe; and besides, Nan, I’ve not owned the car a month,—suppose you smashed it!”

“And suppose I didn’t!” Nan rose from the breakfast table and crossed the room to the sunny window with ill-concealed vexation in tone and step. “I don’t see why you should suddenly develop such a streak of anxiety about my safety. You let me run that old one thing last spring—one cylinder, one horse, one seat”—Nan’s voice trailed off in mournful cadence.

“That was a very different thing. A mere toy. You must not think of running this machine alone,—with its power and speed,—so that’s all there is about it.” And Dayton tossed his napkin to the table and gave his watch a business-like snap as he noted the minutes to train-time.

Nan’s eyes, hot and angry, burned with restrained tears. Here was the day of Louise’s visit, bright with sunshine and sweet with rose-blows, and here also suddenly appeared a cloud of blackest hue in the form of an obstinate husband. Nan felt it could be from no fine motives that he forbade her this project, the handling of the new, beautiful, and mighty car, whose gleaming allurements she could so plainly discern from the breakfast-room window. Doubly to-day did its sheen of brass and finish delight her eyes as it temptingly thrust its nose between the doors of the carriage-house. To think of giving up such a day to croquet or fancy work on the piazza, when her cherished dream for weeks had been of swerving grandly to the station platform, just as Louise’s train should pull in, and catch the gleam of admiration which could but show itself in her friend’s eyes. Then, too, she had written Louise

that she would meet her,—“in my new car,” had run the note, “and we will take a run to Greenwich and the Fails’ for luncheon.”

Often through the early summer evenings had Nan guided the big car, but always with Dayton at her side, enjoying to the utmost the exhilaration of speed and touch, the response of the wonderful power at her command. It was joy, life, the intensification of sport submerged in one wild, glad confusion; and, speeding through the broad country roads to the tune of the pulsing engine and the musical warning of the “Gabriel,” Nan had kept ever in mind the coming of Louise and their joint pleasure in her newly-acquired treasure. Now the dream must be put aside because a man said “no”—it was too much. Nan felt her disappointment greater than she could bear. Above and beyond all, the little word “forbid” rankled and contorted. Two red patches, danger signals of the conflict within, showed in Nan’s cheeks as her eyes again touched the enticing gleam at the carriage-house. It seemed to arouse all her spirit of daring and resistive challenge, and in quick defiance she wheeled as Dayton’s move toward the door brought her to sudden conscious refractoriness.

“You shan’t forbid me like this!”

Dayton turned quickly to meet his wife’s blazing eyes. “Nan!”

“No, you shan’t; you’ve had your say, now I’ll have mine. I’ve learned to run that car and I’m going to. I wrote Louise that I’d meet her, and I will if I never do another thing as long as I live, so there!”

With the defiant bang of two doors and scurry of slippers feet Dayton saw this fury of a wife and mother pass him and heard her fly up the stairs, leaving him speechless in the middle of the room from incredulity and angry amaze. He thought with thankfulness that baby Ted had not witnessed this sudden domestic tempest. He and Nan were not in the habit of rehearsing such scenes; in fact, he could not recall ever seeing his wife before in such a pet. He wondered if he had been too severe, but his reflections decided him in the negative. Slowly he realized that the motive which so led Nan to uncork the vials of her wrath upon him must be of long-cherished importance, but a headstrong woman must be dealt with accordingly, and he felt satisfied with his judgment and decided precaution. No doubt, upstairs she was crying. Well, he was sorry, but she was an obstinate child not to see the reason in his refusal. She was “going to,” was she? Well, he would see about that. But how?

Suddenly he realized that he did not know how. It was impossible for him to stay at home from business to watch his wife, it was also absurd, but she must not take that machine. Dayton scowled as

he reseated himself at the table and slapped his knees meditatively with his folded gloves, and then like a flash of clear light the way appeared, in a twinkling, as it were, setting the china atingle as Dayton made a quick reach for his hat, and marking his face in an expansive grin at right angles with its former frowning lines of concern. The very thing; why had he not thought of it before? It was so simple, this thwarting of a rebellious woman! Dayton started for the door, turned, scribbled a hasty note, tossed it to his wife's place, and then made his way to the stable, the grin still lingering as he hastily surveyed and slightly adjusted the big machine in the carriage-house, and then turned to the waiting runabout and Patrick of Ireland, who since the advent of the motor had divided his affection between it and his first love, the black mare.

"Guess that will fix it," Dayton murmured, slipping a small bright object into his vest-pocket, as he sprang into the seat.

"Yis, sor," said Patrick, as was his wont, as he gathered up the reins and headed the black mare for the garden gate and Dayton's train.

At the station platform Dayton met Bob Turner with a morning greeting and sympathetic inquiry for his wife, feeling at the same time a conscious complacency at his own mental superiority. For if Bob's brain had been of the same agile flexibility as his own, Bob's wife would not then be suffering from various bruises and breaks. Well, *his* wife was safe at any rate, and on his return he would give both the girls a good spin. As he opened his paper and settled comfortably in the train seat, he sighed the sigh of the contented mind which, knowing its duty, has not hesitated in the fulfilment thereof. He had saved his wife from herself and his day from being one of anxiety. With a complacent grin he drew from his vest-pocket the key to the situation,—the tiny contact-plug, which he had detached from the machine, and without which the engine must remain powerless and silent.

"Not a kick will they get out of her if they churn all morning," murmured Dayton delightedly, as he turned the little screw over and over on his palm and, again resigning it to his vest-pocket, contemplated jointly the morning news and his clever victory over, not womankind, but one kind of woman.

As Nan adjusted her jaunty little hat before the mirror and wound and fastened her veil a bit more securely than usual, her mental balance was still uneven. She told herself that Dayton's behavior in forbidding her running the new car, when he knew perfectly well and had tested her ability, was nothing short of

downright tyranny, and denoted a latent selfishness and obstinacy which she had failed to discover ever before in the three years of their life together. Often she had heard with contempt, and it must be confessed content, the stray tales of other husbands who ruled and whose wives bowed quiet and complete submission to their whims and wills. She had always felt that such a condition must arise partly from the non-assertiveness of the wife, the submerging of the lesser too quickly and too often until it became a matter of every day and occasion. No doubt Dayton was "showing signs." This was her first experience, and with it came a chance to teach a quick lesson to her lord and master. If any thought of yielding suggested itself to her conscience, it was quickly dispelled when she scanned the pencilled scrawl on the breakfast-table, with its curt advice, "Get a horse." Make fun of her, would he, the wretch, add insult to injury? Well, she would soon show him his mistake. She was not a child to be ordered about, or a woman to be trampled on; and her step was rapid and determined as she traversed the gravel drive to the carriage-house and viewed with admiration, for the hundredth time, the sportive beauties of the powerful motor-car.

"Patrick," she said to that respectful servitor, "I'm going out. Is the tank full and plenty of oil in? I may take quite a run."

"Yis, mum," began Patrick, "but Mr. Dayton——"

Nan wheeled upon her man-servant, as she had upon her husband within the hour. "Never mind about Mr. Dayton," she said; "see that everything is all right and be as quick as you can; I must meet the 10:10."

But Patrick moved not. "Yis, mum," he said again; "it's all right now, but youse can't go." No sign of disrespect showed on his expansive face as Nan looked him over with eyes of surprise and excitement. Had Dayton dared order her servant to detain her and bar her from carrying out her designs? Oh, it was too much to be borne! Nan swallowed hard and began again:

"Did Mr. Dayton——"

"Yis, mum, he did; he took it, the screw there," indicating a small empty hole beneath the seat's edge. "He said that would fix it, mum; but youse can't make it go now,—no, mum." Patrick stared at his mistress, whose face was undergoing a rapid change from indignation to helplessness.

In abject and complete surrender Nan sank upon the nearest means of support—a nail keg—and gazed with miserable eyes at the stolid Patrick. To say that she was furious would be putting it much too mildly, and her thorough inability to extricate herself from this sudden dilemma added greatly to her wrath. Patrick re-

garded her helplessness for a silent moment and then withdrew to the stable and his morning's work.

Nan, with drawn lips and clenched hands, gazed out on the sunshine of the garden. Dayton's point of view was, of course, entirely lost to her, and all she was capable of realizing was disappointment and chagrin. Her cherished day marred and her husband's unsurmountable behavior only uppermost in her mind, her eyes traversed the car's length to rest with miserable longing on the little vacant space. Long her gaze wandered, her thoughts knowing no focus, when suddenly her eyes were arrested by the glint of steel at her very feet where the sun was touching a small bright object. Slowly at first and then faster began to dawn the comprehension of its importance; fascinated, Nan darted forward with a half-formed cry of incredulity and joy. To snatch it from the floor and thrust it into the machine was the work of a second, for it fitted as a key to a lock; and Patrick, returning from the stable, was confronted by the apparition of his mistress's transformed face.

"Crank, quick!" cried Nan, seizing the astonished man by the arm and pushing him toward the car.

Patrick grasped the handle with a fist of strength and turned. There was a stir, as the engine's great heart gave a mighty beat and then swayed into rhythmic motion.

"We're going!" was Nan's glad cry. "We're going!"

Dayton's day was interspersed with occasional thoughts of the home scene of the morning, coupled with thankfulness for Nan's safety. He was, therefore, not prepared for the non-appearance of Patrick and the black mare when he alighted from the afternoon train. That they had not met him with their usual punctuality was unprecedented, and he turned the wonder over in his mind as he walked up the station hill and on and out toward home. He gained his garden precincts without a sign of their coming, and, entering the stable from the rear, with a puzzled brow, began to question the possibility of mishap; but his amazement grew when the black mare thrust her head at him from her stall, and harness and trap in their accustomed places denoted no preparation of Patrick's making. Dayton called loudly for that individual, and, receiving no answer, strode quickly from the stable to the carriage-house. As he swung the ponderous door and stepped upon the empty floor, he staggered back with a look upon his face that would have gladdened the heart of Nan had she been there to see.

Where was the car? Dayton stared about him in stupefaction, as though expecting to see its gleaming sides appear from some concealment; but emptiness, glaring emptiness, greeted him on every side. He felt quickly in his vest-pocket for the plug—it was

there. He drew it out and gazed at it stupidly for a moment, then, thrusting it back, started up the drive on a run.

"Where is Mrs. Dayton?" he called, as soon as he reached hailing distance of the kitchen window.

Mary's head appeared in response. "Gone out, sor."

"How long?"

"Since ten, sor; she met Miss Cameron, and they went to Mrs. Fail's for luncheon, sor."

"How did they go?" Dayton glanced at his watch and his face was stern.

"In the machine, sor."

"Yes, I know, in the machine, but how did they go?"

"Why, sor, just in the machine." It was very clear to Mary, and her tone was respectful but emphatic. "But Patrick went too, sor," she added, watching the anxious concern plainly discernible on her master's face.

"Well, Patrick's no sparking plug," was Dayton's mystifying response, as he sprang up the steps and through the hall to the telephone, his brain working rapidly.

"Toll line," he called. "Hello, Greenwich! This Mrs. Fail's house? Is Mrs. Dayton there? (Thank God!) No, don't call her, just give her this message: tell her the baby's swallowed something—I'm pretty well worried—if she can get back as soon as possible—thanks, that's all," and rang off.

"Guess that will start her if anything will," he growled. "It will be dark now before she gets here. Of all the darn funny things I ever heard of, this beats 'um;" and Dayton drew out, for the twentieth time, the small, innocent, but all-powerful screw which through the entire day had securely rested in his vest-pocket. He scowled at it, mystified, as he retraced his steps to the carriage-house. On the drive he met his rosy son contentedly being perambulated by the faithful Kitty toward home and supper.

"Hello, boy!" hailed Dayton, pinching the youngster's cheeks in response to his happy gurglings. "Swallow your dinner all right to-day, hey?" Which benighted remark, when immediately repeated by Kitty to the anxious Mary, gave the latter individual positive doubt of Dayton's sanity.

"And it was a plug he called Patrick," Mary added with concern, as she slipped the roast in the capacious oven and noisily opened a draught.

"A thug, you mean," corrected Kitty.

Mary turned on her squarely. "I am after telling you a plug,—a sparkling plug, Kitty O'Neil," and Mary's challenging eye and poise forbade denial.

"Well, it's that he is," giggled Kitty, with a toss of her head, as Mary resumed her cooking with a murmur at the "bad way of the master."

Louise's rapture over the new car was quite to Nan's satisfaction. She could have enjoyed nothing more keenly than the feeling of complete control which her hand's touch rendered the mighty car. Down the broad pike they ran, turning sharply into the beautiful farm road, with its overhanging boughs and chance gleams of silvery water, and out again upon the broader way. Greenwich and the Fails' were reached without stop or hinderance, and the exhilaration in the guiding of her car, together with Louise's coos of approved encouragement, completely levelled Nan's upheaved mental ground, and her wrath and indignation were soon lost in the pleasure of the run and the gayety of her friends.

After luncheon came attractive tennis and chatter to shorten the fast-slipping moments, and it was with quick surprise that Nan, glancing at her watch, noted the time. They must be starting at once, and she nodded to Louise at the farther end of the long veranda and called her name, but Louise was deep in a fascinating flirtation with Stanley Fail, and Nan was again endeavoring to signal her friend when a maid stepped out to Mrs. Fail's side with a whispered word. Mrs. Fail rose from her chair in sudden alarm and turned toward Nan.

"A 'phone, dear, from Day," she said; "it's the baby. Now, don't be so frightened," as Nan sprang to her feet with wild eyes; "Day said he'd swallowed something,—no, he didn't say what. Now, Nan, no doubt they have had a doctor by this time and given him something—mucilage is good, or a bit of cheese,—really, Nan, this is too bad for you——"

But Nan never heard. She had sprung to the waiting car, quickly followed by Louise, and was through the park gates and out upon the homeward road in a red flash of dust and gleaming brass.

"Oh, Nan, this is awful!" sighed Louise, as they quickened their speed on a bit of level road.

"Awful," groaned Nan; "it's a judgment, that's what it is."
"A what?"

But Nan could not answer; her only thought was home, home to a blue-eyed darling, choking—poisoned—dead. Faster they sped and still faster.

"Is it quite safe?" breathed Louise, as a sudden thank-you-ma'am in the road caused a rise and fall, to the complete disarrangement of her hat.

But Nan did not heed. On, on, wildly, madly; to her, time meant life—or death. Throwing the high-speed clutch and advancing the spark almost to its entirety, Nan, with muscles tense and strained nerves, was urging her car to its utmost. Patrick, a bit white, clutching the sides of the tonneau, put a restraining hand on Nan's shoulder and tried to call a warning in her ear; but she shook him off, and on they sped.

The blue laws of Connecticut were being enforced with sudden vigor in and throughout Stamford town,—the cause, it was said, the killing of the town clerk's dog by a reckless motorist. But Nan knew not of the blue laws, as she flew down the long stretch to the village, just as Officer Daniels took his stand at the Methodist Church corner, a stop-watch conspicuous in his hand. There was no chance of checking the breathless driver, and Daniels knew it; the machine was past and gone before he could even shout or touch the spring; but a prompt 'phone to the Darien station ahead caused equally prompt action, and a manned motor-cycle lay in wait for a large red auto driven by a woman with a red veil. Officer Kennefy, with a relish for the chase, swerved out in pursuit as Nan dashed down the Darien hill under the railroad bridge, and rapidly paced the machine unnoticed in the shadow of the tonneau. There was no mistaking its speed: the wild driver was running her giant car at a rate to smash any known speed law to a million fragments.

"Stop!" A blue cap came abreast of the offender and a commanding hand signalled, "Halt!" Louise screamed and Nan did the wrong thing,—increased her speed.

"Oh, Mrs. Dayton, stop, for the love of Hiven," shouted Patrick, his eyes wild with terror. Nan comprehended quickly that resistance was useless and began to slacken. She was at a stand when Officer Kennefy reached her side.

"What do you want?" she demanded, as the officer, red and panting, dismounted and sprang upon the running-board.

"What do I want?" exclaimed Kennefy. "You are under arrest. I don't care who you are or where you came from, you'll come back with me now. Telephoned from Stamford for you, they did; it's such as you the laws are for. Now, no words about it; just swing round."

Patrick's honest face showed his concern. Louise was white with fright; but Nan's only thought was home, home and baby Ted, and her wits were working fast.

"Are you a father?"

Officer Kennefy, of the District of Darien, straightened to attention with a quick squaring of the shoulders. Peering at him with eyes wet with despairing tears, and in a voice whose pleading

might have changed the intention of a stone mind, was the face of Nan, her cheeks aflame, her body trembling.

"Are you a father?" Again the telling shot of words was aimed at Officer Kennefy.

"Well, suppose I am," he blustered. "What then?—it makes no difference," and the man gave place again as quickly to the enforcing of the law; but the woman's eyes still held his own and her sharp wits had noticed the slight yield.

"Oh, don't you see it's my baby?" she pleaded. "Don't keep me, as you love your own boy,—I'm trying to get to him; let me go, oh, please let me go; he's swallowed something," and Nan's tears were raining fast on her clasped entreating hands.

"Well, I'm sorry"—the officer's voice took a gentler tone; "it may be the truth you're telling me, and I hope the kid's not dying, but I've got to take you in, it's the law," and a commanding hand was laid on the wheel.

It has been said that "audacity is the engine of achievement," and certain it was that audacity coupled with cleverness served Nan for the second time that day, as her quick mind vibrated back and forth in a vain endeavor for liberty. Leaning forward, as though to rearrange her skirt folds as they lay at her side, she deftly slipped her hand beneath and as deftly withdrew and concealed in her palm "the key to the situation." Straightening to face the officer, with a fast-drawn breath, she said quietly, "We will go with you." Too quietly, Louise thought, glancing at her friend's face and understanding neither expression nor tone.

"Start the car, Patrick; there seems to be no help for it." And Nan settled back in her seat while her hand slipped unobserved into the capacious pocket of her motor-coat.

Patrick with alacrity bounded the tonneau sides and stepping to the car's head, turned the handle. There was a dull sigh from the engine's depth, subsiding as quickly as it came. Patrick cranked again rapidly and strongly, with less result. A lurking suspicion hovered in the shrewd eye of the Irishman as he straightened up, panting, and faced his mistress.

"There's somethin' wrong, mum," he ventured, standing with strained breath and arms akimbo, surveying the silent machine.

"Give it another turn," was Kennefy's advice, coming round to Patrick's side.

"No use," said Patrick, with a shake of his head; "something's wrong;" but he grasped the handle for a final whirl.

Nan looked from one to the other helplessly.

"Is there no one you could get to help us?" she demanded,

looking straight at Kennefy. "I am sure I don't know what to do; there must be something the matter with the engine."

"Well, I should think there would be, the way you were running; but there's a place down the road there a bit," suggested the officer, pointing to a low building not far away; "the man fixes autos,—there he is, coming this way now; I'll ask him." And Kennefy trundled the motor-cycle to a tree, leaned it against it, and started toward the approaching figure with a hailing wave of his arms.

Nan watched him until the distance widened between them, her fingers twitching at her pocket. A sudden readjustment, a breathless command instantly obeyed, and—flash!—the giant car was out again upon the broad white road, the engine throbbing hotly at the sudden call upon its power. Kennefy turned at the sound; but before his scattering wits could form a shout or start him back on a run, a big red auto, driven by a woman in a red veil, was disappearing in the dust, a red-faced Irishman scrambling frantically over the tonneau sides.

Hatless, breathless, just as dusk gathered, Nan careened wildly up the drive, nearly knocking Dayton from his feet as he sprang down the piazza steps, where for two hours he had watched the broad road.

"Nan!"

"Day, is he dead?" Nan literally fell from her seat into Dayton's arms.

"Dead, no; who?" Dayton's feelings were undergoing a rapid change.

"My baby, my baby! Where is he? What did he swallow? And oh, Day, I'm arrested; and I won't again, Day, really I won't. I've had a perfectly awful time. Day, Day! why don't you speak to me?"

Without words Dayton led the girls indoors and the trembling Nan to a couch. Now that she and the machine were safe, his conscience felt a twinge at the sight of her fright and trouble.

"Stay there and rest, dear," he said soothingly; "baby's all right; I'll tell you all about it presently. Look after her, Louise, will you? I want to see Patrick a minute."

That worthy was on Nan's old seat, the nail-keg, when Dayton gained the carriage-house.

"Well!"

"Well, sor." Patrick's smile was wan and his hand trembled a bit, as he wiped the moisture from his forehead with a grease-stained handkerchief.

"Well," repeated Dayton, "you've had a run worth remembering, I should say by your looks; but I don't give a hang where you've

been, now you're back; what I do want to know is, how you went. See that?" and Dayton crossed over to Patrick and held up the contact plug. "I've carried that thing in my pocket all day."

Patrick's face was slowly relaxing. He reached over and pulled something with a slight tug from the big car. Dayton's eyes bulged as they rested upon the small bright object between Patrick's fingers, which the dying light still clearly revealed. It was a slim wire nail.

"Well, I'll be darned!" Dayton pulled his hat over his eyes and started up the drive with bent head.

Patrick grinned. "It was the mistress did it, sor," he flung after him.

"Yes, and I'm wondering what she'll do to me when she finds out about that 'phone," groaned Dayton, as he turned toward the house.

"Begorra, it's that cop *I'm* wondering about," confided Patrick to the black mare, as he closed the carriage-house doors.



THE MOODS

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I DWELL among the Many Moods,
 They wheel around me, hour by hour,
 As, all day long, the summer broods
 Of dove, or raven, round their tower!

And sooner may that tower depart
 And leave its restless flocks behind,
 Than I may journey with my heart
 Where us no more the Moods shall find!

So, if thou list with us to dwell,
 Prepare thyself, O Guest, O Love!
 For they shall wheel round thee, as well,—
 Those broods of raven,—or of dove!

A LIFE FOR A LEAK

By D'Este

I.

THE huge dam on the Black Warrior River at Pale's Bar, after two years' work, was nearly complete. Floods, unexpected delay from shortage of material, and trouble with labor had retarded the construction so that the time specified in the contract for its completion expired at noon of this bright April day.

The contract not only specified that a forfeit should be paid by the contractor if the head of water in the wheel-pits should not be of sufficient volume to run all the turbines installed, but it also provided that a premium of equal amount should be awarded were the conditions carried out within the time named.

The dam itself measured fifty feet from its crest to the bed of the river below. It was built in the form of a curve, with its convexity up-stream; so that as the pressure became greater, the weight of the water—by the principle of the arch—was carried on the rocky shoulders of the mountains on either side, where the shore ends joined the cliffs.

Ordinarily the surplus water in the reservoir created by the dam would pour over the top in a semicircular sheet. About eighteen feet below the crest a collar or abutment ran around the face of the dam, projecting a foot, perhaps, from the curved wall. As the water fell, instead of falling its full height into the chasm, it struck this collar at a slant, thus relieving the blow on the foundations of the dam.

The night before, one of the stones about ten feet below the breast of the dam had suddenly blown out under the pressure, as if an immense punch had been driven in, leaving an oblong opening about three feet by two. A stream from the reservoir now shot through this opening, clearing the collar and thundering down into the gorge. The gate of the spillway on the side had been closed, so that the dam cumulated water as fast as it was completed. Urged on by the conditions of the contract, the builders had allowed the river to rise above the stone before the cement hardened, and it had given way. The scow on the surface of the reservoir was guyed back to either shore by long steel cables. A heavy mattress of timber and brush had been hastily prepared and was being

lowered so as to stop the leak temporarily until a permanent stone could be fitted into the hole on the lower side of the dam, a corresponding stone above to be inserted later.

Bill Bevins and John Dakus were the divers employed, and Bevins had just been lowered into the water where he worked, guiding and directing the movements of the mattress as it came down towards the hole.

No one could tell just how it happened—'twas done so quickly. A stir under the surface—the life-line parted suddenly, the rope which held the diver became taut, tighter and tighter, parted with a snap, and the poor fellow was gone, sucked through the hole and hurled out into the air, and within the next second lay a shapeless crushed mass fifty feet down on the rock-strewn floor of the chasm. The working crew stood with pallid faces, paralyzed with the sudden horror of it, while some of the men scrambled hastily down the embankment, hoping to recover the body.

Standing a little apart on the deck of the scow, watching the operations with intent eyes, stood a group of three. The general contractor of the work, C. J. Bollivar, a man of middle age, short, keen, with light-gray eyes, and quick nervous manner that indicated in part the wonderful virility, promptness, and energy which had made him a millionaire. J. G. Gould—tall and lean, with rugged features, a man of great resource and ability, who had by his own efforts accumulated a fortune of probably half a million dollars—was the originator of this great project and had been appointed engineer in charge. The United States engineer stood near to see that the conditions under which the government had granted the franchise should be carried out. Bollivar was the first to recover from the stupor which held every one; he sprang with one hand uplifted, shouting:

“Steady boys, steady; we can't help poor Bevins, the boys down there will get him; I will see after his widow. Into your suit, Dakus, get down there quick and tell us how we can shift that mattress so as to cover the hole.”

The men stood alert, instinctively responsive to the quick, sharp, electric words of command, and the dominating personal magnetism of the man.

All eyes were turned on Dakus as he deliberately began the work of incasing himself in the diving-suit. When he was ready to screw on the round copper helmet with its great glass goggle eyes, not unlike some huge fish, the diver put up one hand, turned to Mr. Bollivar, his face white under its tan, and said slowly:

“It's almost certain death I'm going to, Mr. Bollivar; what are you going to do for my wife and children?”

Bollivar's face worked for a moment, and every man on the scow found himself leaning forward intent, with clenched hands and rigid muscles strung up like bows, listening to these sharp, quick words, in which one brave man gave his life and the other accepted a trust.

"You can depend on me, John," broke out Bollivar. "The bonus is twenty thousand dollars. One fourth of it goes to Bevins's family and another fourth comes to you. I will do this, win or lose. Is that right?"

"Good enough," laconically replied Dakus; "screw her on, boys. Good-by! Good luck!"

Now that the die was cast, the diver's manhood ruled peremptorily. Those around knew, from his tone, that he would stop that hole or the watchers below the dam would need to look for two bodies instead of one.

"God, this is awful!" exclaimed Gould in Bollivar's ear, as the round copper helmet disappeared below the surface of the water. "I don't see how you bear it," he said in a low tone.

"It's a battle, man," replied Bollivar, "and sometimes, as now, sudden death. These men enlisted for the fight. I know what it is; I was a bridge-worker when I was twenty-five.—Steady, everybody!" he shouted, springing to the front, ignoring the foreman. "Watch that air-pump, boys! Keep your hand on that signal-line like you'd count a man's pulse!" He leaned over the side of the scow, staring down as though he would pierce the depths with his glance.

There was a whirl in the water as the mattress moved downward a little under the blow of the diver's axe. Following close on the muffled sound, the air-tube parted with a snap, the two men holding a line fastened to the diver were dragged across the deck, and the rope twisted and turned, paying out its full length as it was snatched from their hands, until it brought up with a sharp twang—held by one of the beams of the boat—where it had been fastened as an added precaution. Everyone knew what had happened. They dared not pull, as it would certainly break, and Dakus' body go down on the rocks. Even as they looked, the line twisted, ravelled, and parted where it passed over the edge of the scow. This meant the end.

The work went on with feverish ardor, the men's faces white, as they cursed softly. The heavy mattress, released by the blows from Dakus's axe from where it had first jammed, had slipped down a few inches; but it became evident now that it must be hammered or weighted still more before it would slip along against the face of the dam, under the surface of the water, and downward so as to cover the hole. A pile-driver reared its tall head from one end of

the scow, and the boat was quickly shifted so that it would bear directly over the mattress. The end of a timber was placed against the edge of the massive plug and the blow of the driver shortened, in order that by this means it might be jolted down into place without tearing it to pieces.

II.

Down under the water, unsuspected by the eager workers above, poor Dakus battled valiantly for his life. When his foot slipped as he made the last blow with his axe, events followed so quickly that he hardly realized being sucked through the hole in the dam. When he regained conscious thought, he was hanging against the face of the wall, one knee on the ledge which has been described, the broken air-pipe projecting from the helmet and extending ten feet below, the rope fastened to his suit passed up through the hole,—jammed hard and fast in some way,—while the stream of water shot over his head far out into the gorge. The weight of the heavy leaded shoes of the diver made it difficult for him to move when out of the water, and now they bound him down like ball and chain.

He hung inert until his breath came back, eagerly sucking the air through the broken pipe, realization of his awful situation coming slowly. To move would precipitate immediate death should the rope fail. His eyes travelled along the face of the rock as far as the glasses in the helmet would permit, and he fastened desperately with one hand on a heavy ringbolt, which had been used to lift one of the stones by the crane as it had been placed in position, and afterwards forgotten, instead of being removed as was the custom. As he slowly raised himself to his feet, one hand slipped down to the sharp hatchet in his belt; his eyes glued to the rope where it disappeared upward in the stream of water. He feared they might pull again, hoping to recover his body, when it would be sure to break, or if not that, drag him off his feet against the edge of the opening, which was sharp enough to cut the rope; in that event he would fall backward into the abyss. At the first pull, he intended to cut with his hatchet and trust entirely to the ring-bolt.

Meanwhile his heart stopped its furious pounding, his breath came more slowly, and the cool, daring, muscular fellow was his old self once more, ready to fight to the last. After deliberating for some time—for life hung in the balance—he pressed himself close in on the ledge, his left hand clinging to the bolt, and, reaching upward with his right, he struck with his hatchet until the rope parted. It was a frightful risk, for the cumbersome suit pushed him out from the face of the wall until he was overbalanced; the sudden parting of the rope placed great additional strain on the

hand which held the ring, and he was forced to drop his hatchet and cling tightly with both hands to the bolt. He had not contemplated such a difficulty.

He dared not release one hand with which to fasten the cut rope to the ring-bolt, because he leaned—overbalanced—above the abyss. He dared not wait, as each minute cost him so much strength; so he must, perforce, release one hand to accomplish anything. Tugging desperately, he managed to flatten the suit on one side and so hug a little closer the face of the dam; balancing there, he tightened his grip on the bolt, and with a quick downward movement caught the broken rope where it dangled from under the arms of his suit. He grasped the ring with both hands just as he swayed out over the cliffs, and it seemed to him for a moment that his arms would be torn from their sockets by the strain.

Desperately his fingers worked until he had knotted the rope in the ring. At last he was secure from the awful fear of falling, the rope pulling straight away from his chest and holding him securely. Slowly, cautiously, he commenced cutting the suit at the knees with the knife from his belt, and managed to kick off the heavy lead shoes, one at a time, standing now on his stockinged feet. Still more slowly, for his strength was not what it had been, he ripped up the suit on the side under the arm-pits and out to the wrist, where it was held by heavy rubber bands.

His heart failed him here: he could not get the point of the knife under these tight bands. He could not free his arms otherwise. There was nothing left but to saw with the edge directly on the face of the bands until they parted, but this meant to gash his wrists, and the man instinctively shrank from the thought of the knife in the flesh. After a while courage came back and he began sawing across the wrist, finally getting the first band loose, leaving only a little series of cuts behind. Another rest, and he went to work with his left hand on the wrist of the other arm, but, when this band fell away, blood flowed freely from a long gash. Dropping the knife so that it caught on the ledge, he crouched to ease himself of the suit, but straightened up, at the sudden thought that the copper helmet, still fastened to the suit, rolling slackly at the end of the rope, would almost certainly push his feet off the narrow ledge. There was no help for it; he must take the risk; so, reaching up outside the suit, where it was cut open, he grasped the ring of the bolt in one hand, with the other pushed the heavy suit to one side, and then clung desperately with both hands, as the great helmet swung and rolled at the end of the rope, and finally rested just where his feet should stand.

Free at last; but free to do what?

III.

THE blows from the pile-driver had jolted the mattress down until the hole was closed; but the water still streamed through the openings in the brush, and, unless the interstices should be closed with rock and cement, it was plain to all who watched that the river would not reach the crest of the dam in time. A supply of this material was dumped slowly along the slanting face of the mattress, and at last the water began to gain. Right over the section of the dam where Dakus stood on the ledge below, one course of the masonry was unfinished for a space of fifty feet; but, when the stream began pouring over this lower part, it was estimated that there would be ample in the race-ways to complete the conditions of the contract. So Dakus, as he slowly made his way along the ledge, was now under the fall of this water as it poured over the edge above. He could never tell how he made the last ten feet. He continued to move along the narrow ledge, although he knew of no goal to which he might attain; he could scarcely hope to crawl to either end and then climb the face of the wall to the crest of the dam. Blindly, gropingly, he crept along, the increasing volume of water pounding harder each minute on his head and shoulders. Foot by foot and, towards the last, inch by inch he struggled, clinging like a limpet, his face pressed against the rock as he dragged himself slowly, strangling—choking—all sense and reason gone except the blind animal instinct to fight for life. Something hard blocked his way, and he found he had reached the side of the race-way and, to his intense joy, discovered that he was in the corner where the ledge ended, partly sheltered from the falling water by the masonry of a sort of tower where the hinges of the race-way were embedded.

Bollivar, Gould, and the United States engineer had left the scow and now stood on the race-way, intently watching the rising water, so that none of them noticed poor Dakus, as he stood almost directly under their feet, hidden by the thin veil of broken water. The engineer glanced at his watch and remarked quietly:

“Well, gentlemen, I think you will make it.”

Bollivar did not seem to hear him, for his eyes were fixed on something below, as though it were a ghost.

“My God, men!” he almost shrieked. “Look there; what is that?”

Gould, with great presence of mind, shouted to the engineer, as his glance followed Bollivar’s rigid, outstretched arm:

“It’s Dakus! Get me that rope!” As the gray-haired, compactly-built engineer sprang to help, Bollivar shouted to the foreman:

"Run here, all hands; here's Dakus!" He pointed down into the water.

For a second the foreman stood a picture of uncertainty, then shouted back:

"The mattress still leaks; if we stop—it will be too late to save the premium."

"D——n the premium!" shouted Bollivar, in a perfect frenzy of excitement. "Save this poor fellow; let the premium go and I'll pay the forfeit!"

The gang from the scow raced, splashing through the water along the top of the dam; but before the men could reach them Gould had swung Bollivar down in a loop of the rope, and it was the millionaire's arm which held poor trembling Dakus, pushing him back into the corner, until ready hands lifted them both into life and safety.

Strong men cried like children, some of them shaking with those dry sobs which are terrible to hear from a man, while others cursed softly, ashamed of their emotion.

The United States engineer could never afterwards tell just where the hands of his watch had pointed at the time, and, really, he did not regret that he could not see. But—the leak was stopped—and the premium was paid.



THE CHILD WITHIN

BY MARGARET CROWELL

REMEMBER that I am a child,
 Says each face, and then shrinks away—
 Back of forms and commonplacenesses—with,
 "What if they should see?" Oh, but there
 Is no danger,—no one will see. Younger
 People will look carelessly and pass by; it
 Will not occur to them that you were
 A child once and have hardly changed,
 Or that you matter to yourself.



Knowledge is not necessarily power. Think of the man who knows it all.

HELPING TOMMY OUT

By Ralph Henry Barbour

Author of "Kitty of the Roses," "An Orchard Princess," Etc.



TOMMY WINSLOW is an awful ass about things English. Fact is, I guess, he's one of those—thingamabobs—Anglomaniacs. Of course, if it ever came to a show-down Tommy would be one of the first to grab a gun, hike down to Sandy Hook, and defy the Britishers. He's very chesty for a chap only five feet seven-and-a-half inches. When he is really angry his little blue eyes blaze terribly. Tommy traces his descent back to Alfred the Conqueror or Peter the Great, or some old English Johnnie like that, and so, as he says, he just can't help being scrappy. But you mustn't get the idea that Tommy is quarrelsome, for he's really just about the best natured dub in the world.

I guess he won't like my telling about the time we helped him out, but he's on the other side now, and it isn't likely he will ever see this, for about the only things Tommy ever reads are the sporting papers and the English weeklies. And that brings me back to the story.

Tommy reads all the English journals that tell about the fashions and what the King wore Friday afternoon at Sandringham and that sort of nonsense, and so he knows what is proper in toggerly long before any of the rest of us get even a clue. Tommy was the first chap in New York to leave the last button of his vest undone; you can ask any one. We took him aside and told him about it, and he informed us kindly, but rather condescendingly, that the King,—only he was the Prince then,—had been seen with the last button of his waistcoat that way, and that it was the correct way to have it. The Duke—that's Hastings, you know—said he'd go the Prince one better, and so he left two buttons undone; but Tommy said it was indecent, and tried to show the difference between having one buttonhole empty and having two empty. He got very excited and red in the face, but I don't think he made it clear.

Tommy found a tailor down on University Place that could make clothes that were nearly four inches fuller than Poole's and charged twice as much. Of course, if you consider the material used, he wasn't really exorbitant, for Tommy could have wrapped his

coats around him twice. Dickie swore that Tommy could take three steps without moving the legs of his trousers. The Duke said Tommy reminded him of a dachshund his mother had; said the dog's skin was twelve sizes too large for his body and used to worry his mother awfully; so she tried to fatten him out and might have succeeded if he hadn't died of dropsy first. We made lots of fun of Tommy's clothes, but Tommy didn't mind a bit. Some fellows would have been grouchy. But when he took to having his boots made in London we decided that it had gone too far. Those boots were just like his clothes; they didn't touch him anywhere except on the sole, and when he had them on you could hear him three blocks from the club. At first we thought they were laying cobblestones on the Avenue, but we discovered that it was just Tommy thumping along. So when the opportunity came to teach Tommy a lesson we seized it. And that's what I'm going to tell about, if I can ever get at it.

Tommy came into the smoking-room of the club—the Poppy Club, you know—looking a bit gloomy.

"I'll bet the King has cut off his nose shaving," said Dickie Boswell, "and Tommy is getting up his courage to get rid of his."

"Poppycock!" said the Duke. "The trouble with Tommy is, he's seen some one on the Avenue with larger trousers; haven't you, Tommy?"

I tried to think of something smart like that to say, but couldn't. I'm not very good that way; I wish I could think of things like Dickie and the Duke; but I never can—at least, not until it is too late. So I just laughed. Tommy lighted a Russian, shaking his head dolefully. Finally he said:

"Don't laugh, you chaps. I'm in a hole, a beastly hole."

We all looked sympathetic.

"When I was in Florida last winter," he went on, "I met up with a chap named Watkins——"

"Was his first name Bill?" asked the Duke. That was a joke. The Duke calls everybody and everything Bill; I don't know why. Tommy looked hurt, but went on.

"He was awfully decent to me—put me up at his club and showed me around quite a bit. He has an orange orchard——"

"Grove," corrected Dickie.

"Grove, then. It's near—near some place with a funny name. I stayed two days with him. He has a jolly bungalow; very picturesque; roses, palms, dogs, oranges, good whiskey, and all that, you know. Well, there's a whole bunch of English Johnnies down there, and I met a lot of them. And—and—somehow they got the idea that I knew a good many English chaps up north here."

He paused dejectedly, and the Duke looked astonished. "How

do you suppose they ever got such an idea?" he murmured. We grinned.

"Anyhow," Tommy continued, "I asked Watkins to come and see me. And—and I got a telegram from him this morning. He'll be here to-morrow."

"Well, what's the trouble?" asked Dickie. "Isn't he all right?"

"Yes, but, don't you see, he'll expect to meet a lot of English chaps, and of course I don't know any out-and-outers—except Grubbs, and he's away some old place. What'll I do?"

"Tell him your English friends have all gone back to dear old Lunnon," the Duke suggested.

"Get some of the waiters from Bosworth's to lunch with you, and invite Watkins," said Dickie.

"Oh, let up," Tommy growled. "I think you chaps might help a fellow out."

"Of course we will," I said. "Only—what—how——"

"Well, I've thought of a scheme that might work," Tommy answered. He looked a bit sheepish. "It's this: Supposing you three come to lunch here to-morrow and meet Watkins."

"Easy, Bill," agreed the Duke.

"And—and supposing you—er—supposing you let on you're English?"

"*What?*" we cried.

"You could, you know; just for the day," begged Tommy. "I'm sure you could all do it finely if you wanted to."

"Well, I'll be——!" Dickie stopped and began to grin. Then, "Look here, Tommy, is Watkins a Britisher himself?"

"Watkins? No—at least—why, no, of course he isn't. I don't know whether he was born in the States or where, but I know he isn't English. But he knows a lot of 'em, and so, of course, you'd have to do the thing right."

"Oh, don't you trouble, Tommy," said Dickie, grinning like a fish; "we'll do it up brown, eh, Duke?"

"We will," answered the Duke. "Bill Watkins won't be able to tell us from the R'yal Fam'ly. I'll be the Duke of York."

"And I'll be Prince Henry of Battenberg!" I cried.

"Your ignorance pains me, Annie," said the Duke. "You'll be Sir Thomas Lipton, that's who you'll be. And Dickie——"

"Cut it out," pleaded Tommy. "Don't make a bally joke of it. It—it's serious!"

"It is," answered Dickie gravely. "And I move that we drink the health of Watkins."

"Seconded," said the Duke. "Summon Bill the waiter."

That night Dickie and I went to the Duke's apartment in the Pem-

brook and we laid plans for the luncheon. Tommy was at the theatre with the Gaylords, which was just as well, for I don't believe he would have approved of the arrangements made. The Duke made a speech which was awfully clever—all about the duties of friendship, you know; I wish I could remember what he said—and Dickie and I giggled and applauded and cried, "'Ear! 'Ear!" When we left the Duke went out into the hall with us, as he explained, "to see us to the lift."

When I got to the club the next day at half past one I found the Duke and Dickie there before me. They were having cocktails. Tommy and Watkins hadn't showed up. I sat down in a chair and looked at the Duke and at Dickie and just laughed until I couldn't sit up. I wish you could have seen them! The Duke was the best. He had on a suit of big yellow plaids, with a red waistcoat. The clothes were so much too large for him that the coat hung in folds from his shoulders—and the Duke isn't little, either—and he had to turn the trousers up nearly four inches at the bottoms. He wore a monocle on a broad silk ribbon, and when he put it into his eye and dropped his chin he looked great! He had parted his hair right in the middle, and had shaved his mustache, and his face was like a full moon.

Dickie had a rough pepper-and-salt coat on that didn't begin to fit him—he explained that it belonged to his father, who is a much larger man—and a pair of very light-colored trousers. His waistcoat was of khaki, and he wore an immense brass watch-chain across it. He had a monocle, too, but couldn't make it stay up. But his boots and socks were the best! The latter were a sort of yellow color, and he had them wrinkling down over the tops of his boots, which were immensely big, tens at least, and didn't match! I thought that was going too far, but he said he'd seen an English baronet once who wore his shoes mismated and so it must be correct.

As for me, I had on a flannel shirt with blue and pink stripes and celluloid collar and cuffs. I went shooting two years ago with an English chap up in Quebec, and he wore flannel shirts all the time and used the same collar and cuffs for ten days; when they got dirty he washed them in the river. I had borrowed a bottle-green velveteen jacket from a chap in our house, and wore a pair of blue serge trousers and low tan shoes; it was cold weather, and my legs felt chilly all day, but I didn't mind that, for we were helping Tommy out.

After a while Tommy and Watkins came in. Watkins was a tall chap of about thirty, a nice, sensible appearing fellow, with a quiet voice and awfully good manners; handsome, too. Tommy looked dazed for a moment when he saw us, and I noticed that he swallowed

hard once or twice and got very red in the face. But finally he came around and introduced us.

"My friend Mr. Hastings—Mr. Watkins," muttered Tommy. The Duke pulled himself slowly out of the arm-chair and put his hand away up in the air and looked blank, just as though he couldn't see any one, you know.

"Aw, happy, I assuah you," he murmured. He wagged Watkins' hand twice and dropped it as though it had been an icicle. Then he sat down again and stared intently at his glass. Tommy got red again and looked daggers. Watkins never turned a feather.

"Mr. Boswell—Mr. Watkins," said Tommy.

Dickie got up and followed the Duke's lead.

"Chawmed, I'm shuah," he said. His monocle dropped out of his eye and in his endeavor to find it as he sat down again he tipped over the Duke's glass. The olive fell out and rolled into the Duke's lap. The Duke looked up stonily at Dickie.

"Fool!" he growled. Then he put the olive in his waistcoat pocket. I started to giggle and almost choked when I saw the expression on Tommy's face.

"Sorry, deah boy," murmured Dickie.

"Awkward fool!" replied the Duke. Then he went back to gazing blankly at the glass. Tommy gulped audibly and turned to me.

"And—er—Mr. Annismead—Mr. Watkins."

I arose and shook hands just as the others had done.

"Doosed glad, old cock," I muttered. Then I, too, sat down and looked at the table. There was a silence. I stole a furtive glance at Tommy. He was apoplectic. I peeked at Watkins. His face was as serious as a judge's, but I thought there was a twinkle in his eye.

"He's on," I said to myself.

The Duke looked up at Tommy.

"Drink?" he growled.

"Yes," said Tommy.

"Friend?"

"Eh?"

The Duke looked annoyed.

"Friend join us?" he asked.

"With pleasure," replied Watkins.

"All right." He thumped the bell. Dickie and I stared gloomily at the table. When the waiter came the Duke swept his hand around the circle.

"Ask 'em what they'll 'ave," he commanded. Watkins took a cocktail and Tommy a Scotch-and-soda. The Duke, Dickie, and I ordered gin. Tommy tried to make conversation.

"Mr. Watkins raises oranges in Florida," he said, looking menacingly at the Duke.

"Beastly things, oranges," answered the latter, without taking his gaze from the table.

"Beastly," said Dickie.

"Beastly," I echoed.

"Don't be a fool," said Tommy, aiming a kick at the Duke's shins and nearly knocking the table over.

"I say," asked Dickie, looking over at Watkins, "ever see a rattlesnake?"

"Lots," answered Watkins gravely.

"'Orrid things, snakes," growled the Duke.

"'Orrid," said Dickie.

"'Orrid," said I.

There was a pause. Then, suddenly,

"Alligators?" asked Dickie.

"A few," Watkins answered.

"Fawncy!" said Dickie.

"Fawncy!" the Duke and I echoed in unison.

The man brought the drinks and placed the check at the Duke's elbow. He glared at it, then at the man.

"I say, me man, what's this, eh?"

"Check, sir."

"Ow! Well, take it away."

"What'll I do with it, sir?"

"Give it to 'im," said the Duke savagely, pointing to Tommy.
" 'E's the bloomin' 'ost."

Tommy signed it almost tearfully. His spirit was crushed. We gulped our drinks—gin is awful stuff!—and went to lunch. Our arrival in the cafe was in the nature of a triumph. We slouched along, hands in pockets, with expressionless faces—we three—while Tommy led the way, looking unutterably miserable, followed by Watkins, calmly unaware—to all appearance—of anything out of the ordinary. We heard whisperings, chuckles, even a laugh or two, as we passed through the crowded room to where a table had been reserved for our party. The Duke, glaring stonily through his monocle, growled greetings here and there to acquaintances, and Dickie and I nodded distantly now and then.

With his napkin tucked under his chin the Duke threw aside some of his gloom and looked almost cheerful as he reached across in front of Watkins and seized the "Puppy-bread," as we called the oatmeal biscuit. With his mouth well filled he began to ask insane questions about Florida and oranges, exhibiting a weird ignorance of both the location of the state and of how oranges were grown.

Watkins was gravely explaining that they did not grow on palm trees when the waiter brought the oysters. Tommy had thrown a word in here and there, nervously, all the time mutely begging us to let up.

"Tommy 'ere tells me there's a lot of our people down there," said the Duke, swallowing his oysters loudly.

"Er—English, you mean?" asked Watkins innocently.

"Hi said Hinglish, didn't Hi?" demanded the Duke crossly.

"We have some, Mr. Hastings, but I fancy they're not the real thing. I thought they were once, though," said Watkins.

"That reminds me," Tommy broke in; "how are they all?"

"And why aren't they the real thing, may Hi arsk?" demanded the Duke.

"Oh—well—really, I think I'd rather not say," answered Watkins, pretending to be mightily embarrassed.

"Hi demand an hanswer, sir. I demand hit!" bellowed the Duke, thumping his hand on the table until the whole room was watching us.

"Well—if you insist," said Watkins, "it's their manners that give them away. I can see now that no one with manners like theirs could be English."

"Haw! And what's the matter with their manners, sir?"

"Nothing," answered Watkins quietly.

The Duke stared, then dropped his eyes to his plate. But I saw his shoulders heaving. Dickie and I glanced at each other and said: "Haw! Bah Jove!" to keep from laughing aloud. Tommy looked terribly distressed. He started the conversation on new lines by asking Dickie how his uncle was.

"The Duke of Muddledab?" asked Dickie indifferently. "Ow, 'e's able to sit hup and take nourishment."

"The Duke is your uncle?" asked Watkins, evidently quite pleased to have met the nephew of royalty.

"Ow, yes," said Dickie, "but Hi don't like to speak hof hit, sir."

"How's that?" asked Watkins affably.

"'E's a bit of a bounder, the Duke," said Dickie.

"'E is!" affirmed the Duke. "Hi never speak to 'im, Mr. Watkins. 'E's a regular bad 'un, the Duke."

"Indeed?" said Watkins.

Tommy groaned.

"Ow, yes," repeated Dickie.

I thought Watkins looked queer. I know Tommy did.

Then the waiter brought in the kidneys, and the Duke refused to taste them; said he could see by their looks that they hadn't been cooked right; threatened to resign from the club, and write to the

Times about it. The kidneys were taken out again. We had chops instead. I hate chops, and wished the Duke wasn't playing his rôle so thoroughly. The rest of the luncheon went badly. Tommy was off his feed, and Watkins was the only one at the table who appeared to have any appetite. When the end came I was very glad of it. We adjourned to the library and had cigars and vermouth. The Duke went to sleep in the arm-chair.

At last Watkins, who for a full minute had been staring with puzzled eyes at Dickie's boots and socks, arose and said he must be going on. He shook hands all around and said he was very happy to have met us and hoped that, when we found ourselves in London again, we'd do him the honor of staying awhile with him; we'd always find him there in the season, he said. He nodded courteously and went out, followed by Tommy.

The Duke stared at Dickie, and Dickie at the Duke; I looked at both of them in bewilderment. Then the Duke groaned.

"Somebody call Bill the waiter!"

"But did Tommy know he was—was English?" gasped Dickie.

The Duke shook his head. "Don't ask me; ask Bill the policeman."

We overtook Tommy at nine o'clock that evening. He had plainly been striving to drown care and sorrow, but had only succeeded in making himself preternaturally solemn. We found him in his room, sitting on the bed, cross-legged, in purple and green pajamas, smoking a pipe and drinking Scotch-and-soda.

"You've gone and done it, haven't you?" he greeted us dolefully. "You've gone and spoiled my life and desolated my hearthstone, haven't you? You've—you've——" He choked.

"Tommy," demanded the Duke sternly, "did you let us in for that with malice aforethought?"

"Eh?" asked Tommy, blinking.

"Did you know all the time that Bill Watkins was a real Englishman?"

Tommy laid his pipe down on the silk counterpane and eyed us gravely. Dickie moved the pipe to the mantel and extinguished the fire. The odor of burnt feathers was distinctly unpleasant. Tommy wagged a portentous finger at us.

"Did I know, you ask? Did I know? Did I *know*? Duke, most noble Dukie, I knew nothing; I was as a born unbabed. I was as a reed crying in the wilderness or a voice shaken in the wind. I knew not! I knew—I knew——" He looked around for his pipe. "Look here, I thought he was like you or me or Annie there, a simple, unspoiled American. I knew nothing; I suspected nothing. I said

to myself——” He stopped and eyed us affectionately. “Have drink?”

“We don’t doubt it, Tommy,” answered the Duke. “But what we want to know is, did you or didn’t you know he was English?”

“No, Dukie, not until this morning. Then I knew! Then I learned all—all—*all!* He lives in orange in winter and raises Floridas, and in spring he sails for England. He—he is undoubtedly English. I hope he will forgive you for what you said ’bout his cousin; I cannot!” Tommy bowed his head and sniffed.

“Whose cousin?” demanded Dickie. “Who mentioned his old cousin? Tommy, you’re drunk!”

“You’re awful liar, Dickie,” answered Tommy, without, however, any resentment. “You insulted his cousin—to his face—to my face—at my board—as my guests—as——”

“Shut up!” growled the Duke. “What cousin are you talking about?”

“Watkins’s cousin; cousin of my friend Watkins.”

“What’s his name?”

“Watkins’s name?”

“No, the cousin’s name?”

“His name’s Muddledab, Duke of Muddle—dubble—Duke, I said it once; I refuse to say it ’gain.”

Dickie sat down on the edge of the bed and groaned; then he laughed. We joined him. “I said he was my uncle,” giggled Dickie.

“And that he was a bounder!” yelled the Duke.

“And—and you said—said you never spoke to him!”

“I never did,” laughed the Duke. Presently, when we had calmed down and Dickie had mixed three more Scotches, the Duke said:

“Tommy, I consider that you have done a despicable thing.”

“Me?” murmured Tommy. “*Me!*”

“Yes, you. You have allowed our friend Bill Watkins to depart from our hospitable shore in the belief that there are three of his countrymen in New York who are disgraces to—to his native land.”

Tommy chuckled behind his glass.

“Don’t you be ’larmed,” he answered finally. “Don’t you be ’t all ’larmed. Watkins never thought you were English, never for one mimet. But said he was mushmused, very mushmused.”

“Oh, he did, eh?” said Dickie. “And you allowed him to go off with the impression that we were a set of three bally idiots, eh?”

Tommy nodded blandly.

“Well, all I’ve got to say to you,” announced the Duke disgustedly, “is this: Bill Watkins is a sport and ought to be an American; and as for you, Thomas, never ask me to help you out again!”

“Thanksh,” replied Tommy beamingly. “Have drink?”

THE KAISER'S FAMILY LIFE

By *Wolf Von Schierbrand*

The first of Three Papers dealing intimately with the German Emperor



THE wedded life of the Imperial German couple has now lasted a quarter of a century. Indeed, the Kaiser's silver wedding was celebrated with considerable éclat on February 27, 1906. It is characteristic of the way the German people looked upon this event that it was made a national affair. Prince Guido Henckel von Donnersmarck, an intimate friend of the Emperor's, put himself at the head of a movement to collect a fund of ten million marks, to be raised by popular subscription and to be used for a purpose of which the Kaiser has now and then spoken,—to employ the interest to give financial help to army officers, sons of noble but impoverished families, who are in need. Other special funds were subscribed for to accomplish more general ends, and the Kaiser deemed it opportune to announce through the *North German Gazette*, a government organ, that he and the Empress would not receive presents on this anniversary occasion, "but that contributions of money from members of society or from corporations for charitable purposes would be welcome."



Thus the German people agree that William II. has been blest in his helpmeet. All these years his family life has been wholesome and restful. To the bosom of his family he has seldom carried his anxieties and ambitions, and there he has been far more the good-natured, indulgent *paterfamilias* of the average Teutonic type than one would be inclined to suppose from his behavior in public.

Largely responsible for the happiness of their married life has been the fact that the union of William and Augusta Victoria has been—that rare thing in royal circles—a love match; though it is true that Bismarck and the old Emperor in this matter played *les postillons d'amour*.

The then Crown Prince, Frederick William, and his wife, formerly the Princess Royal Victoria, had had other views for their son, but the Iron Chancellor was too much for them in his cunning. Backed up as he was by his master, William I., Bismarck's scheme to marry the young man to a princess of German blood was bound to

succeed. Certain it is that when Prince William, late in the summer of 1879, had accepted the invitation of Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein to pay him and his family a visit on his Silesian estate of Primkenau, the young man—only twenty—arrived very much prepossessed in favor of his future wife. Augusta Victoria he found to be more than had been described to him: sensible, by no means lackadaisical, of very affectionate disposition, with strong wifely and motherly instincts, and more than ordinarily educated; withal, a healthy, fresh, rosy-cheeked girl, with pretty eyes of deep blue and a wealth of hair like fine-spun silk, slender of build, active and graceful in her motions.

She had been brought up in narrow circumstances, for the political developments of the sixties had left her family only means enough to provide decently for the numerous members of it. Indeed, Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, unquestionably the rightful heir to the united duchies of Schleswig and Holstein—after the fortunes of war had decided definitely against the claims of the Danish Crown—had been deprived by Prussia of his rights, and the upshot of the long controversy between him and the Prussian monarchy was the granting to him of a slim appanage and an indemnity wholly insufficient to console him for the loss of his pretensions. His patrimony had been engulfed in Prussia's ambition and "land hunger," but at least he had been given the fine estate of Primkenau, with its exquisite park and broad acres. There the girlhood of the present Empress was for the most part spent.

The acquaintance between her and the young Prince William quickly ripened into a mutual attachment, and after his return to Berlin the young man readily obtained the consent of his grandfather, his sovereign and the head of the family, so that the opposition to the match offered by his own father and mother was effectually overruled.

The formal betrothal was celebrated at Castle Babelsberg, Potsdam, on June 2, 1880. That Augusta Victoria herself took quite a common-sense view of her future position is evidenced by a letter she wrote shortly after the engagement:

"I do not in any way imagine that my new life will be a thornless bed of roses, but I have faith, and Wilhelm also, and we have agreed to share our sorrows, as we will share our joys, so that the burden, whatever it may be, will never be too heavy for our joint strength."

The wedding took place on February 27, 1881, he being then twenty-two years old, his bride seven months his senior.

Strictly in accordance with a Hohenzollern tradition, the bride made her entrance into Berlin from Château Bellevue—skirting

with its fine park the edge of the Thiergarten. Thence the brave cavalcade—in which there were not only court officials, high officers of state, and deputations from the army and navy, but also chosen delegates from among the masses, such as mounted representatives of the various trades guilds in the resplendent costume of ages gone by—wended its way along the main driveway of the Thiergarten, through the historic Brandenburg Gate, along the Pariser Platz, and then down Berlin's *via triumphalis*, the Unter den Linden, to the Old Castle, a mile below.

It is characteristic of William II. that on his wedding day, ere dawn appeared, he was in Potsdam with his own company of Foot Guards (gigantic fellows whose peaked bonnets of gilt brass are still the same as in the days of Frederick William I., nearly two centuries ago), drilling them and then marching them down to Berlin, where he, at their head, with the band playing, received his bride at the main portal of the Royal Castle.



The wedding festivities were on a most gorgeous scale. They began, of course, with the marriage ceremony, which took place in the Chapel of the Castle, a spacious and lofty octagonal building, its interior decorated in the Byzantine polychromatic style, and filled on that day with costly flowers and crowded with invited guests, including a brilliant assemblage of European royalty.

The bride looked splendid in white-and-silver brocade and priceless antique lace, clasped with flashing diamond buckles; on her head the crown worn by Prussia's princesses. Her train was carried by four Countess bridesmaids, accompanied by the Grand Mistress of the Robes. As the procession left the altar thirty-six salvos of artillery boomed forth, almost drowning Händel's "Alleluia," which the chapel organ pealed forth at that moment at the conclusion of the ceremony.

All the guests now repaired to the famous White Hall, probably since its renovation the handsomest royal hall in the world. There now took place a *Defilier-Cour*, all present passing slowly by the newly-wedded couple, and being presented to them by the Chief Court Marshal. Later a gala dinner was served in the Hall of Knights, close by.

During the afternoon, following an ancient custom dating back to mediæval times, all the younger Hohenzollern Princesses waited upon the bridal couple, and at the dessert the aged Emperor rose and proposed the health of Prince and Princess William, in terms very tender and affectionate.

The splendid ball which took place in the evening was inaugu-

rated, again according to an immemorial custom at weddings in the House of Hohenzollern, by the so-called Fackeltanz. This form of entertainment is very peculiar. The twelve members of the Prussian Cabinet act as torch-bearers, advancing slowly towards the bridal pair, preceded by the Grand Master of Ceremonies, tapping his ivory wand of office upon the polished floor. Then the call of a silver trumpet rings out, and the twelve, bearing their flaming torches ahead of the young husband and wife, step before them in the measured rhythm of a slow march. In this way the procession advances to the throne, where everybody bows low before the Emperor. Then the latter puts himself at the head of the whole throng, and the ball is declared formally opened.

Next day another series of fêtes took place, and at the magnificent banquet given at the palace the diplomatic corps and special envoys, the ministers of state, and the knights of the Black Eagle participated.

It was on March second that Prince and Princess William made their formal entry into Potsdam. There, at the small Marble Palace during spring and summer, and at the Stadtschloss during the autumn and winter, the young couple passed in the main their married life until unforeseen events called them to the throne. Those were happy days for William—days which he utilized to fit himself better for the exalted position he was to occupy later, days filled with quiet studies, theoretical and practical; in naval tactics and all sorts of naval lore; in perfecting his military education; in learning Russian and Italian.



The every-day life of the Kaiser is rather severely systematized. He plunges into his day's work with cheerful and vigorous alacrity. He is an early riser,—in the summer often at five and in the winter rarely after seven. During the hunting season he gets up even before those hours. He regularly braces himself with a shower-bath, and then he slips into his undress uniform (for, as William I. used to say, "dressing-gowns are not worn by the Hohenzollerns") and goes straight to breakfast.

His meals, as a rule, are simple rather than otherwise. His breakfast is of the "English kind," consisting of coffee or tea, toast, eggs, beefsteak, or a cutlet. Luncheon is served at two, and he partakes of soup, one meat dish with greens, one roast, and several entremets. Dinner at six is a more elaborate meal. The Kaiser and the Kaiserin both insist on carefully and wholesomely prepared food, and, although she never cooks dishes for her husband or family,—as has been erroneously stated so often,—she does frequently supervise

the preparing of this or the other special course. The Kaiser is fond of baked meats and pot roasts, and likewise of fish, oysters, macaroni, rice, force-meat balls, and of what is commonly called Hamburger steak. Usually, unless pressure of business prevents, he plans with his wife at breakfast the menu of the day.

At table the Kaiser prefers young Moselle wines; they and the Rhine wines in his cellars come from his own vineyards. He also frequently drinks a glass or two of Bordeaux or German mousseux; the Rhine wines of older vintage and the French champagnes make their appearance only at larger dinners or for guests. In Rhine wines and Moselles the cellars of the Emperor are probably unrivalled. As a good Teuton, the Kaiser is naturally very fond of beer. His favorite tippie is the dark Bavarian beer, Munich, Culmbach, or Würzburger. For many years he drank of this deep potions,—after supper in the midst of congenial invited guests, so-called Bierabende; also at his card parties (for he is rather fond of taking a hand at Skat, a very interesting German game, which is played by him, however, only for low stakes), and at the Liebesmahler, or regimental banquets, which take place almost every day in the year at the various garrisons within the empire.



The Kaiser is an indulgent husband, but a rather severe father. He believes in a soldierly training for his boys, such as he himself had. He makes an exception in the case of his only daughter, whom he affectionately styles his "Nesthäkchen" (a term popularly employed in Germany for the last-born), and who habitually takes liberties with the dread War Lord which his own wife would shrink from. She is a very engaging little person, this Victoria Louise, and even in the presence of company this dainty puss has been seen to pull her father's mustache and dandle herself on his knee in the most brazen manner.

Though usually dictatorial and rather gruff with his sons, the Kaiser is by no means lacking in affection for them. Many anecdotes circulating in Germany show that. Once, when the Kaiser had won a trophy—namely, a silver tankard filled with three-mark pieces—at a sharp-shooters' contest where he had been the guest of honor, he turned to his aide-de-camp, telling him to take care of the prize, but putting the money loosely into his trousers, saying, "That's pocket-money for the boys." Very often, when a guest at banquets, he will stuff his coat-tail pockets with sweetmeats from the dessert, to make a like use of them.

The Empress is so retiring and bashful that very little has ever crept into print regarding her. But a few words describing her—for she, too, is a distinct personality—may find a place in this paper.

Bismarck was not quite satisfied with Augusta Victoria. During his official life he had been hampered at every step by female influences—particularly that of Empress Augusta and the Crown Princess Frederick. He had been heard to say that “women should do as they are told,” and “petticoats only conduce to the ruin of statecraft.” He had hoped to find a pliant tool in Prince William’s bride; but in that he found himself mistaken. She has never meddled to any considerable extent in politics, and in that respect has borne out Bismarck’s prognosis. But otherwise, in her personal influence on her husband, she has been consistently anti-Bismarckian.

Above all, she is a dutiful wife and an affectionate and tender mother. All her children adore her. In 1896, at the Berlin municipal exposition, the Kaiser wanted to buy her a costly dress there exhibited and adorned with a very long train. She smilingly refused. “What use would it be?” she asked. “With two or three of the boys always hanging to my skirts, it would be torn in a jiffy.” When, during religious instruction, the young princes were taught that all are sinners, Prince Eitel Fritz cried out, “That can’t be true; my mother isn’t a sinner!”



At Eastertide the imperial couple invite their own children and some of the latter’s playfellows to the park of Château Bellevue, and there both parents hide Easter eggs in hundreds of bushes, the Empress crawling around with the little ones on all fours, and subsequently the royal couple treat the whole juvenile crowd to cakes and chocolate in the Château near by.

It almost broke her tender mother’s heart when, one after the other, her sons fled from the maternal nest. They are all sturdy, healthy boys, with the sole exception of little Prince Joachim, the youngest, who has been sickly all his life.

It is said that Prince Eitel Fritz, the second of her sons, is her special favorite, much as Prince Henry was that of the Empress Frederick. And, indeed, that young man, of all the six sons of the Kaiser, has the most lovable disposition, as he is also the handsomest. The eldest, the Crown Prince, takes after his mother in looks, but after his father in some of the latter’s less amiable qualities. He is said to be self-opinionated, haughty, and to have a very high opinion of his rank and abilities, although so far he has done very little to show what stuff he is made of. His political opinions he has faithfully modelled after his father’s. When a delegation of workmen and mechanics came to congratulate him on the day he took possession of his fine estate of Oels, he warned them in emphatic and

grandiloquent words against joining the Socialists, whom he termed "Elende" (miserables), for which expression August Bebel, the Socialist leader, took him to task in the Reichstag in a sarcastic speech. Since his marriage the Crown Prince seems to have settled down, but for several years before that he was industriously engaged in that agricultural pursuit known as "sowing his wild oats." On a number of occasions the Kaiser had to pull him up rather short, punishing him with Stubenarrest (confinement to his room). Prince Oscar, one of the younger sons, is said to have the best head of the brothers, while Adalbert will make a good sailor, being destined for the naval career.



That the Empress is of a very devout and pious mind is well known. Besides building churches, she aids incessantly in hospital and charitable work of every kind. Not infrequently she visits worthy persons in distress. She won the hearts of the American colony in Berlin, several years ago, by her kind and graceful attentions to Miss Morgan, an elderly American lady residing there and just at that time a patient in one of the hospitals.

In Bavaria, where her husband is strongly disliked, the Kaiserin is extremely popular. She and her younger children spent several summers in the Bavarian highlands, and she endeared herself to the rude and simple-minded peasantry by her sympathy and unaffected affability. In Cadinen, her *buen retiro* during the heat of summer, the villagers idolize her. Out of her own means she maintains there an excellent school for girls, in which are taught needlework and the domestic arts.

There is on record only one serious instance of rebellion on her part against the mandates of her lord. And that was, of course, about dress. The Kaiser forbade her, for political and economic reasons, having any more of her wearing apparel made in Paris; he insisted on her patronizing German dealers and dressmakers exclusively, and in only exceptional cases giving orders to Viennese firms. Sporting goods or garments, however, he allowed her to purchase from London tradesmen. The Kaiserin, submissive as a rule, deliberately disobeyed her husband, and when detected in a flagrant case there is said to have been a scene. Since then the offence, it is bruited about, has not been repeated.

She is not to-day, and never was, stylish or elegant in appearance, and her dresses, no matter how expensive, always look as if they had been made for somebody else. I remember one court reception in particular—in the winter of 1900—when the wife of the German Emperor, though attired in a robe the intrinsic value of which must have run into the thousands, and wearing jewelry worth probably

a king's ransom, was outshone, palpably outshone, by a young American lady presented to her,—a girlish creature from Philadelphia, I believe, yet looking in her simple elegance as though she had grown into her court dress. But Augusta Victoria is of such a demure gentleness, and the kindness and charitableness of her heart are so conspicuous, that she does not need the wiles and fascinations of her sex to win the affectionate and high regard of all who approach her. It is true, her aspirations do not soar high. To be a good wife, mother, and Christian—that about describes her aim in life. Her husband has said that she always acted on him as an “anodyne,” and that she realized his idea of what a wife should be,—a devotee to the three “K's,”—namely, “Kinder” (children), “Kirche” (church), and “Küche” (kitchen).

In literature and art she has neither decided aims nor tastes, accepting them from her Wilhelm. She has that “excellent thing in woman,” a low, soft voice; speaks German with a slight lisp and with a distinct Holstein burr, due to family influences; while her French and her English are good and fluent.



Until about five or six years ago the Kaiser looked decidedly younger than his wife, though the actual difference in their ages is but trifling. She felt very sensitive on this point, and this probably accounted for an experiment she ventured upon years ago. About 1895 it was generally noticed that she began to grow stout. This gave her great annoyance, all the more so since the Kaiser chose to jest upon the subject. Without either his consent or that of her medical man, poor Augusta Victoria decided to try an anti-obesity treatment of her own. She had heard of this from the wife of the first secretary of the American embassy, and had afterwards heard it lauded to the skies by ladies about her person. The treatment was the well-known one into which the abstention from water and the consumption of pills made from the thyroid glands of sheep enter principally. After a while the effect became very noticeable. The Empress lost flesh so rapidly that her formerly smooth brow showed wrinkles. The Kaiser investigated matters and discovered the true state of affairs. The pills thereupon disappeared, and as far as he was able her regular physician undid the harm achieved. To this day, though, the effects of this insidious drug have not wholly vanished, and slowly since then her hair has been turning gray, until now it is entirely so.

Thus, in the love of her imperial husband, the adoration of her children, and the devotion of her subjects, the Kaiserin will go down toward old age wearing the double crown “of glory” and of royalty.

JONATHAN'S METHODS

By Elliott Flower

JONATHAN OLIVER AINSWORTH sat in the shadow of a building, thoughtfully smoking. Jonathan usually was to be found smoking in some comfortable and convenient place, and he was frequently thoughtful, but he was more frequently reading the newspapers, for which he subscribed in large numbers. On this occasion, however, his thoughtfulness partook of annoyance and perturbation, which was unusual.

"It isn't fair," said Jonathan Oliver Ainsworth. "I'm not getting a fair deal."

Presently a man stopped near him.

"How's hogs?" asked the man.

Jonathan looked up, as if he expected to find something in the clouds. Being disappointed there, he looked for inspiration among the trees to the east. Then he scowled and shook his head.

"Don't ship them," he said.

"I been holdin' 'em a good bit," argued the man. "When can I ship them?"

"Can't say," was the reply. "I only know that this isn't the time to win."

The man was moving away, but Jonathan called him back.

"Say," said Jonathan, "what do I get out of this?"

"Ain't we all been pretty good to you?" asked the man.

"Oh, yes," returned Jonathan sarcastically. "I get a sort of donation party once in a while,—a sick hog or a dying calf or a lame colt,—and I'm allowed to invite myself to feed about where I please, which means that you won't turn me away because you're afraid you might lose something; but how about money?"

"Why don't you work fer it?" demanded the man.

"There you go," complained Jonathan. "You people can't understand any work except manual labor. If a man doesn't raise a sweat by physical exertion, you think he isn't working. How often have I told you that us financiers don't work with our hands, but with our heads?"

"I ain't never heard that fi-nanciers was so hard up they had to live on presents an' invites to grub," retorted the man.

"That's just it," returned Jonathan. "I haven't been doing

business the right way, or I'd have money. I'm going to make a regular charge for my services after this."

"Charge!" exclaimed the man, to whom this suggestion was most distasteful. "Charge for sittin' here an' lookin' at the sky?"

"No," replied Jonathan imperturbably; "charge for telling you what you want to know and what's worth good money to you. I do that, don't I?"

"Ye-es," admitted the man unwillingly; "but you ain't always sure."

"No man is always sure," said Jonathan. "Many a lawyer has charged a big fee for getting his client into trouble. But I am so generally right that you all come to me, and if professional advice is worth having, it's worth paying for. You might as well make up your mind to the fact that I'm going to have a fee after this. I wanted to go a bit slow at first, for I was experimenting, but now I've got the theory of the thing and it's worth money."

"How'd you get it?" asked the man.

"That," said Jonathan, "is a professional secret."

At that moment another man drove up and stopped as near Jonathan as the limitations of street and sidewalk would permit.

"How about cattle?" asked the second man.

Jonathan scrutinized the clouds closely and let his gaze wander to the trees to the east. Then he smiled and nodded.

"Start them for Chicago at once," he said. "Chicago, understand; not Kansas City or Omaha or St. Louis."

"Looks like a better chance at Kansas City," argued the second man.

"I said Chicago," was Jonathan's sharp retort. "If you know better——"

"Chicago it is," the second man hastened to say.

"And hereafter," added Jonathan, "this advice is going to cost money. Tell him about it, Jim."

With that, Jonathan settled down to the calm enjoyment of his smoke and gave no further attention to the two farmers, although, from time to time, he was approached by others, to whom he gave advice and the information that hereafter it would cost money to get it.

The two, finding themselves thus dismissed, looked at each other for a moment, and then Jim Hartland climbed into Aaron Stover's wagon, and they drove away together.

"He's got us," announced Jim briefly.

"We got to pay," admitted Aaron dismally.

"However does he do it?" asked Jim.

"Gets it out o' the clouds, I reckon," answered Aaron.

"Or the trees," added Jim. "Always looks at the sky an' the trees afore he answers."

"Wonder if the weather has anything to do with prices?"

"Nope. Same advice in all kinds of weather. Acts like he got some kind o' private word from the Almighty, but it ain't that."

"No, it ain't that," said Aaron decidedly. "The Almighty ain't fixin' the price o' hogs or there wouldn't be so much horns-wogglin'."

"Oh, I was jokin'," laughed Jim. "It's more like to be the feller with the barbed tail, the way things goes sometimes. But it's mighty puzzlin' the way a good-fer-nothin' feller like Ainsworth can find it out. I used to think he got it from the papers."

"So 'd I, till I took to studyin' 'em myself an' comparin' 'em with his advice. He says 'Ship' when the prices is every which way."

"But he gets it right 'most always."

"You bet he does. By the time we get to market prices is up. He's a wonder. He can't get it from the papers, 'cause he knows more than they do—more'n they say, anyhow."

There were others talking in much the same way, and the fact that Jonathan purposed making a charge for his advice had the effect of making speculation and comment more general and excited than at any time in the past. For Jonathan was a mystery. He had been born and brought up in the district, but still he was a mystery. He had received a fair education, and for a few years had made a pretence of endeavoring to get a start in the great world of business; at least, he had been away from home, and it was understood that he was working in Chicago, although no one could say of his own knowledge that this was the fact. Indeed, some went so far as to insist that he did not know how to work. Then, upon the death of his father, he had returned, spent the little money that was left to him, and settled down to a life of apparent idleness.

"But I'll be all right when I get the thing worked out," he declared at this time. "I'm just getting onto the Chicago method."

"The what?" a puzzled listener exclaimed.

"Well," he explained, "I don't suppose it's any more Chicago than it is Kansas City or Omaha or St. Paul; but it's at Chicago that they generally fix up the cards, and I learned the game at Chicago. They've got the system down fine there. The other places are all in on the deal and know how to play their hands right, but somehow you always think of Chicago when the thing works out."

"What thing?" they asked.

"Watch and you'll see," answered Jonathan. "I've got it pretty well untangled now, and there'll be great doings here before long."

In this mysterious way he talked, when he talked at all, and no further elucidation would he give. But he began to give advice as to the shipment of cattle and hogs. Naturally, this advice was scorned at first.

"All right," he said, when his advice was contemptuously disregarded; "ship now, and you'll lose."

And there was a loss, the price received being insufficient to pay for the raising and transportation of the stock.

"You should have shipped now," he said a little later. "Figure it out, and you'll see."

Computing the time it would take to get the stock to market, it was discovered that very satisfactory prices were paid when the shipment would have arrived.

A few object lessons of this kind established the reputation of Jonathan as a prophet, and the shippers began to heed his advice. Then they began to hunt him up and ask for it. He was occasionally wrong, but generally right, and his fame spread. The mystery of it all created comment that added to his reputation: the way he looked at the sky and the trees and seemed to read them was awesome. These good people had been told frequently that prices depended upon the law of supply and demand, and they could not see how the fleeting clouds could tell when this ever-changing law would read right for them. Nevertheless, in some way Jonathan found out, and, as he received no telegrams, it was evident that this information was not sent to him by the packers and other big men of the market.

His neighbors marvelled and talked, and they were grateful, but their gratitude did not take a satisfactory financial form. They gave him as presents whatever happened to be of little value to themselves, and they made him welcome in their homes, but they had scruples against paying good money for anything except merchandise and manual labor. So Jonathan, living alone in a little cottage, was always sure of a square meal, but was almost always hard up, although he insisted that in time he expected to have a right good thing.

This good thing came to him when he decided that he was sufficiently proficient in his line to charge for his advice, as related at the beginning of this narrative. There were objections at first, but he overruled them. There were some who suggested a sort of contingent fee, the same to be a small percentage of the profit accruing from his advice, but that was not acceptable either. He evolved a subscription plan, like the men who offer to "pick the winners" for you in horse-racing: the man who was to have his advice must subscribe regularly and pay in advance. Then, being

notified when the subscriber had anything ready for the market, he would send him word when to ship.

His method of procedure was outwardly very simple, when he finally got his plan in successful operation, although it in no sense betrayed his secret. He would first read his papers—for the relaxation of his mind, he said. Then, after a meditative smoke, and possibly a little gossip, he would study the sky and the trees to the east. No matter what the weather, he always studied the sky and the trees for at least fifteen minutes before settling down to the business of the day. That business was quickly transacted. A little memorandum-book gave him the names of such of his clients as were ready to ship any live-stock, and to those who had what the market seemed to want he sent word to ship within a certain time. To the others he sent no word whatever, and there were frequently considerable periods when no message at all was received from him. The instructions to a client invariably were, "Hold until you hear from me."

Jonathan prospered, but prosperity breeds ambition: the man who is making money wants to make more.

"I don't see," said Jonathan, "why I can't play the game both ways. I've got the Chicago scheme beat to a frazzle in a small way. Nobody knows it, because I can't do it on a big enough plan to wake the people up. Now, if I can beat the game, why can't I play it straight and win too? It's only when a fellow whipsaws the crowd that he's doing real business these days. I'll try it."

After that he was unusually abstracted for a long time. He did not let this interfere with his duty to his clients, but, in all his leisure time, of which he had a great deal, his mind was evidently far away.

"I'll try wheat," he announced finally.

"You'll try what?" asked Jim Hartland, who happened to be near.

The reply was as enigmatical as all his business explanations usually were.

"What's good for hogs ought to be good for wheat," he asserted. "I don't know that this particular hog game ever has been tried on wheat before, but there have been hogs in the market all right. I don't know that I can play it just the way they do,—haven't tried to study that out very much,—but the hog plan certainly ought to work in wheat, and that won't hurt my clients much, for they stick pretty close to live-stock. Anyhow, I'm only retained on live-stock, so they can't kick on what I do in wheat, even if it does happen to hurt them some."

After that Jonathan did a good deal of travelling for a while. He explained to his clients that he could read the sky as well in one

place as in another and that there were other trees as confidential with him as those "to the east" that he had always previously consulted. He kept faith with his clients too. At first there were some who feared that he had "lost the key to the combination" that he had worked so successfully and had skipped, but the advice came by telegraph and it was as good as what he had given in person.

Meanwhile Jonathan was interviewing flour-mill men and elevator men. He had evolved, he said, a magnificent idea for an advantageous combination.

"Of course it isn't going to be advantageous for everybody," he said, "but it's going to be a mighty good thing for those that are in it."

The task was not an easy one, but Jonathan was now widely known throughout a pretty large district, as a result of his marvelous success in live-stock matters. Such a man was surely worth listening to, and any propositions he might make were worthy of consideration. He had proved that he had wisdom and foresight inexplicable and almost incredible. If he could do so much in one line, why not in another?

Mills were few and widely separated, but Jonathan brought them together—not geographically, of course, but financially. They formed a secret combination, of which Jonathan was the manager. Then he returned home, and there was now every evidence that he had more on his mind than ever before. He used the telegraph frequently, and he sent mysterious cipher messages. People wondered what he was doing.

"The Chicago game," he explained, "always keeps people guessing. They never know what's doing until they wake up and find it's all over."

Presently there was a great outcry from the farmers of the district.

"We're being whipsawed," they said.

Jonathan discussed the matter with them pleasantly, like a man who had no personal interest in it, but was sorry to see his neighbors in hard luck.

"Still," he said reflectively, "I don't see how things can be as bad as you say. The quotations show that the price of good wheat never has been as high here as it is now."

"But we don't get the price," complained Nathan Spoor.

"How foolish!" commented Jonathan. "It's very short-sighted to sell below the high prices when you know those prices are to be had."

"We try to, but we can't," explained Spoor. "Good prices is floatin' about all right, but they ain't never where the wheat is."

"How is that?" asked Jonathan.

"Give it up," answered Spoor, "but it's so. Take the case of the Redfield Mill. They was runnin' short of wheat, an' they needed it bad. They had big flour contracts on hand. It looks like they'd have to shut down, which they couldn't afford to do. All the papers had stories about it an' said the Redfield Mill was paying prices that made us farmers sit up an' dream of gov'ment bonds. We started all the wheat we had for the Redfield Mill."

"Naturally."

"An' what happened?"

"Well, what did happen?"

"When we got our wheat there, prices had sagged an' was just a little under the reg'lar market—not enough to make it worth payin' charges to send the wheat anywhere else, but enough to skin us out of the profit."

"What did the Redfield people say?" asked Jonathan innocently.

"Why, they said the quotations was all right—that they was payin' those prices then, but we got there too late an' they couldn't take any more wheat except as a sort of accommodation at a low price. We was there; we had to take what we could get. An' later we found that the Redfield people filled an elevator an' stocked up at the cut-rate price."

"That was unfortunate," said Jonathan, "but even the best of us get into the market late sometimes. Couldn't you have done better elsewhere?"

"That's jest it," asserted Spoor disgustedly. "The price went up at the Jamesburg Mill right after the slump at Redfield, but what in thunder did a good price at Jamesburg mean to us when we had our wheat already at Redfield? An' I hear that folks that started their wheat for Jamesburg when the price was soarin' there found it had slumped when they got there. It don't look right. There's big prices everywhere, but we don't get 'em."

"Perhaps," suggested Jonathan, "the millers have been doing some lying, or it may be the newspapers. Perhaps the prices quoted never were paid at all."

"Yes, they was," maintained Spoor. "I looked that up, an' they was paid on small lots the day the prices was quoted, but all they did for us was to turn our grain away from the big markets an' make us stand a loss. Why, say, I could have done better at Chicago, where I was plannin' to send my wheat."

"Why didn't you do it, then?"

"What! when I could do better nearer home?"

"Well, if you could do better——"

"But I didn't do better. Blame it all! I tell you the price wasn't

there when I got there, an' that's the way it seems to be all the time now. No matter where you send your wheat, the good price is somewhere else."

"I think I am beginning to understand," said Jonathan thoughtfully. "By putting up the price when they want wheat, they divert a lot from other channels and start it their way. Then they put the price down before much of it reaches them, and are able to get what they want for anything they feel like paying. That's the Chicago hog game."

"The what?"

"The Chicago hog game. Of course it isn't exclusively a hog game, but I call it that. It's played with all kinds of live-stock that the packers use, and I've been showing you how to beat it."

"That's just it!" exclaimed Spoor. "We thought you could tell us when to ship wheat, too."

"No," said Jonathan; "I couldn't undertake to do that with wheat."

Later it was learned that some of the millers were making a little side profit by this jugglery, selling some of the wheat thus acquired. And then the farmers, in anger and disgust, refused to be lured longer by uncertain quotations; they stuck to ordinary channels and took their chances in the regular markets. The secret combination was broken very quickly after this, and something of Jonathan's connection with it was learned when the millers endeavored to appease the men with grain to sell.

"He planned it and managed it," they said. "He decided what mill should make the high quotation each time, and he telegraphed directing the price-slump when the movement in that direction got started. He directed the whole campaign, and of course it was a good thing for us; but we won't do it any more."

"Too bad," sighed Jonathan, as he packed his grip, "but it was bully while it lasted. All in all, I guess I've got enough to give me a start in the city, and it's going to be mighty warm for Jonathan here. They don't seem to like to have people play a game both ways. I think I'll skip out quietly."

But Jim Hartland intercepted him at the depot.

"Say," said Jim, "put me on, an' I won't say a word."

"No," returned Jonathan, "I'm afraid it's too deep for you."

"If you don't," threatened Jim, "I'll raise a holler, an' you know what will happen to you. You did all right for us on hogs, but you certainly frogged us on wheat."

"Same game," said Jonathan, "only played different ways."

"Well," persisted Jim, "you're skippin'; I can see that. It ain't fair to leave us without the secret of carryin' this hog game on."

You owe us that for the unexpired subscriptions to your hog-shippin' bureau. Never mind the wheat."

"Oh, all right," returned Jonathan, seeing that his train was not in sight. "You know how I worked the wheat deal?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's the way they work the hog and cattle market at the big packing-house centres: high prices to get the hogs and cattle started for them, and a slump as soon as everything is on the way. All you've got to know is when they're going to throw out the bait to get things coming to them."

"Sounds easy, but it ain't," declared Jim. "The high prices don't come right after the very low prices."

"No; the very low prices come right after the very high prices."

"Then how can a man tell?"

"Study the market reports—not prices, but receipts of cattle and hogs and all that sort of thing. Then, if you know something about the plants and all that, you can tell when they're running so low that they've got to make a bid for more shipments. When the conditions are right, they've got to boost prices and keep them up long enough to get the movement started. If you start a little ahead you'll get there while they're doing the encouraging act. All I did for you people was to tip off the right time."

While Jim was studying on this, the whistle of the approaching train was heard.

"Get it from the sky and the trees to the east?" asked Jim.

"No. All us high financiers and captains of industry have to put up a bluff of some sort, and that was my bluff. I got it from those papers that make a specialty of live-stock reports. Then I worked it the other way with wheat, but I didn't have the resources to win in the long run on a big scale, so I've got to quit with what I've got. Here's my train."

"What you goin' to do?" asked Jim, bewildered and still trying to figure out how he could work the scheme.

"More people," answered Jonathan, as the train was pulling out. "I've been studying captains of industry until I've got the habit."



Chivalry kisses the hand of whom love has tried.

A negligent smile can make a sneer seem beatific.

The modern woman is not waistful by choice.

BALLAD OF BROKEN HEART

By Grace MacGowan Cooke



“WHAT did I do with it? Where is it?”

She was washed and freshly dressed—all but her street suit, and that appeared to be missing. It had seemed curious and terrible to be doing these things for the last time—to be doing them only that stranger hands might not lift and handle the poor clay more than need was, when she whose charge it had been left it to their mercy.

Through the girl's distracted mind kept chiming Prince Florizel's words to the president of the Suicide Club, “You have taken your last bathe in this world,” and she unconsciously repeated them to herself as she groped about the bath-room searching for the missing frock.

“I'll say in my note to Sid that I have a bad headache and shall take double the dose of chloral that the doctor told me was safe, but that I'm sure the pain will counteract it. That's what I'll say in the note. Nobody can suspect, then. Where is my frock? Where is my frock?”

She clung to the marble slab and gazed with miserable, unseeing eyes into the mirror.

“Oh, what *did* I do with it? Did I give it to the maid?” She dressed her hands to her head and toiled to think. “I did. I told her I'd have no more use for it, and she might take it. I forgot the short journey from the bath-room to my bedroom. I might ring for her; but I'm afraid to see her now. She—she surely would suspect. Could I run across the hall just as I am?”

The great hotel muffled the city's sounds; its corridors seemed empty and quiet, as Elizabeth looked out to reconnoitre. She was as completely clothed as a woman in a ball-gown, yet the risk was considerable. She could see the door of her room, just before the cross-hall came into the corridor. She was hurrying toward it when voices down this cross-hall sent her fleeing back. She had closed the bath-room door behind her; and now, in her haste and confusion, she passed it. After that, there was nothing for it but to run. As she fled on noiseless feet along the padded way, she noted an open

door, saw that it led to a private hall, and turned in. Ahead of her, through a doorway of communication, she caught sight of the folds of a heavy curtain; running forward, she drew them softly about her.

As she did so the party she had heard, led by a porter with luggage, passed the door and went on. Safe for the moment, from her hiding place she looked about the room she had entered. A third one opened from it. The occupant of the suite could not be far away. Perhaps he—a hat and overcoat thrown upon the davenport announced the sterner sex—was in this further apartment. She would try to get back safe to her room now before he returned. As she began to detach herself from her refuge, the gay folds clung and followed; she saw that what she had taken for a curtain was a lounging robe hung upon a garment tree. Far past all small considerations, she hastily slipped her arms into the sleeves, drew the cord about her slender waist, and, holding up the gown, which must have been intended for a tall man, again essayed the dash for her bedroom. Once more she was within sight of that desired haven when, behind her, a deep, hesitating voice said:

“If you’ll give me my tobacco from the pockets, please, and the small package—excuse me—I don’t mind about the thing itself.”

She whirled upon the owner of the bath-robe with a little cry. How had he approached so noiselessly? She tore open her door—it had been left unlocked—and, so hunted, so desperate, did she feel, was for slamming it in the man’s face; but a foot in a black suède slipper interposed.

“You’ll find them in the pockets,” the man went on, extending his hand with a certain perfunctory and listless air.

“Wait there a moment, and I’ll give you the garment itself,” she answered, as she drew forth and laid in that outstretched palm the cigarette case and a small jeweller’s box.

She lifted her head and looked for the first time directly at the man she had robbed. He was very tall, well built, well favored, and exceedingly well dressed; yet on first inspection one would have said instantly that he was not a city man. Across his blue eyes lay a band of red, which a more inexperienced woman might have taken for sunburn, but which bitter observation had informed this girl was the scorch of other fires. He looked as though he had wept for a week—or had been drinking heavily for that length of time.

As their glance met, with a sudden exclamation he pushed the door open and forced his way inside, holding it half closed behind his back. His breath came quick, and he cried sharply, “I’ve—haven’t I seen you before?”

“I suppose you have,” replied the girl. “My face has been public property.”

"Public property?" echoed the man, in a dazed tone. "What do you mean by that? Are—do you know her?"

Elizabeth shook her head. "Please step outside and wait," she urged. "I want to give you your dressing-gown. I have something very important on hand—an engagement. I'm sorry to seem ungracious. You're very kind not to comment on my curious behavior. Yet—really——"

She seemed in an agony to have him gone. But the man, desperately preoccupied with his own affairs, took little note of it.

"My name is Scott J. Ballard, of Broken Heart, Montana," he hurried, leaning forward. "Does that name say anything to you? Did you ever hear it before?"

He searched her face eagerly; but again she shook her head, this time with a little contraction of the features which was meant for a smile. "I'm sorry, Mr. Ballard," she half whispered, "but if you have any painful associations connected with my features, it's not my fault. I have—myself—I have some painful matters to attend to within the hour; a debt to pay—and I must ask you again to wait in the hall till I can give you this garment, and then leave me alone."

Ballard had evidently heard not one word of this. With the unsteady motion of a man under strong excitement he jerked off the lid of the jeweller's box. Lying on the cushions below were a diamond sun-burst and rings of considerable beauty and value.

"I got them for her—for you, of course," he explained. "I got them before I saw her. We've—you know"—he looked at her uncertainly, anxiously—"we've been corresponding for a year. She—or you—promised to marry me when I came on. Oh, Lord! I wanted to die when I saw her. And now—now—here you are——"

Elizabeth began to guess that a mind unhinged was what she here had to deal with. Probably the madness was temporary, the result of a long debauch, preceded by some profound emotional disturbance; but to one about to quit the scenes of human frailty and folly this poor soul appealed with the pathos of a child searching for a lost penny. She saw that she would have to listen to him, to hear at least his statement of what he conceived to be her connection with his affairs.

"Well," she said sighingly, "shut the door and sit down. Now," as she sank into a chair opposite him, "did you want to tell me something? No, the diamonds are not for me," as he attempted to push them into her hand. "You have bought them for some one else. You may tell me about it if you want to, and then you will go on back to your room and lie down. I think you will feel better after you sleep."

The man complied with her request quietly. "I'm not drunk—nor crazy," he said, in his deep voice. "If you—if you really don't know, I don't wonder that you thought I was. Well," he looked long at her, drew his breath sharply, "well, here's the story. I'm Scott J. Ballard, of the Broken Heart Cattle Company in Montana. I've made money in cattle. I'm a rich man. A year ago I answered an advertisement in a paper." His eyes never left her face. "I did it for a joke. I got a nice little letter back, and I've been writing to the woman for a year. See here," and now his deep voice was a caress; "look at this picture." He drew out his heavy gold watch; she heard the case snap, passed her hand wearily before her eyes, and looked—at her own face, smiling opposite the dial.

"She sent me that," he explained, with his pathetic eagerness. "Sometimes the letters weren't much—but there was always the picture, and I could look at that. And you—you never knew anything about it, nor about me," wistfully, "and my loving you so, and thinking I was going to marry you."

He ceased and held the watch toward her.

"I told you my features were public property," she explained, with faint bitterness. "That is an old photograph taken four years ago, when I began to star in 'Bettina Von Arnheim.' They sold my photographs freely in the shops. The woman who wrote you fancied it and bought it. That is all."

"Bettina Von Arnheim," Ballard repeated. "That was the name signed to the letters, and then just 'Betty.' Bettina Von Arnheim—the woman I've been hoping for a year to make Bettina Ballard. I had this little one printed for my watch; and there at the ranch, where I've made a beautiful home for her, and bought her a piano and carriages and pretty things, and gentled horses for her to ride and drive, there's a bigger one hanging on the wall, that always meets me with a smile, and knows all my thoughts and ideas. Why, that girl in the frame has heard things—things I could never say again to any one—but you. The little, short, poor letters"—(his features twitched—he shook his head with an air of distress)—"they were like a wall of glass between us. I thought it must be that letters—that writing just wasn't her way of expressing herself; but I had faith to believe that when we met and could talk face to face, there'd be no lack of understanding. I didn't know what her plans and ambitions were; but I told her mine. A month ago she promised to marry me. A week ago she met me at Jersey City. There was a man with her that said he was her father. She—oh, I couldn't describe her to you! Just a coarse, cheap adventuress, out on the make; when I expected—you! I got rid of them for a while; but they've dogged me for money—money—even after I found out that the man

with her is her husband. She crawled for it—whined, blustered, threatened—and my soul revolted from everything she said and did. But one thing she wouldn't do for it—she would tell me nothing of—of you—of the picture—whose it was, or how I might find you. It took all the hope and joy out of life to lose you”—the eager, longing gaze clung to Elizabeth's face. “I was—just heart-sick. And I,” he drew a hand across his eyes, “I went back to a thing I haven't done since I was a wild fool of a kid cow-puncher trying to play smart. I've been drinking hard—for a week. Whenever I'd sober up the least bit, the remembrance that I'd lost you would knock me flat. And I was just figuring on whether I'd rather cut my throat or shoot myself when you—when you——”

Like one who harkens to earth-sounds, the door of the tomb pushed ajar to listen, or an ear alert under the roots of the grass, Elizabeth found in the tones of this man's big voice, more than in the words, his true meaning. He was one who lived in his feelings. His “I am rich” held no note of greed or boasting; it was but the pride, the masculine triumph, of him who wins in the game. How, one might ask, could a squalid adventuress and her willing husband affect a man of Ballard's fibre and resources? Not at all; he would laugh in their faces, or turn them over to the police, your practical, hard-headed individual would say. But Elizabeth's great sad eyes saw past the material aspects of the case, to that big, tender, overgrown heart of his, through which they were grieving and shaming him to the edge of the grave.

“I know just how you felt,” she said gently. “We get to where we'd rather die. I—I made a mistake five years ago—and now I can't face the consequences.”

“You married!” he uttered, just above a whisper. His eyes half closed, and his pale face went yet whiter.

“Married? Oh, no,” she answered indifferently. “My mistake was to think that I could act. There are just two of us left, my brother and I. Sidney had all sorts of faith in me, and he had a little money laid by. We backed my first venture with that—and I failed. I struggled out with enough to pretty nearly repay him; but when fall came again he was willing to take the risk once more. Again I tried—and failed. It's been the history right along since then. The critics say good things about me—but the public doesn't care to come. This last season has been the worst of any, for I'd lost faith in myself. I wrote him to say that I had made up my mind to leave the stage, and he answered that he was glad—I have his letter somewhere here—because he's planning to marry this fall, and it wouldn't do for me to rob him again as I've been doing. Poor Sid—he's been very patient!”

The ranchman's eyes had been always fastened eagerly upon her face as she spoke. Now his gaze dropped to the slim, ringless hands, and then to the box of baubles lying loosely in his own palm. It flitted across his mind that the rings would be too large—she was such a slender creature.

"Of course I could always get a minor position in some company," Elizabeth went on, with that strained smile which was sadder than tears. "But I'm so tired—I'm so weary of it all. I feel too broken down to attempt even that. Bruised—I just feel bruised all over; and so humiliated."

She turned and flashed a swift, frank glance at the man before her. "I may as well be honest," she said. "I can't face it. I left that sort of thing to star, and I can't face open failure."

"I know. You feel about like I should if somebody could have made me turn around and go back to Montana—alone—last week, and take up life at Broken Heart."

Again he pushed the little box of jewels toward her, lifting between his finger and thumb, and holding appealingly to her notice, a little brooch of very fine small rose brilliants, the design showing a heart, broken.

"It's the brand," he said,—“my cattle brand. When I thought I was coming east to be married, I had it made for my wife.”

There seemed a meaning in his tone which, yet, was possibly only lent by her knowledge that he was now aware of her bitter necessity. Color stole slowly into her pale cheeks.

"No—no," she said. "I don't need them; really, I don't. I have enough money in the drawer to pay my hotel bill, and a little sum besides for—for another debt which will be falling due—the only one—I owe." She looked down at her hands, hard clutched in her lap, and the frightened color slowly faded till she was white again.

"What about your ticket home?" inquired Ballard. "You say you're leaving the stage. You'll need some money for the trip."

"For the trip," repeated Elizabeth, regarding him with a strange smile. "No. My journey is paid for. I shall need no money."

"Betty!" cried the man, leaning suddenly forward and snatching the cold little hands in his own. "I know what you're planning—because it's been in my head all day. I didn't intend to do it—big whimpering coward—I only thought about it. But you'd do it—I see it in your face—poor little soul—Betty!"

He had risen and drawn her to her feet, so that they stood facing each other, he looking down from his greater height into her small, frightened face.

"Why do you call me that name?" she breathed.

"It was the one signed to the letters," he reminded her. "I love it for that, and partly for the sake of a child I played with, under the elms, in a little old Connecticut village before we went to Montana. She was always the brightest, finest, dearest thing in life to me, my childish sweetheart; and the Betty of the letters and the picture seemed to be a continuation of her. It is really your name!" he added, with sudden insight.

"Oh!" cried the girl. For a long minute they stood gazing in each other's eyes, mute. Then she whispered, "You're Jimmie Bal! My Jimmie Bal that used to live across the street. And you've never forgotten—and I——"

She twisted her hands free, and sank sobbing into her chair, dropping her shamed head on arms flung upon the table.

"Don't, Betty—for God's sake, don't!" pleaded the man. "I can't bear it."

"If I could have had a year to rest—to get hold of myself—but I hadn't a day—an hour. There was just one way out. There was no other way—none——"

He knelt beside the bowed and shaken figure, trying with awkward gentleness to draw the hands away, urging eagerly, timidly, "Now that we've found each other by one of God's miracles, you'll trust me—you'll lean on me, won't you, Betty? You'll let me take you home to Sid, anyhow? And then—and then——"

The big voice faltered in terror of this unknown—the mysterious and eternally beckoning feminine.

Take her home—to Sid! Elizabeth had not told all that was in the letter—that letter which had sent her, stung, quivering, blinded, to fumble at the last door of outlet toward which poor, driven humanity looks—low, dark, but an exit from intolerable humiliation. She said that Sid had been very patient. Well, if so, his patience was at an end. Perhaps the girl whom he was to marry, and who did not approve of actresses, had something to do with the tone of that poor, barren, unworthy letter.

"You—you don't know," she whispered; "Sid said—I couldn't go to Sid." Her voice flatted with a sudden harsh break in its full tone which spoke terror, despair. "He doesn't want me—nobody wants me. I'm a failure. I have no place in life. Let me alone."

He had drawn back at the inauspicious words. Knowing little of women, he fancied he had somehow given unpardonable offence. Yet, as she made an end, he was inspired to say:

"I want you. There is a home and love out there, prepared for nobody but you—waiting for nobody but you. I love you better, my poor little Betty, than as though I'd found you as I expected—happy and prosperous. You may not care for me,—you may not

want me; but the woman that's been to me what you have mustn't say that she has no home and nobody wants her."

She raised her tear-marred face and looked at him, drawing a long, sobbing breath, like a grieved child when it gives over weeping. "Jimmy Bal," she whispered. Then, after a long silence, "Do you remember summer evenings when your mother or mine gave us cookies and we shared them—you and I and Sid—sitting on the curb in the moonlight?"

He took courage to lean forward and lift her hand in both his strong ones. "All gone, Betty," he said gently. "Just you and me left to work out our problem as best we may. You promised then to marry me when I came back from Montana—do you remember? You were eight and I was ten. I've come back. I've come for you, dear."

And what he read in her face made him say, half incredulously, "Betty—love—you do care too. You won't let me go back alone."

They faced each other honestly, those two the soles of whose feet were wetted, their garments dabbled, with the spray of that uncharted sea down to whose very borders they had fled. And their lifted faces were shone upon, their lips and their stained eyelids kissed, by light divine.



THE HILL

BY LUCY COPINGER

I AM home-sick for a hill,
 For a barren hill and bare.
 I have dreamed of it through days
 Of the blinding city glare,
 When my tired-lidded eyes
 Ached for something far to see,
 I have dreamed of how it stood,
 And how cool its shade must be.

Now I know the North winds come,
 Meet the winds from out the West,
 And upon its barren slope
 In gigantic battle wrest.
 From the city let me go
 On its heathered face to lie,
 That the winds may sweep my soul
 Clear as they have swept the sky.

HIS BURDEN OF HATRED

By Edith Brownell

HAROLD CARRINGTON HOPKINS, Jr., sat on the front steps of his father's house and darkly brooded over the peculiar hardness of his fate. It was shortly after nine o'clock of a particularly promising Saturday morning, but already years of fruitless inertia seemed to have passed since the blasting hour of breakfast, when the fiat had gone forth which had turned the day into a thing of empty torture.

The quiet, sunny avenue was deserted, but from a neighboring vacant lot came the mighty yells of his fellows, wallowing luxuriously in the biggest football game of the season; while he, the captain of their dauntless Eleven,—for you *called* it an Eleven, just the same, if it did have only eight in it,—was condemned to sit here apart or descend to the alternative of playing with his little sister in the back-yard.

He sank deeper into the rolling collar of his sweater at the mere thought. Play with his sister,—the ignominy of it! Even now shrill feminine laughter floated to him around the corner of the house, where she and two or three feeble females who endured her society were having a silly game of mumbly-peg. He scowled contemptuously. The idea of playing a game like mumbly-peg, anyway. Of course in mumbly-peg *time*, a fellow might play a bit, perhaps,—but in football-time!

No! he would sit here and suffer alone. He leaned limply forward, sunk in gloomy reflection, one hand supporting his chin, while the other absently sought and encouraged a ravelled place which had started in his stocking. His melancholy eye followed the long line of white as it crept slowly down his leg

Things had begun so singularly well for him, too, that crisp October morning. Upon rising he had not only skilfully evaded the customary absurd wetting of his face, but had with deftness inserted upon his person a pair of his father's cast-off suspenders, a forbidden and hitherto unachieved luxury. He felt of them now where, beneath his outer garment, they girt him strongly and helped him to bear his trouble like a man. Then, too, at breakfast he had managed to escape his Cream of Oats altogether, and had even succeeded in deluging his cakes with three

times the approved quantity of maple syrup undetected; while his parents read the morning paper with little foolish sounds of horror and talked meaninglessly of "frightful accident," "brutal sport," and "action of the authorities."

Then, when all was going so well for him, this crushing blow had fallen! No more football for him,—him, bedight in knee-cap and nose-guard; *him*, muttering beneath his breath the magic syllables, "Four-thirteen-two-ten-JIMINY!"—not that their team bothered very much about its signifying anything in particular, but the captain always called out those things in football, Uncle Ted said;—*him*, the captain

It had been a proud moment indeed when he had been chosen captain. To be sure, this was an honor bestowed not entirely because of his prowess, but because he was the only one who possessed a nose-guard,—an obsolete one which Uncle Ted had given him, and which transformed him into a being of dread appearance and vast importance,—but it was an honor, nevertheless, and one scarcely less envied than the nose-guard itself.

And now he was not to play any more, because—forsooth!—his mother thought it was dangerous! He fumed at the recollection.

"I know the little boys do not mean to be rough, darling," she had said; "but you do play so recklessly, and mother worries so."

Aw, did she think they were babies? Wasn't he eight already, and only eleven months before he would be nine? 'Fraid he'd get hurt! Aw, shucks!

He had pleaded piteously, for the boys were waiting impatiently at the terrace, and she had wavered a little, while he hung poised for flight. Then it was that she had done the most dastardly thing a mother ever thought upon to do. She had leaned down, laid her hand upon his tousled head until his face was lifted up to hers, and said gently:

"You may, dear, but mother wishes you wouldn't."

Of all phrases calculated to drive a boy into speechless, grinding rage, that was the one. He—he just almost hated her for it. He had gone forth from her presence in mute, defeated fury. A flat, emphatic 'No' was bad enough, to be sure; but at least there was the palliating satisfaction of loud-voiced protest; of oft-reiterated beseeching in a single, choicely-selected key; of prolonged argument based on the eternal boy-question; even, in dire stress, of a tentative, well-modified tantrum, composed of hollow yells and the waving of one's feet in the air,—after any or all of which forms of rebellion one could more easily adjust oneself to the inevitable. But to give permission with one hand and effectually remove it with the other; to give him his freedom, yet rob that freedom of its joy; above all, to render him writhingly speechless

who had so much of poignant, heated significance to say! This was the meanest advantage she could have taken, the last resort of a cowardly woman. Yes, he was sure he nearly hated her!

A hot, hard tear, which felt like a marble, forced its way along his eye and rolled upon his cheek. Scientifically investigative, even in his bitter resentment, he bent over and, squeezing his cheek up, carefully deposited the tear upon the padded knee of his trousers, where he watched it absorbedly as it widened its circle and sank out of sight. He rubbed the place thoughtfully with a thumb which had triumphed over the paltry uses of faucet and basin, wondering where such a great, fat thing as a tear could go so quickly, and tried vigorously to produce another for purposes of examination. His efforts were in vain, however; and, his glance returning to the large soiled spot he had implanted upon his knee, his attention was drawn to his football trousers and so back to his grievance. The trousers were the work of her hand, and had been fashioned and bestowed in a kindlier moment than the present. Why had she presented them at all, if only to blight their career at the crucial moment? Now he would besmear them with his tears,—fit symbol of his anguish over their lost vocation and his wrath at the cruelty of the giver.

The shouts from the field were growing more strident. The game was indeed on, and he was missing it! Now the shrieks were loud and rent the air musically; anon they became subdued and smothered, and he clutched the steps spasmodically at thought of the tangled pile of arms and legs and squirming bodies beneath which he too would now rapturously be buried, were he only there.

Why not just go, anyway?

“You may, dear,” He started to his feet and gave one leap to the foot of the steps.

“But mother wishes you wouldn’t.” . . .

He sat down again, hard. The helpless rage again rose fierce and choking within him.

“I do! I hate her!” he said aloud.

He sat very still as the words died on the air. Some way they sounded so—so much bigger, or something, spoken than thought. They seemed to settle down upon him and make him feel queer,—as if he were all alone in the world. The yard seemed full of an echoing stillness, and he looked around almost fearfully.

“Well, I do!” he reiterated defiantly, to break the stillness. That did not seem to make things very much better, however, and he began to be a little dismayed. When first he began to hate mother, he had a vague idea that it was to be a sort of just punishment for her, a swift

retribution for her cruel treatment of him. Now he had a sudden sinking feeling that he was the one to whom it was going to strike terror.

His eyes fell again upon the bulky trousers. How she had laughed as she tried them on him, and called upon Lucy, the housemaid, to look; and then had pretended to spank him in them, to see if she could make him feel through their thick quilted folds. She had laughed again as she sewed the great red "W" to the front of his sweater,—this standing for "Woodlawn," the avenue upon which most of the team lived; and when he had come in from his first big game, victorious, how she had laughed still more and caught him against her, crying:

"Think of *my* having a son who is already a captain and a hero!"

And now he hated her! He put his hands in his pockets and sauntered down the walk, whistling a little, shakily. Some way the tune would not stay up where it belonged; it kept sliding down again into a sort of blowing sound through his lips. What was the matter with the thing, anyway? He realized suddenly that it was the tune of "Sweet Alice Benbolt,"—he thought this was the lady's complete name,—which mother had a way of singing his little sister to sleep by. Of course she never sang him to sleep, but he generally happened to be there, in the other twin bed, and sort of overheard it. Sometimes he would slip off just as mother got to the place where

"She wept with delight when you gave her a smile,"

so that, when mother leaned over him and kissed his battered, calloused hand and his cheek, and then smoothed back the damp hair from his forehead and kissed that, he was on the edge of a dream; wondering, if Alice wept with delight when you gave her a smile, what she *would* do if you gave her a kiss!

And now he hated mother. He had said he did, so he did. The marble seemed to slide down from his eye to his throat. The shouts and rooting of the boys grew wilder than ever, but somehow this hot business of hating mother had strangely blotted out his desire to play.

He had never thought very much about mother before. She—she had just always *been* there, and . . . But now that he hated her she loomed before him quite as if she were another person. He remembered how, a year or so before, he had been very naughty and impertinent to mother one day, and suddenly father, who rarely interfered but always let mother do the reproving, stood up very grim and tall, and said sternly:

"See here, young man, I'll not have any one speak so to my wife!"

How his jaw had fallen and his eyes rolled up in awe toward

mother, whom he had never thought of before as anything but his mother,—never as father's wife. Ever since he had had a little added reverence for her. That made it pretty hard to get used to her now as a mother that he hated.

She would know, of course she would. She always did know things, no matter how hard he tried to keep them from her. One of the things he expected to understand when he grew up was how mother always knew. He glanced stealthily toward the house. She probably knew now,—knew that he hated her. When he went in she would not smile and hold out her arms and say, "What has my precious boy been doing all morning?" She would be very grave and sad, and not want to look at him at all. Perhaps she would cry!

He strolled unseeingly about the yard. Perhaps, after all, it would be just as well to go and show those girls how to play a *real* game of mumbly-peg. He hadn't the least idea they knew how to make the double curve from the left ear. Girls never did.

Hello! here was mother's fern-bed. Really, now that he hated mother, he ought to trample down those ferns of hers. You always did things like that when you hated people Mother thought a great deal of those ferns, too. He and his sister Lois had stood by while she planted them, he remembered,—he holding the trowel and Lois the watering-pot,—and mother had said blithely, as she patted the black earth with her hands:

"This maidenhair fern is my little daughter,—dainty and fine and with gentle ways. And this great, strong sword-fern is my fine, strong son, with the sword of right in his hand."

He turned away abruptly. A marble in the pit of his stomach seemed to rise to meet the one in his throat, leaving a sickening emptiness in its wake. Really, he could almost wish that he did not hate mother, much as she deserved it. He decided that he would go and show those vapid girls the double curve from the left ear.

As he passed under the library windows, open to let in the warm autumn sunshine, he heard mother's voice at the telephone. It sounded low and distressed, and she gave a little cry as if something had hurt her. What if she knew already and was telephoning father about it. A boy who hated his mother!—it seemed to brand him as something blackly criminal. If he only hadn't said it out loud! It might have been retrievable then

The girls, in their short red coats, were squatting inelegantly about a circular clump of green turf, over which they hung intently. He put his feet far apart and gazed down at them superciliously as he offered to impart his superior information.

"Puh! we know that! We been playin' it all mornin'," said his sister Lois, promptly grasping the lobe of her left ear and laying against it the blunted blade of her penknife, from whence the knife described a neat double circle and landed triumphantly in the middle of the clump of turf.

"Huh!" he remarked scornfully. Really, it was simply disgusting the way these girls thought they knew everything there was to know. He put out a contemptuous foot and tipped over the still vibrating knife, which his sister rescued with a squeal.

"Why ain't you playin' football?" queried one of the feeble females.

"Didn't wanta."

"Did mother say you couldn't?" asked Lois.

"'Course she didn't. Said I could."

"Why didn't you, then?"

"Didn't wanta."

The girls seemed to have no need of him, and he wandered heavily about the garden, the load of hatred which he had so lightly cast upon the air dragging leaden at his heels. Queer how his hatred of mother had grown so much bigger than the thing he hated her for.

When he was called in to luncheon, he crept into the house the back way to avoid her; and,—simply for the purpose of postponing the moment for confronting her, of course,—he made a rather elaborate toilet, copiously wetting and soaping his face and hands, and wiping the dirt off thoroughly on the towel.

When he went to the table he studiously avoided mother's face for a while, stealing a glance at it finally over his glass of milk. Then he set the glass down precipitately, for he saw that his worst fears were realized,—she knew! She was very pale, very sad and silent, and her eyes were heavy with crying. She was apparently unconscious of his presence, not seeming to see him even when she looked at him, and speaking only mechanically. He tried to eat, but even the apple puffs which were the delight of his heart swelled in his throat and refused to go down.

After luncheon things grew steadily worse. He idled about a few minutes, but mother ignored him. Then it was that he went up to his room and, peeling off his sweater, slowly removed the suspenders. The things were too heavy, anyway, and stuck into him; and, besides, he didn't care for that blue and white stripe in them. When he grew up he was going to wear bright red ones always. Mother was very fond of red. Perhaps by that time he wouldn't hate her any more, and some time in those years to come mother would smile at him again, and blow kisses to him as he started off to school

The marbles were playing a regular game down his cheeks now. They fell on the big red "W" and chased each other down to the roll in the bottom of his sweater; but he had lost all interest in them, as he had in everything else in the world. He was so, *so* tired of hating mother! How could he ever go through the long, heavy years?

Suddenly a brilliant, an illuminating thought struck him. Suppose he didn't have to wait years to stop! Suppose he didn't hate her any longer at all! Just because he had said he did, he didn't *have* to . . .

He took the stairs two at a time, his heavy shoes crashing eagerly, forgetfully, on the polished steps. Mother was just turning away from the telephone again, but—oh, wonderful woman!—she knew already that his hatred was a thing of the past; for, though the tears were still hanging upon her lashes, she was smiling through them and holding out her arms to him!

He threw himself at her blindly.

"Oh, mother, I don't, I don't, I don't!" he sobbed.

His mother looked down at him in amazement; then, sitting down in what she called her "mothering-chair," she drew him upon her shoulder.

"Don't what, dear?" she asked tenderly. "What is the matter with my little boy? Don't what?"

"Hate you!" he gulped wildly.

"Hate mother?" she repeated softly. "Why, of course you don't. Did you think I thought you did?"

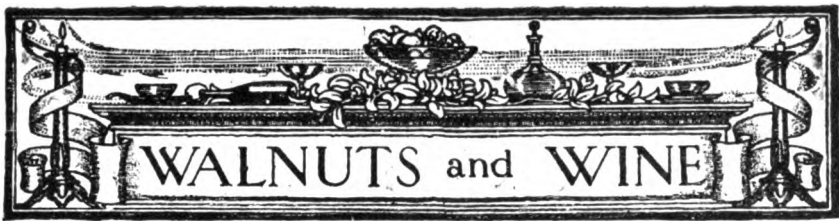
"Bu—but you didn't smile at me, or look at me, and—and you cried" He clung to her, heaving.

"My poor baby!" Mother laughed low. Then she set him up straight on her lap, and said gravely:

"Mother has been very anxious and very much troubled all day, dear. Uncle Ted was hurt in a football game this morning, and for hours he—he didn't wake up at all. But now father has telephoned me that he is all right, and is going to be well and strong again. And mother wishes—oh, she wishes so much that he was never, never going to play again!"

"*I'm* not, mother,—not never, *never!*" cried Harold Carrington Hopkins, Jr., valiantly.

So they rocked and talked and loved together, and presently he grew belatedly hungry, with the blessed relief of not hating mother. He did not tell her that all the long morning he had thought he did hate her, nor how wretchedly he had suffered,—but, as usual, mother knew!



A DELAYED RECOGNITION

She saw him coming. Further, she saw that he intended to speak to her. That they should meet was not surprising, but that he should speak to her was simply amazing. Had they not quarreled less than a week before? Had it not been settled that thereafter they were to "meet as strangers"? And now, on the occasion of the very first meeting after their angry parting, he was going to greet her as a friend. There could be no mistake about that; he was coming directly toward her and was smiling directly at her. Well, she would have something to say about that; she knew how to freeze a presumptuous man solid; she had some steadfastness of purpose, and "meet as strangers" was more than a mere phrase to her. She would lower the temperature about one hundred degrees—a variation, up or down, well within any girl's power—and see how his warm smile stood the shock of that.

Her chin tilted aggressively, her face became coldly impassive, her eyes swept past him as if he were a mere post in the road; there was no sign of interest or recognition. Nevertheless, he held gamely to his smile and his course.

"Miriam!" he said.

He was ignored. He might as well have said, "Evening papers!" or "Hi, cabby!" or anything else that did not concern her. There was nothing to indicate that she gave the name any more attention than she would any familiar street-cry; a beggar who held out his cap when her purse was empty would have been ignored in precisely the same way. She did not turn away from him; she merely went on as if she had heard or seen nothing that was of the slightest consequence.

He stopped short, the smile frozen as she had planned to freeze it. Then it thawed out a little. She was angry, naturally. She

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could not know that he intended to ask her forgiveness for his unreasonableness on the occasion of their quarrel. If she knew that he was properly penitent, she would act differently, for she was not a girl to cherish resentment. Being penitent, it was necessary for him to abase himself sufficiently to make her understand. So he turned and followed her.

“Just a word, Miriam,” he said, as he reached her side.

She turned abruptly away. At the same moment a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and he found himself looking into the frowning face of a big policeman.

“Thank you,” she said to the policeman. “He has been annoying me.” Then she hurried on.

“Ye oughter be kicked,” asserted the policeman, still keeping his hand on the young man’s shoulder.

“What for?” asked the prisoner.

“Fer annoyin’ iv the lady,” answered the policeman.

“I had no intention of annoying her,” explained the prisoner. “She is a friend of mine.”

“She acted like it,” said the policeman scornfully.

“She is momentarily provoked.”

“I saw it.”

“But we have been acquainted a long time.”

“There’s another kick comin’ to ye,” announced the policeman disgustedly.

“What for?”

“Fer lyin’. Only fer the reggylation, I’d give it to ye mesilf.”

“Do you think I’m a stranger to her?”

“I think ye’re a masher—wan iv thim lads that’s givin’ the eye to iv’ry girl that luks his way.”

The prisoner was now seriously disturbed. To be charged with highway robbery or murder would be bad enough, but to be arrested as one of the contemptible male bipeds who ogle and annoy women on the streets was simply intolerable. He never would recover from the disgrace of that.

“Oh, that’s a mistake!” he protested. “We were friends.”

Walnuts and Wine

"Whin?" asked the policeman.

"Why—why, a week ago."

"Ye break off sudden," commented the policeman.

"And we are now," persisted the prisoner. "She knows me perfectly well, but there's a little misunderstanding."

"Let her say it," said the policeman, seeing that she had stopped at the next corner to wait for a car. "If she knows ye, it's all right."

"No, no," protested the prisoner.

"Yis, yis," insisted the policeman.

The young man held back, and the policeman pushed on. It had suddenly occurred to the young man that the very last thing he wanted to do was to get the girl mixed up in such an awkward affair. Far better that he should be taken to the police station than that she should be made a party to a street scene that was already collecting a crowd. But the policeman insisted.

The girl stood at the corner, entirely ignorant of the controversy between the young man and the policeman. She had resolutely refrained from looking back, and it did not occur to her that there was any danger of an arrest. She had made it clear to the young man that she was not one of those capricious damsels who change their minds overnight, and there was satisfaction in that. In fact, it was rather pleasing to be able to give him so severe a rebuff.

Then she was startled by the voice of the policeman at her elbow.

"He says ye're fri'nds," said the policeman.

"We are strangers," she answered coldly. Hadn't they decided to be strangers? It was nothing to her that he had changed his mind.

"I tol' ye so!" exclaimed the policeman, turning to his prisoner.

"It's thirty days fer you!"

"What's that!" cried the girl, startled.

"It's all right, ma'am," the policeman assured her. "He'll get the limit from the judge."

"No, no," protested she anxiously; "you mustn't arrest him."

"Fer why?"

"He hasn't done anything."

Walnuts and Wine

"He's a masher."

"Oh, no, no, no!"

"He was mashin' you."

"He was not." The accusation seemed to make her even more indignant than it had made the young man. "He never—er—er—mashed me."

"He was trying fer to do it."

"He was not. He wouldn't do such a thing."

"Yes, I was," interposed the young man, who was now principally interested in eliminating Miriam from the affair.

"You were not!" she declared. "You're not that sort of a man. I guess I know you."

"No, Miriam," he protested; "you mustn't know me now."

"I will, too," she insisted spiritedly.

"Won't you please go on, Miriam?" he urged.

"No, I won't."

"Think of the notoriety!"

"I don't care. I won't let you be arrested for any such horrible thing. I'll go to the station and tell them——"

"You mustn't. It would make all kinds of talk."

"Harry, I will."

"Hol' on! hol' on!" cautioned the bewildered policeman. "What's all this, anyhow? Ye said ye didn't know him."

"She doesn't," asserted the young man.

"I do, too," said the girl. "He's my——"

"For heaven's sake, take me along, officer! I'm guilty."

"He isn't!" insisted the girl.

"Guilty iv what?" asked the policeman.

"Anything," said the young man.

"Nothing," said the girl.

"Get the wagon," pleaded the young man.

"Then I'll ride in it, too," announced the girl. "It's all my fault——"

"It's mine," interrupted the young man.

"Mebbe 'tis mine," sighed the policeman. "I'm tangled, anny-

PEARS' SOAP

AP PEARS EVERYWHERE

Good morning!
have you used Pears' Soap?

Guten Morgen!
Haben Sie
Pears' Seife
benutzt?

Bon jour!
Vous êtes-vous
servi de
Savon
Pears?



Ohayo
"Pears"
no Shabon
wo otsu-
kaini nari
mashi-
taka?

おはよふ
ペアリスのしやぼん
をおつかいになり
ましたか

Buenos días!
¿Se ha lavado
Vd. con el
Jabón de Pears?

Pears' Soap is used all over the civilized world -
wherever people are careful of their face, hands
and complexion, - wherever cleanliness is a virtue.

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."

Walnuts and Wine

how. First ye say she's an ol' fri'nd, an' thin ye say ye niver saw her before, an' she gives the lie to ye both ways. Where am I at?"

"His name is Harry Wilkins," said the girl, thinking her knowledge of this fact might settle the question.

"It is not," asserted the young man, thinking to settle the matter quickly and keep her out of it by proving his own guilt.

"Back up!" ordered the troubled policeman. "Was he flirtin'?"

"He was not."

"I was."

The policeman looked from one to the other.

"I wash me hands iv it all," he announced disgustedly, suddenly releasing his prisoner. "On the ividence I cou'dn't prove which is which. Ye are an' ye are not; ye do an' ye do not. The only thing sure is that what wan iv ye says the other will deny, the which makes me think 'tis a fam'ly quar'l I'm mixin' up in."

This parting sally brought a blush to the girl's cheeks, and she turned quickly to the young man.

"Forgive me, Harry," she said.

"Forgive *me*," he returned.

"Aw, both forgive!" yelled the disappointed crowd.

And the cabman that Harry engaged to take them away from the scene of the little comedy reported that, so far as he was able to judge, they both did forgive.

Elliot Flower



NATURALLY CONFUSING

Prof. L. O. Howard, Entomologist-in-Chief of the government, has a little daughter four years old, named Janet. She showed him, the other day, the well-known photograph of the President jumping his horse over a fence.

"Papa," said she, "ith it a picture of the good Lord?"

"No, dearie," replied her father.

"Ith it the Thecretary of Aggiculture?"

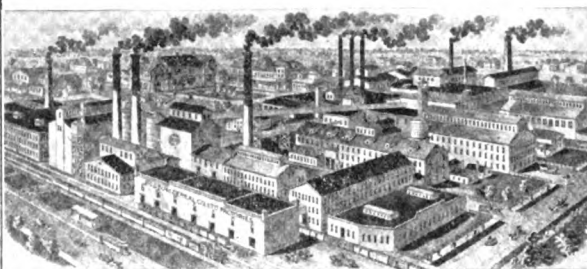
"No, my pet. It is Mr. Roosevelt."

Janet looked thoughtful for a moment. Then she said: "Why, of courth! It'th funny how I alwayth get thothe three people mixed up."

René Bache

THE DOOR

UNBOLTED



WELCOME

Thousands pass through the door every year, and **learn for themselves** just how POSTUM and GRAPE-NUTS are made and what they are made of.

Then they know why Postum and Grape-Nuts contain the Brain and Body-building materials that make them famous.

They see pure, wholesome food.

They see immaculately clean processes.

YOU are also invited, but if you can't come in person, send your name and address for the booklet, "**The Door Unbolted.**" It's beautifully illustrated, showing all the steps in the manufacture of Postum and Grape-Nuts as clearly as good photographs can make it, and is next best to a personal call.

DEPT T.

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD.,

Battle Creek, Mich.

POSTUM

Walnuts and Wine

A GRADUATE OR TWO

By Nathan M. Levy

He's loaded with the knowledge of the ages,
He's up in all the isms ever known,
He's full of the philosophers and sages,
The seeds of deepest wisdom has he sown.
Of many languages he is the master,
He's glib at prating of the "mind" and "soul"—
Ah, let us hope he'll meet not with disaster,
And be compelled to juggle wood and coal!

The arts complex are his in wondrous number,
The ologies are at his fingers' ends,
And even in the period of his slumber
His spirit through the vale of science wends.
To heights of knowledge such an easy mounter,
There's naught as yet has proven to him hard—
We trust, ere long, that at the notion counter
He'll not be measuring ribbon by the yard!

He's full of schemes life's ills to overpower,
To him all men are bound to bend the knee;
He'll surely grow in greatness ev'ry hour,
And no one will dispute his sovereignty.
He thinks the world will listen to his pleadings,
He's very busy as he fumes and frets—
Ah, soon in supplementary proceedings
The courts may call him to explain his debts!



A MATTER OF SPELLING

A trolley collided with a milk wagon and sent the milk splashing on the pavement. Soon a crowd gathered. "Goodness!" exclaimed a man. "What an awful waste!" A very stout lady turned and glared at him. "Just mind your own business," she snapped.

Robert Todd



UNFORGIVEN

He: "Forgive me!"
She: "What have you done?"
He: "Nothing."
She: "Then I never can forgive you."

L. Y. G.



**IF YOU
COULD
SEE US**

**make Shredded Wheat you
would eat no other cereal food**

**Government Inspection is Good, But
Public Inspection is Better.
We Invite Beth.**

WHY DO WE SHRED THE COOKED WHEAT? Of course "there's a reason." The countless shreds expose a vast surface to the action of the saliva and the gastric juices of the stomach, and, being very porous, they are quickly permeated by the digestive fluids, and thus easily and quickly digested.

WHY DO WE USE THE WHOLE WHEAT? Because the outer coats of the wheat berry (usually discarded by the white flour miller) are rich in the elements that make brain, bone and muscle. We make them digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking.

Keeps the stomach sweet and clean and the bowels healthy and active.

The Biscuit (heated in oven) is delicious for breakfast with hot or cold milk or cream, or for any meal in combination with fruits, creamed vegetables or meats. TRISCUIT is the shredded wheat water, used as a toast with butter, for picnics, excursions, for light lunches on land or on sea. Our Cook Book is sent free.

**THE NATURAL FOOD
COMPANY**

Niagara Falls, N. Y.



"IT'S ALL IN THE SHREDS"

Walnuts and Wine

A CASE OF BAD SPELLING

This is the note that a mother received from her son whose education had been sadly neglected:

“Deer mother,

I have married a male clerk.

Your sun

Robert.” O P

Will H. Hendrickson

APPEARANCES AGAINST THEM

Ruth was a city-bred little girl, and was making her début into country life. While out driving with her mother she saw several men and women kneeling in a row, their faces close to the ground.

“What are they doing?” she asked in an awestruck whisper.

“Weeding the onions, dear,” her mother replied.

“Oh,” with a sigh of relief, “I thought they were praying to the devil.”

M. Budd

INVENTION NEEDED

By Minna Irving

The twentieth century overflows
With geniuses galore,
But there is room we all agree
For one inventor more.
While airships soar and autos make
Pedestrians into mutton,
By wireless telegraph we pray
For a loseless collar-button.

NUFF SED

Two men, each driving a light team, were approaching each other from opposite directions when they suddenly and somewhat severely collided. One of the men, who was cross-eyed, exclaimed angrily: “Why don’t you look where you’re going?”

The other immediately retorted: “And why don’t you go where you’re looking?”

Sarah L. Tenny

Walnuts and Wine



Quaker Oats

The fact that Quaker Oats is "better every way" than any other kind of rolled oats, is the reason why you will like Quaker Oats best.

Quaker Oats

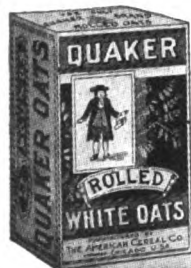
contains only the finest quality of selected, pure, white oats; the process of manufacture is the result of years of constant progress; the Quaker Mills are models of cleanliness and purity.

You will never order common oats once you have used Quaker Oats. Better try Quaker Oats today.

Large package 10c. At grocers everywhere.

Made by the Quaker Oats Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

*Have Breakfast
with me*



Walnuts and Wine

AS TOLD OVER THE TELEPHONE

The story of a balking mule named "Shoe," driven by an old negro named "Abe," and owned by a wholesale feed house. One day Shoe balked on Broad Street and refused absolutely to be driven again. After old Abe had spent his energies on Shoe for an hour in the vain endeavor to get him to start, he went into a store to telephone his employers. The following is what a party of gentlemen near the telephone heard:

"Please, marm, gimme number two hund'ed an' 'leven. Is dat you, Marse Henry? . . . Yessir, dis is Abe. I dun ring yer up, sir, ter tell you about Shoe. Shoe, he dun balk down yer on Broad Street, sir."

"_____"

"'Bout a hour, sir."

"_____"

"Yessir, I bus' him in de head."

"_____"

"I dun wear de whip handle out on him, sir."

"_____"

"Yessir, I kick him in de belly 'bout eight times, sir."

"_____"

"Marse Henry, I would ha' kick um some mo' but I hu't me big toe on um de las' time I kick um."

"_____"

"Twis' he tail? No, sir, not dis nigger. A gemman from New York, he twis' he tail."

"_____"

"No, sir, I don't think he dead. De doctor take him 'way in de amb'lance."

"_____"

"Yessir, it was sure foolish."

"_____"

"Marse Henry, I done set fire under Shoe."

"_____"

"De harness? Dun bu'n de harness clean off um."

"_____"

"De cart? Yessir, dun bu'n de cart too, sir, all 'cept one wheel, sir."

"_____"

"Yessir, I git de feed out fust, sir."

"_____"

"Marse Henry, is you want me to come back to de store and go to work, or mus' I wait fer Shoe to move?"

L.



Whiting Papers of the HIGHEST GRADE

Made by the Largest Manufacturers
of Fine Writing Papers in the World

Did you ever compare a box of **Whiting's French Organdie or Glacé** with any other so-called high-grade correspondence paper? Get a box and compare it with what you are using, and you will understand why they are in such enormous demand.

Whiting's Woven Linen is the highest-type linen paper, greatly appreciated for gentlemen's use.

We should be pleased to send you our exquisitely embossed booklet containing the latest authority on the etiquette of correspondence, forms of invitation, etc., on receipt of 4 cents for postage. It is of great service to any one, no matter how well posted on society matters, to refresh the memory on the finer points of the etiquette of correspondence.

Whiting's papers can be obtained from all dealers in stationery.

Whiting Paper Company

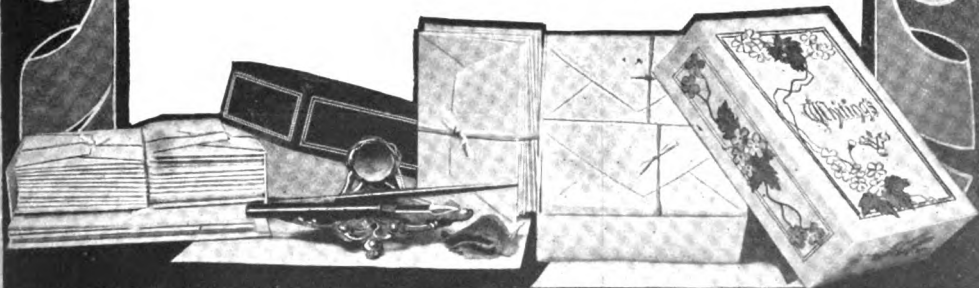
148, 150, 152 Duane Street, New York

PHILADELPHIA

CHICAGO

BOSTON

Mills, Holyoke, Mass.



Walnuts and Wine

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER, ETC.

Timothy Woodruff was once enjoying a walk in the vicinity of Albany when he came upon two men rolling about in the road in a desperate fight. The man on top was pummelling the other unmercifully. Mr. Woodruff intervened, with the result that an armistice was declared between the two.

"I don't see how you can look me in the face," indignantly exclaimed Woodruff to the man who had been on top—an individual who was, by the way, a much larger man than his opponent; "don't you know that it's an infernal shame to keep striking a man when he's down?"

A broad grin came to the countenance of the rebuked one. "Sure, me friend," he said, "if ye knew all the trouble I had to git him down, ye wouldn't be talkin' like that!"

Edwin Tarrisse

YET FIGURES CAN'T LIE

"I suppose you see a good many automobiles passing this way," said the touring statistician to the farmer.

"Oh, yes, a tolerably good number."

"Possibly a half-dozen a day?"

"Oh, more'n that, I reckon."

"As many as a dozen a day?"

"Waal, I guess some days I've seen as many as a dozen, but it ain't often."

"Well," persisted the tourist, "about how many do you figure you average a day?"

"Waal, I'll tell you," replied the farmer, thoughtfully stroking his chin, "the average varies!"

E. J. J.

USED TO IT

On a railroad train the other day, a man slowly came to his senses after a long slumber.

"Conductor, why didn't you wake me up, as I asked you? Here I am miles beyond my station."

"I did try, sir, but the best I could do, all I could get from you was, 'All right, Maria; get the children their breakfast, and I'll be down—in—a minute.'"

Clarence Birch

Walnuts and Wine

MENNEN'S

Borated Talcum

TOILET POWDER



The Mennen Caddie

offers instant relief from chaps and skin roughness which keen fall winds bring to out-of-door folks.

Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder

is put up in non-refillable box—Mennen's face on the cover guarantees it's genuine. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents.

Gerhard Mennen Co.

Newark, N. J.

*"Try Mennen's
Violet
Talcum Powder."*



Walnuts and Wine

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

(Down to Date)

By Elsie Duncan Yale

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the dear tangled wildwood,
And all the loved spots that my infancy knew.

Yet one thing I can but recall with a shudder—
I wonder I live now the story to tell:
Of how I oft drank from the old oaken bucket,
The germ-breeding bucket that hung in the well.

How oft as a boy, when returning from working,
I came from the meadows where long I had toiled,
And seized the rude bucket where microbes were lurking,
To drink of the water, unfiltered, unboiled!

I might have caught typhoid, marasmus, or measles;
I wonder that ever I lived to grow up,
For using that unhygienic old bucket
Instead of employing a sterilized cup.

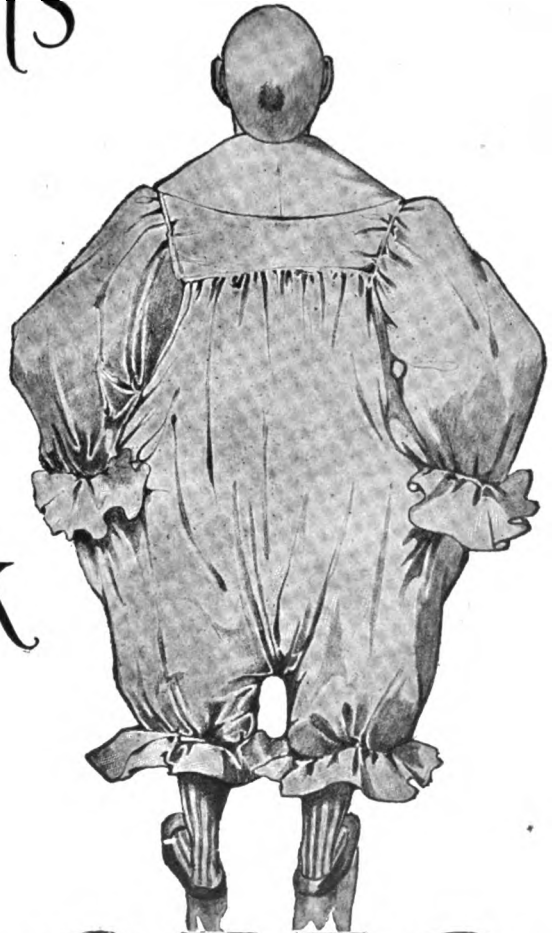
I thought it was sweet from the brim to receive it;
The draught so refreshing could not fail to please;
Ah, foolish I was, for I could not believe it;
That water no doubt contained germs of disease.

'Twas strange that in days of my earliest childhood
The bells of the village had not tolled my knell
For drinking bacteria out of that bucket,
The non-sterile bucket that hung in the well.

REFRAIN

The old oaken bucket, the germ-laden bucket,
The death-dealing bucket that hung in the well.

Even the
simplest
can see it's
foolish to
attempt
housework
without



SAPOLIO

Walnuts and Wine

PAYMENT IN FULL

Once there was a Woman who loved Bridge Whist, and was pleased to gather in the Ducats. So this Enterprising One gave a Luncheon, and invited thereto her friends. After they had partaken of many Tempting Viands, they played Bridge Whist after the Manner of the Times. Now, it chanced that among the Guests was a Sweet and Innocent One who had never played Bridge Whist for Money. But she could not offend her Hostess by refusing to play. So she played. And when she departed she was informed by the Hostess that she Owed her the Sum of Forty Dollars. Now this Sweet and Innocent One had been but a short time Married, and she Feared Greatly to tell her husband of her Loss. But in her Great Extremity she at last told him of her Debt to the Kind Hostess, and he was full of Wrath. Then the Husband sent to the Kind Hostess the Sum of Forty-One Dollars. But the Hostess, though Enterprising, was Honest, so she wrote the Husband that there was an Error; the Sum his wife owed her was but Forty Dollars. Then the Man smiled Grimly, and wrote thus to the Kind Hostess: "The One Dollar extra is for the Luncheon."

E. M. H.

THREE YEARS

"How long," asked the judge of a vagrant negro, "have you been without any means of support?"

"Since my wife died in 1903, suh," responded the darkie respectfully.

J. M. Hendrickson

AN OLD STORY

She (poutingly): "You never tell me you love me any more."

He: "No, I'm a newspaper man and I never go to press with stale news."

Will S. Gidley

SEEMS LIKELY

Nellie: "Did the groom seem to be happy during the wedding ceremony?"

Nora: "Not so happy as he seemed to be during the wedding breakfast."

G. T. Evans



When You Hang the "Artlooms"

TIME to take down the summer draperies and replace them with rich, warm hangings for autumn and winter. The woman who knows about Artloom Tapestries now has the advantage; she gives to her rooms an effect of comfort, of luxury, and of taste out of all proportion to the cost.

We don't know how it is with you, but in most homes Artloom hangings are just what is needed: they do more to furnish a room than anything else in it. Curtains for parlor, living-room, dining-room, bedrooms, den, or any place in the house.

Prices as low as \$3 and up to \$30 according to material. The cheaper and medium-price curtains are marvellously effective. Ask to be shown the Artloom Tapestries, curtains, couch-covers, and table-covers the very next time you go shopping. (*Identify by label Artloom on every piece.*) Your merchant doubtless has them. The only trouble is that in some stores the assortment doesn't do us justice. Please remember we have the largest tapestry works in the United States and your dealer can get anything we make.

Send to-day for our free style book "J" of Artloom creations with designs in color. We shall enclose, also without cost, a charming little book, "Home-making," by Edith W. Fisher, with illustrated schemes for interior decoration.

Philadelphia Tapestry Mills X X Philadelphia

Walnuts and Wine

THE DIFFERENCE

By *M. E. Killalee*

Miss Boston, with a haughty mien,
Was boasting of her "stock";
"My ancestors," she proudly cried,
"Found homes at Plymouth Rock!"

Miss Gotham, with a roguish smile,
Said gaily, "I beg pardon,
But I'm more up-to-date, for mine
Found 'jobs' at Castle Garden."

A NOVEL PASTIME

A small boy was instructed that the breast of a chicken was called the white meat and the legs the dark meat. Soon after he went to spend the afternoon with his Sunday School teacher, a young lady of whom he was very fond. Upon returning home, he was full of the good time he had had.

"And what did you do at Miss B.'s?" asked his mother.

"Oh, she told me wonderful stories. And I sat on her *dark meat* and leaned my head against her *white meat*!"

Helen Sherman Griffith

AT THE HOUSE PARTY

"Don't you think our hostess has very winning ways?"

"Yes, indeed," he replied forcefully, as he thought of the fifty dollars he had lost to her at bridge.

Henry Miller

A NATURAL THERMOMETER

Doctor: "How can you tell, then, madam, whether the water is too cold or too warm unless you have a thermometer?"

Mother of A-New-Born: "When the baby's blue, I know the water is too cold; when red, it's too warm."

Adam S. Gregorius

ANOTHER SAYING EXPLODED

"Two heads are better than one, aren't they?"

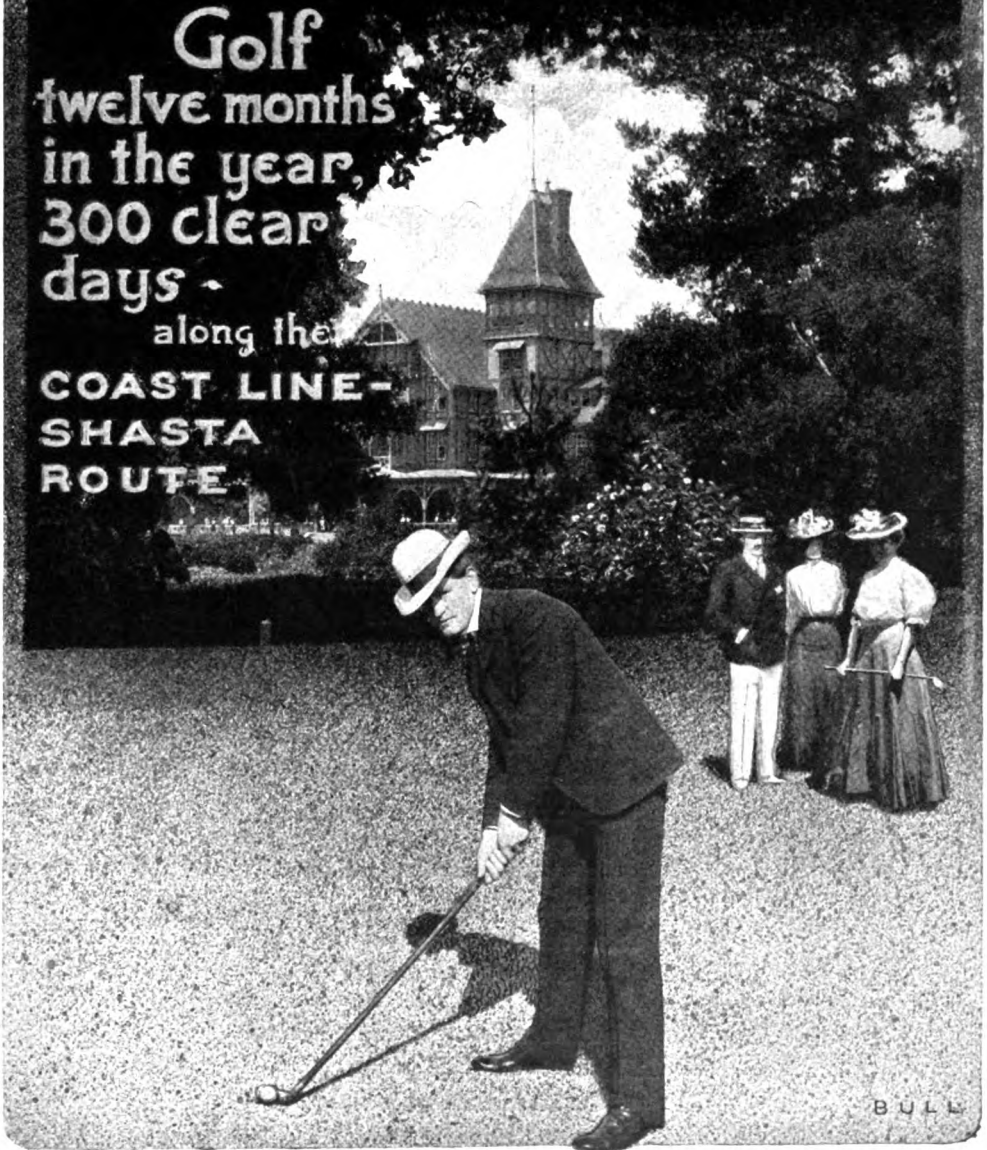
"H'm! I guess you never paid any milliner's bills."

J. M. Hendrickson

**ROAD OF A
THOUSAND WONDERS
THROUGH CALIFORNIA
AND OREGON
OVER THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC**

**Golf
twelve months
in the year,
300 clear
days -**

along the
**COAST LINE -
SHASTA
ROUTE**



Golf at Del Monte

Los Angeles to San Francisco via Santa Barbara, Paso Robles, Del Monte, Santa Cruz, and San José, thence northward through the great Sacramento Valley, through Sacramento, past Mt. Shasta, over the Siskiyou, through the Oregon valleys of the Rogue River, Umpqua, and Willamette, to Portland, Rose City of Oregon. Write Chas. S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager, Department I, Union Ferry Building, San Francisco, California, for descriptive literature.

—One of six pictures appearing in current magazines, of outdoor sports along the Coast Line—Shasta Route, the wonderful highway along the old mission trail, northward through the great Sacramento Valley, through Sacramento, past Mt. Shasta, over the Siskiyou, through the Oregon valleys of the Rogue River, Umpqua, and Willamette, to Portland, Rose City of Oregon.

Walnuts and Wine

DISAPPOINTED

By Eloise Lee Sherman

Dey say dat once upon a time,
When critters all could talk,
Dat ol' Brer Raccoon started out
To take er little walk.

An' he ain't gone so very fur
Befo' he chance to see,
Right by de paf 'longside er him,
Er loaded 'simmon tree.

Den ol' Brer Raccoon up an' 'low,
"Dis hyer is whar I stop.
I's gwine to set down in de shade
Until dem 'simmons drop."

'Caze he were lazy lak, an' fat,
An' climbin' he did hate,
Ses he, "I's hyeard dat all things come
To him who des will wait."

So he sarched out er easy seat,
An' sot an' scratched his nose
Until fo' long he felt so good
He dropped into er doze.

An' while he were asleepin' some
Brer 'Possum happened by,
An' when he seen Brer Raccoon dere
He laugh an' wunk his eye.

Den he clum up dat 'simmon tree,
Achucklin' to hese'f,
An' et, an' et, an' et, ontill
Dey wa'n't no 'simmons lef'.

An' when Brer Raccoon did wake up
An' 'gun to hunt de groun'
To get de 'simmons dat had fell,
Dere wa'n't none to be foun'.

Walnuts and Wine

HADDON HALL

ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY

CENTRALLY LOCATED

OPEN ENTIRE YEAR



Golfing Automobiling Driving
Horseback Riding
Roller Chair Riding on the Boardwalk

Booklet and Rates on Application

Leeds & Lippincott

Walnuts and Wine

An' when he look up in de tree
He sigh des fit to bus';
Ses he, " Things come to dem dat waits—
'Less some-un gits 'em fus'."

Now, dere's a moral dat dis tale
Will prove widout a doubt ;
But whut hit is I ain't gwine tell.
I'll leave you to fin' out.

✽

STORKVILLE COURIER PLEASE COPY

Mrs. Maloney: " Twins do be the great misfortune."

Mrs. Finnegan: " Shure an' they be ! Wan o' thim misfortunes
that niver come single."

C. A. Bolton

✽

THE WASHERWOMAN

(IN WORDSWORTH'S REALISTIC STYLE)

By Harry T. Baker

Hang out the washing, mother dear,
And pin it on the line.
Our Willie's socks that were so soiled
Are now all sweet and fine.

My heart leaps up when I behold
This large, fair sheet of white,
In length six feet and five in width—
It gives me pure delight.

Why, Ma! how red your knuckles look
From scrubbing Father's shirt!
Cold cream you must apply at once
To save your hands from hurt.

Let no rude breeze disturb this quilt,
Nor fowl upon it swoop;
For once it covered Sammy's toes
Before he died of croup.

Walnuts and Wine

365 SHAVES WITHOUT STROPPING

A shave every day in the year for less than two cents a week, with the wonderful double-edged wafer blades of the Gillette Safety Razor.

One million satisfied users prove the supremacy of the Gillette, a supremacy due to the double-edged wafer blades which require No Stropping and are Always Sharp—facts true only of the Gillette Blade. If there is a single user who is not getting the utmost satisfaction, we want to know it.

SOLID SATISFACTION FOR EVERY ONE

Any man can shave himself smoothly and easily with the Gillette. It is the simplest as well as the best and most durable razor made. Every double-edged wafer blade is as perfect as science and skill can make it. The steel used in the manufacture of Gillette Blades is made specially for this purpose. By a unique process which required years to perfect, this steel is converted into Gillette double-edged wafer blades, uniform in temper, and with the most perfect shaving edge in the world.

NO STROPPING NO HONING ALWAYS SHARP

50,000 double-edged blades a day are turned out at our factory—100,000 shaving edges—the strongest kind of evidence that Gillette Razors are widely used and appreciated.

Every man should secure a Gillette Razor. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded on our 30 Days' Free Trial Offer. Most dealers make this offer; if yours won't, we will.

12 BLADES—24 SHARP EDGES

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For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by all Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

Walnuts and Wine

HIS MOST ACCURATE COUNTERFEIT

The genial Mark Twain complains that he has a most surprising number of "doubles." Only the other day a gentleman wrote to him from Florida, saying that he had been taken so often for Mr. Clemens that he thought it a matter of duty to send his photograph to the real original.

The likeness, as shown by the picture, was certainly remarkable—so much so, indeed, that Mark sat down and wrote the following reply:

"MY DEAR SIR:—I thank you very much for your letter and the photograph. In my opinion, you are certainly more like me than any other of my doubles. In fact, I am sure that if you stood before me in a mirrorless frame, I could shave by you."

René Bache

ALL LOOKED ALIKE

Uncle Eph had long boasted that he had never needed the services of a doctor, but now he was ill, and his neighbor felt that the time had come when a physician should be called.

"Come, now, Uncle Eph," said she, "we will call whomever you wish—you know there's a good allopath and a good homeopath, and there's a new doctor, an osteopath. Now, who'll you have?"

"Wal," drawled Uncle Eph, "I dunno ez it matters—they do say that all paths lead to the grave!"

Mrs. W. B. Phipps

A QUESTION

By J. L. Armor

If a saint were sick and weary,
In fact, were very ill,
Would his nimbus by his sickness
Become an imbecile?

A NEW KIND OF FUNERAL

Our janitor appeared the other morning with the request that he be allowed to do his work early in the day, as he wanted the afternoon off.

"What is the matter, Fritz?" inquired my mother.

"Vell, you see, I vish to go ofer to Jersey City vid mine vife, to see a friendt git hissself buried."

R. B. Sweezy

Walnuts and Wine

Londonderry

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is looked upon as a "First Aid" to the home entertainer. "Londonderry," because of its purity and great absorbent properties, is not only a delicious beverage by itself, but the most perfect diluent for all wines and liquors. It enhances their deliciousness and counteracts harm from their use. "Londonderry" is incomparable as a basis for all "mixed drinks," imparting to them a distinctive taste and character. Our booklet entitled,

"CHEERS"

being a collection of carefully prepared receipts for cheering concoctions, both temperance and otherwise, will be mailed free to any address on request. It tells how to make all kinds of delicious drinks that will cause you to be the envy of your friends and gain for you the reputation of being an ideal entertainer. Write for it to-day.

Londonderry Lithia Water is served at all first-class hotels and clubs, and is sold by druggists, grocers and wine merchants. The Sparkling comes in quarts, pints and splits; the Still in half-gallon bottles.

Londonderry Lithia Spring Water Co.

43 Elm St., Nashua, N. H.



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At All the Better kind of Stores
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REALLY DELIGHTFUL

If your neighborhood store can't supply you send us 10c for sample packet.
FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY, INC., Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto, Can.

Walnuts and Wine

THE DEMAND OF LABOR

It was formerly the custom of a paper mill in Massachusetts to pay the workers semi-monthly; and, the operatives having found the practice somewhat inconvenient from their standpoint, it was decided to send a delegate to the head of the firm to state their grievance. An Irishman, rather well known for his sagacity and persuasive powers, was selected for the task. He duly waited on the "boss," who said: "Well, Michael, what can I do for you?"

"If ye plase, sor," said Mike, "I've been sint as a diligate by the workers to ask a favor of ye regardin' the paymint of our wages."

"What do they want?"

"Sor, it is the desire of mesilf an' of ivery other man in the estab-lishmint that we resayve our semi-monthly pay every week."

Edwin Tarrisse

A LITERARY CRITIC

A good story is told at the expense of a well-known young clubman in Philadelphia, who is said to be possessed of an incurable desire to make love to every attractive girl he meets.

This incorrigible was recently presented to an extremely handsome and talented young woman, towards whom he at once exhibited the usual symptoms of capitulation. During the course of their first conversation the clubman chanced to observe:

"I understand that you're quite a literary person. Do you care for fiction?"

"No," replied the young woman, who had received previous warning of the propensity of the clubman; "so please don't tell me that I'm the only girl you ever loved."

T.

IN SEMBLANCE, AT LEAST

Once while we were journeying in England the guard put into our compartment a little girl who was travelling alone. She was eight years old and French, she told us in the animated conversation she at once entered upon, so unlike the demure little English child. "I have let my house in Paris," she said, "and come to live in England, where I like it very much. There is the loveliest old gentleman where I live now—oh, how I love him!" and she dramatically held her hand to her heart. "I call him grandfather, my dear grandfather."

"And is he a grandfather?" we queried.

"I do not know," she replied, "but he is made just like one."

F. B. N.

“Young Love and Old Hate”

form a fascinating partnership in Lewis B. Ely's striking tale, which is the complete novel in the November Lippincott's Magazine. The local color in this vivid American novel will make it as notable as the story is fine. : : : : :

Other features are tales of Western flavor, and genuine humor, by George Carling, D. M. Henderson, Jr., and Maarten Maartens; an Army-Navy football yarn by Captain Buchanan; a characteristic story by E. F. Benson; and readable papers by Wolf von Schierbrand and Mary Moss. The eighteen pages of “Walnuts and Wine” are especially funny.

GET THE November Lippincott's

Walnuts and Wine

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY

By Walter Pulitzer

To wed, or not to wed;
That is the question.
Whether 'tis better
To remain single,
And disappoint a few women—
For a time;
Or marry,
And disappoint one woman—
For life ?

NOBILITY *versus* DIVINITY

When Lord Elphiston was in America a couple of years ago, he was entertained at dinner by a family the head of which was to accompany his lordship on his hunting tour through the wilds of the Northwest.

One of the assets of the family was a child of about five named Ethel, and during the dinner the child was big-eyed and big-eared with wonderment—in fact, completely overawed by the presence of the distinguished foreigner.

Ethel heard her mother and father now and then say “My lord this, and my lord that,” or “Will you have some of this, my lord ? or some of that ?” the dinner being a purely informal one.

Finally, when Ethel's mother was interested in the conversation of another guest, Ethel noticed that Milord was gazing interestedly at a dish of relishes quite out of his reach. Ethel, child though she was, thought she saw a chance to please Lord Elphiston, and in a firm, clear voice exclaimed:

“Mamma, God wants some pickles.”

W. P. Strandborg

AS SEEN IN THE PARK

A Boston gentleman and his small grandson were in an electric car one day when a young man with a black band on his sleeve got in. The little boy looked at it and then said, “Grandpapa, why does he have that on his sleeve?”

His grandfather replied, “Because he has lost some relative.”

“Oh,” said the boy, “I thought it was to keep the caterpillars from crawling up!”

Mrs. Lowell D. Hoyt

HUMOR

Carolyn Wells, Seumas MacManus, Ellis Parker Butler, Edward Childs Carpenter, Dorothea Deakin, Marion Hill, George Randolph Chester, Anne Warner, Lucy Copinger, Norval Richardson, and some new writers whose names will some day be famous, contribute delightfully humorous short stories to coming numbers of LIPPINCOTT'S.

WESTERN

tales, for which LIPPINCOTT'S is widely famous, will not be neglected in early issues. Caroline Lockhart, Will Levington Comfort, George Brydges Rodney, Francis Lynde, C. Cunningham, and several clever new writers, have written breezy stories of the virile West. : : : : : : : : : : : :

STORIES

on varied themes—from mystery to sentiment, from business to adventure—are already in hand from E. F. Benson, Constance Smedley, Mrs. I. Zangwill, Lawrence S. Mott, Minna Thomas Antrim, Georg Schock, Edith Robinson, Olivia Howard Dunbar, George Allen England, Charles Newton Hood, Harold Durant, Katharine Metcalf Roof, George Seibel, and others. : : : : : : : :

NOVELS

by Marie van Vorst, Grace MacGowan Cooke, Caroline Wood Morrison, Anna Rogers, Helen Milecete, and others whose names we are not yet ready to announce, are soon to delight the thousands who welcome LIPPINCOTT'S monthly complete novel. : : : : :

In the clever papers, popular poems, and "Walnuts and Wine" for forthcoming issues, there will be some delightful surprises in store for 1907. : : : : : : : : : : : :

Walnuts and Wine

A HUNDRED-TO-ONE SHOT

At the race track in Oakland, California, during the early part of last season, R——n, a well-known jockey, was thrown and badly injured. The doctors in consultation decided that an immediate operation was necessary to save the boy's life. On being informed of this, the injured one asked what his chances were, and was told : "About one in ten, if we operate."

"And if you don't operate, Doc?"

"Well, about one in a hundred."

"Sort of in God's hands, ain't it?"

"Why, certainly," admitted the surprised M.D.

A contented grin touched the jockey's pale lips and twinkled in his shrewd eyes.

"Well, say, Doc, I guess I'd rather play a hundred-to-one shot with Him in the saddle than a ten-to-one with you fellows up. Just let her go, Doc."

She went. The long shot won, and R——n is again riding winners at the old place.

H. C. Robinson

PREMATURE

"Conductor," exclaimed an irate woman who carried many bundles, as she paused on the platform of the crowded street-car, "I thought I told you that I wanted to get off at Pelham Avenue!"

"But, madam——"

"Don't you say a word! I know all about your having a crowd aboard, and not being able to remember where everybody gets off. I've heard all that before."

"But, madam, I——"

"You may be sure I shall report you, sir; and for your impudence, too."

She alighted; the conductor rang his bell, and as the car started he said politely, as he touched his cap:

"I'm very sorry, madam, but Pelham Avenue is a block farther on."

J. T.

NOT UNNATURAL

Sable : Do you think your wife will be asked to address the meeting ?"

Cable : "No ; it won't be necessary."

G. T. Evans

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1906



YOUNG LOVE AND OLD HATE

BY LEWIS B. ELY

I.

IN the height of the midnight downpour Colonel Divoll's editor, Tom Shelby, in the colonel's buggy, dashed up to the livery-stable on the back street behind the Boonetown court-house.

"Get out your carriage, quick!" cried Shelby to the astonished proprietor. "Don't ask questions. We've got to meet the midnight local. Hustle."

Hawkins's was the only closed carriage in town, and his pride. He gave Tom a long, dubious look; but grabbed the young man's horse, led it to the rear, roused a sleeping human somewhere in the darkness of the stalls, and together they rolled the great hack forth. The sleeping human happened to be Pevely Sadders, Colonel Divoll's hired man, who should have been at home with his good wife in their cabin in the Colonel's backyard. Perhaps Pevely had had a nip too much, but he was sober now and insisted on driving.

They buckled a team to the old hack, lighted its weak lamps, and it bowled slowly forth at last, turned over to Main Street, and made towards the depot at a gallop. When they struck the muddy climb of Persimmon Hill, which lay between Boonetown and the station, they crawled, snailed, dredged, stalled, almost stuck. As the blowing team gained the top there came a giant thunder crack; a streak shot the sky and showed the hill silver green, the lonely persimmon tree on the summit flashing emerald lights, and near it the old log corn crib streaming fountains.

There came a whistle, a bell, and a headlight playing along the rails. Swaying, tumbling, sliding down the hill, the coach splashed

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up to the platform. Donning again the old tan canvas coat which he had squeezed out and laid on the carriage floor, Tom jumped out just as the train stopped and a porter, umbrella in hand, ran with a girl under the shelter of the depot's projecting roof. No sooner did she catch sight of him than she exclaimed, "You dear old darling, down here in all this storm!" Her voice was a rich caress.

Never was he so astounded, and, in fact, delighted, as in the instant of their coming together, when her dear arms went round his damp neck and she gave him the sweetest kiss that dim depot lantern ever shone upon or darkness ever obscured.

"But where's your mustache? Oh, uncle—what!" The caress died out of her voice. She screamed. Tom realized.

"It's not you!" she cried, aghast. "And it's you! You! You—of all men!" Her voice jumped octaves, as if her feelings were jumping chasms. She gazed upon him as some horrible object reflecting her mistake. That he was a human being seemed not to be in her mind. "What have I done! Oh! Oh! . . . You have on my uncle's coat!" she cried accusingly.

"Yes." Tom dismally tried to summon his scattered wits. "Miss Drew—I'm—well—forgive me—I'm the ass in the lion's skin," he blurted. Touching her arm, he moved her further under the eaves. "When your telegram came we couldn't find the Colonel, and I came in his place," he added.

"It wasn't your fault," she said resentfully. "What could I have been thinking of!"

"Please don't think of it again," he replied; but he didn't mean just that; indeed, he didn't know what he did mean. He opened the waiting-room door, and they went in. "Maybe it will let up a little in a minute, Miss Drew. I brought a carriage for you."

She turned nervously, angrily, and looked him in the eyes. Her cheeks aflame, how pretty she was! "Mr. Shelby," she cried, clenching her hands, "I believe you've played a trick—a contemptible trick!" Then she faltered, "Have you?" and sank weakly into a seat.

Presently she smiled deprecatingly and her sense of the absurd seemed to rescue her for a mere instant as she glanced at Shelby. She rested her chin on her knuckles reflectively; once or twice wearily closed her lids and sighed; then her blue eyes flashed up at him. Many moods played over the superb creature. And he? His emotions were mixed.

"Well, it's off now," he remarked, removing the rain-coat, which was fast making a perspiring and ridiculous object of him.

At length, holding the rain-coat about her shoulders, he assisted her to make a run for the vehicle. With a foot on the step, though,

she hesitated. "I'd rather ride in a tumbrel than with you in your old carriage!" she exclaimed; but got right in. Pevely on the front seat perked up his ears.

Removing the coat, the girl settled back comfortably, if rather dejectedly, against the cushions. The ancient coach fagged up the hill.

Now for the first time she realized fully her disappointment, her utter defeat, in Tom's coming to Boonetown; and, her voice trembling with the grievance, she said, "And you came, you came, after all! Mr. Shelby, how could you!"

Why had he come? Solely because of the girl who had travelled to the city in the wake of her uncle and begged him not to come. Could he ever dismiss that vision of her entering his dingy newspaper nest in the metropolitan office just after the colonel's departure?—the refreshing picture of girlish beauty which the doorway framed; the heightened color in her cheeks; her hair so perfectly matched by her gold-brown raiment; her hesitation as she had approached to talk to him; her embarrassment when she had confessed that Boonetown hated her old aristocrat uncle; her eloquence as she had pleaded with Shelby not to touch his newspaper venture, because it would only widen the breach between her uncle and the people—her every word an index to womanly character; the impression which her genuineness, her girlishness, her grace, her glowing beauty, left upon him! Unable to conquer the mounting desire of his heart for this girl, he had abandoned himself to it, sacrificed his responsible job in the city, staked his all in the sentimental venture—and here he was, hired to her uncle to come out and revive his dead elephant. Colonel Divoll had "bid in" the Boonetown *Beacon* for ten prices at a sheriff's sale for no other reason than that the Honorable Griffith Crowder, whom he despised, was bidding against him. Miss Polly's resentment and reproach burst forth anew, convulsively: "A girl's feelings count for nothing with you, Mr. Shelby. Her intuitions mean nothing to you. You've no respect for her dearest purposes, her efforts, her sacrifices—her prayers, even. You'd undo her influence of years on the person nearest her, brush her aside and break her heart for a sheer whim—trample upon her feelings—ignore her as if she were nothing! Oh, to think of finding you here, after I've explained and pleaded and begged you not to come! You have no heart in you!"

Didn't he? Something was pounding prodigiously in his breast.

"How could you!" she cried once more, her lips trembling pathetically.

"Miss Drew, you are demanding a powerful, valid reason. You almost compel me to tell you," he answered, with a peculiar emphasis which moved her to look at him wonderingly for an instant. But her thoughts were less concerned with him than with the apprehended

consequence of his coming, for she presently sobbed out, "It will break my heart to have uncle openly fighting the town!"

There came to Tom later a vision of Colonel Divoll, erect and frigid, walking about the town with the fair-haired girl, her hand upon his arm; she bowing to the people graciously, almost ingratiatingly, as if to compensate for the scrupulous, scant civility of her old cavalier. Together they were a picture of young Love and old Hate.

"Think of him," she exclaimed, "opposing Mr. Crowder and the temperance people, and everybody just despising him for it!"

"Miss Drew, the Colonel told me the town was in the hands of a rascal. You see, there are two points of view," ventured Tom.

"And you propose to redeem the town—is that it?" Sudden anger had touched her voice with exquisite irony.

"I might offer that as my motive," Tom answered defiantly.

"Dear me, we have here a philanthropist!" she retorted with infinite sarcasm.

Sometimes things hurt us without our knowing why. That irrelevant "philanthropist" cut Shelby to the quick. Pevely Sadders heard the sharp word through the closed window, and during the flash of lightning that accompanied her bitter reflection—possibly the skies struck fire in sympathy with Tom's tortured feelings—Pevely looked around at him. To this day Shelby hates that word philanthropist. The "-pist"—therein the stinger lay, at the end, like a wasp's, or like a whip's cracker. It cut him inexplicably; it was mortification to the spirit.

Then she softened, giving way to tears and barely audible sobs.

They rode along in this comparative silence through the dimly lighted town, past the feed-store and the *Beacon* office upstairs, by the Court-house Square, down past deep yards and on by Colonel Divoll's residence, that lay just outside the pale, so to speak, beyond two churches which faced each other, forming a kind of gateway leading into town from the river country. As they drove past the Colonel's a flash of lightning revealed the brilliant geranium beds in the vast yard, and a heavy gust shook showers of diamonds from the great trees. Then on into the mud and the darkness of the "river road" rolled the hack with its unhappy occupants.

After a long, long, seemingly interminable ploughing along in the muddy ruts, they turned in through the huge white horse-shoe gateway of the Drew farm, and bowled across the broad wooded pasture to the house. And when at last he assisted her to alight and went up on the porch with her to the door, she gave him for his pains a crisp and cutting "Good-night, Mr. Philanthropist! But," she added, "you have really been very kind to meet me in all this storm and bring me home."

As Shelby stepped out of the hack in front of the Colonel's, with whom he had his abode, Pevely Sadders put a question: "Say, Mister Shelby, what is a *philantrypist*, any way?" Tom could have pulled the fool off the driver's seat and choked him in the mud.

II.

THE *Beacon* office above the feed-store was a pleasant place, airy and light, with its side windows overlooking the court-house square. Wooden stairs led up the side of the brick wall to the office door. The front windows looked across Main Street to the comfortable porch of the Bollinger Hotel. The old press and paraphernalia had been cleared out and stored in Colonel Divoll's barn loft. Pending arrival of a new outfit, Tom and the Colonel spent some time in the office discussing the town, its ways, its people. One remark occurred frequently in the crusty old gentleman's conversation, to the effect that Boonetown was "a one man's town;" and his tone implied that he hated the "one man."

The Honorable Griffith Crowder, candidate for Congress, was a personage of whom one was forced to form some opinion right away. His physical heaviness, black-bearded face, richness and depth of voice, magnetic warmth of manner—yet in which there was something of the bully—all were eloquent of force. And the force carried with it a hint of the crude.

On Sunday morning Tom, being in a rocking-chair on the Colonel's front porch, had an opportunity of observing Mr. Crowder through the side windows of the church next door. Pevely Sadders, standing by in the yard, remarked, "Look at 'Brother' Crowder in the amen corner—the salt o' the yearth in a pew all by itse'f. 'Pears like the salt tastes mighty sweet to itse'f sometimes."

And after silently observing the proud figure some moments, seeing him rise and hearing him lift up his tones to heaven as if "big with hymn, commander of an host," Pevely remarked, half to himself and half to Shelby: "I never seen a man could mix as much politics with his religion as Brother Crowder."

Crowder was undoubtedly important. His very boots squeaked it; his big Derby hat was pompous; he carried a gold-headed cane. In everything he seemed just a little to overdo the impressive. Especially so since his official occupation at that time was to purchase and rear mules for the United States Government; a perfectly respectable occupation, to be sure, but hardly comporting with senatorial importance. Formerly he had been an Indian agent in the Territory.

One afternoon shortly afterwards Tom saw him in all his glory. A fierce shouting and cracking of whips announced the incoming of a

drove of mules from the Government yards. Presently Main Street became a broad stream of bobbing brown backs. Mounting a horse-block at the edge of the court-house yard, the Honorable Griffith Crowder bawled directions to his drivers and pointed here and there with his ornate walking-stick; a splendid figure truly. When the drove had passed he jumped into his buggy, flicked the whip over his beautiful jet-black stallion, and flourished away, following the mules over Persimmon Hill to the depot.

One of the first things to impress Shelby was the intimacy of Griffith Crowder with "Old Man" Anderson, the County Treasurer. Every evening Crowder waited in his buggy for him. When you heard the stallion whinny you knew that Old Man Anderson was coming down the court-house steps. The animal greeted him affectionately when he came near. This, though, the old man seemed never to notice. There was about the bowed and bearded Treasurer a subtle suggestion of mystery, or misery, whatever it was. He would climb into a seat beside his friend and silently they would drive on.

Tom was working like a Turk these days, writing, corresponding, telegraphing hurry-up messages for new machinery, soliciting advertisements, attempting to cultivate acquaintances. He was working against time. For one thing, he felt uncertain about Colonel Divoll's steadfastness in the undertaking. Miss Polly drove into town daily and whisked her uncle away in her phaeton, making a desperate plea with the old fellow to give it up while time remained. Another reason for Tom's haste to get the newspaper under way was, many things pointed to a competitor which might enter the field at any moment—a rival newspaper in the interests of the Honorable Griffith Crowder's candidacy for Congress.

One evening after supper, as Colonel Divoll's journalist was on his way uptown to the *Beacon* office, Mr. Crowder drove past him, looked around, slowed up, and said in a friendly, familiar way, "Get in, Mr. Shelby, and let me drive you up." That was their introduction.

Tom hesitated for the fraction of a second. Perhaps driving with Crowder involved disloyalty to Colonel Divoll. But what was the use of being squeamish? He climbed in.

By night the square was set in a frame of light. Stores kept open until nine o'clock, mail-time, and the population distributed itself over the sidewalks. Most of the store fronts had hoods or canopies over them, and, beneath these, lights gave the streets the appearance of rows of booths.

"We'll stop a minute at the post-office, if you say so, Mr. Shelby, and then I'd like to take you a little drive with me. I want to have a talk with you."

Later, as the two sped down the Main Street road, riverwards, Crowder, prefacing his discourse with the offer of a cigar, began:

"I've been smoking that cigar for about five years. I wish you'd tell me how you like it. Funny how a man will stick to one brand, ain't it? Shelby, what I was about to say is this: Of course it's no more my business than anybody else's; but I don't suppose there's another man in town that would come and tell you about it—in fact, no other man in town would be in such a position to know about it. I'm in touch with the people. Fact is, Shelby, you are about to make a bad break here. The motive for old Bob Divoll's starting that paper is malice against me. And I may say"—here there was a little ring of pride in his tone—"I may say that he's going to fly right in the face of popular sentiment. I'll tell you frankly he's the most unpopular man in this county. Here he's got rich off this community—made his money right here; and he hasn't got any more use for his neighbors than if they were so many dogs. People are bound to feel it. They have felt it for years. Take this little instance. You know he don't like the church people—God's people, his neighbors. Let me tell you what he said the other day. He was coming into town, back from Kansas City, and his man, Pevely Sadders, went down to meet him at the depot and carry his valise. When they got to the top of the hill, the old gentleman picked up a green persimmon under the tree and tasted it. He spit it out and made a wry face and said, 'Pevely, that tastes sort of puckery, like Boone-town religion.' Pevely come right back to the feed-store after he took the old gentleman home, and told it.

"But here's the important thing for you to know, Shelby. This town's got an old grudge against Bob Divoll. Years ago they had a very bitter, bitter lawsuit about some land, and they fought him for ten years, and beat him. They condemned his land and took it away from him. He's still trying to appeal that old suit. He'll never forgive this town, and they'll never forgive him. He bought the *Beacon* out of spite, and he's going to run it just for the sake of a grudge. Now, Shelby, I've laid the matter before you."

"Tell the people for me," Tom replied, "that the *Beacon* is to be run by me, not by Colonel Divoll. Our contract gives me an absolutely free hand, and the paper will be devoted to the interests of peace, good feeling, and the town's general welfare."

They had turned homeward now.

"Think it over," Crowder urged, as Tom was leaving him. "Don't make up your mind right away."

"It's made up long ago. I'm here for keeps."

"Hold on a minute," said the politician, loath to depart. "Now, you know I haven't any personal interest in this matter."

"By the way," Tom interjected, "what about all this talk of your starting a newspaper?"

"Humph!" Crowder ejaculated, with a bit of a sneer. "I wouldn't consider your paper an obstacle to mine, any way." He made a move to drive on, then pulled up. "Say, young man, you can tell which side of the bread the butter's on, can't you?" His voice had dropped to a confidential tone.

"Possibly."

"Well, in case you conclude to give up Colonel Divoll's business, you might call around and see me. You know molasses will catch more flies than vinegar, and I haven't picked out my editor yet."

"Your offer is very flattering—perhaps," said Shelby; "but I'll have to stay on with the vinegar. Maybe he'll sweeten up a little, after all. Who knows? Good-night, sir."

III.

It was the twenty-third day of Shelby's sojourn on Boonetown soil, June the sixth, a day belying the almanac, dark and rain-like. The *Beacon's* inaugural shot seemed to have been charged with wet powder. Nobody would buy the paper. Had the *Beacon's* been an undertaker's office, the scene could not have been less gay. The editor had tried to hire the Boonetown Brass Band to come and play on the corner. They pleaded another engagement, as he presently had cause to remember.

Polly had come into the office to invite her uncle to a drive. Hardly had she closed the door when there sounded the clarion notes of the first cornetist of the Boonetown Band, and a surprise fell upon the town—an impromptu parade in the interests of Boonetown's promising candidate. A concourse of citizens bustling over the square gave it the momentary look of a metropolis. Following the band, the procession, bearing the usual muslin mottoes and campaign insignia, wound around the square like a lengthy serpent, and halted in the fore of the court-house, spreading over the yard in a mass. The Colonel and Miss Polly came out upon the *Beacon* porch, where Shelby joined them.

A familiar heavy-set figure emerged from the court-house, bowing from the steps upon the crowd, which immediately sent up a rousing cheer. Colonel Divoll uttered a mild exclamation of disgust and abruptly turned back into the office.

The two on the *Beacon* porch could catch Crowder's every word. That man Crowder had magnetism. His countenance shone. The lustrous eyes and dark beard somehow hinted of the evangelist, and his resonant voice had a pious intonation. He did not omit to pay

his respects to the *Beacon*, and to refer sardonically to the young man from the city who, as everybody of course knew, had been hired to come into the country and assail him with skilful pen—Miss Polly let fall a glance upon Shelby. Crowder warned the people what to expect from such a hireling. Tom marveled at his abrupt aggressiveness in opening a fight unnecessarily, but Crowder's words revealed the method in it.

He had been waiting, he said, for this opportunity to tell the citizens of Boonetown that he, Griffith Crowder, himself was about to procure a newspaper for them. Later on he launched into a political harangue.

Such a cheering when the candidate closed! The band blew up sturdily; the procession began to move and the mass to spread. All would have been very well, but that some noisy spirit on the near corner of the court-house yard caught sight of Mr. Tom Shelby standing on the porch; then, before any one realized what it all meant, the whole rabble came running and jeering towards the *Beacon*, packing the street below and sending up challenging, taunting yells.

Miss Polly had retreated within, but the young editor remained stock-still on the porch. Possibly for curiosity's sake the parade itself turned thither, swelling the crowd, and the band was soon braying away in the blocked street below the porch. Crowder rushed over, jamming his way into the midst, brandishing his gold-headed cane, urging the procession to move on. And at about the same moment the crowd sent up hoarse cries to Shelby for a speech. "What have you got to say?"

Then Tom became conscious of the Colonel standing out on the porch beside him. The crowd raised a new and noisier bedlam. "Speech! Speech! Colonel Divoll! Colonel Divoll!" they shrieked. Shelby feared for what the old man might say, and shouted in his ear, "Better not!" But the Colonel thrust him aside.

"Gentlemen," he began, his voice wavering at first, then gradually steadying with a clear, sharp ring as he pursued, "I believe I owe you nothing. And I believe you owe me nothing. I can't see anything right now to justify your special interest in us here. I am at a loss to discover the meaning of your demonstration. I don't believe I would call it a love-feast." The inflection was the chilled edge of bitterness.

"Gentlemen, it is not my custom to distribute advice—I'm not making a personal business of educating the public. But since you yell, 'Speech! Speech!' I do have in mind one thing that you might profit by.

"I've spent most of my years here in this town, and I've seen it do many strange things. During these many years you've had wise

men among you, and a pretty fair sprinkling of fools. For the most part the honest men have been the wise men, and the fools have been the rascals. But to-day you've got the thing turned 'round. Gentlemen, this is the first time in my life that I've seen one rascal smart enough to swindle a whole town full of Democrats!"

"What do you mean?" roared Crowder, his black orbs fairly flashing up at the speaker.

Colonel Divoll leaned down over the railing and pointed a long finger straight at those eyes. "I mean you, Griffith Crowder," he shouted, "and I'll do my best to prove it to these people if you'll help me hold 'em here." There was a movement at the foot of the stairs, and one or two Crowder supporters seemed about to ascend. Colonel Divoll glanced at them, and exclaimed meaningly, "Don't you raise one foot upon these stairs! Mark that!" They desisted.

The brass band is a useful adjunct of politics, and it is a great statesman who can make the band play at the psychological moment. Mr. Crowder should have set his musicians going even earlier than he did. They began to play and the marchers strove to proceed, but the general populace was in the humor for more oratory, and Crowder, wedged tight in the mass, had to submit to the inevitable. However, something had happened to Colonel Divoll. He was only waiting to be heard, when a gentle, graceful arm went round his neck, and his niece led him back into the office.

The crowd now gazed up expectantly at Shelby. He opened his mouth to speak—when a painful sentence fell on his ears; Crowder's voice, deep and resonant, vibrating with the taunt, cut him to the quick with these words: "Let's hear what the philanthropist has got to say!"

Tom's head swam, his temples beat, and somewhere in the riot of consciousness flashed the idea that Pevely had been tattling about town. He was about to blurt out an angry answer to the challenge, but he shut his jaws instead; he felt that the girl was standing in the doorway behind him, and it put him on his mettle. In the next instant he was beginning the first speech of his career, and in a voice properly restrained.

"Gentlemen," he began—and then occurred a second embarrassment graver than the first, but he paused and stood rigid, scarcely winking an eye, until it passed. A more palpable, a more painful, slight could not have been conceived in the circumstances. Miss Polly Drew deliberately walked downstairs and departed in a manner which, however unobtrusive and proper, plainly told the crowd what *she* thought of him; and the crowd laughed as it made way for her.

"Gentlemen," Tom repeated, "my introduction to you hasn't been a very happy one. Mr. Crowder told you, a moment ago, that I

was a hireling come here to prostitute my great abilities to base purposes, or some such pleasantry. The truth is that I haven't any great abilities and base purposes. You'll have to take my word for it, but the fact is that my object is to work for all-around good feeling and the welfare of Boonetown to the best of my poor abilities."

"Philanthropist!" came in a half good-natured, laughing sneer from below.

"No," Tom retorted; "there is only room for one philanthropist in Boonetown. What Boonetown needs more is a live newspaper that will tell the truth, and we're going to tell the truth, even if we have to take issue with Mr. Crowder. I notice some of you laughing. You have been so used to having things all one way here in Boonetown that you can't imagine anything different. That is a peaceful condition, but not necessarily healthy. Let me suggest that you may find a little opposition very beneficial."

"Are you going to oppose local option?" challenged a man from the edge of the court-house yard.

"Not by a jugful," grinned Tom. "Nor," he continued, "will we necessarily oppose Mr. Crowder's nomination for Congress. For one thing, the time is rather short between now and the date of the convention. Under other circumstances we might sail into him. A moment ago he declared to you that malice was the motive behind this paper; as the editor of this paper, I'm not here to exploit any man's malice. Colonel Divoll has turned this proposition over to me absolutely, and I'm going to run it my own way, and I'll give Mr. Crowder or anybody else a square deal." Tom paused, hoping for some response. He got it.

The Honorable Griffith Crowder sneered a great basso profundo sneer that was a mixture of snort and groan; and immediately following it, by way of echo, came a mocking blast from the trombone of the band—a scandalous, bawling, Christmas-horn kind of cadenza that set everybody laughing foolishly. Tom was mad.

"Yes," he cried, "I say that I'll give Mr. Crowder a square deal—and he himself evidently thinks I can be trusted. He took me out driving one night last week, and did his best to persuade me to give up the *Beacon* and come and run a newspaper for him!"

"That's a lie!" shrieked the Honorable Griffith Crowder, utterly beside himself; and the next instant a flying gold-headed walking-stick just barely missed Tom's head, crashed against the door behind him, and rebounded, tumbling into the street.

Tom barely restrained an impulse to leap over the railing to come at close quarters with the candidate. As it was, he ran down the stairs, but there men held him. Eventually "cooling time" intervened, he went back upstairs, and the crowd dispersed.

IV.

THE church next to the Divoll yard possessed an organ handsome out of all keeping with its other equipments. It was too fine for the church, some critics avowed. Not many people knew how the church came to have it.

Miss Polly Drew, it seems, had been in charge of the church music for a year or so, ever since her return from the city where she had attended "the Conservatory." Her uncle, with his hearty dislike for the congregation, naturally resented her conspicuous connection with it. His resentment, however, developed a peculiar form.

The "music" of which she then took charge consisted of a little aged melodeon that had nearly outlived its usefulness. Some of its keys had sagged below their proper level, and lapsed into the silence which knows no awakening. One key was eloquently still at the very crucial moment in that inspiring Sunday-school hymn, "My Redeemer." When the chorus would be reached and the sopranos mounted in arpeggio fashion the heights of "I—I—will *sing*—" the poor instrument would halt on a dead note.

Colonel Divoll, from his usual place of worship, his own front porch, perceived the trouble and was moved one day after service to remark, "Polly, I'll tell you what's the matter with your organ. It's too honest; it won't promise what it knows it can't perform."

But there were some pieces within the melodeon's limitations. One night, after the congregation had filed out, Polly remained awhile playing to empty walls, improvising. And as if she communed with the melodeon, it yielded up its poor little soul to her soft touch. A simple, sad little melody was born of her improvisations, and she played it over and over many times—just a chance bit of song. Yet in that simple theme, the result of a moment's inspiration, there was bound up the whole of a man's destiny; as events, in due time, amply proved.

On that night when it came to her, the old Colonel sat over on his porch and heard it, and when she closed the instrument and turned to leave the church he stepped across the yard and spoke to her through the window. His voice a bit husky, he asked her the name of "that little piece," and she saw that his features were softened with some unusual emotion. Polly had never seen him so affected by anything. She leaned out of the window and kissed him. "It was just a little message from my heart—to you," she whispered.

Mysteriously the new pipe-organ evolved. Doubtless some members of the congregation were surprised later at subtly discovering the donor's identity. Probably the Christians at Damascus would have been surprised at a contribution from Saul. Colonel Divoll didn't

know that any of the people knew; that sort of compensation would have agitated him.

But often as from his porch he heard the soothing little message of Miss Polly's improvisations he must have received his own right ample compensation.

To-night Miss Polly was practising in the empty church, and Tom Shelby sat over in the Colonel's place, listening to her. The church's side windows threw across the yard three lanes of soft light transverseing bright geranium beds and sections of fresh green lawn. One of the lanes of light included the porch and the young man. Its source was a heavy impending lamp—impending, for it hung from the church ceiling by a frail, invisible chain; it mantled with a rich glow the imposing instrument in the corner, and the girl whose delicate hands rested upon the keyboard. A pretty vision it was for Tom Shelby.

To his ears her playing sounded passing sweet. Presently she played one great piece, or symphony, or what you will, that thrilled him. To his lover's imagination it summoned visions with the spell of poetry.

It began with the soft breath of a flute, light as a bird's far note; then sounds came like a shepherd's call; a saxophone sung an answer; presently somewhere as if from distant hills a sisterhood of violins seemed to be chanting to heaven. More tones drifted into the theme, mingling sweetly; minstrel harps with wedding songs; the soft wail of human voices; undulating violas. Now a prayer-like melody rising out of the concord carried all tones and voices, swelling, increasing, until the passage finished. Afterwards the sounds separated, each instrument carrying some part of the dying theme back to silence, as it were; last of all the little bird-note of the flute. Now, out of the hush, suddenly, thundering like waves on a rock-bound shore, the rolling basses bellowed forth storms of harmony which almost shook the night, which gripped the heart!

It stirred Tom in a way never to be dismissed from memory; just as you probably keep the impression of some musical moment, a singer's note, an orchestra's strains. He couldn't remain still. He went down into the yard and walked about.

Before she closed, Miss Polly played her own little composition—like a benediction; she never finished her evenings at the organ without at least once playing that. When she came out Tom was standing in the fence corner next the church-yard. She glanced towards him and asked, "Are you ready, Pevely? Did I keep you waiting too long?"

Vaulting the fence, Tom joined her at the curb where she was

unfastening her pony's hitching-strap, and said, "Won't I serve the purpose?"

"Oh! . . . Mistaking you for some one else—again!" She didn't mean to be humorous, but he laughed as he finished with the pony's strap and assisted her to step into the phaeton.

"Sorry to disappoint you," he explained, "but Pevely is missing. He hasn't been at home since last night; the Colonel thinks probably he is off on a little whiz with his fat friend, Bump Timmons. Fact is, I was about to start down to the Gourd to look him up when—I stayed to hear your playing. . . . It's wonderful," he added feelingly.

"Thank you," said she. "Will you be good enough to ask my uncle to come here?"

"He hasn't been at home all evening, either."

"Dear me! Where is he?"

Shelby thought it would be just as well not to tell her that her uncle was spending the evening with his lawyer, busy with another appeal.

"If you'll let me go in their stead, I'll be only too happy. It will be a lift on my way down to the Gourd; and there's really nothing else for you to do." He said it eagerly.

"I shouldn't think of it—thank you so much. For that matter, it won't be necessary for me to go home to-night; Mrs. Sadders will let me remain here."

"But your mother, Miss Drew—I'm sure she'd be uneasy. I hope you will consider me at your service."

It was pretty dark, but he thought he could read chagrin in her face. Albeit, he took her silence for consent—and got in beside her, taking the reins.

"How generous!" she commented, a little rebelliously. "But I suppose that's the way of philanthropy." There was the silly taunt again.

"Miss Drew," he said calmly, "I don't know why I ever allowed that suggestion of yours to gall me. I'm not at all philanthropic. I'm imbued with the strong gospel of selfishness."

"Most philanthropists are, I believe."

"Possibly in one view; but," he added earnestly, "there is one form of selfishness that is noble."

Perhaps it was the ring in the man's voice that made her serious, a tone that found response in her when she least willed to give it. She glanced at him a little uneasily.

"Conventions are odd things, aren't they?" he said musingly, in a way that implied much, with a confidence of being understood,

"Odd, possibly, but not so very interesting," she replied, with an attempt at weariness.

"I agree with you," he said briskly; "rules are never interesting. Exceptions sometimes may be. But I guess it's better and more comfortable in the long run to waive interest in favor of regularity. At any rate, I should have been willing to do that when I tackled the Greek verbs. Society would be a queer tangle made up of Greek verbs, wouldn't it?"

She did him the honor to laugh a little, grudgingly.

"Thank you," he said. "I was beginning to fear that I was making the drive tedious."

"On the contrary, Mr. Shelby, you are altogether diverting." But it was a dangerous thing for her, for it roused his feelings and stimulated his courage—or his folly.

"I was just thinking of behaving like a Greek verb, of breaking one of the conventions and speaking frankly to you. Would it divert you to know that you are the sole reason for my coming to Boonetown?"

"I shouldn't believe that," she said, smiling coolly; "but I do know that I have tried to be the cause of your going away."

"I'm sure you've done your best with your uncle. But I'm here to stay.

"The truth is, Miss Drew," he went on, warming with persistence, "that——"

She looked at him defiantly, warningly; and he went on doggedly—"that I came over here to Boonetown to fight a game of the heart—a bitter fight, maybe. To me Boonetown represents a dazzlingly brilliant field of battle, and the *Beacon* is a field-piece to be in some way trained against a fair and golden citadel. I've been saying that I had an object for Boonetown, that I hoped to bridge the feeling between it and your uncle, and that a newspaper might do some good; but, bah!—let me tell the truth, conventions to the four winds—Boonetown is only an incident; and as for your uncle's soul, I care more for his niece's heart!"

For some reason the Boonetown moon as a local institution, as a distinct possession solely apart, has never attained the world-wide reputation it merits. But see it as it peeps from the clear sky above the river road, making silvered spears of the corn which guards the way like bristling soldiery. See it lighting the road into a burnished course, and see the pale reflection underneath the phaeton-hood playing like a dream-light upon a sweet face and fair head beside you. It is a celestial ornament, a spirit.

Its spell was upon Tom Shelby now. . . . "You must listen to me," he cried. "I've gone further than I intended. . . I have the

qualms of a criminal intent upon crime, but I can't stop now. You know what brought me—it was you! It was that same pained look in your eyes. . . . It was that very crimson disdain that curls on your lips. Oh, I know the ridiculousness of my position! I know how futile and flimsy it all sounds when put into words—it can't be translated. . . . No, don't laugh and don't be frightened—I can't help it if you do. . . . I must tell you; but you had better try and understand. The reason I came had such a vague and gentle and mysterious beginning—it was a thing made up of a dream, of the tint of roses in your cheeks; it was musical with the sound of your voice, and as fitful as the lights that play in your hair; it was as evanescent as moonshine—to name it is the silliest rigmarole. That's how it began, a spell—to awaken an impulse, and the impulse became a current and a tide of passion, a torrent that would have carried me to the remotest ends of the earth for you, Miss Drew, against all the protests you could bring to bear!"

Then ensued a silence long and profound, broken only by the patter of the pony's hoofs on the soft road, and by the tiny cries of night insects.

The fence of the Drew farm cornered on the road like a gleaming white angle, and, further on, the arch gate rose like a giant horseshoe. There is no fairyland in Missouri, but the wooded pasture which leads to the Drew house, when the moon sends its dancing beams among the restless shadows, would make a veritable home for elves.

Across it they went and up to the house, without either of them breaking the silence. He gave her his hand to assist her alighting, and she went up to the door, when she spoke.

It was a wavering, hesitating voice, ineffably sad, all emotion—Tom had the memory of it running in his ears for a long time afterwards, like the mournful song of a little brook—the voice of a girl who might be about to cry: "I—I wish you had—stayed away. You have made me more miserable than I ever was—than you can ever imagine. Good-night."

V.

A MILE walk brought Tom within the breath of the river, and he turned eastward into a gumbo road which lay narrow and sunken between tall fields of corn.

The Gourd is a lengthy peninsula, taking its name from its shape. It is like a great snake's head nosing the river out of its channel. Cornfields, cornfields, apparently nothing but cornfields, cut at intervals by narrow roads, is the Gourd. Out in its lonesome centre lies Gourdville, a small, uncouth habitation centring about a general store and a blacksmith shop. Gourdville, by the way, was the

nucleus of Crowder's political strength. He was its idol. It was he who bought in advance, and paid for with good money, a large part of Gourdvile's annual crop, which he fed to mules quartered in the yards near the peninsula's neck.

Gourdvile's disreputables, mainly drunken drovers, kept nightly vigils at a "blind tiger," a dingy resort hidden in a recess of the corn-fields. Finding his way to this place, Tom entered upon a scene, not of revelry, but of soaked sullenness. Scanning the faces of the men about the tables, he was disappointed at not perceiving among them Pevely Sadders or the lubberly Bump Timmons. However, he did the proper thing and ordered a drink for everybody; which you are advised to do should you ever have business at a blind tiger—not that it will make the recipients any less suspicious of you; it is simply a ceremonial.

The "mule-punchers," as he took them to be by their garb and that quite definite bouquet associated with the mule's toilet, nodded their acknowledgment of his courtesy, disposed of his purchase, and kept on eying him dully. He was about to make some civil remark when a burly fellow fired this surprising question at him: "See 'ere, are you follerin' tha' Territory cuss down 'ere lookin' fer trouble?"

"No, I don't know him."

"Well, you might o' heard of him. I guess I know you. You're the paper feller. Who are you lookin' fer, if you ain't lookin' fer him?"

"For Pevely Sadders. Can you tell me where he is, or Bump Timmons?"

"Naw," said the hoarse voice. "Whatcher givin' us?"

"I'll give you the best the house affords if you'll tell me where I can find Sadders."

"Aw-w-w! You mean to say you never seen that squaw man when he come through town?"

"Never saw him; never heard of him. Who is he, and what are you driving at?"

A disgusted look was the answer.

"Information seems to be scarce," said Shelby.

"So is squaw men, and they better stay scarce. They's people around 'ere," the other continued with a wave of the hand, "knows how to han'le them kind—blood-suckers! Comin' up here from the Territory with their lies aimin' to scare money out of a man when he's runnin' fer office!"

"So!"

Tom took it as his cue to observe once more the ceremony of ordering. With another drink, the surly brute might tell an informing

story. Gulping their liquor, the punchers stared at the intruder as before. He made a pretence of drinking what was actually, in the proverbial phrase of the temperance lecturer, "the vile stuff." The proprietor offered him a cigar, setting the box conspicuously on the counter. "Pass them around," Tom ordered.

"No," he resumed; "I'm hunting up Pevely Sadders. He's been away a day or two, and they're getting worried about him. I don't care anything about the squaw man. I guess you got rid of him all right enough. Served him right, eh?"

The big spokesman leered; that was all. Nor did the stimulants evoke further information. As Tom was leaving, having paid about two prices for his purchases, the spokesman called after him threateningly, "Say, young feller, it ain't so blamed healthy fer you down here neither."

"Sorry," answered the departing guest.

He retraced his way towards the neck of the peninsula until he reached the gumbo road; then, instead of making townwards, turned east, in the direction of the mule-yards and Bump Timmons's. He had been walking along perhaps a quarter of an hour when he heard hoof beats and the rattle of wheels off in the darkness somewhere, seemingly on a parallel road. Then he could hear a man whistling—a familiar hymn; and whistling it too rapidly. The buggy passed by unseen somewhere off at one side.

At length the road opened upon the placid river, that rolled along as noiselessly as a great body of oil, with a gloss from the moon like quicksilver. High along its banks on the right, and stretching a considerable distance, lay the whitewashed mule-yards. To the left, in which direction Shelby turned, the road lay up along the bank at the verge of the fields. Following this for half a mile, he came to a dark, squat habitation overlooking the river and set in behind a tumble-down snake fence. This he knew must be Timmons's.

Going in, he encountered prone across the doorstep a hog fat as Falstaff, or as Timmons, and no less a blusterer and faint-heart, for it got up, grunted, and fled. A snappish cur took up the alarm, and a rooster voiced agitation. Tom's repeated raps brought a slatternly woman to the door, with a candle. He recognized Mrs. Timmons as one who occasionally drove to town in a farm wagon.

"Yes, Pevely's been down here," she said. "To-night him and Timmons has gone a-juggin' fer cat."

Shelby went down to the water's edge and sat on a fallen tree, lighting a cigar. Somehow, he wished he too could have gone jugging for cat. You drift along with a half-dozen empty vinegar jugs strung out from your skiff, from which hooks suspend. When a jug bobs you know something's on, and act accordingly. But almost

anything would have sufficed for an excuse to ride on that shining stream, so silent, cool, and inviting. Tom was of a mind to take a swim, and finished his cigar with the expectation.

Being about to undress, he was, however, arrested by the faint sound of voices, singing. Away down on the river's polished surface a tiny speck became visible, which after a space appeared to enlarge.

It was not until the boat drew near that he caught the burden of the song, an improvisation inspired in part by intoxicants and partly by what had been the grewsome experience of the singers. The odd refrain might have made your flesh creep, but any man must have been amused at the queer tune of it. Keeping time with slow oars, the rowers gave out a weird minor:

"Catfish ain't a-bitin' none,
But a dead man he come a-driftin' 'long."

Over and over they would sing it, now and then stopping to converse; after an interval breaking out again spontaneously:

"Catfish ain't a-bitin' none,
But a dead man he come a-driftin' 'long."

In their tow a second skiff appeared, and as they pulled in to the bank, Shelby saw a recumbent body in the towed boat.

"Got him in mid-stream along about nine o'clock, 'way down there jes' this side o' the white bar, and we been pullin' him ever since," Timmons said. "Pevely seen him first, and we took him fer a log. He was tied up with a rope—all wound up."

Dragging the skiff on shore, the three lifted the body out, trudged up the steep bank, and hurried with it into the house.

"He isn't cold yet. Quick with a light, Timmons!" Shelby commanded.

Stretched on the floor, under the lamp, it proved to be a homely person, of uncertain age, dark of skin, and with a heavy brown mustache. Across his face lay a red welt, the thickness of a finger, such as a heavy lash would leave. Blood clotted at the side of his head told of a wound—which could have been dealt with the butt of a whip.

Tom tore open the clothes about the man's neck. It was a suggestion of warmth about the chest which inspired them all, with the help of Mrs. Timmons, to begin a frantic struggle over him. Timmons assisted Tom, chafing the man's wrists and moving his arms, while Pevely tugged at his boots. Mrs. Timmons soon had the neck of a bottle between his lips. "Say," drawled Pevely sententiously as he observed her and noted the gurgle of the liquor, "I jest wish somebody'd knock me on the head!"

A reply from Timmons had the effect of bringing Pevely completely to sobriety and a better sense of the situation's seriousness; it was a profane rebuke, signifying that there was no hope for a fool. Pevely gave a hard pull on the boots, and they came off—and thereby hangs a tale, of which presently.

Mrs. Timmons brought hot mustard, and they rubbed the man with that. Such a friction as they produced upon his body! For a long, long time they worked and, though they despaired, were at last rewarded by signs of life in the still thing. They heaved him into bed, covered him with hot blankets, poured more liquor into him, and then Shelby rode a nag of Timmons's back to Boonetown for a doctor.

Arriving and despatching one, he made for home, and soon was in his room. As he removed his coat his hand touched something unfamiliar in one of the side pockets, and he was no little surprised to find it a packet of papers. They were old and yellow, of a date ten years past. They proved to be affidavits, sworn and attested, given by persons living in the Indian Territory, several of whom were officials. Tom read them over and over again. Taken together, they constituted the complete and detailed narrative of a crime of fraud practised upon the United States Government by one Griffith Crowder in the Indian Territory in the year 1892. The affidavits were such as an inspector might have secured, incident to an investigation.

Tom heard the gate-latch click and footsteps on the walk, which presently sounded on the stairs. With a faint premonitory tap Pevely Sadders entered the room.

"Doctor says the feller'll likely git well. He give him some medicine, and he's goin' to stay down thair all night with him—he's got to keep him from goin' to sleep till he gits in better shape. But what I come up fer was this: did you git them papers I stuck in your pocket?"

"Yes."

"Well, they fell out o' his boot when I pulled it off, and I didn't have nowhere else to put 'em, and I seen yore coat hangin' thair on the bedpost, so I stuck 'em in thair—did you look at 'em?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Well, as I was a-comin' back to town jest now and my head sorter claired up, I recollect that seems to me yesterday or to-day I heard somethin' at the mule-yards about a feller from somewhair—I ain't got it straight, but I got a notion that some feller come up here that's got it in fer Brother Crowder; and I jest got to wonderin' if this here feller we found to-night was the one." He sighed, and continued in a self-deprecatory way: "You see, I'm a-always doin' the wrong thing—never gittin' nothin' straight, worryin' everybody and

makin' myse'f mis'able all the time—it would 'a' been jest like me to git in trouble losin' them papers, or somethin' like that. What's in 'em, anyhow?"

"I'll tell you, but you must give me your solemn word that you will keep your mouth shut."

"Then I reckon you better not tell me, because—well, I'd try to keep it to myse'f, but the fust thing you know my fool mouth would shoot off, because—because I'm a reg'lar dadbombed fool! . . . Mr. Shelby, I want to ask you somethin'. Will you tell me the truth, as man to man? Is thair any hope for a dadbombed fool? Will he ever git over it and amount to anything? Will he ever do anything to show people that he ain't jest a fool?—but you know what I mean!"

"Yes, Pevely, I have heard of—of uncertain characters that came out strong."

Pevely looked at him intently for several seconds, gave his hand a hearty, emotional shake, and abruptly left the room.

Before going to bed Tom spent full two hours writing letters to the affiants and persons named in those affidavits, inquiring as to the genuineness of the tale the papers told. Should these persons be neither dead nor moved from their abodes of a decade past, he might hope for answers within a week.

These letters he mailed on his way to the office next morning. Later in the day it occurred to him to telegraph to the persons to whom he had sent them. The telegraph company reported its failure to deliver all of the messages; in consequence of which fact Tom wrote to the postmaster of the Territory town, asking if he knew the persons and their present whereabouts, in the event that they had moved away. Afterwards, in reflecting upon these incidents, Tom wondered whether the letters addressed to Griffith Crowder's former abode had attracted the attention of Mr. Fleming, the Boonetown postmaster.

V I.

THE second floor of the post-office building on Main Street, opposite the court-house, in the centre of the brick block, achieved a sudden interest for the town in the morning. A knot of pedestrians in a good-humored, well-wishing way tarried at the foot of the stairway which led up into the building. Above the entrance carpenters hung an imposing sign: "PROGRESS." On the second story front windows the same word was outlined in small letters. Above-stairs hammers sounded, the partition between front and back rooms being in process of removal to make room for progressive journalism. Tom Shelby's own curiosity was satisfied when beneath the windows of the *Beacon* two wagons passed laden with familiar-

looking press machinery and paraphernalia, bound for the scene of activity. A mysterious stranger (but not more mysterious than any other stranger) who had registered himself "J. E. Prendergast" at the Bollinger Hotel seemed to be in charge of the *Progress's* operations.

There was plenty of business in the *Beacon* office, too. There was a tremendous story to print.

At three o'clock it went on the streets in fresh print, two columns of it. To say the town fairly buzzed is no exaggeration; and for the first time the *Beacon* enjoyed something like a sale.

Quick consequences of the publication were to have been expected. For the rest of the day the town had been agog with discussion. Nor was Tom wholly surprised at what occurred next morning. Fortunately, Colonel Divoll did not visit the office. Otherwise it might have been a more serious affair. About ten o'clock a noise of feet on the *Beacon's* stairway announced Mr. Crowder and a delegation of some twenty prominent citizens, including Old Man Anderson, the County Treasurer; and they entered the office without much ceremony. Mr. Crowder planted his cane before him and struck an impressive attitude, but with hat on head. "How do you do?" he said with ominous seriousness.

"Very well, thank you—or, rather, no thanks to you. But what can I do for you?" said Tom, pleasantly enough under the circumstances.

Mr. Crowder delivered himself: "We came, Shelby, to express surprise that you dare insult the town in the manner you did yesterday afternoon by printing a scurrilous insinuation. You intimated that a man riding in a buggy and whistling a hymn had been in the neighborhood of the mule-yard shortly after a dastardly crime had been committed somewhere in the vicinity. Coming from this paper, the insinuation is understood to be directed against me. For myself, I would have ignored it; but my friends are indignant that you should attempt to slander the man they have honored and are about to honor further—at this important time, when his reputation is as dear to Boonetown as it is to himself. We understand, Shelby, the motive. We understand that it proceeds from private malice which has been discharged against this town in one way or another for many years. And let me tell you, Shelby——"

"Pardon me," the young man interrupted, "but I believe the discussion will go on more pleasantly if you do not omit the 'Mister' from my name."

"Mister Shelby, then," the spokesman resumed scornfully, "we are going to hold you responsible if any more such stuff appears in your paper. And that isn't all. We demand an explanation or

retraction from you. We insist that you publish it immediately. I was not at the Government yards at any time on the night before last. I wasn't in the Gourd at all. I was at home. My horse was in the barn. Mr. Anderson here will tell you that he spent the evening with me at my home."

Old Man Anderson was gazing at the floor. "Yes," said he, without raising his eyes.

"I'll publish your denial if you wish to make it," replied Shelby curtly.

"A denial!" Crowder indignantly exclaimed. "We're not here to bandy words with you! You have got to publish on your own account the right kind of statement and satisfy the town! Conscience demands——"

"I wish you would bear in mind now and always, Mr. Crowder, that the Boonetown *Beacon* and your conscience are two separate, distinct, and independent publications."

Crowder's cheeks were taking on a sullen glow. There came an audible titter from the far corner of the office, occupied by three young lady compositors.

"The point is," Tom pursued, "that I have nothing to retract about the story of yesterday. I printed nothing but facts. I am surprised that Mr. Crowder would call attention to a supposed insinuation reflecting upon him. I don't even know whether Mr. Crowder can whistle the hymn. Here it is"—Shelby whistled it. "But I do know," he resumed, "that I have heard many of you sing it. So far from retracting anything, gentlemen, I am going to suggest, though I doubt whether my suggestion will do any good, that the Grand Jury investigate the whole matter, and especially try to discover the identity of the gentleman who whistled the hymn. It doesn't follow that all who whistle hymns commit crimes, or even have any knowledge of them. But it might be worth while to know who the whistler was. That's all, gentlemen."

"I claim that's fair enough," spoke up one forceful-looking visitor.

Said Shelby, "I presume, of course, that Mr. Crowder is just as much interested as any of us in discovering the perpetrators of this crime."

"These gentlemen don't need to be told that!" the candidate spat out with sudden heat. Plainly he didn't like Shelby's manner. No more did Tom like his.

"Well, you just bet Mr. Crowder is interested in discoverin' 'em," echoed the forceful old chap, "and I want to tell you, young man, you won't make any mistake if you put your confidence in Mr. Crowder along with the balance of us. He's been with us here

for ten or twelve years, and we know what's in him. We're going to send him to Congress, and when you know him as well as we do you'll be with us."

Tom couldn't help liking that honest Missourian, but he couldn't quite agree with him, and told him so. "No," said he, "I don't think you'll ever find me supporting Mr. Crowder for public office."

"Well, you don't beat about the bush none," observed the honest old citizen, "and you have a right to your own opinions. We're mighty glad you didn't mean him by that article in your paper, though. It's a terrible thing to reflect on a man's character, and that's why we got a-hold of him and brought him up here. Now we've heard what you've got to say, we're satisfied. You talk fair and square. And——"

Tom had been intent on Crowder's face, distorted by rage. An ugly snarl showed his big, even, white teeth. "Yes," he sneered viciously, "you talk like a—a philanthropist!"

Undoubtedly Tom ought not to have done it. It was foolish, certainly. But that silly, despised taunt suddenly recurring inexplicably took away his reason. Temper sprung his right arm to a big tense knot at the shoulder, and the next instant he shot his fist like a bolt to Crowder's jaw, jolting the congressional candidate to the floor like a ninepin.

And almost instantly the thought of Polly flashed upon Tom, and his face reddened with shame.

Crowder was anything but a physical coward, and in a moment after his friends had picked him up he would willingly enough have taken up the argument with his cane. But his friends by main force prevailed upon him to depart with them.

The journalist, having sufficiently calmed, wrote a crisp editorial urging the Grand Jury to investigate thoroughly the river crime, and then turned his attention once more to news. It occurred to him: Why not print a full account of this morning's visit by Mr. Crowder and his friends? The more he contemplated it the better he thought of the story. So he set it down, omitting nothing. Into the paper it went: "To-day the *Beacon* was honored by a visit from the Honorable Griffith Crowder, candidate for Representative, accompanied by a number of gentlemen, including Messrs. Elijah Anderson," etc.

Locking up the office, where, by the way, he had stored the Territory affidavits in his desk, Shelby went home and threw a saddle on the Colonel's mare and soon was riding that easy animal down the river road, to visit the field of the late news and see how matters went with the sick stranger at Bump Timmons's.

But the long trip developed no news—only a bit of private

intelligence which the doctor, returning from a visit to the sick man, imparted to Shelby, whom he encountered on the way.

"I passed by the mule-yards this afternoon," he said, "and met one of Crowder's men. He asked me if you found any papers on the stranger. I told him that I hadn't heard of any, and he said he understood that Timmons had seen some papers fall out of the man's boot. It's none of my business," concluded the doctor, "but if I were you I'd keep an eye open for that crowd down there, especially after what you did to Mr. Crowder this morning."

VII.

THE editor of the *Beacon* had a copy of the first *Progress* fetched over to his office, and sat him down to read, among other things, a characterization of himself. An able editorial by Mr. Prendergast informed Boonetown that there could be no greater curse upon a community than "slandrous journalism emanating from private malice," and that "the newspaper which stoops to insinuations, however remote, against blameless character, is like a reptile," et cetera; in which everybody must have agreed without qualification. And, furthermore, Shelby was "a pugilist."

What worried him chiefly, though, was the extensive list of advertisers which the *Progress* flaunted—Groceries, Banks, Horse-shoers, Coal, Money to Loan, Wagon-Factory, Mules for Sale, Abstract Office, and what not! While the *Beacon* could boast only one bona-fide advertising patron, Hicks, the feed-store man.

The next few days were marked by the tremendous obviousness of the *Progress* in pushing the campaign of Mr. Crowder; who, evidently confident in the abilities of Prendergast to look after his local popularity, departed for a speech-making tour of other counties in the Congressional District. The *Progress* each day carefully set forth the oratorical masterpieces delivered elsewhere, so that Boonetown should lose nothing by the statesman's absence.

Towards the last days of Crowder's absence the *Progress* came out with a sensation:

"W. O. Brown, of Muskogee, Indian Territory, who was made the hero of our little contemporary's wild yarn a few days ago, has sufficiently recovered to return to his home. The public will recall that our little contemporary's tale, about the finding of a man lying in the bottom of a skiff, rested on the word of three persons. These persons responsible for the tale were the editor of the *Beacon* himself; Pevely Sadders, who has been a member of Colonel Divoll's household for many years, and whose reputation as to truth and veracity is well known; and Bumpus Timmons, who is a resident of the Gourd and was once discharged from the employ of the Government mule-yards. The public may consider

the motives which all three of these persons might have in concocting a fiction to reflect on the Honorable Griffith Crowder. We leave the people of Boonetown to draw their own conclusions, and to compare the story which these men told with the following statement of the injured man himself: Mr. Brown says that he was on his way to the Government yards on the night in question, for the purpose of visiting Harney, the foreman; that he encountered two intoxicated men on the road; that they attacked him, one of them using a heavy stick. Mr. Brown told the *Progress* that he remembered nothing until he came to consciousness in Timmons's house. He would not state positively, but he said that he believed Timmons to be one of the men who attacked him. The citizens of Boonetown may consider what might be the conduct of persons who had assaulted Mr. Brown, and who feared that they had murdered him and that the crime might be traced to them. What would be easier than to carry him into the house, send for a doctor, and make up a cock-and-bull story about having rescued him drifting down the river in a boat? Given an ingenious editor to elaborate their story, and it is plain to be seen how it might be made to reflect upon the man whom that editor was employed to assail.

"By far the most important fact stated by Mr. Brown was this: On the day before yesterday, as he was lying on the bed at Timmons's house, he says, he was visited by a young man he did not know, who attempted to get him to forge the names of some people living in the Territory to several documents which he had with him, and which purported to be statements concerning a prominent citizen of Boonetown. Mr. Brown departed to-day."

Coincidences will happen in the most truthful of narratives, and it was while Tom sat more or less amused, but slowly gathering wrath at the audacity of the lying *Progress*, that Bump Timmons's wife entered the office, breathless and well-nigh exhausted with climbing the stairs, looking excitement in every detail.

"I driv in to tell you!" she ejaculated, and gasped for breath. "They've stole him!" Another gasp. "About a hour 'n' a half ago, maybe two!" Another gasp. "Timmons has gone to foller 'em."

After two or three more breaths she was able to continue: "Timmons was gone away out in the back field, and I was in the house. Some men, three of 'em, driv up with a kivered wagon, and they sent me out yonder to git my man—they said they wanted to see 'im about hawgs. I lef' the sick man layin' there on the bed jest as usual. He wasn't able to git up by hisself. Why, you know that man ain't got the strength yit to lif' a laig." Tom knew that, for the doctor had only lately informed him of the patient's condition. Tom had been waiting until the fellow's strength should permit, to interview him on his own account.

"And what happened then, Mrs. Timmons?" he asked.

"I tol' you—they stole 'im. While I was out in the field gittin' Timmons. They come right in the house and picked the man up and carried him out and put him in the wagon and druv off with

'im. An' they took my bed-clo'es to wrap 'im in! Yessir, every stitch of 'em! My best!"

"Too bad, Mrs. Timmons. And Bump?"

"He's lookin' fer 'em—follerin' 'em, I reckon. But he had to go back yonder to the field after a horse, and then he had to hook up the team and git me started off 'fore he could start; an' I reckon he'll not ketch up with 'em. He was so long gittin' started, and I sorter had to make him go, anyhow. Timmons wasn't brickle to foller 'em, not a bit."

Tom went down and saw her safely upon the wagon seat, and she drove away.

When the afternoon mail came in Tom eagerly scanned it for letters postmarked "Indian Territory." There were none. Could it be that those affidavits were spurious, after all?

After supper he wrote the story of Mrs. Timmons's visit. He set down in the woman's own words the circumstance of the abduction of Mr. Brown.

Before going home for the night he put Mr. Brown's affidavits in an old strong-box which he had brought from the house; for he feared to entrust the papers indefinitely to his desk drawer. Having locked them in the box, he then took care to hide the box securely under a large heap of exchanges.

When he had locked the door and was departing for home, a curious little incident befell, which was echoed rather mysteriously in the *Beacon* of the following day:

"Last night at about eleven o'clock, after the editor of this paper had locked his office door and was descending the stairway, he met a prominent county official, whose name will not be made public in this connection for reasons which seem to be proper and perhaps charitable. This old gentleman was visibly agitated over what he seemed to regard as a very disagreeable errand. At the foot of the stairs he detained the editor of this paper, talking for some time about irrelevant things before broaching his mission. He carried a satchel, from which he took a small canvas bag. Holding this bag before the editor of this paper, he said, 'Here are five hundred dollars in gold which I'll give you for some documents I understand you've got in your possession.' In substance the reply which the old gentleman received was this: 'Nothing I might have would be for sale to you or those whom you represent, under any circumstances. Were there any papers in my possession having a political value or significance, I should consider it my duty to dedicate them to the public. Were there any papers in my possession the authenticity of which remained doubtful up to this time, your offer to buy them would tend to remove that doubt in my mind.' This reply produced evident further distress in the old gentleman. He then offered to pay the editor of this paper a sum of money if the editor would agree to print nothing concerning him or his offer for the documents. In reply he was told that the *Beacon's* silence was not for sale."

VIII.

ON the following evening Bump Timmons was downstairs waiting for Pevely to finish his janitor duties about the office.

Bump evidently had something on his mind. "Pevely," he said, when his friend had joined him, "let's go and sit down somewhere where we can have a little talk. I've been waitin' all afternoon for a chance to git you off to one side." The hotel veranda across the way being empty, they went over and seated themselves on the steps.

"Peev," began Timmons—he only used that affectionate abbreviation in their most intimate hours—"Peev, I've got a chance to git my job back at the mule-yards; that is, if you'll help me by doin' me a favor."

"Well, I reckon they ain't nothin' I wouldn't do fer you, Bump."

"It ain't nothin' exactly fer me, though; it's fer somebody else."

"Is it?"

"Yes. But it's the only way I can git my job back, and I want you to do it terrible bad, Peev. I do, for a fact—and you recollect it was part your fault that I lost my job, wasn't it, Peev?"

Sadders nodded assent. "I reckon we was both tol'able so-so," he said. "But what do you aim fer me to do?"

Bump hesitated, then looked the other in the eye. "Peev, I don't care nothin' about it for myself, but what I ask you to do is to sorter get your hands on them papers and slip 'em to me so as nobody won't be any the wiser. A feller at the mule-yards come to me and says that the foreman told him he would be willin' to give me my job back if I could git them papers. He says they don't amount to nothin' nohow, and they ain't doin' nobody no good, and I expect that's so; but I says to him that I couldn't git 'em, and he says, 'Well, ain't you got no friend that could git 'em?' and I thought about you right away, and come straight to town. The feller, Bob Wheeler—you know him—he promised me a hoss to boot, and he said that the foreman told him that if my friend could git them papers I could promise him a hoss, too, or fifty dollars, whichever he'd ruther. . . . Say, Peev, how'd you like a little nip? I got a bottle in my pocket." Bump produced it.

Pevely's frown relaxed as he took the bottle and removed the cork. Then he paused in the act of raising it to his lips. Instead he only smelt of it; and with quiet determination corked it again and returned it to Bump.

"No, Bump," Pevely said at length. "You know there ain't nothin' I wouldn't do fer a friend, but I can't see what business you and me is got with them papers. They's a nigger in the wood-

pile somewhair, Bump. Besides, it would be too much like stealin', and I never stole nothin' in my life."

"But it wouldn't be stealin'," Timmons urged. "Them papers belongs to you; you found 'em, didn't you? I seen you pick 'em up off the floor when they fell out o' the feller's boot, and slip 'em in Mr. Shelby's pocket. It wouldn't be any more wrong for you to slip 'em out again than it was for you to slip 'em in, would it? Why, o' course it wouldn't, Peev! . . . And think o' me gittin' my job back, and think o' that hoss and that fifty dollars! Why, it wouldn't be no more wrong than nothin', Peev. . . . Come on, let's take a drink."

"No, I don't feel like drinkin' this evenin'—and, Bump, they ain't no use a-talkin', I ain't goin' to git them papers. I don't know whair they air, in the fust place, and I wouldn't git 'em if I did." Pevely rose to depart.

Bump, after a moment's reflection, asked, "Do you suppose Mr. Shelby carries 'em on him?"—which caused Pevely to turn on him suddenly with, "Look a-here, Bump, why do you ask me sech a thing? You and me's been friends a long time, but I don't like the way you talk about this here business, and if you're up to any kind o' tricks with them fellers down thair"—he indicated the Gourd—"why, you and me's got to part, that's all. But I'll tell you this much: no, he don't carry 'em on him—never."

"Peev," said Bump, seriously hurt by his friend's words, "I ain't up to nothin'; but—but—I would like terrible well to git my job back. . . . They ain't no harm done, is they?"

"No harm," replied Pevely.

"Good-night, Peev."

"Good-night, Bump."

Bump went on his way, but Pevely was meditative and sat him down on a corner of the step. Darkness overtook him there.

Two men talking in low tones on the veranda above aroused him. The two, who had evidently just come out from supper and had lighted cigars, were unaware of his presence. One of them, he knew by the voice, was Prendergast, editor of the *Progress*. The other was Jim Harney, foreman of the mule-yards.

"Yes," the latter was saying, "he looks all right—a little pale, maybe, but he's strong enough. He's been raising hell ever since we brought him back, till the old man agreed to his price. You want to watch out for news to-morrow when he comes in to spring the replevin trick. And if he gets 'em we'll have to watch him to keep him from getting away from us and sticking the old man for twice the money."

"And if the replevin don't work, what then?" said Prendergast.

"Dummed if I know," replied Harney; "but something's got to be done, and that right off, or the old man'll be up against it; that's all."

Then they must have discovered the figure below on the steps, for they got up and moved their seats. Pevely felt a vague uneasiness about the *Beacon*, and after he had gone home and finished his supper his apprehension increased. He was sitting outside his cabin in sober consideration of men and things when he observed a light in Mr. Shelby's room. Going up under the latter's window, Pevely called; and Shelby thrust forth his head.

"Say," said Pevely, "you don't carry them papers on you, do you?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I jest happened to think it would be better if you had 'em hid."

"I have," answered Tom, laughing at the other's simplicity. "They are stowed away so securely in the office that I can hardly find them myself."

"Oh, that's all right."

Pevely concluded to sleep in the office. Being the janitor, he had a key thereto. So, after a bit, informing Mrs. Sadders of his intention and overcoming her fears on the score of his getting "tight," he sauntered uptown, hung about the square until all the shops closed and the lights went out, then quietly made his way up into the office, locked and bolted the door, and made up a bed of newspapers. Here he passed an uneventful night. The next night he slept in the same place, without the knowledge of any one except his wife. That night was not entirely uneventful—of which in its place.

At about noon next day an incident germane occurred at the post-office. The Honorable Griffith Crowder emerged therefrom very much agitated over an open letter which he held in his hand. He climbed into his buggy, that stood at the curb, and sat there looking at the paper in his hand, turning it over and over. It appeared to have nothing on it.

While he sat thus, Old Man Anderson came out of the courthouse and made his way across to Crowder. The old official's head was bowed, and he did not look up until he came to the side of his friend's buggy, into which, without any salutation on the part of either, he climbed, with some obvious effort.

Crowder had gathered up the lines and was about to drive away when a cheery voice called his name, and he turned around to view Mr. Tom Shelby approaching.

"Mr. Crowder," said Tom, when he had reached his side, "I

wish you'd get out and come with me into the post-office. I want you to hear what I have to say to your postmaster."

Crowder looked at him quizzically; then complied, leaving Old Man Anderson holding the reins.

Being admitted with Crowder to the inner office, Shelby coolly addressed the postmaster, whose face betrayed some disquietude:

"Mr. Fleming, let me tell you in Mr. Crowder's presence that I won't tolerate any tampering with my mail—wait, wait, one minute, sir; don't make the mistake of supposing that I don't know what I'm talking about. You needn't take the trouble to deny my statement. Lately you have manifested a particular interest in my mail. I might almost say a suspicious interest. You are at the pains to scrutinize the post-mark of every letter that goes into the *Beacon's* box."

The postmaster's face had turned as red, from some cause, as Crowder's was white with anger and excitement. Crowder blurted out an exclamation; but Tom motioned him to silence, and proceeded:

"How I know this, Mr. Fleming, is easily explained. Your clerk, Miss Pattengill, told her intimate friend, Miss Rose Burt, who is a compositor in my office, what she saw you doing. Of course I know that your interest in my mail is not personal, and that you are merely doing the bidding of your friend Mr. Crowder, whose influence at Washington, I understand, got you this job. But the point is, Mr. Fleming, that I shall hold you strictly accountable for the prompt delivery of every stick of mail addressed to me that Uncle Sam entrusts to your hands, and if you dare violate the laws by intercepting or misplacing or delaying any of it, I'll have you hauled over to St. Louis before a Federal Grand Jury so quick it'll make your head swim. I'm looking for the very same mail that you are looking for, and when it comes I want it. Do I make myself clear?"

The postmaster began an indignant reply, but Tom cut him off with a calm after-word: "Mr. Fleming, I shouldn't have mentioned Miss Pattengill but for the fact that I expect you to say nothing to her of this. Don't under any circumstances discharge her, or even so much as mention what I have said to you. If you do, I'll print a verbatim account of the whole matter, including this visit, and I rather imagine it would make a startling story for Boonetown; don't you?"

Without waiting for a reply from either of the gentlemen, Tom bowed, shut the door upon them, and came out in front, stopping to look in the *Beacon's* box as he passed. Something amused him. At the threshold he turned back, smiling, and retraced his steps to the door of the inner office. Opening it, he said to the two men,

who were standing precisely as he had left them: "It may interest you to know that a few days ago I enclosed a decoy letter down to the Territory, stamped and addressed to myself—just some blank paper folded in an inner envelope—and asked a man down there to mail it back to me. I had a telegram from him this morning saying that he mailed it three days ago. It ought to be here by this time, gentlemen. Don't you think so?"

"See here!" roared Crowder threateningly; but Shelby, laughing, didn't wait to hear the declamation. Closing the door, he came away.

Tom had an errand at the Traders' County Bank next door, and stepped in there, where he was greeted by one of the elderly directors of that sound financial institution, who was sitting with a row of others in cane-bottom chairs tilted against the wall. "Young man," said the old director amiably, "we've just been talking about you. Won't you pull up a chair?"

Shelby was willing enough, and, after negotiating his small business with the cashier, sat down with them.

"Do you know that you're stirring up a lot of fuss and trouble in this town?" asked the director in a kindly way.

Tom smiled and nodded. "But I haven't succeeded in making many people read the *Beacon* yet," he answered.

"Well, you've got enough of them reading it to make trouble, anyhow. Come to think of it, I don't recollect that I've ever seen the town worse worried. Seems to me you're taking a considerable responsibility on yourself to come here, a stranger to everybody, and attack a man that everybody knows, a God-fearing man, one of our very best citizens. Did you ever think of that?"

"Yes," Tom replied frankly, "I have; lots of times."

"Well, suppose you think about this before you go too far in your fuss with Mr. Crowder—whatever you do to hurt him is just that much hurt done to the town. He has always behaved here like a good man, and he has the people's confidence. He is a leading church-member. He's done more good for Boonetown than any half-dozen men in it since he's been here in the last ten or fifteen years. He had the Government mule-yards located here. He has helped business. He's made the town grow. He's bought the farmers' corn, and encouraged 'em to raise good stock. He has showed 'em how, and done everything he could for 'em. He's helped that whole section of country along the river. Crowder's been a friend to the people every way, to the pore, good to the widow and the orphan. Now, young man, the people ain't going to care much about anything he did before he came here—don't you know that? No, sir," he continued; "you want to stop and think before

trying to injure his reputation. Besides, it'll hurt the town and the county in another way that maybe you never thought of: he's just about got the nomination for Congress, and he'll be elected sure. A scandal about the Congressman would damage this section so it would never outlive it. And what good would it do even if you could dig up something that wasn't just right a long time ago? Suppose he did do something wrong—as I judge you think he did, from the talk that's going around town—what of it? Ain't a man ever to be allowed to live a thing down? Can't he have credit for the good life he's lived ever since he's been here? You think it over. Don't make a big mistake that's going to do nobody any good and everybody harm."

Shelby rose, bade them a pleasant good-day, and made his way to the office.

Colonel Divoll was there and waiting for him. The Colonel had worked himself up into a mild rage. "I came to have a talk with you," he said heatedly. "You haven't told me anything, but I understand the situation. I know what you've got, and I want to know what you're waiting for. The trouble is, you're not enough of a snake-hunter, sir! You ought to go after 'em with a sharp stick! Why not publish those things to-day or to-morrow?"

Tom looked at the Colonel calmly. "Colonel, let me remind you that I'm running things in my own way."

"I know," exclaimed Divoll, "but——"

"I'm going to turn loose the stuff in due time, Colonel. But an editor has no right to proceed in such a matter as this until he is certain of his facts. You've got to have the proofs to fall back on, you know. In the mean time, please remember that you've agreed to give me a free hand here."

Colonel Divoll tugged at his mustache, bit his lip, and scowled, but restrained himself from further remarks and went out.

Crowder had not remained long in the post-office. Soon after Shelby's exit he came out, rejoining Old Man Anderson in the buggy, and drove rapidly down Main Street and its continuation, the river road, making for the Gourd. In less than half an hour he was at the mule-yards, and Jim Harney, his foreman, was saying to him:

"Nothing came of it."

"Nothing?"

"Not a thing. That fellow Timmons hasn't got any more sense than a big fat hog. He don't know he's livin'! He couldn't find out anything."

Crowder looked at the other significantly. "You must be very careful what you do, Jim," he said. Then, becoming alert, he spoke quickly, changing the subject decisively: "The next thing to do

is to bring the invalid to town. Have him at Stubblefield's office at half-past two, sharp. The judge will have the replevin papers ready, and the Justice Court will be open to fix the bond and get the red tape over in five minutes. Then let the constable go right over to Shelby's office with the scoundrel and get the affidavits—he must get them—man, you've got to *see to it* that he gets them! Have him search the office till he finds 'em. And when he brings 'em over to Mr. Anderson, he'll get his money. It's there now in bills, waiting for him. But don't you go near Shelby's office yourself."

"Of course not," said Harney.

"And don't you let Brown get away."

All of which accounts for the visitation of Mr. W. O. Brown, of the Territory, recovered and brought upon the scene, accompanied by the constable, at the *Beacon* office just as that paper was going to press; which visitation brought forth an exclamation from the startled editor:

"My God! Brown—where did you come from?"

"It don't matter where I come from," said Brown. "What I come for is more important. Give me my papers that you stole out of my boot."

Tom looked at the other hard, and from him to the constable. Give up the papers? Hardly. He inwardly congratulated himself at having lately placed them beyond finding, underneath the circular metal mat on which the stove rested. They were spread out thin on the floor, and the mat was tacked down over them.

"Suppose," said Tom coolly, "that I should say I don't propose to see Mr. Crowder blackmailed?"

"We're here to make a legal demand for them papers," said Brown; and the constable forthwith produced the writ from his pocket and exhibited it to the editor.

"Very well, then," and Tom waved them welcome with a sweep of his arm; "you may have them if you can find them."

Brown gave an undetermined, half-disgusted, and half-hopeless look about the room, but did not accept the invitation to search. Instead, he glanced at the constable and told him he could go; and, the constable having gone, turned to Shelby confidentially. "We might as well get down to business," he said in a low voice. "What's your price?"

"You're the second man that's offered to bribe me lately, Mr. Brown, and I'm tired of being taken for a crook; now, suppose you get out right quick!" and Tom abruptly opened the door.

Mr. W. O. Brown indulged a profane turn as he went down the steps.

In the last half of the afternoon's issue, the first having already been printed, the editor had just time to change the paper's make-up and insert a line or two in bold type :

"MR. W. O. BROWN UNEXPECTEDLY TURNED UP IN TOWN AND CALLED AT THIS OFFICE JUST AS WE WERE GOING TO PRESS. HE REFUSED TO TELL WHO TOOK HIM AWAY, WHERE HE HAD BEEN, OR WHO BROUGHT HIM BACK, OR TO SAY WHAT HIS OBJECT IS IN BOONETOWN. BUT IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT HE HAS SOME BUSINESS WITH THE HONORABLE GRIFFITH CROWDER, WHO IS A CANDIDATE FOR THE DEMOCRATIC CONGRESSIONAL NOMINATION FOR THIS DISTRICT."

Last of all the afternoon's events came the call of the politicians. A fine Democratic delegation it was, arrived by the late local—State Senators, Representatives, county chairmen, committeemen, bosses, advisers, a dozen of them representing the Congressional District; even an editor or two. They came quietly to the office for a session with the young man who held the interesting documents concerning "the party's" slated man for the Congressional nomination. They said that under any circumstances it was too late to change the slate. Deals had been made. "The party's" future was organized upon the basis of Crowder's nomination and election. He must go to Congress. They desired Shelby not to print those documents, whatever they were. They argued "party welfare" to him. They impressed upon him the obligation of the press to the party. They discussed the *Beacon's* future. They hinted that Tom could go to the Legislature—even as State Senator. They pleaded, strove, begged, threatened, labored with the obstinate young journalist, and finally, an angry lot of gentlemen, they left him.

IX.

BUT the events of the afternoon were nothing to that which befell in the evening. After supper Tom was standing idly at the Colonel's front gate, occupied with a vision, not of anything or anybody present, for his eyes saw only the gray dusk about him, but of something new, warm, and alive in memory, infinitely real and beautiful, that for two days—and nights—had animated and thrilled him, causing his heart to jump whenever he could pause to dwell upon it; in fine, the vivid recollection of his last glimpse of Polly, when, returning from the office on an errand in the forenoon, he had come upon her unexpectedly in the yard, trimming her uncle's flowers, a white sunbonnet on her head. He had halted at the gate to watch her as she moved about among the bright beds, at the same time directing Pevely Sadders, who was cutting the grass,

pointing hither and thither with a delicate white hand half hid in a chamois-skin mitt, holding a pair of rose-shears. (The chamois-skin mitt and the bonnet were the same dainty affairs he was accustomed to see hanging on the hall-rack; he had committed the sentimental absurdity of fondling the mitt and touching the bonnet's hem with his lips one day when he found himself alone in the hall and his sense of humor wasn't looking.) Unaware of his presence at the gate, she had trimmed and trowelled her way towards him. Intent, she did not once raise her eyes until he spoke to her, when she uptilted the sunbonnet and revealed a pink glow of cheeks that might have stolen their tint from the flowers over which she had been bending. Then in the instant that her eyes met his a brighter suffusion, a crimson flush, touched her cheeks: that was Tom's vision now, the dream of his days and nights. He had talked with her a mere moment trivially and passed on, feeling that to obtrude himself would be to take unfair advantage of her dutiful, as it were, filial, ministrations. . . . But why had she blushed at seeing him? He had asked himself that question a thousand times. He was pondering it now in the twilight, on the spot where she had looked at him. The enchanted spot had a spell all its own that assisted his imagination to restore and recolor the episode.

Now, however, suddenly his sentimental quandary was broken by a reality even sweeter, and the words "Mr. Shelby," in tones nervously musical, fell on his ears. There before the gate halted Miss Polly in her phaeton, the pony flecked with the lather of long exertion, its mistress palpably up-wrought. She must speak with Mr. Shelby, she said, with some embarrassment, and would he get in? They would go for a little drive, since she had much to say to him. He very obligingly, not to say eagerly, took his seat beside her, and she turned the pony back in a restful trot down the road whence she had so hurriedly come.

Presently she said, "Mr. Shelby, I came to talk to you about those papers—to ask you to let me have them." She gave him a far profounder surprise than the blackmailer, the constable, and the politicians had produced.

Then, without waiting for an answer, she went on to tell him what had occurred. How, not two hours before, the minister—her pastor—and his wife had hastily driven out to see her. They had besought her with all their hearts (else, she said, she would never have undertaken the mission,) to intercede for a penitent who, unless Christian mercy spared him, was about to be made to suffer for sins buried in the past, which he had long ago lived down, and of which he had deeply repented. They had been put behind him when he entered into his years of Christian fellowship in Boonetown,

but he had just now freely confessed them to his pastor and made a clean breast of everything. With tears streaming down his face he had begged the good man and his wife to save his reputation before the people, and he had suggested that they go at once to see Miss Polly.

As she related this circumstance the deep consciousness of her position burned brightly in her cheeks, a tint visible even by twilight. Tom marvelled at her courage in coming. It amounted to a tacit acknowledgment by her that Crowder was right in assuming her to be the person of supreme influence with him, Shelby. It meant that she, too, had faith in her influence over him, and his heart warmed at the realization.

But brighter than the burning in her cheeks was the light of conviction in her eyes that looked so earnestly at him. In tones that spoke her woman's deep-enlisted sympathy and violently stirred his own emotional being, she labored to persuade him of the gravity of the thing he purposed; the cruel, intolerable punishment he was about to mete out to a man whom God in His infinite mercy had forgiven. There was no warrant in life for the lasting injustice he was about to commit; it was something for which he could never provide a recompense, for which he would never be able to forgive himself.

Let him, she urged, look into his heart and examine his motive for doing this irreparable thing. Could he justify it to himself? Be that as it might, could he justify it before the Most High? Was it an exalted motive which could match the forgiveness of Heaven? Would he dare to assert it as against the other man's claim of immunity by the token of the cross? That claim it lay not in the mouth of man to dispute. What did Shelby's judgment of Crowder matter? What Shelby thought of Crowder could not weigh in the scales of Heaven—nothing could weigh against divine mercy. Surely it was not for him to fix the punishment for Crowder! Those sins of long ago had not concerned Shelby. He must be at least just. What business was it of his?

She dwelt upon the reverence which men ought to accord to faith; how it was the uplifting trust which meant salvation, the divinity in the soul, the communion of man with God, the essence of prayer, the one thing exalting; and she spoke of the quality of divine mercy, and next of the forgiveness which is enjoined upon man—to forgive seventy times seven times.

It was a disturbed man who heard her. He was awed at the revelation of herself and the glories of heart which she manifested; amazed at the depths of deceit and debasement to which the mocking Crowder would descend when his political life was at stake—and

somewhat angered, too, that this man should select her for his impositions, playing upon her faith, ingenuousness, and sympathies to make her the tool of his hypocrisy.

"But, Miss Drew"—and it gave him poignant hurt to interpose the objection—"don't you see that this man has invited exposure—that he has brought his punishment upon himself? It is not as if I were about to open up the past of some private citizen. This man is a public character. When a man seeks a position of trust at the people's hands, he voluntarily submits his record for inspection, and his record is a vital matter if he has held office before. What right has a man who has betrayed one trust to ask for another? If Mr. Crowder was sincerely penitent, his humility would prevent him from running for Congress. Will he resign his candidacy? Not he! The magnificent audacity of the man to ask that his frauds be concealed so that he may get to Congress! Politics is the stuff his penitence is made of, Miss Drew. But that is neither here nor there. In the scheme of existence there's a principle of retribution that operates surely and inescapably. It's beyond any man's power to defeat it. At some time or other, in one way or another, whether we happen to observe its workings or not, it overtakes the man who has dealt unfairly with his fellow beings. This man Crowder has not played the game of life squarely, and he must pay the price. Nothing you or I can do will prevent. It matters not that he might evade it for a time. We might let him go for the present——"

She mistook his meaning.

"Yes?" she interrupted anxiously, hopefully, confidently.

As he looked at her an impulse of tenderness surged through him. How he would love to do anything in the world for her, cast everything aside, play traitor to his purpose, throw fidelity to the four winds, rather than wound her! But——

"Don't misunderstand me," he begged her; "you only make it more painful for me to refuse. . . . For"—he was no longer gentle, but exclaimed it passionately—"I can't give you those papers!" He almost shouted it.

The excitement of his outburst communicated itself to her. "But you must, you must!" she cried.

The pony trotted placidly, following the wavering worn track from side to side of the roadway between the worm fences of the cornfields. A defeated woman would have turned around and driven back to town, yet Polly persevered: "Won't you come home with me and talk to the minister and his wife? They'll be waiting for me."

"No, Miss Drew. What I can't do for you I certainly wouldn't do for anybody else—you know that. But what I am going to do is

right. It is right, I tell you! On the day after to-morrow I'll show the public just what manner of man Crowder is. My mind is made up. I'm done waiting. I wish the story was all in type, and I'd turn it loose to-morrow!"

"Then you must be hardened," she replied, not reproachfully, but sorrowfully.

"No, I'm only an ordinary man, and, being a man, my strength is my weakness where you are concerned. I'm anything but hardened."

Her face was turned from him, but he thought he saw glistening in the corner of her eye a rebellious tear. "Why should I have come to you!" she exclaimed. "Why should I expect you to do this for me! Why did I allow them to persuade me!"

"You thought I would be influenced by you," he said.

"Yes, but I ought not to have been so simple."

"To believe that I love you?" He bent close to her. "You'll know it's true," he said, with a fervency almost savage. "I'm not going to try to prove it by granting what you ask, but I'll make you believe it—some day."

Her look wavered, and she turned her eyes away from his. Then she drew herself up superbly, recovering as with a breath; at the same time turning the horse about to drive him back to town.

But this he prevented, telling her that if she would just continue on he would ride as far as the farm-gate with her and then walk back home. He did not get out of the phaeton until they had passed within the gate. Twilight had deepened near to darkness in the half-hour of their drive, and they had not seen down the river road the approaching buggy which now went past the farm towards town, drawn by a large black animal with a fine stride, and driven by a gentleman whistling a familiar hymn—and whistling it too fast.

"That," observed Tom, as he stepped out of the phaeton, "doesn't impress me as a very deeply penitent man. He sounds more like one whistling to keep up his courage."

X.

LATE this same night Pevely Sadders, sleeping in the *Beacon* office, dreamed a strange dream. Therein two men whom he knew came stealthily up on the porch outside the office door. First they tried to pick the lock. Next they pried at the door with a bar, but the bolt inside held. Then they stood and argued the matter in subdued but excited tones. These words, delivered in a hoarse, angry whisper, Pevely plainly recalled: "To-morrow night, by God, you shall!"

The sleeper awoke with a vivid sense of it. But as the day wore on, his memory relinquished it all except the hoarse, passionate threat, "To-morrow night, by God, you shall!"

He at first supposed it was just a dream, but the more he thought about it the more convinced he became that it had been occasioned by some actual noise outside the door. Then he reasoned that if there had been any actual noise out on the porch it would have waked him. He was annoyed and confused about it, and concluded to speak to Mr. Shelby. Then he grew ashamed of his confusion. Mr. Shelby would think he was just a dadbombed fool, and he would better keep it to himself.

In the afternoon he was afforded an explanation which set his poor mind at rest. He somehow fitted the dream to the startling news with which Prendergast's paper surprised the town in the afternoon. The sensation in the *Progress* was headed:

"A MAN, THOUGHT TO BE W. O. BROWN, OF THE INDIAN TERRITORY,
ATTEMPTS TO BURGLARIZE COLONEL DIVOLL'S NEWSPAPER."

The article related that Jim Harney and Bob Wheeler, of Gourdeville, had come into town to spend the night at the Bollinger Hotel, opposite the *Beacon* office, and, the night being very warm, had sat up near the open window of their room, which looked out on Main Street; that, as they sat talking and smoking some time after midnight, they saw a man stealthily mount the *Beacon's* stairway, and afterwards heard him attempting to gain an entrance. They, so the article related, hurried down from their room and out into the street, hoping to capture him. The man, however, evidently hearing their approach, raced down the stairs barely in time to escape them at the bottom, but not in time to prevent their recognizing him as W. O. Brown. They followed him across the square, said the *Progress*, and down Gary Street, but he managed to elude them over in the north side of the town.

Pevely's statement, which was no more than this, bore out what otherwise Shelby would have discredited as a rather peculiar piece of fiction on the *Progress's* part. But the fact that it did seem entirely probable prevented his giving it much thought or taking the pains to wonder what significance it would have if false. He ascertained that Jim Harney and Bob Wheeler had actually spent the night at the Bollinger. Tom was mostly absorbed preparing the story of the affidavits, busy with compositors and the printer in putting the whole matter in shape to print on the morrow—it would make a five-column article! He resolved to guard well the office to-night. He would have Buck or Bing, negro hands from

one of Colonel Divoll's farms, sleep here; and if he couldn't get one of them he would sleep here himself.

The thing which did worry and puzzle him was the call for a public mass-meeting in the evening at Militia Hall. The *Progress* issued the announcement both in the paper and with handbills thrown about the square late in the afternoon; and, to emphasize it in the public mind—or, rather, ear—the Boonetown brass band still later noisily paraded the streets, followed by men with signs advertising the occasion. It set the town agog with anticipation.

Pevely Sadders spent the evening, begloomed and meditative, outside his cabin door in Divoll's backyard. Mr. Shelby had told him he need not sleep in the office to-night. That was it—Mr. Shelby could not trust him. Musing, he fell again to considering last night's dream. Why had he dreamt such a fool thing? Somehow that dream was wrong; that was another thing which proved he was a fool—he couldn't even dream right. He ought to have dreamt that there was just one man out there on the *Beacon* porch. Instead of that, he had to go and dream up something else that wasn't so.

It was a lonesome evening. All at once he thought of the Militia Hall meeting. "Why, it's bedtime; it's 'way after ten," Mrs. Sadders called, when he told her he was going.

But he nevertheless found the meeting in full blast, as it were, upon arriving there some minutes later.

The "Hall's" windows and huge doorway blazed out lamplight and gave forth hazy clouds of tobacco-smoke. It lay several blocks to the rear of Colonel Divoll's, in a weed-grown territory designated as somebody's "Addition" on the town plat. In years past it had been a tobacco warehouse, later being abandoned to decay and a mixed colony of bats, swallows, spiders, and ants. Then came the militia company, giving it a new roof, new floor, and new name, and using it for an armory. Brass buttons had at times vied there with bright eyes at "dances." Afterwards, the militia organization dying out, its ranks depleted by marriage and other causes, the hall again fell into disuse. To-night it was serving a brand-new purpose.

Beside the chairman's table, under the full glare of the lamp, prominent and impressive, sat the hero, the Honorable Griffith Crowder. Near him a speaker held forth over the heads of the largest gathering ever crowded into the structure. Through a window from without Pevely Sadders noted the imposing crowd and listened to the speech in progress.

Lawyer Stubblefield, the orator, was one of those old-fashioned spellbinders with periods and cadences designed to touch emotion

in the raw. Juries fell under his spell at each term of court; conventions knew his power; picnics were wont to thrill to the tune of his patriotism. Now he descanted upon a young editor who was degrading Boonetown's atmosphere and polluting its fair name, or, perhaps, polluting its atmosphere and degrading its fair name; the effect was the same. He paid his respects to the crusty old citizen whose spleen had led him to hire the said young editor.

Presently from Colonel Divoll's malice the orator turned to the topic of Pevely himself, and such a characterization as followed! Pevely didn't know why the man should be denouncing him, but felt that it was all right. He saw hundreds of men smiling, and a sense of his hopelessness came over him as never before. His body was in a hot flush. He trembled. He felt tears welling up into his eyes; then something occurred to jar a different chord in his being and drive back the tears. A great hoarse guffaw from the throat of Griffith Crowder joined the tittering laugh which greeted one of Stubblefield's sallies, and made the walls resound with its harsh baying.

It was the laugh of victorious hate, and it suddenly filled Pevely's being with a new and hard resentment for Crowder. But, more than that, it caused him all at once an unaccountable, yet profound, uneasiness. What could it mean? Pevely stared in at the crowd, hearing nothing, deaf to all but the answer that rose in his mind. It was a realization of the meaning of his dream. In an instant all confusion had cleared from his memory of last night, and a conversation was ringing in his ears. In his excitement he shouted and made hurriedly across-lots diagonally towards town.

Hardly had he left when Tom Shelby arrived at Militia Hall, coming by way of Main Street and then across at right angles. On completing the last job of preparations for to-morrow's big story, Tom had slipped the affidavits back under the metal mat, carefully locked the windows of the office, and stepped out on the porch.

Buck, Colonel Divoll's negro hand, was remaining to guard the office. Buck, by the way, had not seen Mr. Shelby hide the affidavits.

"Don't let anybody break in and steal you, Buck," said Tom, as he locked the door. He stood for a moment looking out over the quiet square, then descended.

For its silence the town might have been a tomb. There was no sound but the echoes of Shelby's brisk heels tapping the pavement as he made his way out Main Street. Had he gone directly, instead of out Main Street and across at the corner of the big church, he would have encountered Pevely. As it was, he came to Militia

Hall within the briefest space of the other's leaving it. On the same spot, outside a window, he stood unobserved and caught the thread of Lawyer Stubblefield's denunciations.

Leaning on the sill, intent on the speech, he did not hear the footsteps behind him, and nothing could have surprised him more than the voice which addressed him in an excited whisper: "Is he in there?" Beside him in the patch of window-light stood Miss Polly Drew, and behind her was faithful Mrs. Sadders, very much out of breath.

"Who?" Tom whispered, at loss for her meaning.

"Uncle."

"No, I'm glad to say. He's gone—somewhere else. He's off hunting for Brown, I think."

"One of the hands brought a paper out home late to-night, and I read that there would be some kind of a mass-meeting. I was afraid for uncle, and so I drove in. What does it mean?"

The orator within was at that moment giving a possible indication of its purport, having reached a characterization of the *Beacon's* original "river story," ascribing its "outrageous and slanderous insinuations against our honored fellow-townsmen" to the "deep-seated venom of that man who has so long hated all you."

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Polly under her breath.

She lingered, resting her delicate hands upon the window-sill; and these fair members, notwithstanding the absorbing nature of the proceedings inside, caught Tom's attention. As one of those inconsequential details which inexplicably impress the memory forever, he noted the bits of white ruche snugly encircling her wrists, and, tempted into thievery by them, his eyes stole cursorily up her arms to another vision of ruche at her throat; then to her features, her white brow, and her hair. The color rose in her cheeks as she listened.

"What can it mean?" she asked again, anxiously. "Are they electing him or nominating him or something?"

"Something," he repeated whimsically. "They seem to be just rallying around him, as far as I know. Maybe they're anticipating trouble."

Now it became her turn to watch Shelby furtively, for Lawyer Stubblefield suddenly reverted to him viciously; had he known the young man was within sound of his voice, he might have been less severe. Tom wavered between anger and amusement, and then found bitter joy in the reflection that to-morrow should witness his vindication. To-morrow!

"What," cried Stubblefield—"what shall I say of this young

man who sells himself to the vile purposes of defamation? What shall I say of this character who for hire comes to insult a God-fearing community? I am told this young pugilist is a native of our own State, but I'll venture to say he is no true Missourian. Our State boasts men of integrity, of honor, of manly instincts." Honest cheers rang through the hall till you might have thought they would start the old roof from its walls.

"To-morrow!" Tom grimly repeated.

"This is the home," Stubblefield shouted, "of religion, of law, of education. It is the abiding place of serenity and peace and——"

Abruptly he stopped, open-mouthed, and appeared to stare in the direction of Tom and Miss Polly. But he saw them not. In reality, he was staring at something over and beyond them. The large window at which they stood looked towards the town. They had been too intent upon matters within to perceive a change in the light without, but the change was there, a glow taking the place of night's deeper colors; nor was it until the speaker made his abrupt announcement that they observed it. His words were, "Gentlemen, I believe there's a fire in town." Thousands of eyes turned and saw a glow of light in the sky above the square.

XI.

HAD Stubblefield announced, "Gentlemen, the hour of judgment is at hand," the effect would have been scarcely more startling. With panicky shouts, heavy rush of feet, thump and crash of overturning benches, chairs, and tables, adjournment was sudden, exodus complete; the crowd pouring forth in a thick black stream and making for town, some in a bee-line across-lots, the rest by way of Main Street. With the latter ran Tom and Miss Drew.

The court-house bell began to ring. To Boonetown abed it may have seemed timely enough. To the population awake it came as a tardy, superfluous alarm, for with its first jangle the red disk over the square burst into fierce brilliancy. With the spectacle of Boonetown's housetops limned blackly against an imminent sky of flame, the bell dinned accompaniments to men's fears.

When, within a block of the square, Tom perceived at last through the archway of overhanging trees the exact spot which burned, the realization gave him a sickening of the heart. The court-house bell came like a mockery, making merry over the bonfire of his hopes. The *Beacon* and feed-store building was burning—and the affidavits!

Indeed, almost by the time that he came to a definite view of it, the building, pouring fire from every opening, was a roaring furnace, and a quarter of an hour later its walls crumbled.

It was beyond the feed-store, towards the hill, that towering flames now raged. On that side was a row of frame buildings, some of them vacant, some used by Hicks for the storage of baled hay, ground feed, barrels, sacks, and other stuff highly inflammable. Hence the quick, high blaze. For minutes it turned night into day, tossing skyward torrents of sparks, swaying columns of jewel particles that showered off as far apparently as Persimmon Hill and the depot.

Held snug in the mass of people spread over the court-house yard, Tom stood mute, the girl beside him, unconscious of the fact that her hand rested upon his arm. Was it the tremor of her excitement which she communicated in the faint pressure, or an unconscious, involuntary sympathy for the man dumb with rage at the lurid spectacle?

The blaze passed its pinnacle and began to die, lessening, lessening, as if moving off in distance; flared up again; gradually grew smaller, lost its fierce crackle; once more burst forth with half a fury, rushing fitfully here and there; receded, silently diminished, becoming red, redder and darker, sullen red like a cloudy sunset, collapsing at last, a mere glow amid huge, belching billows of velvet smoke.

The persistent bell taunted Tom's ears with defeat till he could bear it no longer.

"You come over here with me and wait near the steps while I run upstairs and see who's ringing that bell," he whispered to Polly, at the same time taking her hand and wedging a way through the mass, now beginning to move. At this moment the figure of a man hurrying up the court-house steps caught Tom's glance, and he hurried over the faster. Leaving the girl near the steps, he followed up after him, and, entering the dark hall, could hear the footfalls of the person mounting above him. Back into the hall and up the flight Tom pursued, then groped through the upper hallway, seeking the small stairs which led to the belfry. Audibly the man ahead of him was climbing the second flight. Tom stopped still as between claps of the bell he heard a resonant voice exclaim, "You fool!"

A cry of surprise came from the belfry, an instant later the sound of a fall; the bell had stopped. The resonant voice exclaimed, "Wake up, you fool! Get up! You fainted like a woman."

Then ensued a silence, except for movements on the floor above. The men seemed to be starting down now, slowly, with careful tread. Tom decided that he would watch them come out; so he made his way quietly back downstairs and out into the yard. In the interim the crowd had considerably thinned. He led

Miss Polly to a position under a tree where they had a full view of the entrance.

Long minutes passed. The crowd dispersed. The court-house yard became deserted. Still the men did not come out.

At length Tom said, "We've been watching the wrong door. We ought to have gone around to the back. . . . We might as well go home now."

As they turned away they heard the faint nicker of a horse.

XII.

WHEN they reached Colonel Divoll's, they found the doctor's buggy hitched before the gate, and in the depth of the yard lights were burning in the Sadders cottage, from which sounded piteous cries. Words convey no idea of the sight which awaited the two there. The doctor was administering an opiate to a burned, blackened, moaning sufferer barely recognizable as Pevely Sadders.

He had been found delirious in the dust of the street not far from the feed-store by some of the first men upon the scene of the fire. Buck, the drowsy negro whom Shelby had left on guard in the locked office, had, upon detecting signs of fire below, let himself out through the window which overlooked the stairway by the wall, and, running towards the engine-house of the fire company, had met Pevely a block east of the square, coming towards the *Beacon*. Nobody knew just how he had met his injuries; but the landlord of the Bollinger Hotel said next morning that at the moment when, looking across the way through a window, he had first noticed the fire, he had seen Pevely come reeling out of the feed-store doorway, which a second later was belching flames like a furnace. On Pevely's forehead a great bloody lump told of a heavy blow or a hard fall.

When at about midnight Colonel Divoll returned home from his quest of Brown, evidently by the look of him from a long ride, there was a scene in the Sadders cabin. Hearing of what had happened to the *Beacon*, the old gentleman cursed bitterly, and the tears started from his eyes as he bent over the moaning sufferer on the bed. It required all Tom's efforts finally to prevail upon him to retire and leave calmer persons to watch the sick.

Miss Polly spent the night at her uncle's. They all had a dismal breakfast hour together: the Colonel in glum distress; the girl pale, endeavoring to be self-possessed; Tom sick with the sense of having been outwitted and cheated, of the hateful cheapness of his position in her eyes, and withal hardly able to contain himself for the desire to be up and at his antagonists. Several times during the meal he caught himself smiling bitterly at his defeat. This was his

“to-morrow”! This was the day upon which he was to have vindicated himself, triumphed, shattered Crowder—and, above all else, justified his course to the girl he loved!

After breakfast he strolled up-town to look at the black wreck of the *Beacon*—an ugly, smoking hole in the earth—and he nearly choked with chagrin as down among the smoking embers he perceived the metal mat, curled up and partly melted away, which had covered the vital documents. Certainly there was no mild resignation in Tom’s countenance to prompt the nasty remark of Colonel Divoll, who stood by his side. “Well,” the old man drawled, with something of a challenge in his tones, “not got enough—have you?”

Stung to the core, Tom wheeled about and glared at the Colonel, but stopped his anger short of an outburst, bit his lip, and said not a word.

They turned and together walked back home slowly and thoughtfully.

Miss Polly was standing on the porch when they entered the yard.

As they drew near, Tom laid his hand on the older man’s shoulder and halted him. “Colonel,” he said deliberately, “you take your intrepidity for granted, while you permit yourself to doubt mine. Now, look here,” and he gazed steadily into the other’s eyes. “I’ll play the game as long as you will, and longer. . . . But if I win you may as well know what to expect.” He paused and nodded towards Miss Polly. “I’ll exact the heaviest reward your heart can pay. God help you, sir—do you know that I love your niece?” he ended passionately.

At the same instant Polly turned and went into the house, the screen door banging shut behind her.

In the moment during which Tom’s meaning penetrated the Colonel’s brain his face appeared to age. He did not at once open his lips, but gave Tom a wide, searching look. Then he flushed and a flash of heat illumined what the previous instant had seemed to be dull terror in his eyes.

“We’ll see about that, sir,” he answered, with a gruff dignity, turning abruptly indoors after his niece.

He found her lingering in the hall, where, with a new and surprising impulsiveness, he gathered her to his breast and hugged her as if he were in danger of losing her this very day and hour.

“Darlin’,” he said, pressing his rough face against her soft cheek, “your old Uncle Bob does love you—with all his heart. Sometimes maybe I don’t act like it, but I’m just your same old uncle—just the same, darlin’. Somehow here lately—well, my heart feels as if it will break when I see you so unhappy about me; and I can’t help

it—can't help it to save my life. It may be wrong, darlin'—I reckon it is—but"—and his steely eyes struck fire even as he turned his mind upon his enemies—"but those rascals are fighting me! They'd like to ruin me!"

"Dear, dear uncle," she pleaded ever so eagerly, "don't you see that now is the very time to give up all this fighting? Can't you let it all go—for my sake, dear? . . . Don't bother about starting up the newspaper again; let's just go on peacefully and happily from now on—as if nothing had happened—and—and live all for each other—yes, each other—just you and I. Will you, dear?"

He could not look at her. He removed her clinging arms from about his neck, and quitted her, going on though the hall and out the back way.

She opened the door of the musty, darkened parlor and, entering, crossed over and slipped onto the old hair sofa and buried her face in her hands, while the oil portraits of her grandfather and grandmother, from their dull, cracked Florentine frames on the wall above, regarded her soberly and unsympathetically.

Tom Shelby stood in the doorway, when she instantly sat up. He did not hesitate long at the threshold, but intrusively strode across the room to her. The fibre of the window-shades scarcely permitted enough light to disclose her tear-stains; but there is an atmosphere about a girl on a sofa in a gloomy parlor in the middle of the forenoon that is conclusive and even eloquent of her state. Tom knew that he had no business to be there; but his sense of the invasion concerned him little.

She anticipated what he had come to say. Her eyes met his steadily for a moment; then, as she lowered her glance, she spoke quietly and with an air which implied reflection and decision: "Mr. Shelby, I heard what you said to uncle in the front yard, and I must tell you once and for all that it can never be." There was scarcely a tell-tale quaver in the voice, and she said it with a solemnity quite funereal, but it would possibly have carried fuller conviction had she emphasized it with a look full in his face.

He sat down beside her, and before she could realize, before she could think, he had seized her hand—she was too dazed and momentarily overcome even to attempt to withdraw it from his firm clasp—while he leaned towards her and endeavored to see into the eyes which she averted; declaring hotly that he never would believe her, that he defied her to say that she was speaking from her heart; God had made her for him, and she must know it—he knew it, and, unworthy as he was, unworthy as any man must be, he meant to have her; she was his and it could not be otherwise—it was an

eternal fact—it was *the* eternal fact for him. She was the one woman; his universe, his life.

“And,” he concluded, “you will be mine when I have the right to ask you—when I have won!”

The little hand in his was fluttering like a captive bird. “Oh, please don’t try to win—again,” she cried pathetically, and, rising to her feet unsteadily, left the room, sobbing as she went.

XIII.

TO-DAY the prosecuting attorney, the same being, by the way, a creature politically of the Honorable Griffith Crowder, issued an information in the nature of an indictment charging one W. O. Brown with arson in the burning of the *Beacon* and feed-store building; and, the said Brown having fled these parts, the official offered two hundred dollars reward for his arrest. Thus Boonetown enjoyed a mild after-thrill, which the *Progress* helped along by arguing plausibly that the man who had attempted to burglarize the premises would not be above burning them.

Other explanations, however, interested Tom Shelby more. With these in view he footed it out to Anderson’s house on the second night after the fire; where he was refused admittance on the score that the old man was sick abed. Then to the Honorable Griffith Crowder’s, near by, Tom went, where he had no better success. Mr. Crowder was not at home. Coming back to town and reflecting on the fact of Anderson’s illness, Tom decided to make an examination of the court-house belfry.

The town was in dead slumber, the marshal nowhere about, and Tom found no difficulty in entering. Groping his way upstairs into the cupola, with the aid of a candle he made an examination, with but one infinitesimal result.

This was the first of a series of nocturnal prowlings by Tom. There was a purpose and a temper in him which mostly defied sleep; moreover, a perplexing problem growing in his mind and challenging him—this in addition to the ever-present, great vital problem of his burning love for Polly—and, incidentally, the problem of resuming journalism.

On the afternoon following the night of the fire Colonel Divoll had gone uptown, and, as Tom learned, made an effort to rent temporary quarters for the *Beacon*. He had been visibly humiliated to bring the information that none could be had. It is doubtful whether the old gentleman personally unbent sufficiently to approach the property-owners himself; Hicks may have done it for him. In

any event, the result was refusal. Left to the business men about the square, the question of the *Beacon's* future would have been settled simply: there wouldn't have been any future.

Tom evolved the plan for the immediate resumption of business elsewhere. The plan was simple. The old Washington hand-press, type, forms, stones, and all other ancient paraphernalia which had constituted the paper's original equipment, were stowed in Divoll's barnloft. Shelby in his extremity first thought of publishing the paper there. But something better presently occurred to him. He would publish it in the old abandoned corn-crib on the top of Persimmon Hill, a spot which belonged to the Colonel.

It was a beautiful spot. Looking up from the depot, a road like a brown ribbon upon a velvet cushion lay over the rounded grassy eminence which hid the town from view. Hawkins, the bus-driver, was in the habit of bragging of it when he drove up with a new arrival. An exclamation of pleasure would usually escape the stranger's lips on reaching the summit, for on the instant the country fell away before the eye in a beautiful gentle slope down to the clustering habitation in the lap of the green fields, and a far sweep beyond, ending at last in a faint line against the afternoon haze—the dark thread of the Missouri River. Tom had never forgot his own first view from there.

This ancient and dilapidated log structure, above which the *Beacon's* name flaunted on a white flag, now became the scene of journalistic activities. Denied the town, the *Beacon* would make a fighting stand up here. As the *Progress* later expressed it, "Unable to secure a foothold within the legitimate confines, this newspaper guerilla has scurried off to the outskirts, where, perched on a hill, it defies decency and prepares to waylay society."

In what good stead they happened now—the rickety press, the worn racks, the old hide trunk full of type! The paper's small force labored like bees in their hive-like quarters, and, without exactly realizing it, accomplished something approaching a marvel in journalism. In numerous instances metropolitan papers have burned out without skipping a single edition; but to be burnt out in the country and shortly to bob up smiling and flying a flag is even better worth note.

Some days later, when the press here and there waked to the fact that the *Beacon* was doing business again under such bizarre conditions, they likewise thought it worth note. A reporter from St. Louis paid it a visit, bringing a camera with him, and remarking as he photographed the crude abode that it looked like a pioneer fort or a frontier trading-post.

Country papers around and about began to make merry over

the *Beacon's* disaster. Sober editors hitherto unsuspected of lighter talents developed a wealth of facetiousness. "A Burning and a Shining Light," said one. "The *Beacon* Lighting the Heavens," said a second. A paper which had formerly characterized Boonetown as "the sleepest town in the State," and "the old Maid of Missouri," devoted its sympathies to the *Beacon*, and saved its satire for the people, who, it declared, since the extinguishment of the *Beacon*, necessarily dwelt in outer darkness. Another sheet headed its account of the misfortune with a pun: "Fighting the 'Divoll' with Fire."

Still another, poking fun at Boonetown's narrowness, declared the burning to have been in the nature of a civic act, a bonfire countenanced and even enjoyed by the community.

It was on the fourth day after the fire that the *Beacon* "cut loose," as Colonel Divoll expressed it, an editorial which infinitely delighted that gentleman and set the devil within him revelling in high mood. In a blurred, old-fashioned, diminutive edition, that seemed to be speaking out of a remote past, the *Beacon* declared:

"Boonetown may follow false leaders with a foolish zeal, but not to the extent of countenancing or condoning lawless acts. However mistaken in their idols, the people of our town love the ultimate right, and, when they come to perceive it, they will hate the wrong. Fraud, crime, and dirty politics cannot masquerade indefinitely in the cloak of righteousness. Let those whom this observation fits ponder the question—What is stronger and hotter than the wrath of an honest community suddenly roused to a sense of wholesale imposture committed upon it?

"Boonetown probably realizes by this time that, so far as the *Beacon* is concerned, the game is not played out. We are in it to stay, and we propose to give the criminals responsible for the fire of Thursday night a run for their money, as the saying goes. Who these parties are we have our notion. As bearing upon their identity and their motive, let us state that at the time of the fire there were certain documents in our office which two persons, opposite in interest, desired to obtain: the one, Griffith Crowder, apparently to remove a cloud upon his reputation; the other for purposes of blackmail. The papers purported to be affidavits relating to the conduct of Crowder's office as Indian Agent some years ago, and they bore the signatures of residents of the Indian Territory, several of them officials, others private citizens; all of whom have in the interim either died or moved away, as our investigations have lately demonstrated. We had decided to assume responsibility for the truth of the statements in the affidavits, for reasons which amply warranted, and were about to print them for the public's benefit. And let us say here, by the way, that we are going to exhaust every possibility to resurrect the facts of Crowder's career as Indian Agent. He will possibly have gone to Congress in the mean time, but the truth, of whatever character, will come out eventually nevertheless.

"It would be superfluous to add our belief that Crowder had a guilty connection with Thursday night's arson. The man who desired the

documents for purposes of blackmail would have had no incentive to destroy them by fire, while burning them would perfectly suit Crowder's interests. We are prepared to stand or fall by the opinion that he was the direct instigator of the crime."

But Tom was not merely for talking at Crowder over the long distance of print. He went out to Crowder's house again, for the third time, to-night. The visit availed nothing; Crowder was not at home. Tom had sent him word demanding an interview, to which the candidate had returned a not over-flattering reply. Then to Anderson's house, across the way, went the editor, and was refused admittance as before. Anderson was not well enough to receive company, by the doctor's orders. Tom persistently continued his ineffectual visits for several nights.

XIV.

It is one thing to accuse a man, and another to get him to answer you—if he happens to be a candidate avoiding an issue. The politician who has not learned the trick of ignoring an enemy whom, for prudential reasons, he thinks best to treat as beneath notice, is the merest apprentice.

Griffith Crowder let the *Progress* fight his battle. It levelled back at the *Beacon* the suggestion that Pevely Sadders might have started the fire by accident, whereas formerly it had argued the guilt of Brown. The circumstances of Pevely's injuries bore out the suggestion. The landlord of the Bollinger had seen him reeling out of the doorway. He might have been intoxicated, said the *Progress*; might have gone into the feed-store to sleep; might have started a fire in a dozen ways. True or false, it was a theory which could be advanced safely enough, for Pevely, lying in a dead stupor, apparently stood small chance of recovering to deny it. The *Progress* made no direct reply to the *Beacon*; no mention of it, though called upon with all the vehemence of old-fashioned print to answer certain queries. It was a tolerably good snubbing Tom and his paper received from Crowder and the *Progress*, which could not say anything of a direct nature without emphasizing the *Beacon's* contentions and developing an argument troublesome to the boss. To go to Congress is more of a credit than to squelch an editor or kill a libel, Crowder's friends were saying. What does a campaign slander amount to anyhow? the politicians argued. Most people take such things *cum grano*. Election not only covers, it frequently blots out, a multitude of sins.

Meeting Tom privately was an issue to be avoided no less than dignifying the charges of his puny little paper by a reply. What

more natural than that, after keeping out of Tom's way for four or five days and denying him entrance several times at night, the Honorable G. C. should go off campaigning around the district?

For his part, Tom promptly met this contingency by pointing out Crowder's running away, training his editorial guns on the other's cowardice, and even threatening to go out and take the stump to denounce him unless he made answer to the *Beacon's* accusation. Finally, Tom challenged him to return to Boonetown, and declared that he dared not return—"to his own home town"—between now and the date of election.

A good many copies of the *Beacon* were going daily out into the district, and in the course of four or five days the boldly reiterated challenge, which became liberally echoed through the Republican papers, began to have its effect.

Another circumstance doubtless conspired to draw Crowder homeward. Tom had been, figuratively, besieging the sick but convalescent Anderson.

It was at about this juncture that Colonel Divoll, who had lately behaved rather rationally, his own aggressiveness for the time being subordinated and abeyant to Tom's purpose, complicated the situation, and brought his niece, agitated, once more into evidence.

On the afternoon of the tenth day after the fire Polly drove up to Persimmon Hill to consult the young editor, whose presence she had carefully avoided since the episode of the parlor.

"Do you know where uncle is?" she asked, without preface and in some perturbation.

"No, I don't, just now. He was up here early this morning. Why? What's the matter?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed reproachfully, "why have you kept it from me? I've only just heard how you two are hounding poor Mr. Anderson."

"I didn't know that your uncle was hounding Mr. Anderson," replied Tom. "Who told you?"

"The minister's wife. Don't you really know where uncle is?"

Tom smiled indulgently. "Truthfully, I don't; and, just between us, I'd a good deal rather he wouldn't hound Mr. Anderson. It might be better if he didn't see Mr. Anderson."

"Dear me, I must find him," she concluded, and terminated the interview with a cluck to the pony.

And find him she did. She was laboring with him at home when Tom arrived at supper-time; and the old gentleman seemed preoccupied. Certainly you couldn't blame a man for wishing to avoid him in his present mood; or Tom either, for that matter. The two of them might have been moody old dogs intent on a trail.

Miss Polly pleaded with her uncle to remain at home after supper; but he deliberately and perversely replied, "No, Anderson's been out to-day, and I want to see him." The spell of his niece seemed completely to have fallen from him. He stood cold to all her influence of years. Go he would; and as he rose to depart Miss Polly cast an imploring look at Tom that bade him go too, as plainly as if she had uttered the words; which perfectly suited Tom's purpose. He overhauled the Colonel on the way to the front gate, where the horse and buggy stood ready.

Opening the gate, Shelby preceded him to the curb, and, to the old man's evident surprise, began to undo the horse's hitching-strap.

"Excuse me," Colonel Divoll objected stiffly, "I'll attend to my own horse."

Tom laid a hand upon his arm and replied, "See here, old friend, I'm going with you."

The Colonel's face flushed angrily. "You're going to do nothing of the kind!"

For reply Shelby stepped lightly into the buggy.

The other hesitated a long minute; then with decision climbed in beside him, taking the reins; and they started down the river road. Summer twilight was rapidly deepening into night.

From the top pocket of Colonel Divoll's gray coat peeped the buckhorn handle of a knife which ordinarily adorned the mantel in the sitting-room and served no greater purpose than to snip cigar-ends, an innocent occupation for its long, sinister, bluish blade. When Tom's eyes first perceived it it affected him humorously; then, presently, his memory went tracking back to profane and vicious things he had heard the old chap mutter in sleep over across the hall. During the drive to Anderson's not a word did Colonel Divoll have to say to Tom.

Anderson was evidently nowhere about his premises. His house was dark and still as a tomb. No response came to a long hammering at the door.

From here the pair in the buggy silently journeyed two miles to the north and west out to a farm belonging to Anderson, but with no better success; thence over into the Gourd, even making inquiries in the neighborhood of the mule-yards; later going to Bump Timmons's, and eventually driving back to town and home. Miss Polly awaited them. Upon her face there were evidences that she had spent a miserably unhappy evening.

All next day Colonel Divoll loitered about town. In the evening he vanished, escaping his watchers. It afterwards developed that he had gone out once more to Old Man Anderson's, only to learn that the Treasurer was not at home.

To-night was prayer-meeting night, and Miss Polly had driven in to officiate at the organ. She took her place somewhat early, and fingered the keys softly until the congregation arrived and the time drew near for services. Several times she played with consummate tenderness the little melody which she had composed to her uncle; and, had he heard its sweet, plaintive message, his heart must have been touched afresh and he been moved to some contrition. Tom, from his habitual outdoor seat of worship, looked alternately up at the peaceful stars and across through the lane of light to the church window and the picture it framed of the far corner and the fair musician at her instrument.

Presently a buggy drew up before the church—a buggy drawn by a black stallion—and two men alighted. Tom Shelby, stirred out of the reverie into which the music had led him, sat upright and rigid as presently through the church window he watched Griffith Crowder and Elijah Anderson march boldly up the centre aisle to their accustomed prominent seats.

Throughout the services Crowder sat erect, arms folded, apparently unconcerned, his rosy, wax-like cheeks, black beard, glossy hair, and bright eyes making him the picture of health and well-being. Not so his old companion, who was haggard; under the lamplight his skin appeared slaty, almost of a color with the ashy beard. Occasionally he mopped his face with nervous hand. Presently the pastor called upon Brother Elijah Anderson to lead in prayer.

Holding to the pew before him, he rose and with closed eyes and upturned face prayed—prayed at first with an effort, and then fervently. Once his voice broke, and he nearly gave way. For those who are wearied and oppressed, for those who are beset, he besought deliverance and sustaining grace; and, finishing, sank into his seat visibly exhausted.

Upon conclusion of the services to-night there came no organ music; following the pastor's amen the babble of conversation sounded instead. Miss Polly's seat was vacant. Shelby missed the little benediction with which she usually dismissed her people.

Church slowly emptied itself; it was half empty, perhaps, when Tom stepped down into the yard and moved towards the front fence, thinking to watch the congregation dispersing. Cheery with light from the front door, the sidewalk showed its little groups of home-goers, some leaving straightway, others lingering, chatting, bowing, smiling, beckoning. As he approached, about midway of the yard, there came to Shelby a sight which brought him a start: outside the fence, moving rapidly along the sidewalk towards the church gathering, the familiar, trim, gray figure of Colonel Divoll emerged from

somewhere out of the night; and at the same instant Tom's glance comprehended the person of Crowder climbing into the buggy; Old Man Anderson behind, about to follow. Instantly Tom started for the sidewalk, running to the fence and vaulting it.

But he pursued too late. Before he could reach him, Colonel Divoll had made into the thick of the little gathering and was fast elbowing his way towards the buggy. With an arm extended to lay upon his man, the Colonel appeared to Shelby, who was scarcely six feet behind, to be within reach of Anderson and in the act of seizing him; and a sense of loss and defeat—of the tragic, unutterable shame of the incident—flashed upon Tom—Tom with his arm outstretched almost within touch of the Colonel, yet too late—when a light voice, musical, tense, its note of excitement sounding clear above the general tones of the gathering, exclaimed, "Uncle, here I am; you are so good to come for me!" and Polly, amazingly present on the instant as if sent by Heaven to interpose, seized her uncle's extended hand as naturally as if it had been put forth for her, linked her arm with his, and faced him about just as the silk cracker snapped over the back of Crowder's horse and the buggy sped away. A dumfounded Colonel Divoll walked back towards his gate with his good angel upon his arm, while the people gazed after them in silence.

Doubtless the good angel was no little relieved next morning to learn that the Honorable Griffith Crowder had gone off again campaigning in other counties, this time taking with him the Honorable Elijah Anderson. But to Tom Shelby it was disappointing intelligence; likewise to the Colonel, who remarked, "The rascal came in only long enough to rescue Anderson and show himself in public!"

XV.

WE come now to a Sunday morning eleven days later.

In a one-man's town many things are possible to the one man; so in a one-man's church. The preacher to whom Griffith Crowder had made his affecting but ineffective confession of ancient sins was gone, his resignation having been accomplished rather to the surprise and shock of many members of the congregation, who loved him genuinely. But the one man's hand had not appeared in bringing about the schism which culminated in the pastor's ousting; indeed, the one man seemed most deeply to bemoan the result, and it was he who assured the preacher of his lasting interest, and promised him to put forth all possible efforts to get him another call. The promise was speedily fulfilled. Within a few days after the man

quitted the Boonetown pulpit, Mr. Crowder's influence, exerted in some mysterious manner, secured him a pastorate in a far corner of the State.

To-day a new preacher, a sterner and stronger, was delivering his trial sermon in the big church next Divoll's, and all Boonetown was there to hear him, despite the clouds and stifling closeness of the morning.

Besides the desire to see and hear the new preacher at "the big First Church," other and sensational motives contributed to assemble the crowd. Shelby's and Divoll's pursuit of the two absent deacons had become a big fact in the Boonetown mind. The episode of that prayer-meeting night, when the two deacons had hurriedly driven away as the Colonel approached, had been expanded and given various interpretations; and the interrogation hung suspended in the public consciousness—would Crowder and Anderson show themselves at church to-day?

It would be natural for Crowder, and, incidentally, Anderson, to spend Sunday in Boonetown. The campaign had virtually closed Saturday night. The nominating convention would be held Tuesday over in Saline. There was yet time for the candidate to face the question—the question of his connection, if any, with the late incendiarism. One recent comment of the *Beacon's*, echoed throughout the district by the Republican papers, had had cutting, cruel effect: the charges against the candidate under the circumstances were likened to accusations of unchastity brought against a bride on the eve of her wedding. "Can the marriage go on?" the *Beacon* had demanded. "Will the people or their representatives in the district consent to Crowder's nomination while the terrible stigma remains upon him?"

Crowder had been called upon to return to Boonetown. Could he afford to give color to Shelby's accusations by remaining away? Would he permit Shelby to shunt him out of his habitual Sunday course on this critical day with the eyes of the district upon him?

It was natural enough that the church which the important personage might attend should attract the crowd. To add to the hour's excitement, the report had reached the ears of a number of persons during the early morning that Pevely Sadders was dead—that he had died during the night. Somehow, if true, that gave an uglier aspect to the *Beacon's* view of the case. Report said that Pevely had died of his burns, and died in convulsions, and it brought the fire vividly to mind. Nobody doubted the truth of it.

Looking out the side windows, the congregation could see Colonel Divoll on his porch, rocking and fanning himself with deliberate, regular motion. Saul contemplating the Christians at Damascus

never wore uglier sign of what passed within him. Saul breathed out threatenings and slaughter; Colonel Divoll's was a mute way, but it told of a disposition as evil and intense. Brooding sat on his brow. A slow hand now and then smoothed the silver mustache. Sufficient a glimpse of him to induce apprehension for what he might purpose. His presence out there might constitute reason enough, considering his late conduct, for Tom Shelby's presence in church this morning. Here, to be sure, Tom could better protect the congregation against a repetition of Divoll's attempt to confront the two deacons—in case they should come. But such motives did not altogether explain Tom's coming. He held a purpose of his own.

If that purpose was as stern and unrelenting, it was less of a personal animus than the evil intent which frowned forth from the visage of the old gentleman over there on the porch, visible through the window; in fact, the young man could spare a thought in another direction, and he indulged from time to time a fancy that persistently sought the organ corner, to hover there about a fair head, the centre of his hopes.

All at once, with the suddenness of a needle veering straight about in the compass, his tender consideration left her and turned to fixity upon what transpired in the rear of the church. Without glancing around, he knew the meaning of the sensational stir behind him and realized that Griffith Crowder and Elijah Anderson had come in.

Two deacons walking quietly through the aisle to their seats—it was a commonplace thing; yet even the preacher paused in his reading to notice them. Here they were, then, deliberately and boldly, if unobtrusively, present. Crowder abated nothing of his habitual, hale, confident manner. Reaching over, he bustled noisily about the floor of the pew till he found his palm-leaf fan; then fanned himself so vigorously that his cuff rattled. He exhibited a glowing, rich contrast to the rather shabby and stooped figure beside him, clad in the homely pepper-and-salt garments of every-day wearing. The faded, gray aspect of Anderson was as the neutral to the positive of his strong, ruddy companion. Both men manifested only a deep attention to the reading and the powerful sermon which presently followed. But the congregation easily betrayed its state of mind by glancing now at Shelby, now out the windows at Colonel Divoll, and now to the two prominent deacons in the amen corner.

Eventually the new minister successfully combated the strange restive conditions. By degrees most of his hearers came into reception and full sentience of his earnest message, however a part of them may have attended church through mixed or unworthy

motives. The wrath of God weighing upon the consciousness of the lost proved a theme in harmony with the dark hour and scene; suiting the circumstance of the morning, the overcast heavens, the stillness of air, the laden expectancy of earth and nature.

The pastor concluded with an exhortation. "The lost!" he cried. "The lost! None of you can afford to rest under the consciousness of sin. You dare not brave the judgment while you are under a shade of doubt. If there be darkness in any soul—seek the light. Look through the rift in the gloom. Gaze upon that wondrous crucifixion. See the three shameful crosses. Mark well who hangs upon that central cross!" And with upraised arm he seemed to summon the Mount of Calvary before their vision.

Mr. Crowder sat upright and stolid, attentive yet unmoved; but the pale countenance of the older man at his elbow reflected the violent play of heart within. Over on the porch, too, Colonel Divoll, motionless, his face for the instant turned with an absorbed expression towards the church, plainly proved he had heard that moving exhortation. But, pulling himself together now as with a recovery of hard purpose, he was seen to jump down from the porch and walk briskly back through the side yard.

Rising, the congregation began the final hymn; feebly and uncertainly at first, then gradually developing a volume of tone that vented deeply-wrought emotion and carried response to the minister's appeal. When the last note had ceased, he, with uplifted hands, pronounced the benediction: "And now may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ abide with you all. Amen."

In the pause that followed there befell one of those strange coincidences that seem like tricks of destiny for our confounding. Like a shrill whistle, issuing from the Divoll backyard, came a woman's scream—a long, vibrant, persistent note, penetrating the still church as if uttered under the very roof; and the same voice cried, "You! Where are you going? You're crazy—come back here. It'll be the death of you—oh, for God's sake, don't take him, Colonel!"

With these occurrences its breath seemed to go out of the congregation. During long seconds it stood there shocked, still-struck, while the wall clock above the organ ticked off loud pulses as if in the stead of hearts.

Terminating the moment's tense quiet, a sharp, convincing click, like the cock of a trigger, in the fore of the church gave nerves a painful start. It was caused by the spring of a latch in a little panel-door in the wainscoting down at the right of the pulpit, an opening from the pastor's study. To the congregation's startled gaze it admitted Colonel Divoll, and behind him a lean figure in a great enwrapping white bandage, resembling a corpse in a winding sheet.

"Pevely Sadders!" came in a whispered exclamation from hundreds of lips, and one man out of all that standing church sank weakly back upon his seat—Old Man Anderson.

Divoll's presence was even more incongruous. His intrusion seemed almost a sacrilege—the bringing of an unholy purpose into the holy of holies. The old hate shone in his eyes, spoke in the contraction of his cold brow line and a hard compression of mouth. Standing as one in an alien and inimical place, daring to be there feeling the enmity and defying it, he was the personification of a challenge.

The congregation being yet in the first instant of pause and wonder at the grave invasion, Colonel Divoll advanced and pointed towards the pew of Anderson and Crowder. But it was rather to the man in the pulpit that he addressed his words—a stern demand: "There's some truth that must come out in here to-day!"

"Remember, men," came the minister's round tones, "we are in God's house!"

"I remember that," sharply rejoined the Colonel, undeterred. "I reckon God's house ought to be the place of truth, though."

Crowder raised his arm to bespeak attention; but it was a voice from the depths of the congregation, that of a young man pressing forward through the aisle, which first found utterance.

"Wait, Colonel; wait!" Tom's excitement and fear rang in his loud remonstrance.

Other men, leaving their pews, were pressing to the fore with him. A wave of anxiety murmured through the congregation. Women sobbed.

Tom could not reach the Colonel in time to prevent the outburst which the commotion precipitated.

"Back!" Divoll shouted viciously, heeding him not. "Hold your places. Hear what I have to say. Stop, Griffith Crowder—stay where you are! All my life," and his voice came thick with passion, "you men in this church have held up your righteousness before me. Now you may learn what manner of men you have among *yourselves!*" And he would have prolonged his harangue but that Tom laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder, and commandingly, but silently and slowly, thrust him back into the small room whence he had emerged; and by that same dominating authority thrust Pevely Sadders back as well.

Turning his back upon the two men and outstretching his arms across the doorway as if to bar their reëtrance and at the same time prevent excited men from going in to them, Tom spoke:

"Let's be careful. Every man here must control himself. There mustn't be any profanation of this church."

Those pressing towards him paused.

"But, men," he continued, in calmer tones, "church is the place of truth, church is the place of justice, and there is a matter that ought to be settled here and now. You know whom it concerns. All of us might have preferred to settle it somewhere else, but circumstances have brought it uppermost. Here we are, and the issue is before us. How would it do to have your deacons bring Mr. Crowder and Mr. Anderson out into this little room, and——"

The minister assented eagerly. Evidently he saw in Tom's suggestion the averting of an imminent tumult that threatened overwhelming mortification and portended a lasting stain upon the church's record.

"Yes," he directed, pointing at the panel-door; "the deacons will go into that room with these men and hear their charges. The rest of you may depart quietly; we must have order and peace. Now play, Miss Drew, play!" and he turned to the organist with a quick gesture.

She moved her hands over the keys, and with the instrument's first response, soft, strangely sweet and subduing, the impulse of disorder completely subsided, and a hush came over the edifice. She was playing her message to her uncle, the little melody that in an hour long ago had found his heart. But he did not hear it now. Standing just within the door, he grimly awaited the deacons.

For the two in the amen corner, the situation stood imperative, absolute in its compulsion. Assisted by the strong man at his side, Old Man Anderson pulled himself to his feet, stepped out of his pew, and, holding to Crowder's arm, walked slowly across the carpet to join the other deacons assembling at the study door. He leaned against the wainscoting until they had preceded him. Supported by the hand of Crowder, extended from within, he uncertainly took the step over the foot-board into the small chamber.

As Tom was following, Polly turned uneasily half towards him, and he caught a side glance of her eyes that signalled all her anxiety and cried out an imploration which he understood. The little door clicked to behind him.

XVI.

THE unforgettable scene of that room. Darker even than the church interior, it had but a transom above the outer or rear door, and a small side window overlooking the yard, to admit the hour's gray light; while the sombre faces of the men ranged about the long table in the centre of the floor gave it an aspect well-nigh funereal.

At one end of the table was a chair, in which Old Man Anderson on entering took his seat. He drew a heavy suspiration that rocked his body, and stared blankly at the floor.

Crowder, close by him, wore a heavy frown. Hardly had the door closed than, with a menacing hand shaken at Divoll, he blurted forth, "Colonel, I warn you, you'll be held responsible for this!"

The threatened man smiled an ugly smile, his eyes narrowed, and he was on the point of a brutal sally when Pevely Sadders from his chair next the wall feebly interposed: "No; I'm the one that's responsible"—to which Crowder paid no attention whatever.

At this instant more screams, accompanied by sounds of prodigious poundings, as of some one belaboring a door, proceeded from the rear of the Divoll premises, causing Pevely to explain apologetically: "Never mind, gentlemen; that's only my ol' woman. We had to lock 'er in the house, so's to git away from 'er. She wasn't goin' to let me come at all." Then he added, in his old, whimsical, whining way, "But I jest had to come anyhow—I wanted to see Mr. Anderson."

The individual mentioned, who was gazing at the floor, unaccountably and perceptibly winced at Pevely's utterance; whereupon Crowder laid a hand on his shoulder, as if to sustain him.

"He don't seem to be taking his medicine very well," observed Divoll dryly.

"The man's sick," Crowder ejaculated, turning with indignation to the deacons. "He's sick, as well he might be with these men pursuing him, and the slanders they've been circulating."

Instantly from Divoll this brought the rejoinder, "Sick, yes! The coward is sick with the shock. He was beginning to ease himself with the notion that dead men tell no tales, when all at once he finds Pevely Sadders alive!

"You rascals!" the Colonel ran on, an agitated fist betokening the ferment that was in him. "Didn't you suppose I'd find out you were keeping posted on him through the wench in my kitchen—with one of your nigger hands waiting for her every night outside my stable gate? I knew what you were doing, and I calculated I'd greet you with some pleasant information on your return this morning. I knew it would get to you. Last night as she was leaving I slipped out and told her Pevely had just died. Ha! so you got it!" He added reflectively: "If you had thought all along that Pevely had a chance for life, God only knows *what* you would have done!"

"The man is talking riddles, childish riddles," sneered Crowder, with a contempt which imparted itself instantly to several of the deacons, who sniffed in sympathy. "To-morrow," he continued, addressing them, "I'll deal with these people"—a gesture seemed

to dispose of his detractors—"as they deserve; but I see no reason for settling political issues to-day, on the Sabbath, here at church——"

Tom cut him off.

"Gentlemen," said he, asserting himself in a business-like manner which ignored as trivial all that had passed, "let's come right to the point. The questions we have to settle are for these deacons to hear, and we'll settle them right now."

"Very well, then," Crowder answered challenge with challenge; "but we'll not be done with you, my young friend, until we take your case to the law! Yes," and he warmed with the threat, "my answer to you will be a warrant for your arrest to-morrow morning on a charge of criminal libel, if I can find you!"

"In the mean time," Tom returned quietly, almost cheerfully, "the church will attend to your case."

Now, as it were with the intake of a breath, Tom's demeanor changed to deep earnestness. The object of his intent was Old Man Anderson. He pointed a finger at the elderly deacon, while Anderson stared in a sudden fascination of terror at the speaker's mouth, just as one might hang on the words which pronounce his doom. Tom delivered the accusation like a blow:

"Anderson, you set the *Beacon* office afire, and you hit Pevely Sadders over the head—with a single-tree—when he ran in on you there in the feed-store."

And Pevely in his excitement chimed in, "Yas, I seen him in thair pourin' ile on the hay—you're weak now, Elijah Anderson, but you was strong then—he was like a crazy man when I come in on him, and he grabbed up a single-tree and tried to kill me. If I hadn't rolled outside the door I would 'a' died in the fire! . . . Oh, it's all come back to me now—since last night." The violent statement ended in a sob.

Crowder's strong voice broke the stillness, his hoarse reply resounding through the little room: "Sadders, you're out of your head!"

For Anderson it relieved the strain, and he bowed down upon his left elbow which rested on the table. To the amazed onlookers the charge and Anderson's reception of it had carried a moment's doubt, but Crowder's vehement assertion now threw them back into firm confidence and sympathy. They looked indignation at Sadders.

Following his advantage, Crowder added gruffly, "Sadders, you'd better go back to bed!"

Anderson did not break down. With the sustaining hand of Crowder firmly at his shoulder, he continued the stare he had

shifted to Pevely; but gaunt, white, his chest heaving with labored breaths.

Two or three of the deacons nodded assent to this advice; and then Shelby settled the point in an unexpected manner that considerably disappointed Pevely. "Yes," said Tom, with an emphasis of finality, "you'd better go back to bed. I'll send for you if I need you." And Pevely, with the slow, sullen reluctance of a child, left by the back door. Whereat Tom resumed his arraignment of Anderson.

"Afterwards you went over and rang the court-house bell."

"Enough of this twaddle!" hotly interrupted Crowder, addressing the deacons with a gesture of impatience. "We're making ourselves ridiculous standing here listening to this! . . . It makes no difference whether these fabrications come from the deranged head of the fool who has just gone out or originate in the fancy of this fellow who utters them, or whether their source is in that man there, Divoll—their nature is apparent. We can't permit such abuse! Brother Anderson is entitled to our protection!"

"Your good 'brother' hasn't denied them himself yet," Tom urged.

"Yes, yes, I do," Anderson hastened to reply, in a half-whisper.

"You deny you rang the bell?"

Anderson nodded affirmatively.

"Once and for all, enough of this!" Crowder exclaimed theatrically.

Ignoring him, Tom promptly put another question: "Where were you, then, on the night of the fire?"

"He was at home, sick abed!" interposed Crowder loudly. Then to the deacons: "Gentlemen, I for one am not going to stand by any longer and see a sick man badgered in this fashion!"

"Oh, yes, you are," Tom answered, with a seeming composure highly irritating. "Wild horses couldn't drag you away from 'Brother' Anderson right now. . . . You say he was at home, sick abed. Then, maybe you know who pulled the bell?"

"I most certainly do not!"

"But you do know that the man who pulled the bell wasn't at your meeting, don't you—and couldn't have been at your meeting?"

Crowder only puffed for reply.

"And I presume," Tom continued, "you know what everybody else knows—that the man who did it rather overdid it; in fact, busted his buttons doing it?" Without any warning whatever, Tom stepped over to the startled Anderson, and with a quick hand turned up the old man's vest in front, showing the top of his pepper-and-salt trousers and the yellow suspenders buttoned thereto.

Beckoning to the deacons, Tom directed: "Take a good look at his suspender buttons. See, these four in front are made out of black tin with brass centres."

Heads gathered round closely. Tom now as unexpectedly grabbed up his victim's coat and vest behind and somewhat roughly turned him half around in the chair, exhibiting a rear view of the trousers and suspenders. With a puzzled frown, Crowder bent forward with the others.

When the cluster of heads rose again, Tom explained: "You see he has lost one of the black buttons behind belonging to the set, and a white one is sewed on in its place. He probably sewed it on himself. It looks like a bachelor's job. A woman would have hunted around until she found a better match for the others. Now, Mr. Anderson, will you please tell us when you sewed on that white button?"

But Anderson sat mute, leaning with his elbows on the table, his bony hands covering his face. Crowder still glared uncomprehendingly.

"When was it?" Tom repeated, stooping close to Anderson.

Crowder threw himself into the breach.

"Brethren," he pleaded, "you know that this man is naturally timid. His nature is as modest and shrinking as a woman's. He is unnerved. What else would you expect? Why, the shock of such accusations as that fellow makes—his lies are enough to knock the sense out of anybody! And the bullying and threatening manner of Colonel Divoll there!" At this Divoll grunted. "Put yourselves in Anderson's place," Crowder added angrily. "Why will you submit to see him humiliated and degraded by these people!"

"Let that question go for the present," Tom resumed, "and I'll ask him another. You haven't been up in the belfry since the fire, have you, Mr. Anderson?"

The latter's distress was painful to witness. He did not speak at once, and it began to appear that he would not or could not open his mouth. Eventually, though, he came to it, and his trembling lips framed a "No."

"So far, so good. Now, gentlemen," said Tom, drawing his hand from his pocket and extending it, palm upward, before the deacons' eyes, "please notice this little black button with the brass centre. It matches the set on his trousers."

"Well, what of it?" demanded a deacon.

"I found it in the belfry on the night after the fire."

Crowder was scrutinizing the button. Catching him off his guard, Tom made a point of handing it to him; whereat Crowder threw it on the floor, and his passion burst forth: "Shelby, I believe

you lie when you say you found it in the belfry. But if you found a thousand of them there, it would prove nothing!"

That violence all at once inflamed Colonel Divoll, and he lurched forward with angry gesture and would have replied at close quarters but for the preventing arm which Tom stretched forth.

"The probabilities are it was picked up at some other time and some other place—anywhere about the court-house, in Anderson's office, in the hall, on the steps, in the yard—anywhere. It's absurd to conceive any significance in such a thing, or to argue about it. But just suppose Shelby did find it exactly when and where he says he did—that proves nothing. There may be a hundred men in Boonetown who have such buttons."

"But there is only one man in Boonetown who lost a button in the belfry—and Anderson was in the belfry. I'm going to prove that he started the fire and pulled the bell; and, to begin with, I'll tell you why he did it. . . . Frankly, gentlemen, I don't mind saying that I'm sorry for Mr. Anderson. Until to-day he has always enjoyed your respect." Tom's voice grew solemn as he pursued: "He has been one of you, in the town and in the church. I suppose nobody has had more of your affection. You gave him your friendship. You gave him your confidence."

Anderson sighed and closed his eyes.

"You gave him one thing more—the town's money to keep. Mr. Anderson," came the pitiless question, "are you square with the town?"

No answer.

"Are you square with the town?"

Crowder's sustaining hand went again to the old man's back. Tardily and with great effort Anderson turned and brought himself to look at his questioner, gulped, and feebly answered, "Yes."

"Then," said Tom decisively, "you've made good the sum you stole—made it good since the fire, and probably with Crowder's help."

Fiercer light burned in Crowder's eyes. "How dare you utter such a lie!" he shouted.

"God hates a liar, Mr. Crowder," Tom retorted coldly, looking the other straight in the eye. "Now, suppose you tell these gentlemen how you threatened your old friend and induced him to start the *Beacon* fire."

"What! Brethren, deacons!" Crowder's outstretched palms went toward them with impulsive appeal. Next he made an effort at control, smiled deprecatingly, and shook his head.

"No," Tom resumed; "it wasn't Anderson's fault to begin with. He's been unfortunate in his friend. I've learned that in earlier

days he was just a plain, honest saddler, with a little shop on the back street, and his little white house out on the edge of town. It was a sorry day for him, Crowder, when you came to Boonetown and went out there on the west side to settle down beside him. . . . But we're getting off the track. Tell these men, Crowder, how you coerced him to burn the *Beacon* by threatening to reveal his embezzlement—how he was worse afraid of you than of crime. Tell 'em that!"

Crowder for the first instant had stood fairly dazed at this turn of the inquiry; now he searched Tom's countenance curiously. As they stood, motionless, confronting each other in the centre of the floor, the contest seemed to have narrowed and intensified. The others grouped about them were inconsequential as lay figures, while between the principals was the play of vital motives that absorbed and consumed all the life of the scene and hour.

Answering with silent impassivity the other's hot gaze, Tom read behind it a baffled play of questioning; to which he flung out a matter-of-fact response: "I don't mind telling you how I came by the information—through Pevely Sadders. He came out of his stupor last night, and he remembers everything. Now, will you tell these gentlemen how you and Anderson went up on the *Beacon* porch and tried to get into the office the night before the fire? Pevely was staying in the office that night, and he heard what you said about burning it down: 'To-morrow night—by God, you shall!'"

Crowder answered in a flash. "Brethren," he cried, throwing his arms high above his head, "I solemnly swear to you that is a lie!" As if by second thought he added: "And it is a lie on its face. Think a minute. Sadders says he was sleeping in the office and heard these things on the night before the fire. Will anybody believe that if these people had had knowledge of any such plans they wouldn't have been prepared to act? If he had heard such things he would have told Divoll. Can anybody in his right mind believe that if Divoll had had twenty-four hours' warning of a crime to be committed he wouldn't have been there to anticipate it and catch the criminals?—particularly if the criminals were the men he most hated, like Brother Anderson and myself? Why—ha-ha! Gentlemen, what bosh!"

Two or three deacons nodded accord with that view. One of them began to express himself. "Yes," said he; "if they had known it beforehand——"

"That's very plausible," answered Tom, "but the fact is, Colonel Divoll and I didn't even know that Pevely had slept in the office. He told us nothing about the circumstance, because when he awoke in the morning he attributed what he had heard to a bad dream."

"Wait!" demanded Crowder aggressively, unwilling to lose the advantage of the doubt he had created. "This man admits that his charges have no better foundation than Pevely's fevered brain—in a nightmare! That is sufficient. We have listened long enough. As sane men, let us——"

"It's as plain as the nose on your face," insisted Tom, with implacable evenness. "We'll assume, for the sake of demonstration, that Pevely's version is true, and that he overheard you tell Anderson that you would clear the town out for him, that you would get the people out of the way. Now, let's see how the scheme worked out. You held a rally meeting that night, didn't you?"

Crowder recoiled from the obvious implication as he would have done from the point of a rapier, but fenced back with all his force of adroit wit. "My constituents held a meeting," he emphasized, with a quickly resumed poise and disdain, "including most of these very gentlemen here."

"Did you ever hear of a meeting being held in that out-of-the-way place before?"

"What difference does that make?"

"This much—several convenient places about the square would have done better. What was the particular reason for going away out to Militia Hall?"

"There might be a dozen explanations."

"You needn't give them all; give one good one," Tom returned, with the speed of a shot.

Crowder faltered no more than a fraction of a second. "I had nothing to do with the details; a committee selected the place of the meeting. . . . Suppose you summon the committee," he added sarcastically.

"If a man had wanted to get everybody out of the way, he couldn't have done it better, could he?" Without waiting for an answer, Tom levelled another demand:

"Now, I want you to tell what you did that night after the fire broke out; for what you did will prove that you knew beforehand what Anderson was about."

"What I did!" Crowder exclaimed. "I went uptown, of course, like everybody else, and watched the fire, and then went home to bed."

"Went home directly?"

"Yes."

"In your buggy?"

"Yes."

"By yourself?"

"Yes."

"Where was your horse hitched while the fire was going on?"

"Let me see"—Crowder deliberated.

"Why, naturally," urged Tom, pressing his interruption upon the other's hesitancy, "you would seek out the safest place you could find to hitch a spirited horse during a fire—preferably a place shaded from the light of the flames."

"If I remember correctly, I took him back in the lot behind Hawkins's stable, where I always leave him when I'm in town," Crowder answered collectedly.

Then at once Tom kindled. "You consummate perjurer!" he cried, advancing a step closer to Crowder. "You hitched him in the most secluded spot about the square, in the angle of the ell behind the court-house. Afterwards I saw you go up into the court-house that night as the fire was dying down. I followed you up into the building, and heard you shouting 'Fool!' as you mounted the stairs. I stood in the hall below and heard you climbing to the belfry. When you got up to the top and startled the man at the rope, he fainted like a woman. . . . And later Hal Hardy, the Adams Express Company's man, as he was locking up his office across the street, noticed you helping Anderson into your buggy."

Crowder's eyes went dull for a moment. His forehead was pinched. He pressed a hand to his head. But, marvellously recovering, he reeled forward with a mad gesture. His words flowed rapidly, viciously.

"Your monstrous story wouldn't prove anything if it was true. It is the fabrication of blackguards who are fools besides, and I'll pick it to pieces." Then to the deacons: "I tell you, brethren, solemnly, I did not go up there that night; I have never been in the belfry in my life. But, for the sake of argument, admit everything they say. Admit that Anderson was there, and that I had the supernatural power to know he was there. He would have been there for no other purpose than his duty. Wouldn't I have had proper motives in going up there to see why he rang that bell so long? People outside in the crowd were wondering why the bell rang after the fire stopped. It is still a mystery to me at this minute. What moved the bell-ringer, whoever he was, to keep on ringing as he did? Suppose, though, that I *had* gone upstairs, believing it to be Anderson, and had called him a fool—what of it? For God's sake, brethren, let reason aid your judgment!"

The deacons, in transfixed, pale attention, were a picture to behold.

During each one of his friend's valiant defences Old Man Anderson revived, only to droop again under the assaults of the questioner.

His head was now lifted, his eyes fixed on Crowder as upon one who carried his hope of life.

"Let your reason prevail," reiterated Crowder. "Now, what does Shelby's story amount to when you sift it down? He says that he saw me go up into the court-house and heard me exclaim, 'Fool!' as I went upstairs. Does that prove that Anderson was up there? Shelby doesn't profess to have seen Anderson himself. The only proof he offers that Anderson was up there is Hal Hardy's statement—not that Hardy saw Anderson in the belfry, mind you, but *saw me helping him into my buggy*. It would be better to hear what Hardy himself has to say; but we'll take it just as Shelby offers it. Hardy, then, was across the street, locking his office door. He looked over into the dense shadow of the angle of the court-house ell, at least a hundred feet away, and recognized us. Gentlemen, what do you think of that! I say that it is a lie on its face, whether Hardy uttered it or Shelby invented it.

"But, gentlemen, brethren, let us, for the sake of argument, admit that Anderson rang the bell, that I went up into the belfry and brought him down and took him home in my buggy—what of it? What of it, I say!" Crowder thundered the repetition and brought his fist sweeping down level with his knees in the stooping gesture with which he emphasized his plea.

"Where is the guilt?" he demanded. "Where is the guilty motive?"

Tom interposed a caustic suggestion—a brutal irrelevancy: "As a lawyer in the Territory, while you were acquiring those lands by fraud, you seem to have acquired considerable legal skill also."

Boonetown knew only vaguely that Crowder had been a lawyer earlier in life, a remote fact which interested it not at all in the present crisis. But it was a something far above legal skill that guided him now, an animal instinct of self-preservation, refined in the human, that seemed to be unerring. His whole career at stake, in a sense his life, the man's mind never worked before as now under the stimulus of extremity. Ignoring Tom's suggestion of conscious and artful devices, he rushed on with his impassioned defence: "Brethren, there must be a motive behind every crime committed by a responsible being; you cannot convict a man without it. Motives are the springs of action. They tell the story. Suppose a man standing before the court indicted for crime. He is confronted by a strong tissue of what purports to be evidence. Circumstances point to his guilt. God knows! he may be the victim of a conspiracy, and unable to answer at once the deliberate inventions of his accusers, and he behaves like one guilty. Artful questions confuse him.

His own admissions are against him. Many a man, overcome by the sheer enormity of falsehoods, is surprised into confessing or seeming to confess, either by words or actions, that which is furthest from truth. The liars and perjurers multiply their damning testimony against him. Truth itself aids the purpose of falsehood—the most dangerous lies are linked with truth. A lie without foundation, without plausibility, is easily disposed of, but the unanswerable lie is the lie founded on fact. So that against this innocent prisoner truth marches side by side with falsehood. He is confronted by the whole array of fact and fiction, of cunning and perjury, of circumstance and appearance and admission; and he is crushed and dumfounded and without an answer. Conviction stares him in the face—when the law steps in—justice steps in—the *right* steps in—and says to his accusers, ‘You have not shown the motive, and you shall not convict this man without proof of it.’ Brethren, thank God for that law and justice and right!”

“Amen, Amen!” came from the mouths of several deacons.

“The motive, brethren, is the test of the proofs brought forward. If crime could be proved without it, one set of facts would do just as well as another. Appearance would have the force of conviction, and all the innocence of heaven could not stand against it. Beware how you accept the story which cannot supply also the explanation! It was only the other day that I heard a man in Saline telling the old famous story that shows the weakness of circumstantial evidence. . . . Two good friends had spent the evening at a London club, in a room by themselves. They had been arguing. Loud tones had come from them. At about eleven o’clock they left together. Within a few moments after the street door closed behind them, one was heard to cry out in agony. Men rushed out and around the corner, to find him lying on the ground, dying, and his friend stooping over him in the act of pulling a dirk out of his back? The friend was tried, convicted, and executed for murder, despite the fact that a motive was not clearly shown. It was not until many years afterward that a convict made a death-bed confession of the crime, and the truth came out. The two companions had in reality separated at the street door and started away in different directions. A robber followed the victim around the corner and stabbed him. The other, hearing his friend’s cries, ran to his assistance, and was only removing the weapon from the wound when discovered by the alarmed members from within. That man’s hanging was one of the mistakes of law. The court and jury ought to have insisted on a clear, plain proof of motive. Motive, brethren, is the test of evidence. Motive is the theory upon which the facts depend, which all of the facts must fit. No other test can be relied upon. Motive

is the explanation," he concluded, with impressive fervor. "Motive is the key that unlocks the secret!"

The deacons turned sharply toward Shelby—let him answer that, and woe befall him if he fail!

He was looking unmoved at Crowder. There was a bored patience in the contrastfully quiet voice in which he replied simply, "The keys that unlock your secret were those affidavits."

Again eyes shifted to the accused. Fixed upon him in a dispirited, drawn stare were those of Anderson. But any man must have been disappointed if he expected Crowder to be taken aback at what was so obviously to have been anticipated. Crowder was ready for that. A mounting exultation glowed in his eyes and on his cheeks. He flashed at Tom a little intimate, personal, patronizing signal of victory; a little easy commiseration for a cheap effort, expressed in a sardonic curl of his lip and a narrow disclosure of ivories.

"If you refer to the subject of your libellous articles," he said, "there never were any such affidavits."

"Oh, yes," returned Tom, in the superior tone of a correction; "they did exist—once."

With a tone that matched his for ease and surpassed it for insolence, Crowder replied, "You may have manufactured some—I don't know;" and he shrugged his shoulders with lofty indifference.

"Then why," persisted Tom, in the restrained, monotonous flow of voice in which he managed to sink, as it were, his own violent impulse—"why did you send your friend Anderson to offer me money for them if they were spurious?"

Crowder answered: "Brethren, you will probably recall what the papers have printed about the man Brown, who was sick at Bump Timmons's; and you remember the story in the *Progress* to the effect that somebody, whose identity you may be able to guess, attempted to get Brown to forge the names of several people living in the Territory to some statements that had been prepared against me. This Brown refused to do—at least, I believe that's what he told Mr. Prendergast. Presumably a man who was capable of soliciting another to forge was capable of doing it himself. But that's immaterial. I don't even know that any forged documents existed; but this I do know, and you must know in reason, that if any documents bearing on my character or reputation did exist in the possession of these people, such documents must have been spurious. Otherwise they would have published them. They had plenty of time. The facts speak for themselves. Their very purpose in running the *Beacon* was to assail me. Colonel Divoll's sole reason for buying it was hatred of me. You have read Shelby's insinuations

and libels day after day. You remember how we went up to protest one morning, before the town got used to his kind of journalism. Some of you deacons were with me. You saw how his animus, acquired from his superior, led him to assault me—like a rowdy, with his fists!”

At this juncture an irresponsible and well-nigh uncontrollable desire to repeat the performance swept over Tom and slightly swayed his body forward; precisely as if the fists heard their names called, they responded with a convulsive contraction that drove the nails sharply into the palms. Tom smiled as he checked himself; but his slight threatening movement instantly reawoke all the heat and flare of Crowder's savage wrath.

“Brethren”—the speaker became ferocious and terrible in his argument—“you have read their dirty lies designed to reflect upon me while I was laboring for the interests of the people of this Congressional District, and at a time when I could not stoop to deal with mere personalities. Can you imagine for one instant that these men had in their possession any genuine affidavits? If they had, why didn't they make them known to the world? Why didn't they publish them and prevent the people of this community and district from committing the grave mistake of supporting an unfit man for the nomination to Congress? Why didn't they let the people know about them, I say! Gentlemen, this outrage, now perpetrated upon you and your church and your town, is nothing but the culmination of their cowardly malice which has been beaten.”

“Take your time,” said Tom, with a grimness new to his voice, and a curious smile that produced an effect almost electric upon the man confronting him. A dash of dead white shot Crowder's cheeks. The deacons also regarded Tom with a new and sensational curiosity, a sudden wide-eyed wonder at the confidence of his bearing and tone.

Fearfully, frantically demanding their attention once more, Crowder expostulated: “Think, men, think! Can the word of these people count against Anderson's and mine? Weigh the probabilities! Look to the motives! Remember that politics is not without its instances of rascally design even surpassing this one!”

Was there in the calm, narrowed eye which met Crowder's furtive glance something that forecast the crumbling of the fortress of his defence? His own big orbs bright with fires, fresh terror ringing in his tones, he squared himself against the wall, as an animal at bay.

“Does my life among you count for nothing? Does the good I have accomplished for this town count for nothing?—my position

in the State? Does my warm affection for my brethren, your friendship for me, count for nothing? Oh, for God's sake, don't let these plotters"—he swept his arm towards Shelby and Divoll—"with their hellish scheme instill your hearts with doubt of Anderson and me! For your own sakes, you cannot afford to wrong us! You have got to acquit us here and now. Justice pleads for it, right demands it, conscience compels——"

He caught his breath convulsively. His eyes were fascinated by the movement of Tom Shelby's hand, and as that hand now went down in an inside breast pocket Crowder glared in a dumb fright.

"Here they are."

And Tom coolly produced the old, crisp, time-rusted, precious affidavits.

Old Man Anderson, who under the strong stimulus of Crowder's closing plea had rallied to his feet, moaned, "Oh, God! we're done for!" and, with a harsh note in his throat like the squawk of an unclean bird, fell fainting to the floor.

His collapse and the confession it cried out were as the spark finally to explode Crowder. The lids trembled an instant over his great, brilliant eyes as the realization of his hopelessness burst upon him. But defeat did not strike him to earth. Instantly his eyes blazed wide, and from his lips broke a torrent of blasphemy. Naturally his rage sought first the object which had immediately provoked it, and he cursed the prostrate Anderson—cursed him in a prolonged and breathless frenzy. Then, as unexpectedly, he hurled volley after volley of mouth-filling oaths at Tom Shelby, who had slain his giant lie. The profanity was as a storm rioting in the room, rising higher and higher; and the shrieking oaths brought in the minister in wild alarm, leaving, so it happened, the panel-door open behind him. The room now speedily filled with others, who followed apprehensively from the sanctuary or pressed in through the rear door; and the noise of Babel reigned. Tom, painfully perplexed with how to avert the scene for which, though he had brought it about without compunction, he now felt a deep and awesome accountability, with all his instinct dreading the fact of violence for the reproach it somehow held for the church, did not heed the anathema that fell on his ears. He was stooping in the act of lifting Old Man Anderson back into his chair when he realized with a pang that Crowder had levelled a crazy oath at the Colonel.

For old Bob Divoll, though he had yielded his own purpose to the mastery of Tom, it had been a rare hour. The joy of vicarious conquest was as keen as if he himself had earned it. The agonies of the guilty deacons succumbing to the essential and inevitable

dominancy of right had no more than matched his zest. Tom's deliberate, spiteous questions had been music to him, and he had inwardly combated each answer they provoked. Crowder's adroitness had whetted his anxiety. Crowder's torments had pleased the cat's quality of his cruelty, and he had thrilled as if he himself were worrying and exploiting him. Divoll had stood throughout with his body rigid, all his fibre attuned to a fine, fierce pleasure; and towards the end there came to him a consciousness of vindication: he was triumphing inwardly, silently, profoundly, in his every capacity; as the man at odds with his next-door neighbor, the church; as the town's enemy; even as the litigant. The wronged, vindictive spirit behind the *Beacon* venture luxuriated; and at the last moment, when Tom drew forth the documents to shatter the false fabric of Crowder's defence, the Colonel's was a mad intoxication, a brutal lust of victory.

He heard the infuriated Crowder's curses for Old Man Anderson; he heard him curse Shelby; but the oaths did not move him. Then he realized that Crowder was cursing him.

Crowder began—but the flood of foul swearing stopped short as his eyes met those of the other man; for with the instant of that flash Colonel Divoll's hell surged, the long-pent, overwrought passion of hate he possessed for this coarse pharisee, the hate he had gathered against all the world, for this time concentrated upon the black-bearded brute raging before him. In a twinkling, leaving no possibility of preventing them, the two sprang at each other's throats like beasts suddenly loosed, forcing groans of fright from the on-lookers. Then mouths went agape as men saw the Colonel's gray-sleeved right arm, the wrath of years behind it, jerk into the air and poise for a downward stroke; in his hand the sinister thing with the slender, longish, blue blade, on a mission of murder.

One man out of all the paralyzed gathering sprang forward to prevent—forward and upward, straining and reaching out to intercept the hand that held the knife; and on that outstretched right arm fell the stroke, short of its object, the breast of Crowder, and turning with cruel point in the flesh and bone of Tom Shelby. As quickly it elevated again; and then, with a quick seizure, Tom's fingers went around Divoll's hard wrist, fastening and holding it there aloft, while his other hand held off the desperate Crowder. Other men now grappled Crowder, leaving Tom contesting with the Colonel. Standing together as the two men were, struggling silently, it was a test of the clutch of the young man's wounded member against the power of insane rage in Divoll's arm—struggling while horror stupefied the bystanders.

Then, upon that moment's hush, tones supervened and the

consciousness of sound came to them all—a soothing presence of tone from the organ, soft yet pervasive; a little melody they had heard often and knew, but never as now; a music that for the nonce seemed to fill and subdue the whole of life, the spirit of a benediction infinitely sweet; a simple, plaintive message born of a girl's improvisations one night long ago, when her heart went out to a solitary and cheerless old uncle. How he had disregarded it of late! How many times it had gone for naught! How often tears had fallen on the white hands which imparted it to the keys! But how now? How fared the gentle summons? It was as if God's angel whispered, "Peace, be still."

Immediate and profound and restraining awe it carried to the men in the small chamber, and miraculously it came to him whose poised arm Tom Shelby held—it was the message which contained the destiny of Robert Divoll.

The glitter of fierce cruelty melted from his eyes, his rigid arm relaxed and lowered, and the weapon dropped to the floor, as that heaven-sent strain filled his ears. Standing there, his arm hanging purposeless at his side, he was conscious only of the organ's tones; oblivious to the presence of the men with him. And their eyes saw only him—saw bewilderment come into his face; saw his head bow in shame, while the tender, sweet air murmured on. The stirring of leaves in the hush of a summer's day was not softer, nor the sigh filtering through the forest, than the lilt of this breath of music; and deep into the man's heart it wooed its way—far as memory it sank, persuasive as a song from childhood, powerful as the voice of Heaven. It woke the soul of old Robert Divoll and humbled it, and in its penitence exalted and winged it with sublime desires and fitted it to implore the Deity. Now, wondrous as an apparition, a ray of pure light, the first of the day, pierced the dense fabric of overhanging gloom and sent a disk of gold through the window upon the spot where the Colonel stood. His face upturned and the light fell full on his grief-stricken, mellowed features. His breast heaved mightily, and at last a struggling cry from out of the depths of his being fairly burst from his trembling mouth: "Almighty God, have mercy on my soul!"

There he stood for the space of a breath, tears darting down from his closed eyes. Then he fell down upon his knees and covered his face with his hands.

When he arose, with a radiant, new-found joy in his countenance, his niece was standing beside him.

There used to be in the eye of Boonetown a vivid picture of young Love and old Hate arm in arm in the days when a gracious girl went about with a crabbed old uncle. To-day, instead, there

is a vision of a silvered head bowed on the shoulder of the girl as they stood in close embrace in the deacons' room—a far more inspiring vision, in which Hate yielded to contrition, and Love found enhancement in grateful emotions. The people in the church looked upon that picture and knew that the gap between Divoll and the town had closed.

Tom had been so absorbed in the tableau that he forgot the pain in his arm and heeded not the little crimson current trickling out of his sleeve. Now, the picture gone, all at once he became conscious of a faintness; but, pulling himself together, made his way out the rear door into the area which adjoined the Divoll yard. The crowd was rapidly dissolving. Towards the street a group of men moved away, of which Griffith Crowder was the centre. Walking by him was the Sheriff of the county. They were arguing. Presently Tom saw the Sheriff lay his hand upon Crowder's shoulder.

The doctor was coming out of the Sadders cabin towards Tom. "You'd better come in and let us have a look at that arm," he said.

"Well," whined Pevely from his pillow, cheerfully, his face brightening at the entrance of the doctor and Tom, "I reckon you come out tol'able strong in there, Mr. Shelby, from what they say."

"No," said Tom; "it was you who came out strong."

"Pevely," the doctor casually inquired a little later, while he was preparing a needle, "how did you know those papers were under the stove-mat in the office?"

"Why, because that very mawnin' I had accidentally ketched the sole o' my shoe under that dadbombed thing and bent it up, and I seen 'em. So that night, when I come a-runnin' in thair from the meeting and seen the place on fire below, I run up and unlocked the office and got 'em out. When I come down I was skeered I'd lose 'em or somep'm would happen to 'em ef I took 'em in the feed-store with me, so before I run in thair on 'Brother' Anderson I jest slipped the papers down in that crack on the edge of the sidewalk whair the old curbstone sorter leans out, and that's whair Mr. Shelby found 'em last night when I told him all about it."

As Tom, bandaged, refreshed, and feeling better, came out towards the front, the sun was shining brightly and a fresh breeze swept the yard. The sparrows in the Colonel's trees chirped gayly. The world had in a little space grown strangely beautiful. Tom saw Miss Polly's phaeton still standing before the church, and instead of going into the house he went out beside the phaeton to wait there. And soon, when she emerged from the edifice, alone, he took her

hand and, with his sound arm, assisted her to get in the phaeton; which assistance she in no wise required. And whether her soft hand lingered all willingly in his or whether his detained it he never knew, and none will ever know; but he did retain the hand tenderly for the briefest instant, and the bright sweetness of the eyes which met his and then turned away with the glistening suffusion of a happiness she could not repress, yet dared not show, moved him to get in the phaeton with her, which he did without even a syllable passing between them.



THE VOYAGER

BY STEPHEN TRACY LIVINGSTON

WHEN I, the roving one, am dead,
 What shall the ritual be?
 Not "earth to earth," but this instead:
 Commit him "sea to sea."

For some were never made, God please,
 Of dust in lane or town;
 Kin to the salt gray seas are these,
 And in the seas go down.

He meets no loss who, at the end,
 May shoreward not return;
 More venturous shall his soul ascend,
 From out an ocean urn.



CHOICE

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT

THE weight that is no burden, and the task that brings no sorrow,
 I'd choose for easy faring in the land of my sojourning;
 But grief or gladness portions me its measure for to-morrow,
 And lo! new leaders and new masters wait at every turning.

THE FRENCH DRAMA OF TO-DAY

WITH NOTES ON THE CONTEMPORARY NOVEL

By *Mary Moss*

Author of "A Sequence in Hearts," etc.



SPEAKING of contemporary drama in France, a French critic recently pointed out that "until the present time the convulsions of *L'Amant* and *La Maîtresse* . . . had only been shown upon the stage as isolated from their causes."

To realize the truth of this, one has only to recall the trend of a few recent plays and novels of the best type—the inferior ones, of course, abundantly justify popular distrust of the yellow cover. Among those worth considering, hardly one but begins and ends with a question bearing philosophically and scientifically upon some important complication of life. If Dumas *filz* exploited the problem, his disciples to-day are seeking that problem's cause.

The French Tendenz novel or play differs from the English in that the writer, on the one hand, is expected to have mastered his craft (M. Émile Montégut points out that the clever amateur stands small chance with the French public); on the other, he has full liberty to pose his problem in the most vital and significant quarter. He is never compelled to evade a point, to weaken an argument, or, like Thackeray in "Vanity Fair," to trust to your understanding that what really happened greatly exceeded what he had license to tell you. Having chosen a theme, the French author is free to develop it to its logical conclusion. His public will "stand for it." What they will not pardon is crudeness, unconscientious workmanship, or insincerity. They will even bear dulness for the sake of truth. Consequently, the striking feature of French literature to-day is a seriousness in comparison with which most American drama and fiction appears both puerile and frivolous.

To be exact, out of twelve comparatively new plays chosen at random, there are two farce comedies, one satiric farce, and nine remarkably sober dramas with a preponderance of tragic ends. Taking also novels, the proportion of seriousness is equally large.

Do not misunderstand me. These works are not *sober* in the sense of—Miss Charlotte M. Yonge! To the French writer, the most important question on earth is how polygamous man is going to extricate himself from the quandary of a so-called monogamous civilization. No matter how soberly treated, this question will never make ideal reading for school-children. Therefore I hasten to say that, with one exception (“*Les Oberles*,” by M. René Bazin), everything I am about to mention will certainly offend the sensibilities of all people who are unprepared to discuss the relations of men and women with complete frankness.

Take “*La Marche Nuptiale*” (The Wedding March), by M. Henri Bataille. In this you have two questions: the polygamous one and an arraignment of French marriage customs. Grace de Plessans, a young girl of good family, elopes with her music-master in a moment of revolt from the idea of having a husband arbitrarily chosen for her. The music man is an ineffective, inferior creature; Grace has yielded to a misunderstood maternal craving, the impulse of the strong towards the weak. Inevitably, she outgrows him; equally inevitably—and this is a point which English novelists ignore and French ones take for granted—being aroused, being accustomed to love, she must love some one. In her case *some one* proves to be the husband of her best friend. Here we come upon another difference between French morals and ours. The good Frenchwoman classes “*l'Amour*” as a much bigger force than does the American girl. She is afraid of it. She knows whither it may whisk very excellent people. Grace's life has become *malfaisant*; she fears it may grow more so. Having made mistakes, she fully expects to pay. Like Hedda Gabler, but from better motives, she shoots herself (not on the stage) while her inept musician is sentimentally playing the wedding march.

As an ironic undercurrent, in Act Three, two unspeakably “torn-down” young girls discuss marriage. Their type is more or less new in France; they are appalling, perverted imps, amusing in their brilliant command of slang; they are also significant of a restlessness of the Frenchwoman—a tendency to question time-honored customs.

In “*Jeunesse*” (Youth) M. Picard treats that enduring misfit of nature by which the man who has married in youth a companion of his own age may feel towards the fifties considerable sap and youth remaining to him, while she has frankly reached settled middle life.

The woman's attitude here is extraordinary. Andrée (the wife) has amiably ignored countless infidelities in her husband, always hoping for the day when, growing too old for outside diversion, he will be driven to seek refuge with her. Unfortunately, Roger is conscious of this, consequently the more amiable she is—the more

she sits by the fire and waits—the more she emphasizes to him the flight of his youth, the end of pleasure. And this ironic tragedy is being enacted in a quiet, outwardly united household.

Enter the young girl! Mauricette, a gay and charming creature, frothy but loyal. In the English conventions temptation would not be possible to her. In the French she is not only tempted, but puts one foot fairly over the edge, yet is checked by loyalty to Andrée, her benefactress. Again a different standard. As a question of herself, Mauricette would have felt that loyalty to "*l'Amour*" was more important than personal safety, but no degree of passion could justify her injuring Andrée.

In the complex psychology of all these plays, in the demands made by the lines, you see how sure the French dramatic author is of his actors. He is never hampered by a fear that at least three out of five of his interpreters may have only the faintest idea of what they are representing. His flexible and delicate prose is safe in their hands; he can risk long speeches, if need be, without dread of overstraining their sustaining power.

"*La Rafale*" (The Whirlwind), again, by Henri Bernstein, is an attack on the *mariage de convenance*. Hélène Lebourg is mated by her snobbish father to a Count de Bréchébel, who is neither "handsome, attractive, nor acceptable." Nothing could be more brilliant than the characterization of this social climber, the Baron Lebourg, and his submissive, unhappy wife. One scene ends with a bit of beautiful irony. He captures a passing duke and rounds him up for dinner and the night. Lebourg orders his wife to seat the duke at her right hand.

"Which duke?" she asks unimaginatively.

Horrors! He had forgotten! They have one already. What can a recent baron do with two?

The great scene (one in which there is promise of seeing Mrs. Patrick Campbell) is where Hélène turns upon her father and reproaches him with her marriage.

"Your marriage!" he exclaims impatiently (he is full of preparation for the duke). "Your marriage! But that is ancient history!"

"For you," the young woman answers, "but not for me!"

Again the end is tragic, logical—honor versus happiness, in a situation where both may not be preserved.

Glancing through my notes, I have far to go to find a comedy.

"*Sévérité*," by Léon Frapié, is a heart-rending study of a misunderstood child.

"*L'Attentat*," by Alfred Capus and Lucien Décaves, is a satire

upon a sham philanthropist, a capitalist aiming at the socialist vote.

"Les Ventres Dorés," by Émile Fabre, is a pitiless attack upon modern finance (this untranslatable name is really an innocent historic reference, a title given to promoters in the time of John Law.)

"Crainquebille," by Anatole France, is a grievous instance of police stupidity and injustice.

Think what this means! The so-called frivolous French public coming night after night to the discussion of such vital human questions, not treating their plays as digesters of a heavy dinner, appetizers for a late supper. True, here are some farces; but, curiously enough, only the veteran, Sardou, turns out one, "La Piste" (The Clue), which is purposeless, a mere piece of brilliant stage-craft, unspeakably and indecorously funny, without a trace of under-current.

"Cœur de Moineau" (The Trifler), by Louis Artus, is a witty take-off of the artist in words, the lyric talker whose gift compels him to make love to every woman in sight, while secretly yearning for the society of his own wife. His eloquence is such that no lady resists him. His bluff is always being called. Forced to live up to his lyrics, he—but the situation speaks for itself! Yet even in this sparkling absurdity there is a faint undertone of purpose.

And in the most outrageous of all, M. Lavedan's "Nouveau Jeu" (best translated as "Up to Date"), there is a biting satire on easy divorce, on gay life, on modern manners. The dialogue in this last beggars description. The accomplished author of "The Duel" here shows himself a past master of the French equivalent of Chimmie Fadden and George Ade. And what a tongue it is! Symbolic, flexible, full of brilliant elision. The new girl appears here, too, with a knowledge and resourcefulness to make her American sister feel herself a hopeless "back number." Being a somewhat conventional thinker, M. Lavedan, by highly unconventional paths, reaches the conclusion that the effort to be "up to date" is, like all manifestations of human life, merely a recurrent symptom—it is the struggle of each generation to escape the preceding one. His play could never be acted in America. It is untranslatable, undesirable, amusing beyond words or reason! I only quote it as a clinching instance of the tremendous French seriousness; even their farces do not escape it!

Of a series of army plays, "Sous l'Épaulette," by Arthur Bérnède, derives peculiar interest from the author's note. After planning this drama in a spirit of anti-militarism, in order to *documenter* himself, M. Bérnède frequented military clubs, made a study

of general conditions, which led him to abandon his antagonistic point of view. Without his word for it, you might easily take "Under the Epaulet" for a savage indictment of the army as a school for snobs, as a mill warranted to grind out of the poor, unfashionable officer every grain of ambition, patriotism, honor, and virtue.

"La Grande Famille," by M. Arquillière, is another army play, written by a young actor who has served his year and knows whereof he speaks. It gives the same impression—a few patriotic, decent officers striving to stem the tide of brutal, stupid injustice and favoritism. Of all the plays, this is, humanly speaking, the broadest, and, although the scene opens in a dance-house and the action proceeds through a low intrigue, the whole tone is thoughtful, deeply melancholy, tinged even with austerity.

Turning to the novels, the same tone prevails as in the plays. In "La Princesse d'Erlange," a particularly unpleasant story by Marcel Prévost, you find the *mariage de convenance* again attacked. It is the history of a naturally domestic woman full of thwarted maternal impulse.

In "Les Bénédictins," by Edmond Haraucourt, and "La Maternelle" (The Primary School), by Léon Frapié, we have sheer sociology. These are not novels in any sense, but grim, gray pictures of social conditions, painful, sincere, and unflinching. "La Maternelle" is Myra Kelly's "Little Citizens" seen through smoked glass, to a minor accompaniment, and minus one ray of hope.

As real novels, complete and enthralling stories, depending upon a problem no more and no less than a beautiful human body depends upon its backbone, I have found nothing to compare with two novels by Madame Marcelle Tinayre.

"La Maison de Péché" ("The House of Sin" hardly translates the exact shade of meaning; "The House of Pleasure" perhaps comes nearer) is a study of country life—not of the peasants; but of a class much neglected in fiction, the *gentilshommes campagnards*. As a little boy, Augustin Chanteprie's picture-book is an ancient "Martyrologie." Destined by a fanatical mother for the church, his education is purely religious. The whole story is the struggle of this unfortunate young man between religion and, again, "l'Amour"! But this struggle, at points suggesting Helbeck of Bannisdale, is told with wit, sympathy, sense of beauty, and charming incident. Madame Tinayre's people are perfectly clear, even when the types are quite unfamiliar to us. Jacquine, the shrewd old peasant whose wholesome knowledge of human nature almost saves Augustin; Fanny Manolé, delightful semi-bohemian; the artist society in Montmartre; the dreary provincial neighbors—nowhere will you find more living

characterization. A deep cultivation, a knowledge of odd and picturesque bits of history, quotations from old chronicles—all of this serves as background to the story of Augustin and Fanny. Never for a moment does Madame Tinayre lose sight of her people in her problem. It is the life of these two, illustrating, if you will, the mistakes of fanaticism, the right of the human being to happiness, but so illustrating that you read it for the sake of the individuals, while afterwards you may ponder upon it as a problem.

Even more interesting to us (since the breaking of a son's life by maternal tyranny is not a frequent trouble in America) is "La Rebelle." With a stretch of the imagination this French version of the New Woman might be laid in London, New York, or Chicago. It would have to be keyed somewhat lower, but in essentials it would bear transportation. Marcelle Tinayre is "*Féministe*," and evidently believes in the emancipation of woman; but how? Never for a second does she advocate freedom from the limitations of her own nature. In fact, a constant tribute to the real limits marks every stage of Josanne Valentin's career. Madame Valentin is a type with which French fiction does not largely deal, the educated lady working to support a family. She is hack, proof-reader, paragraph writer, general utility woman, in a big popular magazine—the actual plot can hardly be given here. The book itself may displease readers who honestly believe that fiction should never overstep certain boundaries, consequently the bare outline, stripped of Madame Tinayre's wise and delicate treatment, would surely give a false idea of the whole. Suffice to say, Josanne is a rebel against life under intolerable conditions. There is no frivolity, no lightness, in her "fall." Her love is a sacrifice.

The whole book is a debate on the right to seek happiness. This may sound commonplace, but the author manages her theme with such distinction as to give it absolute freshness. She is as dignified as Mrs. Ward, but infinitely more alive. How the loves of Josanne and Noël vibrate with passion! How the struggles of two intellectuals, two reasoners, are portrayed! How like Hardy's Jude and Sue (and, by the way, Madame Tinayre quotes Hardy) they suffer through their intellects, through a clear-sightedness which compels them to seek respect and honor as well as love.

Certainly "La Rebelle" is a problem novel, but first and foremost it is a novel, a story, moving through scenes of the greatest internal and external interest. The journalists, the small cafés, August nights in the Bois, rainy evenings, an old provincial town, working Paris, philanthropic Paris—all pass before you. Madame Tinayre visualizes as keenly as the sharpest realist, but she likewise visualizes beautifully. There is cultivation without pedantry, knowledge of

many worlds all skilfully fused into knowledge of the world, and drawn upon to embellish her story.

After digesting a mass of these novels and plays, the dominating impression is of a series of debates as to the right of the individual to happiness in a world where it is usually attainable only at the expense of some one else. Although the sensation after reading one or two will be quite the reverse, the fact is that this theme—often particularly well disguised—inspires the *saynètes* of Michel Provins, of Hirsch, Frapié, and a number of new writers. It is the basic motif of play after play, the root of novel after novel; and the cumulative effect is as if in queer places, from unexpected quarters, through an almost prohibitive medium, you had heard a universal cry of conscience!



AT THE BREATH OF FALL

BY DOUGLAS ROBERTS

LEAVING the shack at the birth of day,
 We break a trail when the world is gray,
 When the earth smells damp and the low, white mists
 Over the marshes stray.

We stealthily make for the reed-rimmed pond,
 Where ever again our guns respond
 To the beat of wings, as the startled flocks
 Take flight for the skies beyond.

When dusk has crept through the forest hall,
 Hidden we lie by the old windfall,
 And the moose by the stream forgets to feed
 At the lure of our birch-bark call.

Then over the crunch of the forest floor
 We seek our cabin; and comes once more
 The chill, white dawn of an autumn day
 Outside our lonely door.

A ARGUMENT

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Dorothea," etc.

“NO,” said Baas Slimmer, standing, his legs apart, among the cackling hens and chickies of his farm-yard. “No! No! No!” He said each “No” louder, till the last was quite a shout. Nobody minded much: the whole place was full of live stock, but everybody was thinking of himself—of his or her immediate opportunities for eating more than was good for them. It was feeding-time, as could be perceived by the distant grunts and shrieks and lowings from the out-houses on opposite sides of the great open square. The farmer himself had thrown an indignant handful of corn among his couple of hundred barn-door fowls, and the lot of them were fighting and squeaking and treading the babies underfoot. The infants emerged, with a pee-ep, and hastily swallowed their share.

“No!” shouted the Baas.

The buxom farm-wife came out at the open door—one of those Dutch back-doors that break in half, so you can lean over the middle and chat. *She* cared, up to a reasonable point of disturbed placidity. For with the happy *insouciance* of the so-called dumb creatures, who are not dumb at all, only deaf, mercifully deaf, to the cruel things we say—with the cheerful ignorance about coming evils which is God’s chief boon to his beasts in a world of suffering, with this foolishly blessed indifference to possibilities, the thousand little souls (of a sort) that filled the farm and its fields remained callous to the moods of the man who was lord of the life of each one of them. We men can do a lot of harm, and we willingly do it, but it is only to one another that we can cause prospective pain. And that, really, under the circumstances, is something the brutes, if they knew, might be thankful for. The farm-wife, when her master barked very loud, had to come and see what was the matter. Though she knew, from long experience, that a-many barks went to one bite.

“Dear! dear!” she said, standing with a big scarlet platter against

her hip. "And what are you shouting at now, Slimmer? The wind? It'll blow, all the same."

"Why, that's out of the Bible, too!" replied Slimmer.

"Dear me, so it is," said the farm-wife, pleased.

"Don't you go quoting the Bible at me like Stott," continued Slimmer grumpily. "'Tisn't fair." He looked round on the hens scuffling all about his feet. "A body can't say nothing to answer to the Bible," he said. "The Bible isn't argyment." ("Argyment," he called it.) "The Bible isn't argyment. No more that *that* is!" He pointed to the squabbling fowls. "There's no sense in *that*, and the Bible's above sense, but neither of 'em's argyment."

Vrouw Slimmer had long ago abandoned all attempts at unravelling her husband's tangled syllogisms. She never even puckered her brows now over them; she simply said, "What were you shouting at?"

"I wasn't shouting. I was argyfyng the matter out to myself. Is it Yes or No? I was asking myself quite gently. And I reasoned out that it was No."

The farm-wife shrugged her shoulders. "All that fuss," she said scornfully, "about killing a pig."

"A pig!" bellowed the farmer. "As if I should argyfy about a pig!"

"You'd argyfy about anything, Slimmer. I thought it was that mangy black porker that the butcher from Overstad was wanting to buy."

"You were wrong, then," remarked Slimmer, pulling out his pipe, "as you always are. You just jump at things. Like all women. Poor unreasonable things. They jabber and jabber: they haven't time to argyfy."

"Poor things!" said the Vrouw, sarcastic.

"Now a man like me," continued the Baas, "he always knows when he's wrong. For why? He reasons it all out, and he sees at once where he went off his count. It's like counting apples. You can't say there's twenty-four if I've counted twenty-three." He faced her triumphantly: "You can't say there's twenty-four——"

"Oh, yes, yes," she interrupted, turning back to her kitchen. "I can reason, too," she called hastily. "There's something smelling that means a burn!" she called, and disappeared.

But she was back again, soon enough, leaning over her green-painted door. "Now, what's this fresh fuss about?" she asked, in a wheedling tone.

"Fuss?" he answered sardonically, pulling at his pipe. "There's no fresh fuss, no more than there was this morning. Trust a woman to come fussing about a fuss."

"Well, a woman didn't begin it this morning," expostulated Vrouw Slimmer.

"And what's Stott but an old woman?" came the adroit reply. "I don't call him a man. He's an old woman, he is."

"And what were you shouting 'No!' about?" wheedled the farm-wife. "About 'Koos'? We'll soon see if the boy's as good as Stott thinks. And I hope he may be. You weren't bothering your head about that?"

Her husband eyed her, under his drooping lids. A tall, lean man, with a canny face, all wrinkles. "What an intelligent head!" thought the summer visitors, as they watched him gazing up at the preacher in church. The minister held a different opinion.

"Curious!" said Slimmer slowly. "That curious! A woman'd pull down a stone wall to see if there wasn't a toad inside!"

"And quite right, too," replied his better half, "if the poor things live in 'em a thousand years, as I've heard, without bite nor——"

"There never was a woman since Eve——"

"Oh, be quiet about Eve. That's all most of you men read your Bibles for—to say snappy things to us about Eve!"

"Woman, you're profane," replied the Baas; "as profane as the hens." And they both laughed, he noiselessly, she aloud. For, at this morning's "visiting," the solemn annual event when the minister calls with an elder and exhorts the whole household, collected in the kitchen, had not a fat white hen, in the midst of the proceedings, scratched her way into the minister's wide-awake hat, in a corner on the floor, and there laid a much be-cackled egg! And had it not proved quite impossible afterwards to make Mieken and Piet and the rest of the dull, rubicund farm-servants realize that there was only an episode which everybody ought to forget? Nay—far worse—this is what actually occurred:

The hen ran about and cackled, and the pale-faced minister, unsmiling, talked on. His elder, Jacob Stott, the pork-butcher, sat frowning and wrathful. The Baas and his wife looked uncomfortable, feeling somehow personally responsible for their fowl; the young people giggled all round.

"And, as I was remarking," declaimed the minister, "how, if you do not come to church"—raising his voice in the din—"can you expect to be benefited by the sermon?"

"Koos, put that hen out!" shouted Slimmer. The young hand jumped up with alacrity and made a grab in the direction of the flutter and noise. All he caught was empty space and a bump. He righted himself with another swift sweep at the screeching biped; but the hen had dashed against the farm-wife's petticoats, and up on the

great open "Book," and away over Stott's apoplectic head, and everybody had risen now and was talking and laughing at once. Only the butcher sat gurgling indignant protests. He said it was done on purpose, from opposition to the true "Confession" and hatred of "the Word," just the thing that a rationalist like Slimmer—but nobody heard him, for they were all far too busy catching the hen.

All except the farmer's ten-year-old grandson Tony. Tony had no time for the bird: he was too busy with the egg. He had taken up the egg very quietly, and, with tender solicitude, he had deposited it gently in the middle of the cushions of the minister's arm-chair. "It would have been a pity," he said softly to himself, "if anybody had stepped on that egg." But, once having taken these precautions, it must be admitted that no one joined more vigorously in the search than Master Tony. In fact, it was he who ultimately bundled the flurried heap of feathers out at the door. Then everybody sat down again. The minister sat down last.

He first stood smoothing the ruffled pages of the family Bible. He did it with a slow and loving touch. He was giving the people time to collect themselves. And, as a matter of fact, they were eager to do so. They were by no means naturally inclined to irreverence—far from it. He had taken the best means of calming them, as he stood there, sweetly pensive, his gentle fingers lingering about the sacred page.

Then the minister sat down on the egg. He let himself down slowly. There wasn't an ear in the kitchen but heard the scrunch.

He was a young man, athletic outside his clerical habit. It was wonderful how quickly he was up again and had whisked round to inspect the seat of the disturbance. As his other side flashed into view to the whole of the semicircle, not a mouth, except Stott's, but sent forth a roar. The minister whisked around once more: he had drawn forth a long white handkerchief; he stood rubbing himself, a lank black figure.

"Can I help your reverence?" asked the farm-wife, as grave as the circumstances would allow. Graver.

"I thank you, Vrouw," replied the minister. He was young: he was momentarily ridiculous: he felt his high office, and a great deal of stickiness, and cruel insult from somebody unknown.

But at that stage, in the general atmosphere of hysterical merriment and disapproval, somebody set up a howl. That somebody proved to be Koos, the charity-child, the new "boy," twelve years old, who had come in last Monday, on sufferance, and done something wrong ever since he came. Everybody looked at him at once, and he howled the louder. The Baas had turned upon him his customary threatening frown.

"'Twasn't me, Baas!" he howled. "'Twasn't me!"

"Then who was it?" demanded his master.

"Ay, who was it?" repeated the minister.

"Did anybody say it was you?" asked the farmer's wife. Tony peeped forth behind his grandmother's skirts.

"The Baas glared at me so!" squeaked the miserable urchin.

"Glare? Do I glare?" cried the furious Slimmer.

"You had better confess," said the minister, still mopping. (But you can't mop it off: it's no good.)

"You put it down, without thinking, as you ran after the hen," prompted the Vrouw good-naturedly.

"Without thinking, of course," echoed Slimmer. "Haven't I pointed out to you a dozen times a day——"

"Confess," repeated the minister, for that was his religious solution of every difficulty—"Confess and be absolved"—as the lawyer's is, "Confess and be condemned."

"I—I—didn't——"

"Koos!" There was a painful silence. Everybody waited.

"Well, p'raps I did," gasped Koos. He wanted, in the first place, all those eyes off him. There was a general movement of relief.

"Why did you tell lies before?" questioned his master.

"I—I didn't remember. If I did it, it must have been as missus says, when I was running after the—I must have caught it up to save it, and put it down without thinking——" He hurried on, along his only plausible line of defence.

"You come straight away with me," said Baas Slimmer darkly. "Ever since I took ye you've been getting into mischief. And now to go playing such a trick on his reverence! And to tell lies over it! You're a wicked boy, you are. I'll teach you to tell lies. You're a liar!" He walked to the door; the boy howled louder than ever.

"He isn't," interposed a burly voice. "He isn't." Butcher Stott stood out, red. "I won't stand by and hear one of our church children called names," said Butcher Stott. "He's as good a boy as ever had a good up-bringing. As good as all the other parish-boys."

The minister smiled apologetically, as a man whose duty it is to recognize a fallacy when he sees one.

"Four and twenty years," continued Butcher Stott, "have I been a member of the board, Slimmer. *You* don't trouble about that sort of work for others, you don't. And never a boy but has turned out well, in all that time, thanks to *our* up-bringing. Every mother's son of 'em has done well," he repeated emphatically, "except them as did better, and died." His voice dropped; there must have been a soft spot somewhere in the big, apoplectic pork butcher. He walked across

and deliberately placed his fat hand on the shock head of the sobbing boy.

"No, he didn't do it! He didn't do it," squeaked Tony in a frightened treble.

"Hush, child; you shut your silly mouth!" admonished his grandmother, and pushed him back behind her ample gown.

"Don't advance more than you can prove, brother Stott," suggested the minister gently; but that was fuel to the fire with the elder, well known to be as stubborn as he was soft.

"I can prove every word of it," said Stott doggedly. "And that's more than Slimmer can do. There was Kupkens, that rides his blue gig this day; there was Pottel, that wags his tongue in the—I beg your reverence's pardon! But there! it's casting pearls before swine—not including your reverence, of course." He shook himself and stepped back. "That boy's a good boy," he persisted. "Like all the rest. It's the edification"—he meant education—"does it."

"A boy can be edified and go wrong all the same!" cried Slimmer. "To say a boy can't go wrong 'cause he's been taught different isn't argymet."

"Isn't argymet? Isn't argymet?" stuttered Stott.

"No, brother, no; it isn't argymet," said the minister. He was still rubbing. Occasionally he stopped, but then, in sheer stickiness, began again.

"Isn't argymet?" cried Stott, purple in the face, falling back and staring at the lot of them. "And, pray, what does the Scripture mean, your reverence, when it says, Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old—when he is old——" He floundered. Nobody helped him out.

"That boy isn't old," objected the argumentative Slimmer.

"You say it, Koos." Stott pushed the child forward.

"He will not depart from it," said the charity-child.

"The devil can quote Scripture to his purpose," remarked the Baas sententiously. And the servants all hee-hawed with delight at their master's 'cuteness. Oh, he was 'cute, was old Slimmer. Better not "argy" with him!

"But he can't change it," retorted Stott triumphantly. He had his triumph, if it was one, all to himself. Slimmer's servants understood only Slimmer's successes. And the minister disapproved, as unprofessional, of theological discussions, in his presence, by members of his flock.

"These children," continued the pork butcher, elder, and poor guardian, unabashed, "have been brought up in the path. They was never whipped, but they was told it was the path, and so they couldn't

depart from it. See this boy say his text pat! He's a good boy or the Bible's wrong, minister. You can't get away from that!"

"H'm! H'm!" said the minister.

"Now, which is it to be, your reverence?"

Slimmer came to his pastor's rescue. "The Bible isn't argyment," he said.

"You're a infidel," responded the elder. "It's rank blasphemy to hear you talk, and his reverence standing by! Now, the children that's brought up in *your* house"—he pointed a fat finger at Tony, who had ventured forward, open-mouthed, and now hastily retreated—"if *they* was to go losing their bearings, it wouldn't be——"

"You leave that child alone!" burst out the grandfather, suddenly infuriate. "That child's been brought up by a angel in heaven!" His voice faltered. "If that child isn't as good as gold, then your Bible is *wrong*," he said.

"Hush! Hush!" interposed the minister. There was no use, surely, in continuing the visitation. He lifted his hand for the benediction and passed majestically out. A titter ran behind him.

"I'd better take this boy along with me, as he doesn't suit," said the elder, pausing near the doorway. The boy's heart gave a leap.

"And who's to pay me for the damage he's done?" demanded Slimmer. He pointed to the chair. "My mother's chair," he said solemnly. "She stitched every stitch of it herself."

"The pretty dove with the olive-branch," said the sorrowing Vrouw.

"They'll think it's the flood, begun over again," replied the heartless elder. He reflected: the place was a good one; the couple worthy, in spite of the husband's fierce manner at times. "I'll leave him with you," he said measuredly, "if you'll promise not to ill-treat him. I'll leave him with you a whole month, to work off the damage, and that's handsome, for if he done it, he done it by accident and no harm intended. And at the end of that month you'll tell me he's a good boy, and then"—he threw out his chest—"then we'll *know* who was right." He waved his hand to the Vrouw. "I can trust *you*," he said. "Slimmer is cranky, and his religion isn't orthydox. But you'll do the right thing by me and the boy, and the blessed Bible, and you won't say he's a bad boy when he isn't."

"Well, brother?" queried the minister, turning back to the door.

"Coming, your reverence. Is it a bargain, Vrouw?"

The boy was a strong boy and a willing. "I'll keep him a month," said Slimmer, nodding. "And if he's a good boy all the time—well, that's argyment." He walked out after the minister, showing him respectfully across the yard.

"It was *his* imp; I saw it myself," whispered Micken to Piet.

"Hold your tongue. 'Tis as much as your place is worth," answered Piet. "See how the master burst out when they talked about his daughter!"

For, indeed, all that was happiest in Hendrik Slimmer had been put away, a few months ago, in his darling daughter's grave. All her life she had done what he wanted her to do, excepting in the grave case of her marriage, and then he had argued himself into accepting her point of view. It had taken him three months, but he had done it. It was natural, after all, that a girl should love a smart young soldier; it was reasonable that the soldier should carry her off to the Indies; it wasn't illogical that he, being a brave man, should fall there in battle, dying a hero's death. The widow need not have followed him within a year, consigning her only boy to her parents. Still, even that was like the dear, fond, beautiful creature. She could do no wrong, and whatever she stood responsible for, including Tony, must be reasoned out right. Thus it was that, a couple of hours after the minister had left, Baas Slimmer stamped about the courtyard, meeting Stott's base insinuation of possible error in the immaculate grandchild with an ever-increasingly vehement "No!"

"Imagine!" he said to Vrouw Slimmer. "Comparing Katrina's child with a ne'er-do-well parish waif!"

"But he *was* strong," objected the wife, frowning heavily, "with his Bible argyment."

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried the exasperated farmer. "I tell you the Bible *isn't* argyment. The Bible's religion. 'The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.' *That's* common-sense. I've been thinking it over ever since the minister went. *That's* proverbs, and proverbs is the aggravated wisdom of the centuries, as I read the other day, and it's very true."

"Is it Bible proverbs?" asked the good wife anxiously.

"No, it's not. It's just human reasoning. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree."

"But the other must be true if it's in the Bible," said the Vrouw.

He exploded at female perversity, and strode up and down, kicking his feet right and left, so that the fowls scurried away all around him.

"Then the boy didn't lie about not having done it!" he cried. "And he didn't confess afterwards that he had! And he didn't put the egg into the minister's chair, making us a scandal and a disgrace, with our visitation, all over the village! Oh, you old women, Stott and you!"

"We shall soon see what he's made of," she said, troubled.

He came back to her. "We shall indeed," he said, dropping his

voice. "Off he goes in half an hour, or I'm much mistaken. I've given him a big bag of apples to count. 'There, count 'em,' I says; 'I don't know how many there are.' But I *do* know. There's two hundred and thirteen. There'll not be more than two hundred and twelve, I guess, in that sack, when he brings it round to me."

"Oh, is that fair?" she exclaimed.

"Fair? It's what they call a Jew-dicial inquiry. Proof positive of Elder Stott's up-bringing—yah! Do you think I'm going to be beaten in a argyment by Elder Stott? D'ye think"—he came and stood in front of her—"there's a soul in the village don't know I can argy better than Elder Stott? Where'd I be? Tell me that," he cried—"if I was beaten in a argyment by Elder Stott!"

"You can't beat the Bible," she said stolidly.

"A pork-butcher," he answered, "yah!"

"And they do bring up the children good as gold," she added.

"I do believe you want the boy to prove a angel," he said.

"Yes, I do. Poor little orphan chap!"

At this moment the youth in question appeared in the door of an out-house and advanced, stumbling under the weight of his bulgy sack.

"Come along!" cried the farmer. "Come here, Koos! Put it down, boy. Put it down. Now, how many apples are there in that sack?"

The boy thrust his burden from him, and waited a moment, gasping for breath.

"Now, then, speak up!" cried the farmer triumphantly. "And let me tell you beforehand that I know!"

"If you know, why must I tell you?" said Koos.

"None of your lip to me!" cried Slimmer. "You answer me immediately! Now?"

"There's two hundred and thirteen. I counted 'em three times," said Koos.

"Aha!" exclaimed the Vrouw.

Her husband turned on her. "Hold your tongue, you fool!"

The boy looked surprised. "Tony helped me to count," he said.

"Aha!"—it was the farmer's turn, a great deal louder than his wife. His little plan of proof had failed, but no wonder. Frustrated by the presence of that innocent child. "Very well," he said with dignity. "Very well. Go away now, and do something else."

"And what am I to do, please, master?"

"Ask Piet," said the Baas, collecting his thoughts.

"Go and clean yourself for dinner," said the farm-wife.

The boy slouched away.

"Please, Baas, I want a word with you," spoke Mieken. She

was scarlet in the face, but, then, she was always that. Her manner, however, betokened unusual agitation.

“Be quick, then! I don’t want to be bothered.”

“Piet says it’s as much as my place is worth, but I can’t help it. I can’t stand by and see the innocent respected” (suspected, she meant).

“You mind your own business, Mieken!”

“Why, isn’t this a Jew-dicial inquiry?” cried the Vrouw. Her curiosity was eager for a cue.

“It was Tony put the egg down; I saw him do it,” gasped the maid.

There was a moment’s silence. Then the Baas said, “I don’t believe it.”

“I can prove it!” cried Mieken.

“If it’s proved, I must believe it,” said Slimmer.

“For Piet saw him, too,” said the maid. “And so did Koos, for the matter of that.”

“Well, after all, it was only a bit of mischief in the child,” began the Vrouw. “He didn’t mean no serious harm. And a egg’s a very tempting thing, for a bit of mischief, for any child, and so it is!”

“Go, Mieken!” said the farmer, with averted face. “Go, tidy yourself for your dinner.”

“And you come too, Baas,” said the wife.

“No, no, I don’t want any dinner.”

“What nonsense, man!”

“I can’t see Tony!”

Immediately her manner changed. “Why, husband!” She came close beside him.

“It’s not his playing a trick, though I couldn’t have done that at his age. But it’s his letting us think it was the other boy.”

“Why, he’s only a child. He was afraid.”

“His mother’s son couldn’t tell a lie, and his father’s son wouldn’t be afraid. The apple doesn’t fall——”

“Oh, you argufy and argufy!” cried the Vrouw. “You should stick to your Bible, Slimmer!”

“What?” he exclaimed, exasperated. “You take Stott’s side? That’s the worst of all. Stott is right, then, and I am wrong?”

“The boy’s a good boy, sure enough; he wouldn’t tell of Tony. I’ll remember that.” She nodded meaningly.

“And Stott is right when he argufies that Katrina’s child——”

She laughed aloud. “No, he’s wrong; don’t you see that, stupid? For that child has been trained by a angel, as you said. All the same, he ain’t a saint.”

“But I’m just as wrong as he,” cried Slimmer, “for the apple——”

She put up both hands to her ears. "Oh, you argufy and argufy till you're crazed," she said.

Something plucked at her gown.

"Please, grandmother! Please, grandfather!" said a feeble voice. Master Tony stepped in front of the couple. His manner was determined, though his color was faint. "Please, grandfather, I put the egg there," said Tony, and closed his eyes, awaiting his fate.

"Oh, Tony, how could you be so careless!" cried the condoning Vrouw.

"No, I did it on purpose," said Tony.

"But what for?" demanded his grandfather.

"For fun."

"I don't understand," said Slimmer.

"I do," said the helpful Vrouw.

"But, then, why do you come and tell us now?" persisted the grandfather. "Did Miekén advise you to?"

"Miekén? No, I came of myself," replied the young man proudly. "I remembered what mother always used to say."

"What did she say?" asked the Vrouw, in a whisper.

"Be good if you can, and, if you can't, be honest," came the prompt reply.

Radiant, the old woman drew the old man aside. "You'll believe in the Bible next time," she said.

He turned quickly to his grandson. "Why didn't you be honest at once?" he asked.

"I did try to speak, but grandmother wouldn't let me. So I thought I'd wait till the minister was gone." A pause.

"I stayed with Koos, so you couldn't hurt him," continued the child eagerly, "and I helped him with the apples, and I told him I was coming to tell you. And so I did."

Baas Slimmer gazed sternly at his little grandson. "You'll have to go and 'pologize to his reverence, young man," he said. "And take a note from me to ask his reverence to punish you as he thinks best."

"Yes, granfer," said Tony, with a gulp.

"I should think, in all probability, he'll give you a good beating." Tony was unable to express his feelings.

"Aren't you afraid to go?"

No answer.

"Say: aren't you afraid?"

"Yes, granfer. But mother said——" A dead stop.

The old Vrouw bent over him. "Well, Tony?"

"Mother said"—a sob—"that father always said, 'twasn't no

shame being afraid, but"—another sob—"not doing things because you was."

"And you think so, too, Tony?"

"I'm going to be like father was."

Old Slimmer caught his grandson's arm in a grip that made the young hero squeal. "Now," he turned to his wife with fierce joy, "was I right or was I wrong? An apple——"

"Oh, you argufy——" smiled the farm-wife.

"I don't argufy," replied her husband impressively. "I never argufy. I goes by proof."



ALL SOULS' NIGHT

BY JAMES E. RICHARDSON

I HEARD last night, through all the soundless air
 Of that dark room beyond the topmost stair,
 The tolling of the twelfefold midnight bells;
 And then I woke—and saw her standing there.

I wondered long to see her standing there
 In that lone room beyond the silent stair!
 I knew I dreamed; but yet I called her name
 That made such music on the soundless air.

That strange, cold music on the trembling air
 Made echoes through that room beyond the stair
 That froze my heart; I knew I only dreamed
 The dark Dream-Sydney came and hearkened there.

Clad all in white she stood and hearkened there,
 The moon upon her face, her frosted hair;
 And love and pity shone within her eyes—
 Sweet love and pity wakened unaware.

I only dreamed within the censored air
 Of that vast room beyond the lonely stair,
 Untrod between the darkness and the dawn—
 I only dreamed; but I was happy there;

I knew that she would come, that she would care;
 So sweet she smiled, in answer to my prayer
 To bless my dreams! And, though I slept again,
 The whole night long I saw her shining there.

THE TEAM: A WEST POINT FOOT-BALL STORY

By Captain Lloyd Buchanan

Author of "The Regular and the Savage," "Buccaneers I Have Known," etc.



THIS is the story of a West Point foot-ball game that was played not so many years ago but that the bachelors in the Club still order drinks when they talk of it. The team that played it was not a popular team—at first. Teams in other years had been praised because they tied Yale or Princeton or Harvard. The corps had petted them, the girls on the post had worshipped them, the critics had put some of them on the All America, and even the coaches had been gentle with them. But it was different with this team. They were raw at the start. They were unfortunate in their first small games, and were finally beaten by a college that the old teams had always patronized, using them for the scrub to practise on in the second half. This hurt every one's feelings. The coaches bit their tongues in wrath. The corps hung its head, and old graduates began writing long letters from the firing-line in the Philippines, and from army posts in general, asking what the deuce was the matter with that awful eleven.

The team were ashamed, yet they were at the same time blindly conscious that they had done their best. They felt that there existed some answer to the bitter accusations of the coaches in the Gym the next Sunday afternoon. But they did not know where the answer lay, so they admitted their guilt and went back to barracks silent and sore. It was then nearly October. The hard work had not started. The team had been so far only clumsily falling on the ball and stumbling through short line-ups where everything went wrong. They had a feeling that now there was to be a change. And there was.

The captain called them together in the Gym the next night after supper. The captain was a relic of the glory of former elevens. The team looked on him as a being far removed from themselves. His words were brief and to the point, spoken feelingly yet roughly

of the corps and its traditions, and grievously of the weak hands now left to do battle for its honor.

"You men," he said in part, "know the situation as well as I do. We've been itching for years to get a game with the Navy. We've got one this fall. Now, we've been playing foot-ball here for a long time. We've fought the best teams in the country to a standstill. And we've got a rep. The Navy has been rubbing it in all along that we weren't nearly as warm a proposition as we claimed to be. We have been answering back that if we only had a chance we would show them whether we were warm or not. And now it has come to a show-down. Are we going to 'fess out? You bet we aren't. We *can't*. We have to win. This isn't any Yale game or any Harvard game. It's the biggest game West Point has been up against ever, and we've got to win it. We've got to—do you understand that?"

He stopped and glared at a great two-hundred-pound plebe who later made the All America for two years running, but was then battling for a place on the scrub, with apparently poor prospects of making it. The plebe wilted and drew back behind the long horse he was leaning on.

"You men," the captain went on, unseeing, "mean all right, but you are so green you can't play the game. Your interference is rotten, and your tackling is rotten, and everything you do is rotten. The backs don't hit the line right, and the line doesn't open up holes, and never gets the jump. You don't even fall on the ball decently. Now, it's up to you to work. You'll have to plug, plug, plug, and if any man dead-beats he's dead-beating on the corps. That's all, except the running before breakfast will start to-morrow morning."

So the drudgery commenced: the long, sick, breath-breaking swing around Fort Clinton and the Plain at reveille; the half-hours after supper in the dusty Gym, when the squad played signal after signal and toiled over their formations with the patience of the utterly devoted; the Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, when the team and the scrub struggled back and forth, bruised and aching, in the slippery mud or on the frozen ground, smashing into each other fiercely, relentlessly—battering into themselves the elements of the game.

Then Harvard came up. The team was beaten. It did badly, but it did better. The coaches said nothing between the halves when the men lay stretched on the mats, while the rubbers fed them beef tea and massaged their joints. But the next afternoon the captain informed them that they were collectively miserable, but that individually they showed some signs of saving grace. They

took some heart at this; it was so much better than what they had heard before. But the corps and the world at large eyed them with sorrow. The team knew this, and when the large "A" sweaters arrived they felt ashamed to wear them on the field. They were half afraid some old player would come over and say, "What are you doing with those things, anyhow? Take them off. Do you think *you* are an Army team?"

The Columbia game was no better. In fact, none of the games seemed much better. The only point was that the team never ceased working and pounding away, and that they suddenly developed a highly admirable faculty of holding Yale for downs time and again inside the West Point five-yard line. No one noticed this much at the time—except the captain and the coaches. They took comfort to themselves, knowing that such things would have been impossible in September. The captain in particular built on it at night when he tossed sleepless on his narrow bed, and thought of old seasons, and of the letters he was getting daily, begging him in the name of everything that was to let all else slide, but to win that Navy game.

A few officers went down to see the Navy play. They came back looking serious. The middies had a fine outfit. They played well together, and their line was tremendous. Their great guard was even better than was reported. But they were supposed to be over-confident. If the team worked like Trojans, and remembered to get the jump and run low and tackle hard, and do the other things they were told, they would win. In fact, they *had* to win. The officers said that the team could not realize how big the feeling was. The President and the Cabinet and half of Congress and all the army and navy possible were going to the game. Old gray-haired graduates, 'way out beyond the Mississippi, were coming east for that one thing. The army in the Philippines and the Asiatic Squadron were betting their boots on it. It was a national event. And it was all up to the team.

The team felt it tremendously. They felt it so much that they began to go stale. A slump set in. On the Saturday two weeks before the end the team played such ball that one girl on the post cried outright, and a gloom fell over the corps that even a turkey dinner on Sunday could not dispel.

But what was said in the Gym was a strange thing. The lash had been cutting all season. The team dragged over, sore and hopeless, expecting a proper dressing. They knew that they were rotten bad, but they knew how they had tried.

The head coach began to speak. The team sat dumbly suffering, with hung heads; but they were surprised into delicious bewilderment.

The head coach knew, he said, that their last game had been poor, but that had been expected. They had been worked and pounded harder than any other team in the Academy, because they were green and they knew nothing at first. As a result they had gone stale. Now the wisdom of the coaches would be unfolded to them. It had been known long ago that they would go stale. But they were not to go stale until they knew the game. They knew it now. They could lick the Navy if they did their best, and the Navy game was the whole thing. And now, these last two weeks, they were simply to get on edge again, and to brush up a few weak points. The coaches were more than satisfied with them.

The team looked at each other, unbelieving. It was too kind to be true. But then the other coaches began in a like strain, heroes of former seasons, men whose names were handed down from class to class as traditions, with stories of the runs they had run against Yale, or the place kicks they had kicked against Princeton, or the tackles they had made with broken ribs or smashed wrists in the days when the Black and Gold and Gray dipped to no one on the gridiron. There were men there who were to help make those days come back again, and who were to see the Academy tied for second place in the country at the end of two seasons more. But now they were raw squires who had not won their spurs, and who looked on the coaches as unusual giants of a calibre beyond the hope of any modern mere cadet. Therefore were these speeches of a heavenly sweetness.

Finally the captain spoke.

"I just want to say a few things. I've cussed the tar out of you, and I'll probably have to do it again. But I know now that you have it in you to win. All I want is for you to know it, too, and to do it. Quit worrying. That isn't worth a hang. You have nothing to worry about. The coaches will do that for you. Just take it easy for the next couple of days. You will have some extras on the training-table. You needn't be afraid to eat them. There won't be any practice to-morrow, and we won't run again at reveille until Wednesday. We will start light secret practice on Tuesday. This will be all for to-day."

The team gathered unto itself a few remnants of self-respect. They could not believe that they amounted to very much, but they seemed to have a fighting chance. And they surely would fight. The corps rose about them, too. From somewhere the old spirit rolled up that there was hope, but that whether there was hope or not it was up to the corps as a matter of course to back its own.

Far away from the field, in swaying gray masses, first classmen and plebes and all, roared through the dull November afternoons

their songs of battle and their yells of encouragement. When the red light in the west died out, the team was daily escorted to the dressing-room by a crowding mob of hoarse adherents, shaking flags and patting the muddy backs of classmates. In the evenings, during the free half-hour after supper, the Dialectic Hall rang with weird pæans:

“ Our team, by thunder !
 Sure is a wonder,
 Never a blunder,
 They play foot-ball !
 We will snow under
 Navy, by thunder !
 This is the Army team ! ”

The team took it all half incredulously, but very earnestly. They dreamed always of the game, but they worked harder than they dreamed. From the first moment of the snapping morning, when they turned out at reveille for the run in the darkness, with their fingers stiff in the cold, and often the snow whipping their faces, to taps, when they rolled in bed and slept a victorious sleep, they spent every spare minute in preparing for the contest.

At last it came. The team, with its coaches and rubbers, passed consciously down the path by the riding-hall and rolled away on the down train, taking with them an embarrassed memory of crowds of girls waving handkerchiefs and turning out long yells, and of swarms of gray-coated youngsters piled on side-tracked freight-cars, whirling a blaze of gold and black flags, and chanting tunelessly:

“ Army line ! Army line !
 Hurrah for the Army line !
 The Navy has not got a ship
 Can cross the Army line. ”

Newsboys brought them papers on the train. The team found long articles about themselves and about the Navy and about the game. The prevailing opinion was that the Navy would win, as a matter of course. References were made to the one-time glory of the Army with tenderness, as one speaks of a beautiful thing that is dead. The team accepted it meekly, as if they deserved it, but the coaches burned with indignation. These coaches had become suddenly most human and companionable chaps. The team sat about them and listened to yarns of old runs and old scores and old punts, and of flukes that had pulled out touchdowns in the last thirty seconds of a match, and of bitter, bull-dog fights made by former teams against hopeless odds. There was no more criticism. A perception came to the team that warmed their hearts like strong

wine. They understood that these coaches had accepted them—the team—willingly into the brotherhood of the giants of old time.

The day dawned bright and cold. The team walked a bit, and ran over a few signals in a gymnasium, and read papers, and tried to forget that they had anything to do with the crowds in the streets, and the masses of color in the stores, and the men peddling ribbons on the corners.

Towards noon they lunched slimly and solemnly on beef and bouillon and imposing-looking bottles of water brought down under guard from West Point. There was a strained effort to be cheerful, but the beef stuck in their throats and their hands shook as they lifted their glasses. The immenseness of the thing was upon them.

“Did you see the President?” the two-hundred-pound plebe asked nervously.

“No, but he’s here; so are Mr. Root and General Miles,” answered a man across the table. “Gad, they are surely piling up! I ran into an old file outside—an old Confederate General Something-or-other. Said he graduated about ’60, and had come clean up from Mississippi just to see us lick the Navy. It makes a fellow feel sort of queer.”

“Sure,” murmured a yearling sub. “There are heaps of generals all around. Funny old cocks—and, Lord, but they are keen!”

The team dressed, and gathered in a room upstairs. Through the windows came the murmur of passing crowds below, and the cries of hawkers, “Get your colors. Here you are—Army an’ Navy flags. Pick the winning team.” The men sat silently about on chairs or sprawled on the floor. The head coach closed the door.

“We are going out now,” he said. “There isn’t much to add to what we’ve told you already. You know what you are up against. It is the biggest game in the history of the Academy. If we lose it, all we’ve done in the past five years, all the work and pluck of the old teams, will go for nothing. But you won’t lose it. I know the corps. It’s been called on a lot of times in a lot of tight places, and, whether it was on the firing-line or on the gridiron, I’ve never known it to fail to respond. You men are carrying the thoughts and the hopes and the traditions of the corps to-day. There isn’t a graduate that isn’t thinking of you. You won’t fail. I know you. I know you can’t fail.”

When the team trotted out on the field, they were thrilled with a sound that they will never forget—the call of an English-speaking race to its champions in contest. The stands were a mad mixture

of tossing colors and waving handkerchiefs. The band was pounding out a tune, but the music was drowned in the uproar that started where the corps was shouting itself hoarse through crimson megaphones and from there swept irresistibly over half the field.

The team found themselves the centre of attraction for twenty-five thousand people, ranging from the President of the United States down to the least of the water-carriers. For the moment what they did was of importance to what was highest and most beautiful in the nation. They were carrying the colors of the corps. The Academy was depending on them. They were in the place of the old teams. All their one-time hesitancy dropped from them. They would win because they must win. The crowd and the shouting passed from their minds. They thought only of the game.

The cheering died away. The Navy was to kick off. The substitutes in blankets threw themselves along the side-lines. The team took their places. There was a pause, an indrawing of breath. The ball flew fair and high from the middies' charging line. The game was on.

A little half-back caught the kick. Swiftly around him came the team, running recklessly, fiercely, minding the caution to hit hard, to break the Navy's spirit at the start. They banged the hostile ends aside as they came on. They broke on the tackles. The little half slipped under a great guard. He was down. He was up again. But they were after him like tigers. With the instinct of a wild thing, picking the weakest, he sprang at him through the air.

Up from the stands the roar rose again, sounding faint and far away. In the strong young bodies there was awake the fierceness of battle, reaching back through the Norsemen and the Cavemen to the panther and the bear.

The ball was snapped. The team sprang forward, eager for heavy blows. Straight through the formidable Navy centre the backs plunged, trampling on faces, smashing men aside with their hard-swung shoulders. The man with the ball, bent double, seeing without looking, shot in behind. A guard dived for him. He jumped with the jump of the frightened rabbit and passed the danger by an inch. Two arms circled his leg. He tore loose, kicking something yielding as he did it. Numberless hands and arms clutched him. He heard the captain's voice, "Come on! Keep your feet!" He was coming. They were pulling him, dragging him, pushing him. He stumbled. An arm held him up. His foot was caught. He writhed uselessly. The mass about him tottered and fell.

The field was in a delirium. Fifteen yards had been torn from the stone-wall line. The stands shook with the thunder of the cheer-

ing. The subs sprang to their feet, and, tossing aside their blankets, flung themselves on each other's necks and howled together. The coaches crouched trembling, with parted lips and flashing eyes. The President turned and made a joke to the Secretary of War at the expense of the Secretary of the Navy. The post girls clasped their hands and prayed.

The team went on doggedly, irresistibly. There were no long runs, but heavy, heart-breaking plunges for gains of from two to ten yards at a clip. Yet there were always gains. The team was suddenly awakened to its power. It was fired with the delicious thrill of hitherto unknown victory, with the pride of the bull-dog that tastes first the warm blood from an opponent's throat. The middle of the field was passed—the forty-five-yard line—the thirty-five—the twenty-five. A tandem through tackle tore out eight yards more. "Good God!" the head coach sobbed, "if only they don't fumble."

The captain called them back. The tears were streaming down his face, but no one noticed it then.

"You must get it over," he whispered. "It's our chance. We have 'em licked. Oh, men, for God's sake, do it, do it! Don't fumble! Don't get off side. Don't hold. Take it over. You have the game right here. You must."

The team trotted back. Up in tumultuous triumph rose the yell of the corps. Across the field the Navy howled defiance. The ball flashed back—four yards through tackle. Again, five yards through the centre. Three more desperate charges, and the ball was on the two-yard line. An ominous quiet hung over the Army stand. On the Navy side the cheering still rose, wintry but unbroken. The coaches knelt in silence. The team looked at the broad white line beyond which the Navy crouched with undiminished fierceness. The signal rang out. The full-back felt a rush of fear to his heart. If he fumbled—no, he had the ball. He hit the line. It gave. They were carrying him over. A pair of arms throttled him and a hand tore at his throat, but he was going on. The press crushed him. The blood throbbled in his eyes as if they would burst. He fought madly to keep his feet. But they tripped him, they held him, they threw him. By a last desperate effort he managed to fall forward. Then the pile crawled off. He looked down fearfully. He had made the touchdown.

It was almost over. The score stood seventeen to five in the team's favor. In the last few seconds the two elevens faced each other without reason. The Army kept ploughing ahead with the merciless tenacity of a tired brute worrying its antagonist to death.

The Navy flung itself in the way of the rushes and hung on their flanks, grimly fighting to the end. About the field the twenty-five thousand lifted their hoarse cries and the flags fluttered feebly.

The Navy punted. The Army caught the ball and came back twenty yards. The elevens lined up. The signal snapped out. The backs smashed into tackle and staggered ahead for a short gain. The scrimmage separated. A whistle sounded shrilly. With a long yell of triumph, four hundred gray-coated youngsters broke across the field. The team were lifted from the ground helpless on the shoulders of the ecstatic corps. Their bodies were wrenched and broken, but their souls were great within them. The game was over. Dimly they knew that they had in that day taken their places among the teams of old time. They had become a tradition. The cables were already burning with the news to the country and the Philip-pines that the corps had been called on again, and that they—the team—had responded.



MY LOVE OF YOU

BY THOMAS LOMAX HUNTER

MY love of you is linked to everything
That is most beautiful and fair and true;
The voices of the wakened waters sing
My love of you.

For it the violet a deeper hue
Has donned, and all the firstlings of the spring
Put on a beauty marvellously new.

The woodland's feathered choristers, a-wing,
Sing an old song, but with a meaning new,—
Trill it till all the budding hedges ring
My love of you.



THE PESSIMIST

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

He said: "The world is evil."
"The world! Hast thou known it?" I asked him.
"I have known my own heart," was his answer.

IS KAISER WILHELM II. OF NORMAL MIND?

By Wolf von Schierbrand

The Second of Three Papers Dealing Intimately with the German Emperor

THE question has been put innumerable times, and answered very differently by different authorities. A number of years ago Professor Quidde, of the University of Munich, in his satire "Caligula," maintained quite seriously that the Kaiser was afflicted with that form of insanity which he termed *Cæsaren-wahnsinn*—literally, Cæsaric dementia, or that species of megalomania bred by the sense of unlimited power. The facts which the professor cited in support of this theory were varied and, on their face, quite strong. When the Kaiser, addressing troops going out to China to help chastise the Boxers, instructed them: "When you come near your enemy, spare nobody, make no prisoners," the world at large deemed this Attila-like order little short of dementia. Again, quite recently, a distinguished Frenchman, in his book on the Kaiser, stated bluntly that the Kaiser was a madman, *un malade*, and made out a powerful case for his contention. Many writers, both anonymous and under their signatures, in the English, French, and American press, have made similar claims, relying very often on nothing but the authorized versions of the Kaiser's own speeches. When, at the swearing-in of the recruits, the Kaiser told them that at his bidding they would have to shoot down their fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers; when, at the dedication of the new Berlin barracks of the Alexander Guard Regiment, he spoke as if a bloody insurrection were imminent, and expressed his confidence that this regiment would shoot down the "rabble"—then and on similar occasions a surface impression would be that the head of an enlightened nation, a peaceful and law-abiding one, could not be quite of normal mind in publicly confessing and proclaiming such antediluvian, such outworn and reactionary sentiments.

Nay, in Germany itself this question has often been mooted: in private circles (to the writer's own knowledge) very frequently and by persons belonging to every class of the population, and also quite often by newspapers and pamphleteers (though, owing to *lèse*

majesté restrictions, these printed discussions have usually been published outside of Germany, generally in free Switzerland).

Can it be, then, that the Kaiser is really insane?

Bizarre he is, inconsistent, impulsive, prone to fits of excessive wrath at trifles which balk him momentarily; many of his sayings, taken separately, read in this twentieth century very strangely. The conceptions he has of his own greatness border indeed on the absurd; they are those, one might say, of Nebuchadnezzar, of Tamerlane, of Darius, of Amurath. In his own mind he towers godlike, irresponsible, infallible, omnipotent, and omniscient. As Louis XIV., the "*rayonnant Roi Soleil*," he says, "*L'état c'est moi*." Did not the Kaiser say, but a few years back, in dedicating a monument at Coblenz to his "never-to-be-forgotten" grandfather: "We hold our crown from God directly, and nobody—no parliament, no legislative body, no group of men chosen by the people—can absolve us from this great and awful responsibility."



From a person in the immediate entourage of the Kaiser the present writer heard the following characteristic anecdotes. In 1888, less than a month after his accession to the throne, William II. was requested to sign a judicial sentence committing one of his subjects to jail for a considerable period. The culprit had used some disrespectful terms about the monarch. The Kaiser read and reread the papers in the case with close attention, then demanded the *Personal-Acten* (personal data) of the defendant, and studied them with a similar attention. Finally, his face all amazement, he turned to the official who had been waiting at his elbow all this time and said: "It would seem that this man hitherto has not been a criminal—son of respectable parents, himself in a respectable walk of life, with a good education. And yet—how do you explain this?—this insult to the anointed of the Lord! Strange, strange!" And then he signed, still in great perturbation, the decree of sentence.

Another time the Kaiser was reading a stenographic report of a speech which Bebel, the Socialist leader, had been delivering the very afternoon of that day in the Reichstag. He pored over it with clouded brow and flashing eye. Then he turned to the aide-de-camp who had brought him the report, and said, with a tremor in his voice, "And all this to *me!* To *me!* What is the country coming to?" It is true the great tribune of the unshorn masses had handled him rather without gloves in that speech.

To such a man, demigod of his own creation, representative of the Most High on this terrestrial sphere, the humiliation that

came to him in Bremen, in 1899, when a cobbler threw a piece of iron at the Kaiser, striking his cheek and sorely disfiguring the imperial face for six ensuing weeks, must have been extremely galling. That incident and its subsequent development were most characteristic of the Kaiser from a psychological point of view. Though it was clearly shown during the police investigation and the subsequent court proceedings that the assailant was an incurable epileptic and a physical and mental wreck, of absolutely no political convictions, half-crazy and wholly irresponsible, and that he had been repeatedly an inmate of institutions for the treatment of epileptics, the Kaiser persisted in disbelieving all this indisputable evidence. According to him, the man was not a poor demented creature, but a dangerous fanatic, an anarchist, a would-be regicide, and must be treated as such and rendered harmless forever. He felt it a personal affront of the most heinous kind when the courts and authorities of Bremen (a commercial republic, and an independent and sovereign state of the empire, just as much as is Prussia) would not bend the law to suit this imperial misconception, and he has never to this hour forgiven the supposed slight.



But, I repeat, is the Kaiser really insane?

I say no. But his mind is not quite normal. Of that there can scarcely be doubt. Prince Bülow, the imperial chancellor, not long ago, answering some Socialist attack on the Kaiser in the Reichstag, said, "Whatever you may say about him, a philistine he is not," using the term "philistine" in the sense of a person of commonplace, prosaic soul. And in that he was quite right.

True, if one is a strong believer in "hereditary taint," there is enough of that in the blood of this Hohenzollern. It is derived on the one side from his granduncle, Frederick William IV., who reigned as King of Prussia from 1840 to 1861, and who died from paresis, and from the Hohenzollern mother of mad Kings Louis II. (who committed suicide in 1886, in Lake Starhemberg, after first murdering his body physician, Doctor von Gudden) and Otto of Bavaria, the latter being still the nominal ruler of that kingdom, though crawling on all fours like a beast of the forest, and, like it, without a gleam of mental light; and on the other side from his Guelph ancestor, King George III.

With his granduncle, Frederick William IV., a highly interesting parallel might be drawn. That unfortunate monarch was brilliantly endowed. He loved literature, as well as the arts and sciences, doing much to foster them by drawing men of renown to his court. Theoretically, he desired enlightenment in the political life of his people, though in his heart he remained a hide-bound absolutist.

In 1848, after the political revolution had been temporarily successful throughout Germany and Austria, he scorned the imperial crown offered to him solemnly by the spokesmen and elected representatives of the whole nation, simply because this offer was a popular and not a dynastic one. He decried the Prussian Constitution, after he had been forced to grant it, as a "piece of paper which would come between himself and his people;" but, after the popular uprising in Berlin had been successful, and the fighting in the streets had led to the withdrawal of all the troops from the Prussian capital, this remarkable monarch went with bared head behind the coffins of those carried to burial, who had been shot down by the regular troops behind barricades—shot down at the king's own orders.

He was an odd character, this granduncle of the Kaiser's, and there are many points of striking resemblance between the two; but, after all, the Kaiser is essentially a man of action, while Frederick William IV. was a man of brilliant thought, though haltingly timid in execution.



In spite of all the foregoing, I hold, with nearly all those who have had occasion for many years to observe William II. at close quarters and under all manner of circumstances, that he is, in the medical sense, quite sane. The consonant teaching of modern alienists is that there is some madness in everybody's blood, and that it is often impossible even for experts to draw the exact line between sanity and insanity, to say precisely how far a person may act irrationally and still be held, on the whole, a rational being. All the contradictory features in William II. may be accounted for by the complexity of his nature and by his impulsive temperament, which often carries him on the spur of the moment farther than he would go in cooler moments. Sometimes, too, intoxicants acting on a high-strung and naturally nervous constitution may be responsible for some of the extreme and apparently irrational things that he has said. I have heard now and then, during my residence in Berlin, from the lips of honorable and truthful army officers, remarks which the Kaiser had made at or after military "love feasts," within the security of regimental barracks, remarks which sounded perfectly insane, but which were readily accounted for by the fact that he was flushed with wine.

On board the Hohenzollern one of his guests, an army officer, was seated opposite his imperial host. It was after dinner, and in a spirit of pleasantry the Kaiser flipped a morsel of cake at the officer's nose. The latter caught it neatly, deliberately tore a piece from an envelope in his breast-pocket, wrapped the bit of cake in it, and calmly put it in his pocket.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the Kaiser.

"Your Majesty, I wish to preserve this as a tangible souvenir of this memorable hour," was the answer.

On another similar occasion cigars were handed around at dessert. The Kaiser asked for a knife with which to clip the end of his cigar. A general present immediately produced one. His sovereign gravely cut his weed, and, in returning the knife to the officer, just as sedately observed, "Preserve that knife carefully. Some day it will be historic."

This is ludicrous, you may say; but it is not insanity. It is merely an evidence of the high esteem in which the Kaiser holds himself.

He has an inordinate fear of contagious disease. To avoid infection, he has sometimes appeared rather rude. Some years ago, early in the winter, he with his family held court in the Neues Palais, Potsdam. At luncheon the Empress remarked, quite incidentally, that one of her ladies-in-waiting, the Countess Victoria Bernstorff, was ill. His Majesty at once grew excited, and when by further questioning he had elicited the information that this lady had exhibited red splotches in the face, he hurriedly left the table. Two hours later he was on his way to Berlin, fleeing from what he supposed to be the danger of being infected with erysipelas or something worse. He left wife and family behind him in Potsdam, and preferred to keep bachelor quarters for the next fortnight in the Old Castle of Berlin, although absolutely no provision had been made for his stay there.



Once, during a garden party given in Potsdam, the Kaiser, who was in excellent spirits, railed in a jocular spirit at the absence of the husband of one of the court ladies. Unsuspecting, she confessed that she had left him at home ill and somewhat feverish. At once the Kaiser's voice became that of Jupiter Tonans, and he shrieked, "And how dare you, madame, come to my house under such circumstances?" Through the Empress he at once issued strict orders to forbid this lady attendance at court until after the complete recovery of her husband.

I could fill a book with little incidents of this kind, showing that the Kaiser is, to use a phrase of Nietzsche's, "*menschlich allzu menschlich*"—nothing of the demigod. But these odd instances of "smallness" in a character which in its general contour is not lacking in grandeur are only part and parcel of that curious complexity of make-up which is both the delight and the despair of his biographer.

A few words as to the Kaiser's purely physical health. Of

course the world knows that he has a withered arm, the left one. Within certain limits the hand and arm are serviceable. With it he can play the piano, can hold the reins of his horse, and can even handle his fork. But he is often obliged to use his right hand in lifting up and guiding the maimed one. The forks he uses are made specially for him, the handles being three inches longer than those of the knives. When he sits down at table, on all public occasions, he turns around to his aide-de-camp: "*Wo ist mein Besteck?*" ("Where are my knife and fork?") and that officer will at once produce the special equipment. The injured arm is much less in bulk than its mate, and much weaker. The Kaiser, though, justly prides himself on the tremendous grasping force of his good right hand, and when shaking hands frequently delights in almost crushing the hand of the other person.



Since childhood the Kaiser has been afflicted with a peculiar ear trouble. It comes and goes, and at its worst stages, when the ear discharges liquid matter, it gives him considerable pain and dull headaches. For a number of years he has also been suffering from varicose veins. While his face has become more accentuated, almost pinched, in its features, he has been growing stout in person. To keep down his obesity has been one of the chief cares of his body physician, but the Kaiser is a difficult patient to handle. His principal medical man, Doctor von Leuthold, has by no means a sinecure. In the matter of diet, particularly, the Emperor will not obey instructions. He is very fond of farinaceous food, also of the dark Munich and Nuremberg beers, while his doctors recommend light Moselle and fresh vegetables, together with plain roasted meats. Fortunately, his constant travels tend to counteract his natural inclination to accumulate too much adipose tissue. He is now at what is called the climacteric of life, having reached the summit a few years since and his way now lying down the shadowy valley. That fact also has something to do with his present rather uncertain state of health.

It is certain that the outdoor, active life which the Kaiser leads, his hunting excursions, his athletic exercises, his frequent ocean trips, must conduce to keep his body robust. He has, besides, a strong frame—though measuring but five feet seven inches, his erect carriage gives the impression of a taller man—and is capable of enduring great fatigue and considerable hardship without showing traces in his looks.

Has he cancer? The throat operation performed by the Frankfurt specialist, Doctor Orth, will be remembered, and also the several months that elapsed before his voice and his general con-

dition seemed quite restored. For all his general robustness, there is (I have this on the best authority) a strong natural bias towards cancer on the Kaiser's part. Those who hold with one school of medical authority say that he inherits a decided tendency towards the malignant disease both on the father's and the mother's side, and certainly the death of both parents was due to that awful scourge. Nevertheless, let us hope William II. will live to a ripe and hale old age. He himself apparently has not the slightest misgiving in this direction. Evidently he has taken as gospel truth the assurance given him by Doctor Orth and his own medical men, that his recent throat affection was merely of a temporary nature and nothing worse than a benign growth, and a multitude of admirers the world over unite in hoping that his belief is well founded.



THE FLAME BERRY

BY MILDRED I. McNEAL SWEENEY

YONDER it is
 Bidding us still be merry
 In spite of cold and the rain!
 Set like a bright and windy torch
 Over each empty porch
 When sorrowing Summer left her palaces,
 It gallantly
 Hails welcome still to every passer by,
 Bidding him enter and fare heartily.
 Look, where the white frost is,
 Yonder it glows again—
 The brave flame berry!

“Come hither!” it cries.
 “Here will the brave heart tarry.
 Here will the young heart sing
 For pure joy of the wine-bright air,
 Like dawn blown everywhere,
 And for love of the wide, unhidden skies.”
 And none can stay
 Hearing the call to listen and come away
 Down many a path for many and many a day!
 And glad are we and wise
 Who have the summoning,
 Oh, brave flame berry!

THE SHOOTINGS OF ACHNALEISH

By *E. F. Benson*

Author of "The Angel of Pain," "The Cballoners," etc.

THE dining-room windows both front and back, the one looking into Oakley Street, the other into a small back-yard with three sooty shrubs in it (known as the garden), were all open, so that the table stood in mid-stream of such air as there was. But in spite of this the heat was stifling, since, for once in a way, July had remembered that it was the duty of good little summers to be hot. Hot in consequence it had been: heat reverberated from the house-walls, it rose through the boot from the paving-stones, it poured down from a large superheated sun that walked the sky all day long in a benignant and golden manner. Dinner was over, but the small party of four who had eaten it still lingered.

Mabel Armytage—it was she who had laid down the duty of good little summers—spoke first.

"Oh, Jim, it sounds too heavenly," she said. "It makes me feel cool to think of it. Just fancy, in a fortnight's time we shall all four of us be there, in our own shooting-lodge——"

"Farm-house," said Jim.

"Well, I didn't suppose it was Balmoral, with our own coffee-colored salmon river roaring down to join the waters of our own loch."

Jim lit a cigarette.

"Mabel, you mustn't think of shooting-lodges and salmon rivers and lochs," he said. "It's a farm-house, rather a big one, though I'm sure we shall find it hard enough to fit in. The salmon river you speak of is a big burn, no more, though it appears that salmon have been caught there. But when I saw it, it would have required as much cleverness on the part of a salmon to fit into it as it will require on our parts to fit into our farm-house. And the loch is a tarn."

Mabel snatched the "Guide to Highland Shootings" out of my hand with a rudeness that even a sister should not show her elder brother, and pointed a withering finger at her husband.

"'Achnaleish,'" she declaimed, "'is situated in one of the grandest and most remote parts of Sutherlandshire. To be let from August 12 till the end of October, the lodge with shooting and fishing belonging.

Proprietor supplies two keepers, fishing-gillie, boat on loch, and dogs. Tenant should secure about 500 head of grouse and 500 head of mixed game, including partridge, black-game, woodcock, snipe, roe deer; also rabbits in very large number, especially by ferreting. Large baskets of brown trout can be taken from the loch, and whenever the water is high sea-trout and occasional salmon. Lodge contains'—I can't go on; it's too hot, and you know the rest. Rent only £350!"

Jim listened patiently.

"Well?" he said. "What then?"

Mabel rose with dignity.

"It is a shooting-lodge with a salmon river and a loch, just as I said. Come, Madge, let's go out. It is too hot to sit in the house."

"You'll be calling Buxton 'the major-domo' next," remarked Jim, as his wife passed him.

I had picked up the "Guide to Highland Shootings" again which my sister had so unceremoniously plucked from me, and idly compared the rent and attractions of Achnaleish with other places that were to let.

"Seems cheap, too," I said. "Why, here's another place, just the same sort of size and bag, for which they ask £500; here's another at £550."

Jim helped himself to coffee.

"Yes, it does seem cheap," he said. "But, of course, it's very remote: it took me a good three hours from Lairg, and I don't suppose I was driving very noticeably below the legal limit. But it's cheap, as you say."

Now, Madge (who is my wife) has her prejudices. One of them—an extremely expensive one—is that anything cheap has always some hidden and subtle drawback, which you discover when it is too late. And the drawback to cheap houses is drains or offices—the presence, so to speak, of the former, and the absence of the latter. So I hazarded these.

"No, the drains are all right," said Jim, "because I got the certificate of the inspector, and as for offices, really I think the servants' parts are better than ours. No—why it's so cheap, I can't imagine."

"Perhaps the bag is overstated," I suggested.

Jim again shook his head.

"No, that's the funny thing about it," he said. "The bag, I am sure, is understated. At least, I walked over the moor for a couple of hours, and the whole place is simply crawling with hares. Why, you could shoot five hundred hares alone on it."

"Hares?" I asked. "That's rather queer, so far up, isn't it?"

Jim laughed.

"So I thought. And the hares are queer, too; big beasts, very dark in color. Let's join the others outside. Jove! what a hot night!"

Even as Mabel had said, that day fortnight found us all four, the four who had stifled and sweltered in Chelsea, flying through the cool and invigorating winds of the North. The road was in admirable condition, and I should not wonder if for the second time Jim's big Napier went not noticeably below the legal limit. The servants had gone straight up, starting the same day as we, while we had got out at Perth, motored to Inverness, and were now, on the second day, nearing our goal. Never have I seen so depopulated a road. I do not suppose there was a man to a mile of it.

We had left Lairg about five that afternoon, expecting to arrive at Achnaleish by eight, but one disaster after another overtook us. Now it was the engine, and now a tire that delayed us, till finally we stopped some eight miles short of our destination, to light up, for with evening had come a huge wrack of cloud out of the West, so that we were cheated of the clear post-sunset twilight of the North. Then on again, till, with a little dancing of the car over a bridge, Jim said:

"That's the bridge of our salmon river; so look out for the turning up to the lodge. It is to the right, and only a narrow track. You can whack her up, Sefton," he called to the chauffeur; "we shan't meet a soul."

I was sitting in front, finding the speed and the darkness extraordinarily exhilarating. A bright circle of light was cast by our lamps, fading into darkness in front, while at the sides, cut off by the casing of the lamps, the transition into blackness was sharp and sudden. Every now and then, across this circle of illumination some wild thing would pass: now a bird, with hurried flutter of wings when it saw the speed of the luminous monster, would just save itself from being knocked over; now a rabbit feeding by the side of the road would dash onto it and then bounce back again; but more frequently it would be a hare that sprang up from its feeding and raced in front of us. They seemed dazed and scared by the light, unable to wheel into the darkness again, until time and again I thought we must run over one, so narrowly, in giving a sort of desperate sideways leap, did it miss our wheels. Then it seemed that one started up almost from under us, and I saw, to my surprise, it was enormous in size, and in color apparently quite black. For some hundred yards it raced in front of us, fascinated by the bright light pursuing it, then, like the rest, it dashed for the darkness. But it was too late, and with a horrid jolt we ran over it. At once Sefton slowed down and stopped, for Jim's rule is to go back always and make sure that the poor run-over is dead. So, when we stopped, the chauffeur jumped down and ran back.

"What was it?" Jim asked me, as we waited.

"A hare."

Sefton came running back.

"Yes, sir, quite dead," he said. "I picked it up, sir."

"What for?"

"Thought you might like to see it, sir. It's the biggest hare I ever see, and it's quite black."

It was immediately after this that we came to the track up to the house, and in a few minutes we were within doors. There we found that if "shooting-lodge" was a term unsuitable, so also was "farm-house," so roomy, excellently proportioned, and well furnished was our dwelling, while the contentment that beamed from Buxton's face was sufficient testimonial for the offices. In the hall, too, with its big open fireplace, were a couple of big solemn bookcases, full of serious works, such as some educated minister might have left, and, coming down dressed for dinner before the others, I dipped into the shelves. Then—something must long have been vaguely simmering in my brain, for I pounced on the book as soon as I saw it—I came upon Elwes's "Folklore of the North West Highlands," and looked out "Hare" in the index. Then I read:

"Nor is it only witches that are believed to have the power of changing themselves into animals. . . . Men and women on whom no suspicion of the sort lies are thought to be able to do this, and to don the bodies of certain animals, notably hares. . . . Such, according to local superstition, are easily distinguishable by their size and color, which almost approaches jet black."

I was up and out early next morning, prey to the vivid desire that attacks many folk in new places—namely, to look on the fresh country and the new horizons—and, on going out, certainly the surprise was great. For I had imagined an utterly lonely and solitary habitation; instead, scarce half a mile away, down the steep brae-side at the top of which stood our commodious farm-house, ran a typically Scotch village street, the hamlet no doubt of Achnaleish. So steep was this hill-side that the village was really remote; if it was half a mile away in crow-flying measurement, it must have been near a quarter of a mile below us. But its existence was the odd thing to me: there were four dozen houses, at the least, to us who had not seen half that number since leaving Lairg. A mile away, perhaps, lay the shining shield of the western sea; to the other side, away from the village, I had no difficulty in recognizing the river and the loch. The house, in fact, was set on a hog's back; from all sides it must needs be climbed to. But, as is the custom of the Scots, no house, however small, should be without its due brightness of flowers, and the walls of this were purple with clematis and orange with troæolum. It all looked very placid and serene and home-like.

I continued my tour of exploration, and came back rather late for breakfast. A slight check in the day's arrangements had occurred, for the head keeper, Maclaren, had not come up, and the second, Sandie Ross, reported that the reason for this had been the sudden death of his mother the evening before. She was not known to be ill, but just as she was going to bed she had thrown up her arms, screamed suddenly as if with fright, and was found to be dead. Sandie, who repeated this news to me after breakfast, was just a slow, polite Scotchman, rather shy, rather awkward. Just as he finished—we were standing about outside the back-door—there came up from the stables the smart, very English-looking Sefton. In one hand he carried the black hare.

He touched his hat to me as he went in.

"Just to show it to Mr. Armytage, sir," he said. "She's as black as a boot."

He turned into the door, but not before Sandie Ross had seen what he carried, and the slow, polite Scotchman was instantly turned into some furtive, frightened-looking man.

"And where might it be that you found that, sir?" he asked.

Now, the black-hare superstition had already begun to intrigue me.

"Why does that interest you?" I asked.

The slow Scotch look was resumed with an effort.

"It'll no interest me," he said. "I just asked. There are unco many black hares in Achnaleish."

Then his curiosity got the better of him.

"She'd have been nigh to where the road passes by and on to Achnaleish?" he asked.

"The hare? Yes, we found her on the road there."

Sandie turned away.

"She aye sat there," he said.

There were a number of little plantations climbing up the steep hill-side from Achnaleish to the moor above, and we had a pleasant slack sort of morning shooting there, walking through and round them with a nondescript tribe of beaters, among whom the serious Buxton figured. We had fair enough sport, but of the hares which Jim had seen in such profusion none that morning came to the gun, till at last, just before lunch, there came out of the apex of one of these plantations, some thirty yards from where Jim was standing, a very large, dark-colored hare. For one moment I saw him hesitate—for he holds the correct view about long or doubtful shots at hares—then he put up his gun to fire. Sandie, who had walked round outside, after giving the beaters their instructions, was at this moment close to Jim, and with incredible quickness rushed upon him and with his stick struck up the barrels of the gun before he could fire.

"Black hare!" he cried. "Ye'd shoot a black hare? There's no shooting of hares at all in Achnaleish, and mark that."

Never have I seen so sudden and extraordinary a change in a man's face: it was as if he had just prevented some blackguard of the street from murdering his wife.

"An' the sickness about an' all," he added indignantly. "When the puir folk escape from their peching fevered bodies an hour or two, to the caller muirs."

Then he seemed to recover himself.

"I ask your pardon, sir," he said to Jim. "I was upset with ane thing an' anither, an' the black hare ye found deid last night—eh, I'm blatherin' again. But there's noa hares shot on Achnaleish, that's sure."

Jim was still looking in mere speechless astonishment at Sandie when I came up. And, though shooting is dear to me, so too is folk-lore.

"But we've taken the shooting of Achnaleish, Sandie," I said. "There was nothing there about not shooting hares."

Sandie suddenly boiled up again for a minute.

"An' mebbe there was nothing there about shooting the bairns and the weemen in the clachan!" he cried.

I looked round, and saw that by now the beaters had all come through the wood: of them Buxton and Jim's valet, who was also among them, stood apart: all the rest were standing round us two with gleaming eyes and open mouths, hanging on the debate, and forced, so I imagined, from their imperfect knowledge of English to attend closely in order to catch the drift of what went on. Every now and then a murmur of Gaelic passed between them, and this somehow I found peculiarly disconcerting.

"But what have the hares to do with the children or women of Achnaleish?" I asked.

There was no reply to this beyond the reiterated sentence: "There's na shooting of hares in Achnaleish whatever," and then Sandie turned to Jim.

"That's the end of the bit wood, sir," he said. "We've been a' round."

Certainly the beat had been very satisfactory. A roe had fallen to Jim (one ought also to have fallen to me, but remained, if not standing, at any rate running away). We had a dozen of black-game, four pigeons, six brace of grouse (these were, of course, but outliers, as we had not gone on to the moor proper at all), some thirty rabbits, and four couple of woodcock. This, it must be understood, was just from the fringe of plantations about the house, but this was all we meant to do to-day, making only a morning of it, since our ladies had expressly desired first lessons in the art of angling in the afternoon, so that they

too could be busy. Excellently too had Sandie worked the beat, leaving us now, after going, as he said, all round, a couple of hundred yards only from the house, at a few minutes to two.

So, after a little private signalling from Jim to me, he spoke to Sandie, dropping the hare-question altogether.

"Well, the beat has gone excellently," he said, "and this afternoon we'll be fishing. Please settle with the beaters every evening, and tell me what you have paid out. Good morning to you all."

We walked back to the house, but the moment we had turned a hum of confabulation began behind us, and, looking back, I saw Sandie and all the beaters in close whispering conclave. Then Jim spoke.

"More in your line than mine," he said; "I prefer shooting a hare to routing out some cock-and-bull story as to why I shouldn't. What does it all mean?"

I mentioned what I had found in Elwes last night.

"Then do they think it was we who killed the old lady on the road, and that I was going to kill somebody else this morning?" he asked. "How does one know that they won't say that rabbits are their aunts, and woodcock their uncles, and grouse their children? I never heard such rot, and to-morrow we'll have a hare drive. Blow the grouse! We'll settle this hare-question first."

Jim by this time was in the frame of mind typical of the English when their rights are threatened. He had the shooting of Achnaleish, on which were hares, sir, hares. And if he chose to shoot hares, neither papal bull nor royal charter could stop him.

"Then there'll be a row," said I, and Jim sniffed scornfully.

At lunch Sandie's remark about the "sickness," which I had forgotten till that moment, was explained.

"Fancy that horrible influenza getting here," said Madge. "Mabel and I went down to the village this morning, and, oh, Ted, you can get all sorts of things, from mackintoshes to peppermints, the most heavenly shop, and there was a child there looking awfully ill and feverish. So we inquired: it was the 'sickness'—that was all they knew. But, from what the woman said, it's clearly influenza. Sudden fever, and all the rest of it."

"Bad type?" I asked.

"Yes; there have been several deaths already among the old people from pneumonia following it."

Now, I hope that as an Englishman I too have a notion of my rights, and attempt anyhow to enforce them, as a general rule, if they are wantonly threatened. But if a mad bull wishes to prevent my going across a certain field, I do not insist on my rights, but go round instead, since I see no reasonable hope of convincing the bull that according to

the constitution of my country I may walk in this field unmolested. And that afternoon, as Madge and I drifted about the loch, while I was not employed in disentangling her flies from each other or her hair or my coat, I pondered over our position with regard to the hares and men of Achnaleish, and thought that the question of the bull and the field represented our standpoints pretty well. Jim *had* the shooting of Achnaleish, and that undoubtedly included the right to shoot hares: so too he might have the right to walk over a field in which was a mad bull. But it seemed to me not more futile to argue with the bull than to hope to convince these folk of Achnaleish that the hares were—as was assuredly the case—only hares, and not the embodiments of their friends and relations. For that, beyond all doubt, was their belief, and it would take, not half an hour's talk, but perhaps a couple of generations of education to kill that belief, or even to reduce it to the level of a superstition. At present it was no superstition—the terror and incredulous horror on Sandie's face when Jim raised his gun to fire at the hare told me that—it was a belief as sober and commonplace as our own belief that the hares were not incarnations of living folk in Achnaleish. Also, virulent influenza was raging in the place, and Jim proposed to have a hare-drive to-morrow! What would happen?

That evening Jim raved about it in the smoking-room.

“But, good gracious, man, what can they *do*?” he cried. “What's the use of an old gaffer from Achnaleish saying I've shot his granddaughter and, when he is asked to produce the corpse, telling the jury that we've eaten it, but that he has got the skin as evidence? What skin? A hare-skin! Oh, folk-lore is all very well in its way, a nice parlor trick, but don't tell me it can enter into practical life. What can they do?”

“They can shoot us,” I remarked.

“The canny, God-fearing Scotchmen shoot us for shooting hares?” he asked.

“Well, it's a possibility. However, I don't think you'll have much of a hare-drive in any case.”

“Why not?”

“Because you won't get a single native beater, and you won't get a keeper to come either. You'll have to go with Buxton and the bootboy.”

“Then I'll discharge Sandie,” snapped Jim.

“That would be a pity: he knows his work.”

Jim got up.

“Well, his work to-morrow will be to drive hares for you and me,” said Jim. “Or do you funk?”

“I funk,” I replied.

The scene next morning was extremely short. Jim and I went out

before breakfast, and found Sandie at the back-door, silent and respectful. In the yard were a dozen young Highlanders, who had beaten for us the day before.

"Morning, Sandie," said Jim shortly. "We'll drive hares to-day. We ought to get a lot in those narrow gorges up above. Get a dozen beaters more, can you?"

"There will be na hare-drive here," said Sandie quietly.

"I have given you your orders," said Jim.

Sandie turned to the group of beaters outside and spoke half a dozen words in Gaelic. Next moment the yard was empty, and they were all running down the hill-side towards Achnaleish. One stood on the skyline a moment, waving his arms, making some signal, as I supposed, to the village below. Then Sandie turned again.

"An' whaur are your beaters, sir?" he asked.

For the moment I was afraid Jim was going to strike him. But he controlled himself.

"You are discharged," he said.

The hare-drive, therefore, since there were neither beaters nor keeper—Maclaren, the head-keeper, having been given this "day off" to bury his mother—was clearly out of the question, and Jim, still blustering rather, but a good bit taken aback at the sudden disciplined defection of the beaters, was in betting humor that they would all return by to-morrow morning. Meanwhile the post which should have arrived before now had not come, though Mabel from her bedroom window had seen the post-cart on its way up the drive a quarter of an hour ago. At that a sudden idea struck me, and I ran to the edge of the hog's back on which the house was set. It was even as I thought: the post-cart was just striking the high-road below, going away from the house and back to the village, without having left our letters.

I went back to the dining-room. Everything apparently was going wrong this morning: the bread was stale, the milk was not fresh, and the bell was rung for Buxton. Quite so: neither milkman nor baker had called.

From the point of view of folk-lore this was admirable.

"There's another cock-and-bull story called 'taboo,'" I said. "It means that nobody will supply you with anything."

"My dear fellow, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," said Jim, helping himself to marmalade.

I laughed.

"You are rude and irritated," I said, "because you are beginning to be afraid that there is something in it."

"Yes, that's quite true," he said. "But who could have supposed there was anything in it? Ah, dash it! there *can't* be. A hare is a hare."

"Except when it is your first cousin," said I.

"Then I shall go out and shoot first cousins by myself," he said.

That, I am glad to say, in the light of what followed, we dissuaded him from doing, and instead he went off with Madge down the burn. And I, I may confess, occupied myself the whole morning, ensconced in a thick piece of scrub on the edge of the steep brae above Achnaleish, in watching through a field-glass what went on there. One could see as from a balloon almost: the street with its houses was spread like a map below.

First, then, there was a funeral—the funeral, I suppose, of the mother of Maclaren, attended, I should say, by the whole village. But after that there was no dispersal of the folk to their work: it was as if it was the Sabbath; they hung about the street talking. Now one group would break up, but it would only go to swell another, and no one went either to his house or to the fields. Then, shortly before lunch, another idea occurred to me, and I ran down the hill-side, appearing suddenly in the street, to put it to the test. Sandie was there, but he turned his back square on me, as did everybody else, and as I approached any group talk fell dead. But a certain movement seemed to be going on; where they stood and talked before, they now moved and were silent. Soon I saw what that meant. None would remain in the street with me: every man was going to his house.

The end house of the street was clearly the "heavenly shop" we had been told of yesterday. The door was open and a small child was looking round it as I approached, for my plan was to go in, order something, and try to get into conversation. But, while I was still a yard or two off, I saw through the glass of the door a man inside come quickly up and pull the child roughly away, banging the door and locking it. I knocked and rang, but there was no response: only from inside came the crying of the child.

The street which had been so busy and populous was now completely empty; it might have been the street of some long-deserted place, but that thin smoke curled here and there above the houses. It was as silent too as the grave, but, for all that, I knew it was watching. From every house, I felt sure, I was being watched by eyes of mistrust and hate, yet no sign of living being could I see. There was to me something rather eerie about this: to know one is watched by invisible eyes is never, I suppose, quite a comfortable sensation; to know that those eyes are all hostile does not increase the sense of security. So I just climbed back up the hill-side again, and from my thicket above the brae again I peered down. Once more the street was full.

Now, all this made me uneasy: the taboo had been started, and—since not a soul had been near us since Sandie gave the word, whatever it

was, that morning—was in excellent working order. Then what was the purport of these meetings and colloquies? What else threatened? The afternoon told me.

It was about two o'clock when these meetings finally broke up, and at once the whole village left the street for the hill-sides, much as if they were all returning to work. The only odd thing indeed was that no one remained behind: women and children alike went out, all in little parties of two and three. Some of these I watched rather idly, for I had formed the hasty conclusion that they were all going back to their usual employments, and saw that here a woman and girl were cutting dead bracken and heather. That was reasonable enough, and I turned my glass on others. Group after group I examined; all were doing the same thing, cutting fuel . . . fuel.

Then vaguely, with a sense of impossibility, a thought flashed across me; again it flashed, more vividly. This time I left my hiding-place with considerable alacrity and went to find Jim down by the burn. I told him exactly what I had seen and what I believed it meant, and I fancy that his belief in the possibility of folk-lore entering the domain of practical life was very considerably quickened. In any case, it was not a quarter of an hour afterwards that the chauffeur and I were going, precisely as fast as the Napier was able, along the road to Lairg. We had not told the women what my conjecture was, because we believed that, making the dispositions we were making, there was no cause for alarm-sounding. One private signal only existed between Jim within the house that night and me outside. If my conjecture proved to be correct, he was to place a light in the window of my room, which I should see returning after dark from Lairg. My ostensible reason for going was to get some local fishing-flies.

As we flowed—there is no other word for the movement of these big cars but that—over the road to Lairg, I ran over everything in my mind. I felt no doubt whatever that all the brushwood and kindling I had seen being gathered in was to be piled after nightfall round our walls and set on fire. This certainly would not be done till after dark; indeed, we both felt sure that it would not be done till it was supposed that we were all abed. It remained to see whether the police at Lairg agreed with my conjecture, and it was to ascertain this that I was now flowing there.

I told my story to the chief constable as soon as I got there, omitting nothing and, I think, exaggerating nothing. His face got graver and graver as I proceeded.

“Yes, sir, you did right to come,” he said. “The folk at Achnaleish are the dourest and the most savage in all Scotland. You'll have to give up this hare-hunting, though, whatever,” he added.

He rang up his telephone.

“I’ll get five men,” he said, “and I’ll be with you in ten minutes.”

Our plan of campaign was simple. We were to leave the car well out of sight of Achnaleish, and—supposing the signal was in my window—steal up from all sides to command the house from every direction. This should be easy through the plantations, and we should know as we lay hid that the brushwood and heather was *in situ*, and we had but to wait for some one to come to fire it. That somebody, whenever he showed his light, would be instantly covered by a rifle and challenged.

It was about ten when we dismounted and stalked our way up to the house. The light burned in my window, but all was quiet. Personally, I was unarmed, and so, when I had planted the men in places of concealment round the house, my work was over. We were fortunate, of course, in not running into any of the would-be incendiaries, though it is likely enough that they heard or even saw us, but imagined that we were of the village. Then I returned to Sergeant Duncan, the chief constable, at the corner of the hedge by the garden, and waited.

That waiting to me now seems longer than all the rest of my life: at intervals of years, it seemed, an owl would hoot, or a rabbit scuffle in the grass. From inside the house lights gleamed, but as the hours went on these were quenched, and at length it stood a mere blot against the sky. Then suddenly the end came: I heard a foot grate on the gravel; I saw the gleam of a lantern, and heard Duncan’s voice.

“Man,” he shouted, “if you move hand or foot I fire. My rifle-bead is dead on you.”

Then I blew the whistle; the others ran up, and in less than a minute it was all over. The man we closed in on was Maclaren.

“They killed my mither with that hell-carriage,” he said, “as she juist sat on the road, pair body, who had niver hurt them.”

And that seemed to him an excellent reason for attempting to burn us all to death.

But it took time to get into the house: their preparations had been singularly workmanlike, for every window and door on the ground floor was wired up.

Now, we had Achnaleish for two months, but we had no wish to be burned or otherwise murdered. What we wanted was not a prosecution of our head-keeper, but peace, the necessaries of life, and beaters. For that we were willing to shoot no hares, and release Maclaren. An hour’s conclave next morning settled these things; the ensuing two months were most enjoyable, and relations were the friendliest.

But if anybody wants to test how far what Jim still calls cock-and-bull stories can enter into practical life, I should suggest to him to go a-shooting hares at Achnaleish.

THE UNDER-PARTNER

By D. M. Henderson, Jr.



THE sun came over the mountain, lighting up all the land. Stumpy, biting his under-lip savagely to stop its quivering, stood staring up the narrow pass that lost itself in the gray early morning mist, Angeles's scrawl in his hand:

Stumpy, you sed you all ways had hard luck which set me to thinkin it do look es if you air a Joaner. I uster hev luck afor we was parda so i gess i will play a loane hand agen, so i am off fur the hills an hev took the burro an will buy yore share in him wen i hits pay dirt.

ANGELES DICK.

Stumpy took his partner's desertion of him in his usual quiet way. The sharp surprise, the stings of pride, and his keen disappointment in him who had been almost his god were followed at last by the period of self-abasement which always followed his strokes of "hard luck." He wondered how he could have deceived himself into thinking his companionship meant anything to Angeles.

It was during such a period that he made the remark which had set Angeles to thinking. The evening before the partners had reached the source of the stream they were ascending and found nothing. The bits of gold they had gathered downstream remained their sole gleanings after a week of feverish search. They threw down their picks in despair, and it was then that Stumpy had sadly shaken his head and sworn that he was born unlucky.

If Stumpy had thought himself unlucky then, he considered himself a thousandfold more now. To have a pard, to taste the joy of comradeship, to have huge, daredevil Angeles single him out—that to him was a stroke of fortune beyond finding all the gold of California. But to be condemned as the source of his partner's bad luck, and to be cast off by him— That which Stumpy had held to be the one lucky episode in his life had now developed into the sorriest misfortune of his sorry career.

He went mechanically about preparing his meal. When he had eaten he took his pick and in a half-dazed way started on a prospecting tour of the neighborhood, paying small heed to where he dug or to the result.

About a mile farther up country from the spot which the partners had thought the beginning of the stream he chanced upon the dry bed of another stream. It came to him slowly that this might be a branch of the first, the part between this spot and the place where it emptied into the first stream having possibly run dry and become hidden by the long grass. He resumed his search with more interest, following the bed for nearly a mile. Suddenly he bent down, clutching eagerly at a substance his pick had loosened. Among the quartz and dirt in his hand he beheld gold. He struck around the spot wildly, and wherever he struck the yellow substance met his eyes.

Stumpy's luck had turned.

The next morning found him setting off to find and bring back Angeles.

Merrily whistling, Stumpy went limping through a wood. He had passed a camp-fire an hour back, its ashes still warm, and he was expecting to see Angeles ahead of him at any moment. As he reached the end of the woods his whistling stopped with a suddenness that caused the bird whose song he had drowned to stop too and peep down upon him.

The sheer wall of a deep cañon bounded a side of the wood, and he had been journeying parallel to it. A stretch of open country now lay before Stumpy's eyes, with the cañon dividing it. What brought him to a standstill was the sight of Angeles lying perilously near the precipice, not far from the wood. He was crouching behind the dead burro, gun in position, and surrounding him were a band of redskins. He had been attacked by "bad Indians" and there brought to bay.

Even a slow mind thinks quickly in a crisis, and several things flashed across Stumpy's brain in the momen the stood transfixed. He thought of Angeles's desertion of him, and he remembered what Angeles had said in the note about playing his hand alone. And then he thought of the clear way of escape behind him, and the fortune awaiting him at its end.

Then the Indians began their attack, and he saw the doomed Angeles picking out his man. He drew bead.

The startled foe retreated to consider the mystery of the shot from the woods. Several separated from the main body and entered the wood above Stumpy's hiding-place.

He knew he would soon be discovered if he stayed.

Stumpy broke cover. His lameness was forgotten in his haste, and it retarded him little, The Indians stood staring at the slight figure that limped swiftly across their front, and Angeles so far forgot himself as to stand up. Then the Indian nearest Stumpy dashed

after him, aiming as he rode, and it seemed as though Stumpy's race was to end there. But Angeles had recovered his wits, and the red-skin paid for the moment of incaution with his life. The bullets were flying thickly about him as Stumpy fell breathlessly behind the burro and poked his gun out beside Angeles's.

"Ye durned fool!" was Angeles's greeting, in shamed, sullen tones; but the admiration his little partner's ear detected beneath the remark was his ample reward.

There was no despair in the eyes that watched the oncoming foe—no despair, for there had been no hope. Only a miracle could have averted the end they knew awaited them, and, knowing their foes and their isolation, neither looked for the miracle.

The burro before them, and the long grass in which they lay, shielded them well, and three times the Indians came on and were repulsed. But although each of their shots told, the enemy seemed scarcely to diminish. At last Angeles was forced to borrow ammunition from Stumpy, and both saw that the end was but a matter of minutes.

Words choked Angeles that may have been a prayer to his partner for forgiveness, but the squeeze Stumpy gave his hand saved him further embarrassment.

Nearer and nearer again came the Indians, thicker and faster sped their bullets, but no answering volley came. There were wild whoops when the meaning of the silence dawned upon them, but a long while passed before the band ventured to approach the riddled bodies.

When the victorious foe looked down upon them, Angeles's great hand was closed over Stumpy's, and the white furrow of a great tear was in the grime on his cheek; but Stumpy was smiling.



The world needs rascals to teach the honest discretion.

Two fools and one wise man : how foolish the wise man looks!—
to the fools.

The almighty dollar may be tainted, but few of us will ever catch
the infection.

Appearances may be deceiving, but appearances plus talk come
pretty near indexing a man.

THE FULLERTON SALVAGE CASE

By George Carling

DENHAM, the superintendent of the Nisqually Light and Power Company, was lounging on the veranda of his log bungalow, feeling well content with the outcome of a good week's work. The evening was warm, and he watched the quivering shadows of the great redwoods, lying out over the little lake, with lazy, unthinking eyes; or, if he was thinking at all, it was of the dreamy rest and enjoyment of the next thirty-six hours.

There was a slight rustling among the pine needles, and he turned his head. Approaching him, with slow and not very confident footsteps, was a man—one of the derelicts of civilization. His face, evidently young, had the stubby growth of a ten days' beard; his eyes had a hungry, yet hopeful look; his clothes were faded and tattered.

"Well?" said Denham questioningly.

"I understand you want men, Mr. Denham," replied the man.

The superintendent started at the voice. It was of a quality entirely out of accord with the dilapidated appearance of the owner. He looked again, keenly this time, and then pulled his own hat down over his eyes.

"What can you do?" he demanded.

"String up wires, look after conductors, assemble a dynamo, or rewind an armature," replied the man simply.

"Well," said Denham, after a pause, "you'll have to confess, my friend, that your appearance doesn't back up your statements. What's wrong with you?"

"Klondike and whiskey! Too much money one time, too little another!" Then, after a pause during which he fumbled with his buttons, he added bitterly: "This is my first appearance in this rôle. I haven't graduated to this without some pretty strenuous endeavors. Normally, I'm only an electrical engineer, you know."

From under the brim of his hat, Denham noted the weary, despairing look of the man.

"Got any more to tell?" he asked abruptly.

"Not about myself—you would not care to hear it. It's just the old, miserable story—homesickness, the excitement of success,

then taking things as they come; going with the current, mentally and morally. Still," he added slowly, "I think, if I got to handling the 'juice' again, I'd be all right. I don't want to make promises, but—give me a chance, won't you?"

"Yes," said Denham, after looking across the lake a few moments. "You can report at the power-house on Monday morning. And—see here—what's the name?"

"The name? Oh, yes—er—Jones."

"Jones, eh?" repeated Denham. "Well, Mr.—er—Jones, can you swim?"

"Certainly." There was a distinct note of surprise in the answer.

"Wait here a minute."

In a few moments Denham returned with some clothes and linen on his arm. "This is an old suit," he said, "but I like my line-men to uphold the credit of the company. You'll find bathing-trunks down there in the bath-house; also a razor. Go down and straighten yourself out."

With a grateful look, Jones went. In an hour he returned. In his hand he held a two-dollar bill. "You ought to search the pockets of your old clothes," he said, with a smile.

"I put that in them just now," retorted Denham. "It goes with the clothes."

Without a word the man crumpled the bill in his hand and walked away.

It was six weeks before Denham saw him again. Jones had been placed under the power-house engineer, and by him put to work on the transmission line. This kept him in the woods, replacing guy-lines and anchors, climbing poles, and inspecting conductors. He was out of Denham's sight altogether, but not out of his mind. The superintendent made inquiries and found that Jones was doing well.

"He seems to be well satisfied with the forest work, and he's doin' first-rate," said MacDougall, the engineer. "It's a lucky thing, too. It's blamed few men who take kindly to that lonesome sort of job."

When Denham saw him he was at the top of a twenty-foot pole. The superintendent waited till he descended, and then held out his hand.

"Well, Bob Fullerton, how do you like it?"

The man started with surprise. "So you know me, then?"

"I knew you the first day, Bob; but as you wished to keep it to yourself, I thought I wouldn't break in. Great Scott, man! you don't suppose I'd forget my old college chum, do you?"

"I didn't know, Denham. Guess I was pretty well disguised."

"That's all over now, old man."

"I hope so," said Fullerton wistfully. "This life is good for me. I'm all right when I'm on the old work."

"It isn't much of a job for you," said Denham, "but there are chances. There's one now. We've got to put a new night engineer on. Shipley's going to Seattle. You can have the job if you want it. It means better pay, of course, and a chance to show what's in you."

"Of course I'll take it, Denham, and I'll hold it down, too, I guess."

"Come up to the bungalow on Saturday, and stay over till Monday morning," said the superintendent. "Gee! How hungry I've been for a long talk with you over old times! But I kept away from you, Bob. I wanted you to fight this out alone."

Fullerton had been running the dynamos for about a week when one of the wind storms which were not uncommon in that mountainous country occurred. It reached its height about two o'clock in the morning, and the engineer paced up and down the power-house floor, his ears intently listening for fuses blowing out. Occasionally he stepped to the door and listened to the roar of the wind and the terrific slapping and crashing of the great trees. Even the heavy stone building would sometimes show a sulky tremor as some furious gust caught it. But Fullerton's anxiety was not for the house; it was for the line. That little copper wire carrying sixty thousand volts ran for six miles through that dense forest to Brookville, and in the fury of that gale and the wreck and crash of heavy trees, Fullerton felt but little hope that the wire would escape destruction.

Suddenly he heard a crash just outside the house, and a glance from the window showed a stream of wicked blue sparks flying from the roof of the small wooden tool-house. The first line-pole had come down, bringing the wire across the roof of that shed. Instantly he sprang to the switch and pulled it out. Then he ran to the water-gate and shut off the power. It was a long screw, and it took him over half a minute to close the gate, and by that time the roof of the shed, which was as dry as tinder, was in flames. Then, with a horror that whitened his face, he remembered that there were four kegs of giant-powder in that shed—enough to blow the entire plant out of the township.

With a gasp of despair he seized the key and rushed to the shed—fumbling badly at the great padlock—while the flames were even then licking over the eaves. Wrenching the door open, he sprang in, seized a keg, carried it out, and flung it some distance away. A

second and a third time he repeated this, dodging in beneath a seething mass of flame from which sparks and burning chips were already falling. As he reached the door for the fourth time, a couple of short, light rafters fell in, accompanied by a mass of smaller stuff, showering down directly upon the remaining keg. With a howl of dismay he sprang back and dashed away, but before he had gone a dozen yards the explosion came, and he was crashed to the ground.

It was two hours before Denham and some assistants arrived. They had been warned by the extinguishing of the lights of Brookville that there was trouble along the line, or at the power-house. Two miles up the road their team was blocked by fallen timber. The rest of the journey was made on foot and was full of danger and difficulty.

They found the power-house intact—except for broken windows—but outside was the unconscious Fullerton, pinned down by a heavy joist, one leg doubled up beneath him and two ribs broken.

On the fourth day afterward, when Denham made his usual visit to Fullerton's bedside, he saw instantly that something had gone wrong. There was a raging pulse and a flushed face.

"Feeling worse, Bob?" he asked anxiously.

"Pull up a chair, Dick. I've something to tell you," said Fullerton excitedly. Then he seemed to be at a loss just how to begin. Finally he said, with a moan:

"I left a girl over there"—rolling his eyes towards the East. "She's been waiting for me all this time. That alone ought to have kept me straight. We were to have married before this—at least, that is what I thought. I came out here to make my pile, and I've——"

"See here, old man," interrupted Denham, "you don't want to worry about those things now. You're getting along all right, you know."

"I've got to worry about it, Dick! There's more to it. I want you to help me—and this thing won't wait. I—I did pretty well the first year, and then—well, the climate's hard, you know, Dick, and I went to pieces. I never did any good, after that. But I wrote her that I was making money. Sometimes told her that I was too busy to write lengthy particulars. And all the time I was going down hill I kept on telling her fairy stories.

"It's a great country, this West!" he continued, with a groan. "Full of great dreams, great hopes, great wrecks! My last letter went just before I got this job. I was on my uppers, you know, and yet I wrote her that I was doing tremendously, and hoped, in a few months, to be able to snatch time to go East and fetch her.

"And now—look at this!" and, pulling a letter from his bosom,

he flung it towards Denham with an intensity of despair and bitterness.

The superintendent opened it and glanced over the first paragraphs. He saw nothing in them to so excite his friend. The gist of it came later:

I see your mother often, Bob dear, and we talk together like the two lonely women that we are, telling each other again and again the story of your successes, and trying to find between the lines of your letters when you may return.

But the tears will come, Bob, at the uncertainty of it all—as we think of you in that distant country which is grim with roughness and dangers; as we think that perhaps you are as dreary and lonely as ourselves. We laugh through our tears, and try to cheer each other. But as the dreary weeks drag by without a letter, the dread thought stalks in that you may be ill and suffering.

I cannot bear it, Bobbie boy. I want to be with you—to help you in your fight for success. It may be a long, long time before you get the opportunity to come for me. I know that good men are scarce out there, and of course that will make it harder for you to leave. So I have determined to come to you; and we will be married and rough it together. I am afraid, Bob!—and I want to have a little hand in the “building up” myself.

Mrs. Seabright and Bessie are starting for Seattle on Wednesday, and I shall pack my trunk and start with them. So you ought to see me within two or three days after receiving this.

Denham whistled softly as he folded the letter. Then he said: “Well?”

“Don’t you see, Dick? She’s coming on here—to marry *me*! Coming here, believing in *me*—believing in my lies—believing in my prosperity. And she’ll find me a wreck—a miserable wreck! She must be stopped, Dick. I cannot see her! You will meet her for me, won’t you, Dick?—and tell her just what kind of a man I am—how I have deceived her. You will do this for me, Dick?”

Denham chewed his mustache nervously.

“Is it necessary?” he asked. “You are on the up-turn now. The past two years are turned down; you’ve made good here. Mac-Dougall is going back East in a month, and you’re to be chief engineer in his place. The directors settled that yesterday. Furthermore, Bob, they voted you a thousand dollars for saving the plant—said some mighty complimentary things about it. You’ll hear it all before long.”

“No, no, Dick! For Heaven’s sake, don’t tempt me! She must know all—everything! There must be no more deception—no more lies. If it were not for this cursed smash-up, I’d do it myself; but I can’t, Dick—I can’t! I’ve neither physical nor mental strength

to stand up to it. There's some money coming to me. Use that, old man, and send her home. It's the only way. Some day, perhaps, I can go back and square myself."

Denham dropped his head on his hands and thought intently for many minutes. Then he said: "All right, it shall be as you say;" and he went out with grievous trouble in his eyes.

And Fullerton tossed about in such anguish of mind as haply comes to but few lives. The Girl—the light of his life—would come close to him—and must be lost again! Sick, broken as he was in mind and body, the solace, the delight, which was within his grasp, must be shut out! Her own hopes, her love, her faith, were to be turned to ashes. Through the night and the day following his mind raged upon his folly and her pain. In utter weariness came fitful snatches of sleep, bringing visions of the Girl—ofttimes loving, never reproachful. Once he saw her figure glide to his bedside, and he looked up into her beautiful eyes, moist with tears, and full of love and tenderness. He heard her voice, low and trembling:

"Bob!"—it seemed so real that he opened his eyes wonderingly. "Bob!" said the voice again; and the figure dropped on its knees by his bedside and clasped his hand with convulsive tenderness. "My darling, it is I—Hilda! I have come, Bob, and I shall never leave you, dear! No, don't speak—you cannot send me away—I know everything! Mr. Denham has told me, Bob, but I knew some of it before. I had heard stories. That's why I came—came to help you, you poor old boy. We will start all over again, together, Bob; a new life, where you will work, Bob, and I will watch, and pray—and love."



SUNSET

BY MARY KENT DAVEY

SLOWLY the light fades in the glowing west,
Higher the creeping shadows climb the hill;
A single star, forerunner of the rest,
Flashes to sight, trembles, and then is still.

Hark to the message from the solemn pines,
Borne on the night wind, tremulous and low:
"Fear not, though noon is past and day declines,
The night shall bring thee balm for all thy woe."

ELSE TEARS MUST COME

By Louise Satterthwaite

“NOW, this,” she had said as she presented it, “will break. Take the best care of it, but when it breaks, don’t cry.” The child agreed, and welcomed the gift with loving hands. His adviser sat down forthwith to meditate upon the experiences which had taught her that all things break, but we must not cry.

The toy was a beautiful black pig—a jewel of a pig, so lifelike and saucy of countenance that its jolly fat face beguiled all who looked at it into an answering smile. The child loved the pig for itself, and that entirely outside of the interesting fact that by removing its head you came upon an amazing Ali Baba cave, full of sweets.

The days went by, and the child and the pig had many a pleasant game. Under various chairs the pig lived as in lofty and latticed houses. Many times did it escape into the forbidden meadow of the surrounding carpet. At night it was tethered, dog-like, by a ribbon to one leg of the child’s bed. The boy would awake and look down instantly to see if it had broken loose in the night, but the pig would smile more broadly and wink an eye, as if to say it knew better than to be caught in the act.

Coming in at twilight one day, as was her wont, to talk to the solitary little fellow, the donor of the gift found the boy sitting in his small chair with folded hands and a chastened countenance. She asked no questions, for this was a veritable man-child, who would brook no importunity, but would tell right willingly in his own good time.

So she kissed him, and laid aside her wraps, and asked him if she should make him some music. He nodded, yet his eyes regarded her hungrily. In transit across the room to the piano came a patter of childish feet, and small arms clasped tight about her knees.

“The pig,” said the child, looking up with tragic eyes, “is broke!”

“Oh, my!” said the woman.

“But I did not cry,” said the child, with working face. “I did not cry.”

Very suddenly the woman found tears in her own eyes, threatening to overflow.

“You said it would, and I was very careful,” said the boy, “but

it was on the window-sill—looking out, you know. Somehow the window came down, and it broke three legs.”

“A one-legged pig!” cried the woman gaily, winking away the tears. “Why, that must be a very funny pig!”

“Yes, yes,” said the child.

The woman sat down at the piano, without daring to offer more sympathy. She played very softly, and the child ran and brought the pig and tenderly, tenderly, laid it on its side on a sofa cushion and regarded it as a mother would regard her dead child. The woman looked on with swelling throat.

The pig could not stand—it had only one leg. Lying on its side, it looked maimed and suffering. Softly and more softly did the onlooker touch the keys, and one big tear splashed upon the yellowed ivories as she watched this small picture of love and its sorrow. The set and tragic child’s face, looking down on its heart’s beloved with silent, unavailing sorrow, with yearning, aching heart, seemed to say it could bear no more. Hurriedly he ran and brought a newspaper, and with clumsy, nervous tenderness wrapped it forever away from sight.

“Put it away!” cried the child, ruthlessly breaking into the melody. “Put it away and let me forget it, so I will surely not cry.”

The woman arose and laid it away upon the highest, most inaccessible shelf of the bookcase; and again sat down to meditate upon that wisdom which must put dear broken things away, else tears must come.



ADIEU

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

FADES the sodden wharf, and fades the spire.
 The anchored ships are lost. The climbing town
 Fades out. The narrows close. The cliffs retire.
 The green hill-pastures blur against the brown.

The free wind strains our pinions of gray sail.
 Low slips the sombre shore toward the blue.
 The sun-shot lighthouse windows glint and fail.
 Our rounded topsails dip their long adieu.

WHEN CLASS "A" GAVE THANKS

The fifth of the "Miss Lucy" stories—a series of humorous child sketches, each complete in itself

By Lucy Copinger

CONNECTED with the Teachers' Institute, under whose guidance Miss Lucy still continued, there was a sort of post-graduate club, small in its numbers and snobbish in its attitude. This club was, as it were, the inner circle of teacherdom, and from its superior heights its members could afford to turn up their pedagogical noses and stick out their pedagogical tongues at their less favored sisters. It was known as the Society of Scholastic Sociology, which high-sounding title was, however, perverted by envious outsiders into the Sour Spinster Social. Miss Lucy and her frivolous companions had been among these irreverent scoffers until the time came when Miss Lucy herself was invited to aspire to its membership. She then took to speaking in rhetorical periods only, and to snubbing her former associates.

The requirements for admission to this society were few but rigorous. The candidate wrote a thesis upon some problem of school life, and was then visited by a committee of three, who listened to the working out of the problem. With her usual cheerful conceit, Miss Lucy had scorned the humbler phases of her work, and had taken for her subject "A Teacher's Influence Upon the Moral Tone of Her Class." A week before Thanksgiving she received notice that the committee of three would visit her.

The next morning Miss Lucy, clothed in a foolish confidence and her very best white shirt-waist, stood before Class A, while in the back of the room sat judicially the dread committee, made up of the principal, the supervisor, and a visiting teacher—a long, thin, spectacled person whom Miss Lucy in her unregenerate days would have designated as one of the Sour Spinsters, but whom she now viewed with the reverence given to a high priestess in the ranks of Scholastic Sociology. Miss Lucy had taken for her sub-topic "Why We Give Thanks," and, fortified by her new waist, she swallowed the lump in her throat and began.

"Children," she said smilingly, "I want to talk to you a little about a holiday we are going to have soon. Who knows what it is? Herman?"

"Holler Eve," said Herman,

"Oh, no, Herman, not Hallow Eve," said Miss Lucy. "It is Thanksgiving. And now who can tell me what Thanksgiving means? What do we do then? Sophie?"

"Miz Luzy," began Sophie Bauerschmidt, "efery year we haf a party mit beer, and my father gits drunk, and my mother says he ain't nothing but a guzzler, and my father says, 'Go to the devil!'"

In these heart to heart talks with her class Miss Lucy allowed a certain freedom of expression, but at the disclosure of this exchange of connubial compliments she looked shocked.

"Yes, Sophie dear," she began, but the talkative Sophie was not so easily checked.

"And, Miz Luzy," she continued, "my sister's got a beau, but my mother says he ain't nothing but a kissing-bug."

At this Miss Lucy looked apprehensively at the committee. The principal was shamelessly amused, but the supervisor, a correct gentleman, looked pained, and the blush of outraged modesty was rising upon the spinster cheek of the visiting teacher.

"That will do, Sophie," said Miss Lucy severely; "you are not telling me what I asked you at all. Children, some of you can surely tell me what Thanksgiving means! Anna, what do we do then?"

Anna Karenina, in her seat at the foot of the class, had been sitting in the scornful silence that she always opposed to these attempts of Miss Lucy to uplift her moral tone. Even this obvious appeal did not affect her.

"Nothun," she said rudely.

At these repeated refusals to respond to her questions a suspicion was growing upon Miss Lucy that as a subject of scholastic sociological research Class A might be a failure. Her cheeks were beginning to show flaming signals of distress, but she kept bravely on.

"Oh, yes, Anna, surely you can think of something you do on Thanksgiving."

"Nothun," repeated Anna blankly. Having thus spoken, she withdrew herself from further discussion by sulkily putting her head down on her desk.

Just at this moment an inspiration seized Bum O'Reilly. His quick Irish tact had told him that there was some especial answer desired by Miss Lucy. He remembered that she had always shown an interest in the numerous and frequent additions to his family.

"We got a baby last Thanksgivun," he volunteered obligingly, "but we ain't goin' to git none this year."

At this point Miss Lucy, without even daring to look at the committee, hastily interrupted.

"Yes, yes, James," she said; "but what is it you and all of us should do every day, but more than ever on Thanksgiving Day?"

"You should clean your teeth and wash yourself all over," said Josef Bureschy, whose weak mind was wandering back to the Cleanliness Talk of the day before.

At last, "We give thanks," said the correct Marie Schaefer, the only member of Class A who ever knew anything.

Thus having laboriously extracted the desired answer, Miss Lucy took fresh heart, and her smile grew a little less glazed, her sprightliness a little less painful.

"Yes, we give thanks," she said; "that is what we should do on Thanksgiving Day. And now who can be very nice and smart and tell me to whom we give thanks?"

Bum, who attended Mass as regularly as he got into trouble, answered this promptly.

"The blessed Virgin Mary and all the holy saints," he said reverently.

"Miz Luzy, it ain't so!" here suddenly and indignantly cried Sophie. "Don't you believe him. I go to the Luthurum Sunday School, and there ain't nobody but God and Martin Luthurum, and my mother says Bum O'Reilly worships idols."

At this assailing of his faith Bum grew hot.

"It's the blessed Virgin Mary, I'm tellin ye, and I'll bust yer face if ye don't shut up!" he cried angrily.

"James," Miss Lucy broke in sternly upon this discussion between the Reformed and the Papal, "James, that will do. I am surprised at your language." Then, thinking it best to pass over to safer ground: "Now who can tell me why we give thanks? Who can think of something nice that he is thankful for?"

At these pleasant words of something nice Frederick William's face brightened. From the family disclosures of Sophie to the theological encounter, he had sat in the silence of one carried beyond his mental depth; but here was something tangible.

"Well, Frederick," smiled Miss Lucy hopefully, "what are you thankful for?"

"The gizzard," said Frederick William.

It was then that Miss Lucy gave up the fight. She was about to sink wearily into her chair and defeatedly order a writing lesson

when the visiting teacher, who had been viewing her struggles with the cold tolerance of the superior pedagogue, came forward.

"Let me speak to the little ones," she said condescendingly.

Miss Lucy assented, and, thus shelved, she sat down meekly at one side. As she did so she looked at the supervisor, and she was surprised to see the solemn opening and closing of one of his eyes in such a manner that, if he had not been a supervisor, Miss Lucy would have said that he had winked at her.

The visiting teacher stood up before Class A. The visiting teacher was the pure type of feminine pedagogue—bespectacled, scant of hair, sour-visaged. In reproof to the frivolous fluffiness of Miss Lucy's lingers, she wore one of those antique creations that can only be designated as a basque, dusty, black, and scant. With a cool turning round of the decree of fashion that only a priestess of Scholastic Sociology would dare, this waist buttoned tightly down the front, and came down in a point in the back. So unique was the effect that Miss Lucy wondered vaguely if this costume was the required uniform of Scholastic Sociology. Her ingenious mind had already hit upon a plan whereby she could conform to this regulation by putting her own waists on backward, when she became aware that the visiting teacher was speaking.

If Miss Lucy's manner had been of a gentle sprightliness, the visiting teacher's was openly hilarious. "Lift them up!" was her creed, usually expressed with much uplifting of arms. "Carry them along with you on the wave of your vitality. That is the spirit of Scholastic Art."

On this occasion the spirit of Scholastic Art was put forth more vigorously than ever in a final attempt to lift the dead weight of Class A's sixty neglected little moral tones.

"Little boys and girls," she began, with a coquettish waving of arms that Bum, who was the star twirler of his nine, would have described as a crack motion, "open your little eyes, open your little ears, open your little hearts, and listen and look just as hard!" As she spoke, she conveniently illustrated her remarks upon the child in the front seat, who happened to be Frederick William; and it was a painful shock to this most dignified of Miss Lucy's scholars to have his eyebrows pulled up, his ears tweaked, to be gently poked in the stomach, and, as a climax, to receive a rap on the head at the hand of the playful visiting teacher. At this treatment his eyes filled with tears, and he looked beseechingly at Miss Lucy. Miss Lucy's attention, however, was engaged elsewhere, for from the beginning of the visiting teacher's address she had been aware of a loudly whispered conversation carried on across the aisle between Sophie Bauer-

schmidt and Anna Karenina—a conversation that, ignoring her warning frowns, finally culminated in a vindictive shaking of fists and out-sticking of tongues. Unfortunately, the visiting teacher caught sight of Anna's extended tongue, and, "Little girl, little girl!" she said reproachfully. "Why, little girl!"

At this Sophie sniggered, but Anna glowered threateningly.

"Id ain'd my fauld," she said angrily. "She says him's"—pointing accusingly at the supervisor—"her father, and you're her mother, und you ain'd. Onct I seen Miz Luzy's mother, und she ain'd so old ad all."

After this a blank occurred in Miss Lucy's memory, and it was not until the middle of the writing lesson that she fully recovered. The committee of three had gone.

After school the principal came to her.

"You'll have to try again," he said regretfully. "You didn't pass. You made a good try, and the supervisor and I would have let you in anyhow, but I don't think the—er—maternal idea exactly appealed to our distinguished colleague."

Miss Lucy had quite regained her usual cheerfulness, but she could not resist a little feminine spite.

"Oh, well," she said resignedly, "I guess it's for the best. I never could have dressed the part anyhow, I'd have to pickle my face, and put my clothes all on backward."



PASSING

BY F. DAVIS

A SPICE-JAR in an empty room;
 A fountain in the wilderness;
 A spark of flame in forest gloom;
 A jewel in a mourning dress—

So seemed her bravely dancing feet,
 Her blowing hair and gypsy face,
 At gray noon, on my dripping street—
 A dreary, rattling, paved place.

And all my day was faintly sweet,
 And not so darkened as before,
 Because she passed along the street:
 Her light, swift shadow charmed my door.

THE DEMI-MAN

By E. Ayrton-Zangwill

GAY little family parties were hurrying into the brightly lit "Place au Singe d'Or." Ah, it was Sunday evening, I remembered. Presently when the clock in the great gray belfry had chimed its solemn hours, the town band would break into some energetic selections from the latest comic opera. Already the surrounding benches were overfilled, and so I took my place amid the few people dotting the rows of ten *centime* chairs within the roped enclosure. "Good-for-nothing profligates; as though *le bon Dieu* rained *sous* from the skies," remarked Mère Alost as she panted heavily across the square, P'tit Jean dragging at the voluminous maternal skirts.

There was one man in the crowd, however, whose seat was always secure. He was being pushed along in a rude bath-chair, which he guided deftly among the moving groups. His dark, handsome face arrested the attention, then as my careless gaze wandered down, it stopped with a jerk of surprise. The front edge of the cushion on which he sat stood out in unbroken prominence. I stared incredulously. Were my eyes tricking me, or was this really only the half of a man? The innocent void in the lower part of the chair seemed to darken the world.

At this moment there was a commotion at the other side of the square. Mère Alost, evidently considering that the last shall be first and the first last, had crossed the enclosure and, by bobbing unexpectedly under the rope, she had planted herself in the front row of the earlier comers. The remonstrance was shrill and vigorous, and after some effort the uneasy crowd succeeded in engulfing her spacious personality, while P'tit Jean was sucked along in the wake.

It was not among the audience alone that a certain friction existed; a pretty quarrel seemed to be ripening among the bandsmen. The conductor was clearly delayed, and after some discussion the trombone, a fresh-colored, lively young fellow, scrambled into the empty place and grasped the baton. The first violin immediately put his fiddle into its case, closing it with a vicious snap, and then sat upon it, presumably to mark his disapproval. A solitary laugh among the spectators made me turn. It was from the demi-man, whose chair

had been drawn up against the rope of the enclosure. He was watching the discord in the band with evident amusement, and looked guiltily regretful at the advent of the bandmaster, which occurred at this point and served to restore the peace. I was glad that this poor human moiety was sufficiently akin with mankind to enjoy its humors.

The music had scarcely begun when P'tit Jean emerged again into the roped enclosure. He had doubtless found it warm in the crowd, and an exclusive study of footgear and skirt-trimmings probably tends to weariness. But the brevity of his stature, although it caused the evil, also brought the remedy; it would be difficult were one more than a yard high to effect an escape between the male spectator's legs. P'tit Jean was grasping a tin soldier in each hand, and with this military escort he trotted about securely until the attendant espied him and told him severely that ten *centime* enclosures were not the place for little boys. He must go back to his mother. "*Dépêche toi!*" cried the man.

So P'tit Jean turned and wandered back along the solid line of people, making a dive every now and then when he saw a fat man's legs ajar. It was always the wrong turning, however, and the amateur archways, not understanding the position, were inclined to resent the attempt. P'tit Jean began to look unhappy, but still he kept on, until by chance he reached the wheeled chair. There he stopped, staring at its dreadful occupant. I wondered whether I ought to go to the rescue; perhaps the child was terrified into immobility. Suddenly he stretched out his little chubby arms. "Take me up; it's nice!" he cried. If one has found the way troublesome amid a labyrinth of legs, can their absence come as a relief?

It was the cripple himself who lifted up P'tit Jean, although kind steadying hands were placed on his shoulders. Even so his unweighted body rolled horribly, although the little one did not seem to mind. He had clasped his arms around the man's neck and nestled there silently; only, when the band played a favorite tune, he beat time softly on the dark face and uttered little squeaks of joy. And the man said nothing either; he could not. He was kissing the child hungrily, tenderly, almost as a woman might have done.

"I want to play with my soldiers," said P'tit Jean at last, and slipped down into the empty footboard of the wheeled chair.

The man looked disappointed; still, he did not speak. He was looking down at P'tit Jean, while P'tit Jean only looked at the little tin soldiers. Suddenly the child put up his hand and stroked the deformed, legless body. "I'm happy down here," he said, a smile

dimpling out over his round face. "I'd like always to be riding about down here, with you up there, so cozily." An answering light came into the man's dark eyes; it was as though the sun had broken out through a cloud.

"If I had been a whole man," he murmured whimsically, "where would have been the place down there for P'tit Jean?"



A MEMORY OF MID-AUGUST

BY JOHN L. SHROY

GREEN in the valley and blue on the hill,
 And brown in the fields near by;
 A quiver of heat when the wind is still,
 A Bob White whistle strong and shrill
 And a distant sweet reply.

A locust sings me a warm, dry song
 As he sits on a tassel of corn;
 And the dust is deep and the spider lines strong,
 While the seconds are pushing the minutes along,
 And the hours are weary and worn.

The glorious blue of the summer sky
 Is changed to a hazy gray,
 And a lonely white cloud goes afloating by,
 The Mother Breeze nods with a half-closed eye
 While her children, the Zephyrs, play.

I lie 'neath a tree in a shady nook
 By a drowsy, murmuring stream;
 And I listen and think and at times give a look
 At the pages and lines of a lazy old book,
 Till the words fade away in a dream.



AMBITION

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE.

I shot an arrow at the zenith;
 And it fell on my own head.



NOT SO SCARED AS HE SEEMED

A smart young drummer was driving his hired team along a difficult bit of Wyoming road when he overtook a rather dignified old gentleman who was walking in the direction in which he was driving.

“Have a lift?” inquired “our Mr. Simpson” genially.

“Thank you, sir;” and the old gentleman took a seat in the buggy beside the drummer.

The team happened to be a pair of half-broken broncos—a fact upon which the drummer enlarged gleefully as he slackened the lines and gave the horses their heads a trifle. They were off at a jump, and as the buggy swung violently around a curve, the old gentleman was all but thrown out—to the great amusement of the smart young drummer. When this occurred a second time the old gentleman said politely:

“If it is all the same to you, sir, I should be obliged if you would drive a little more slowly.”

“Oh, if you are afraid,” sneered the young man unpleasantly, “perhaps you had better do the driving.”

The old gentleman looked at him for a moment with a look in his eyes which the drummer never forgot.

“Perhaps you are right, sir,” he said, with the utmost politeness, as he took the lines. Then he reached for the whip in the whip socket, and, leaning over the dash-board, he lashed first one bronco and then the other.

“Are *you* afraid, sir?” he demanded, turning upon the drummer; but before the terrified drummer could reply he threw both lines out of the buggy, and the runaway horses, with the lines dragging, tore around the curves at a pace at which “our Mr. Simpson” never had ridden.

Both men were thrown out and the buggy splintered. The old gentleman, the first to arise from the wreck, stood over the prostrate drummer as he returned to consciousness, and again demanded:

“Are *you* afraid, sir?”

Walnuts and Wine

The smart young man learned ultimately that his passenger was Major Wolton, whose reckless courage is a byword throughout Wyoming.

Caroline Lockhart



ERADICATED

Discouraged teacher: "Mary, haven't you an idea in your head?"

Pupil: "No, ma put on sweet oil last summer, an' I haven't had one since!"

Eleanor Root



A GOOD NAME

De Style: "Why do they call the foreman of that factory 'Old Automobile'?"

Gunbusta: "Because he's got so many men under him, I guess."

F. P. Pitzer



AN EASY MATTER

The man was playing euchre with the latest belle of the Mountain House, while his bride of three months was trying to busy her mind as well as her fingers with a piece of embroidery.

Suddenly the husband turned toward his wife with a patronizing air.

"Pardon me," he exclaimed; "I hadn't noticed that I was between you and the light!"

"Oh, pray don't move!" the little woman replied. "I can see through you perfectly well!"

Emma C. Dowd



A REMINDER

Two girls were going down the street when they passed a man wearing a green vest and a beaver hat.

"Oh!" said the one. "Just see what that man is sporting."

"Yes," said the other; "that reminds me: I've got to buy some quinine."

"How does that remind you?"

"Oh, just the bad taste."

Gordon R. Edwards

Walnuts and Wine

The Belle of
1789

The Beauty of
To-Day

BEAUTIFUL women, all over the civilized world, for over a hundred years have found

PEARS' SOAP

Matchless for the Complexion



ALL RIGHTS SECURED

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST

Walnuts and Wine

A DOUBLE INTENDER

By John George Crandall

An automobile
With a bursted wheel
Went into a garage for quick repairs;
And the chauffeur, balked
In his projects, talked
As a tinker talks when a tinker swears.
But the great machine,
Full of righteous spleen,
And of gratitude by its cure inspired,
Said at once to each,
To the skilful leech
And the swearing chauffeur, "You make me tired!"



A SPOON STORY

A banquet was given to the students recently by the "Profs" of a well-known college. Upon the morning following, in chapel, announcement was made that three solid silver spoons were missing when the festive board had been cleared away the evening before.

"Those three silver spoons must be returned," ended the professor upon whom had devolved the delivery of the announcement.

Two days later, the mail-man, pushing a four-wheeled cart ahead of him, delivered at the college something like eleven hundred packages, each of which upon examination proved to be a paste-board box containing a tin spoon carefully wrapped in tissue paper.

And the "Profs," in hopes of finding the three solid silver spoons among them, were obliged to open every one of the packages—with the result that the three spoons are still missing.

Albert J. Klinck



WHICH WILLIAM?

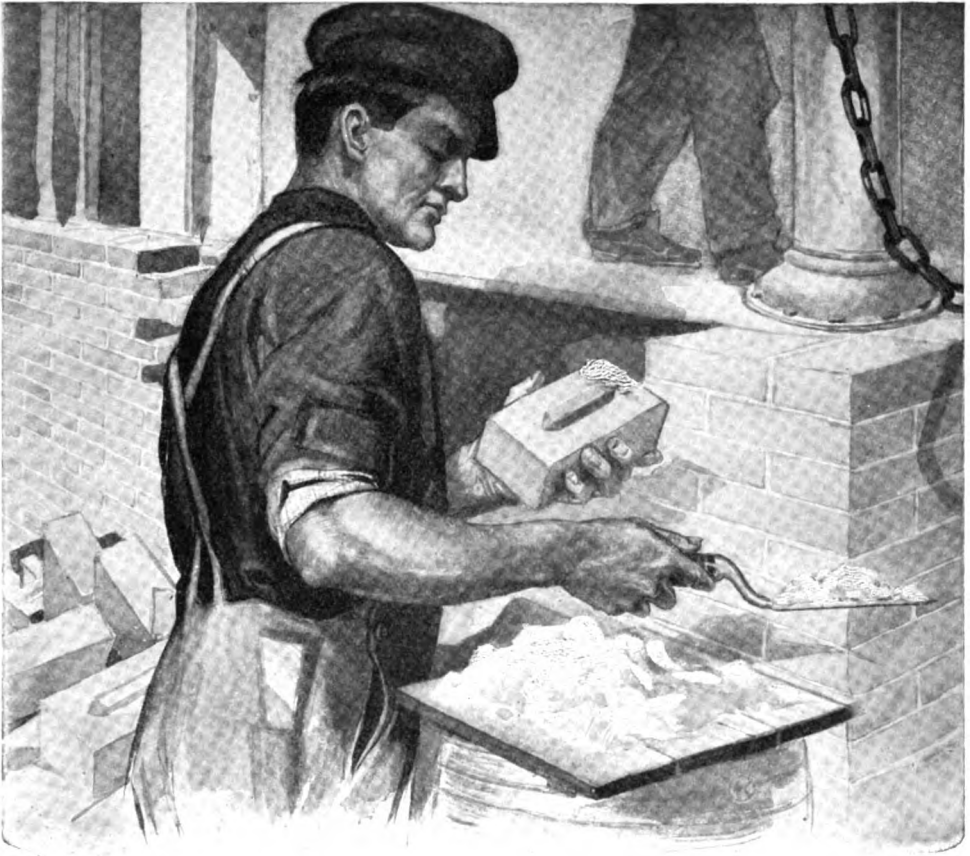
During a conversation between the present German Kaiser and his Chancellor, the latter, in closing a remark, said:

"As the immortal William once put it, 'There's a divinity that shapes our ends, roughhew them how we will.'"

"That's pretty good," spoke up the Kaiser. "But, by the way, when did I say that?"

Addison May Rothrock

Walnuts and Wine



Build What You Build, Well

Build your body cell by cell, WELL. Use properly selected FOOD. That is the material, and, as the builder of a building selects the best brick and mortar, so you should select the very best material the world affords from which to build your body.

Nowadays we have that material right at hand chosen by an expert.

Grape-Nuts

food is made from the certain selected parts of Wheat and Barley which supply the Phosphate of Potash that assimilates with Albumen and makes the soft gray matter in the nerve-cells and brain to perfectly rebuild and sustain the delicate nervous system upon which the whole structure depends, and the food is so prepared in manufacture that babe or athlete can digest it.

“There’s a Reason” and a profound one for **GRAPE-NUTS**.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Walnuts and Wine

VERSATILE

A fair example of those who take little interest in St. Paul's maxim, "This one thing I do," is the man who set this crudely printed card in the window of his shop:

ATTENTION

Chair caning and all kinds of family soddering done Here. Also Music furnished for Public Bawls, Recepeions and Danases. Lessons on the Viloin. Fansy dances taught in Six lessons. Lessons in oild Painting and wax flowers. Inquire inside.

J. L. Harbour



BILL NYE AS A MUSICAL CRITIC

Joseph H. Choate tells of a conversation he once had with the late "Bill" Nye, in reference to a concert the humorist had attended during his first visit to London. "I had asked Mr. Nye," said Mr. Choate, "what was his opinion of Wagner's music." With the most serious expression in the world, Nye replied:

"I must confess that his music is beyond my comprehension; but I always feel sure, when I hear it, that it is really much better than it sounds."

Edwin Tarrisse



ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY

The present Chief Justice of Ontario, Sir William Meredith, was for many years engaged in the practice of criminal law, and afterwards became a notable figure in provincial politics, as leader of "Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition" in the Ontario Parliament. He is a man of fine presence, with a leonine mass of white hair. One night he was speaking in Toronto at a turbulent meeting held toward the close of a hot campaign, when he was sharply interrupted by a strident voice from the top gallery:

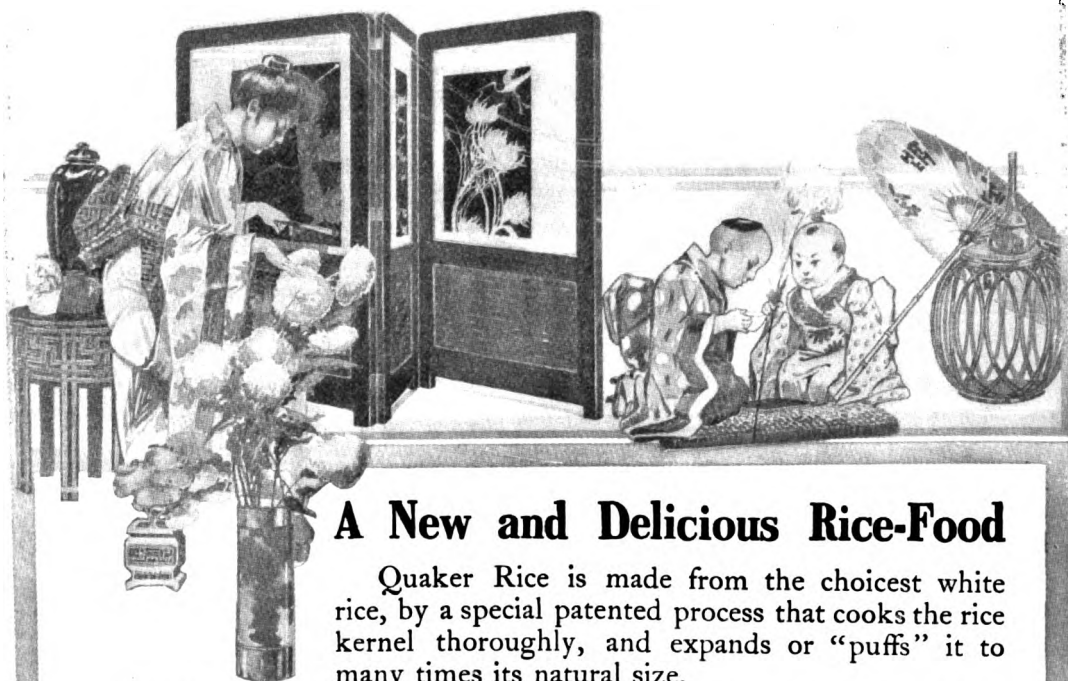
"Aw, Willum, go an' get your hair cut!"

Instantly Meredith threw back his magnificent head, and, fixing the offender with the stern eye of the practiced examiner, exclaimed:

"My friend, if my memory serves me, I once had something to do with getting *your* hair cut."

There were no more interruptions.

George Herbert Clarke



A New and Delicious Rice-Food

Quaker Rice is made from the choicest white rice, by a special patented process that cooks the rice kernel thoroughly, and expands or "puffs" it to many times its natural size.

This process of "puffing" gives to Quaker Rice the most delicious flavor, and makes a light, dainty food, different from anything you have ever eaten.

Quaker Rice

(Puffed)

contains all of the strength-making and health-making qualities of rice in a most appetizing form. You can eat as much Quaker Rice as you wish with the absolute knowledge that your stomach can and will quickly assimilate the nourishment it contains—and every particle of Quaker Rice is digestible.

It is this dainty, delicate, delicious taste to Quaker Rice that makes you want more, once you have eaten it. Its healthful, wholesome properties are what make you glad you have eaten it.

Quaker Rice can be easily and quickly made into many delightful confections, such as Quaker Rice Candy, Quaker Rice Brittle, etc., right in your own kitchen. Recipes will be found on each package. During the coming winter months Quaker Rice parties for children will be very much in vogue.

Quaker Rice is sold by grocers everywhere at 10c the package.

Made by The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

Walnuts and Wine

THE WRONG ILLUSTRATION

Ten o'clock and the small boy refused to become sleepy.

Father: "Willie, you must go to bed."

Mother: "Yes, Willie, you must go. Just think how long ago the little chickens went to sleep."

Willie (who is an observer): "But didn't the old hen and the rooster go with them, ma?"

Willie stayed up till eleven.

L. Cortright

THE FINAL ACT

By Sarah G. Frost

(With humble apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling)

When Europe's last town we have quitted,
and given our final "tip,"
When the last Paris gown has been fitted,
and the post-cards are packed in our grip,
We shall rest,—and faith we shall need it,—
lie back in our deck-chairs and doze,
Till the voice of the customs official
shall call us from our repose.

And those that were poor shall be happy;
they shall have no plunder to hide;
They can swear to the law without finching,
and open their boxes wide.
But they that had wealth to squander
shall tremble to hear that call;
From virtue's straight path they shall wander,
and into deceit they shall fall.

And the friends we remember shall praise us,
and those who are slighted shall blame,
But inspectors shall take our money,
and shut their eyes just the same.
And each in the joy of her treasure
shall thank her separate star
That our upright customs officials
are as easily worked as they are.

SY-CLO

TRADE-MARK

The perfect material and scientific principle of construction of the SY-CLO Closet entirely overcomes the unpleasant and unsanitary features that make the ordinary closet a menace to health. The SY-CLO Closet does away with the necessary care that makes the common closet a household burden.

Study the sectional view of the SY-CLO illustrated below. Notice the unusual extent of water surface in the bowl. No possibility of impurity adhering to the sides. That's why the SY-CLO is always clean.

Unlike the ordinary closet, the SY-CLO Closet has a double cleansing action, a combination of flush from above and a powerful pump-like pull from below.

The downward rush of water creates a vacuum in the pipe into which the entire contents of the bowl is drawn with irresistible syphonic force.

That's why the SY-CLO Closet is called

The Closet That Cleans Itself

The sectional cut shows the *deep water-seal* that perpetually guards the household health by making impossible the escape of sewer gas, a subtle and often unsuspected poison.

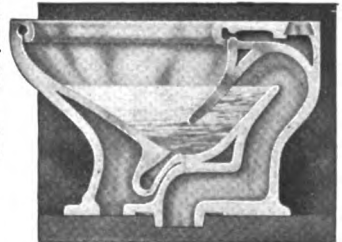
The material of the SY-CLO Closet is heavy white *china*, hand moulded into a single piece. No joint, crack or crevice to retain impurity. No surface to chip off or crack. Nothing to rust or corrode. Unaffected by water, acid or wear.

The name "SY-CLO" on a closet guarantees that it is made under the direction and supervision of the Potteries Selling Company, of the best materials, and with the aid of the best engineering skill, and has the united endorsement of eighteen of the leading potteries of America.

Lavatories of every design made of the same material as the SY-CLO Closets.

POTTERIES SELLING COMPANY,
TRENTON, N. J.

*Valuable Booklet on
"Household Health"
sent free
if you mention
the name of
your Plumber.*



Walnuts and Wine

JOHN DREW ON DRAWING POWER

A fellow actor was the subject of discussion at The Players Club not long ago.

"He is perfectly devoted to that blonde"—so Mr. John Drew was informed. "His family think it is a case of hypnotism."

"Seems more like chemical attraction," said the great actor thoughtfully.

J. M. Hendrickson



WHY HE LAUGHED

A college girl was copying an inscription one day in the British Museum when two young women entered. Looking at the rosetta stone, one of them said, "What is this? R-o-s-e-t-t-a—*rosetta* stone." Then leaning down to it, she cautiously sniffed at it several times, and, lifting her head, said to her companion, "Why, it does have a peculiar fragrance like a rose." When the college girl got home she told the story to her brother, who laughed and laughed, and, when he recovered his breath sufficiently, exclaimed, "Why, didn't she know that Rossetti was a poet?"

Frances N. Heath



IN CHICAGO

"Where do you sell your second-hand wedding gowns?"

J. M. Hendrickson



SAME THING

Grover Cleveland and the late Joseph Jefferson were chums of the warmest kind. Love of sport threw them much together, and they found pleasure in reminiscences and thoughts of the future.

"Life is, after all, but a fleeting show," said Mr. Jefferson one day when they were on a fishing excursion.

"That's so," replied Mr. Cleveland. "I noticed it particularly when I lived in New York. Whenever I was obliged to take the elevated to go home, I found it a series of one night stands."

J. Maxwell Boers

Walnuts and Wine.



SIMPLIFIED SHAVING

Just a Gillette Safety Razor

soap and brush---and in 2 to 5 minutes the harshest beard can be smoothly shaved from the tenderest skin, with greater comfort than you have ever experienced from your pet razor or your favorite barber.

Yet the cost is less than 2 cents a week for a perfect shave every day in the year. Think of the money and time the Gillette Razor saves its ONE MILLION satisfied users!

**NO STROPPING NO HONING!
ALWAYS SHARP**

Gillette double-edged wafer blades are so hard and keen that each blade gives an average of more than 20 perfect shaves. When dulled, throw away as a used pen. A new blade inserted in a second. Extra blades cost 50 cents for ten.

THE FINEST RAZOR IN THE WORLD

The Gillette Razor is built like a watch, and its sturdy frame will last a lifetime. If you could visit the Gillette Factory and see the minute care with which each individual blade is tempered, ground, honed, stropped and then tested with human hair as a barber tests his blade, you would understand why the Gillette Razor is no to be compared with any other razor ever made.

PRICES: Triple silver-plated holder and 12 tested blades (24 keen edges) in a handsome leather case, \$5. Standard combination set with triple silver-plated soap and brush holders, \$7.50. Other sets in gold and silver. Extra blades, 10 for 50c.

Sold by Drug, Cutlery and Hardware dealers everywhere, most of whom make the 30-day free trial offer. If yours wont, write us and we will.

Write today for illustrated booklet.

Gillette Sales Company, 271 Times Bldg., New York



Exact
Size
of the
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Safety
Razor
Ready for
use

Triple
Silver
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**Gillette
Playing Cards.
For 25c.**

silver or stamps and the name of a friend who does not use the Gillette Razor. we send to any address post-paid a full pack of 50-cent playing cards; round corner, gold edges, celluloid finish, in handsome gold embossed leatherette telescope case. Send today.

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING, NO HONING.



Walnuts and Wine

PARAPHRASES

Uneasy is the tooth that wears a crown.

Absinthe makes the heart go wander.

Who laughs last his laugh lasts.

Out of mind—in the asylum.

All things come to him who has them.

Truth is mighty scarce.

In a multitude of counselors there is much befogging of justice.

A good name is to be preferred to riches, but riches get the most credit.

H. W. Francis



INVENTING FOR THE INVENTOR

In a certain New York State factory given over to the manufacturing of electrical appliances, visitors are of daily occurrence, and guides a necessity. A guide named Steve took such pride in the works that if surprise and enthusiasm did not always respond to his personally conducted tours he would promptly imagine various things, to awaken what he believed to be the proper emotions. One day, with an unusually undemonstrative man in tow—a man seemingly not even interested in the “features” shown him, while he paid close attention to details of apparent insignificance—Steve began on the subject of the incandescent light.

“It was discovered purely by accident,” said he. “Mr. Edison says himself that he would never have thought of the thing if he hadn’t seen some lightning playing around a fork that had been left in an empty pickle bottle.”

The visitor looked up rather oddly at this information, but still so quietly that Steve, to cap his climax, added: “And so was born that boon to all mankind, the incandescent light.”

At that instant a passing employee caught sight of the visitor, and, coming up to him with hand outstretched, exclaimed: “If it isn’t my old boss! How are you, Mr. Edison?”

Steve sat down on the first object handy, and, with his head in his hands, tried to recall what he had said, and think quickly of some way out. When he looked up, the “Wizard of Menlo Park” had departed, undoubtedly wiser than when he began his tour round the factory, but also undoubtedly considerate of Steve. And a fortnight later that gentleman received from West Orange a book on

Walnuts and Wine

LOWNEY'S

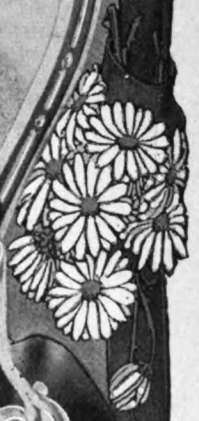
CHOCOLATE BON-BONS

*Pure
Delicious
Healthful*

*The Most
Perfect of
Confections*



REG'D U.S.
PAT OFF



The
Choicest of Chocolate
Purest of Cane Sugar
Finest Nuts & Fruits and
Purest Extracts of Fruits & Flowers
-Nothing Else!

*"Name
on Every
Piece"*

The WALTER M. LOWNEY Co.
BOSTON, MASS. COCOA AND CHOCOLATE

Walnuts and Wine

electrical science, "written down" to juvenile readers, and on the fly-leaf, beneath a sketch of a fork in an empty bottle, were written these words:

"And so was born that boon to all mankind, the incandescent light!"

Warwick James Prio

WHY, INDEED

Muriel: "That girl can't sing."

Marguerite: "Certainly not; but why should she seem so determined to show us that she can't?"

Edwin Tarrisse

THE WEB OF THEOLOGY

The minister of the Zion Church looked long and sternly at the parishioner whose mind was more open to abstruse theological problems than to simple every-day questions of honesty.

"What you studyin' on foreordination and all such doctrines for?" he demanded severely.

"I—I—jes' like to know whether I b'lieve it," stammered Uncle Plutarch.

"See hyar," said the elder, pointing a long black finger at his questioner, "is you gwine to b'lieve dat no matter how much a pusson may struggle 'gainst de powers ob 'struction, he's got no mo' chance dan Mr. Greenough's chick'ns dat peep so lively has ob escapin' free while you keeps an eye on dat chick'n coop day an' night? Is dat what you want to b'lieve?"

"Massy sakes, no!" said Uncle Plutarch fervently.

Elizabeth L. Gould

EVERYTHING WOODEN

"The heroine of to-day is no longer described as having a marble brow."

"No; marble-tops are out."

C. A. Bolton

THE VERDICT

Judge: "What is the verdict of the jury?"

Foreman of the jury: "Your honor, the jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane!"

George Frederick Wilson



WHITING PAPERS

NO HIGHER GRADE MADE

The Correct Papers for Correspondence—Social or Business.

The Whiting Water-mark is the **high-water mark** of fine paper-making. It sets a world's standard.

Whiting's Angora Papers for invitations, announcements, and social functions.

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Largest Manufacturers of Fine Writing-paper in the World

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Walnuts and Wine

THE LIMIT

By McLandburgh Wilson

Give Copernicus due credit,
And a eulogistic toast,
For explaining just the workings
Of the planetary host.

Give a meed of praise to Newton,
As we quaff another cup,
For his lucid explanation
Why an apple won't fall up.

And, regarding definitions
For the ignorant to hunt,
Noah Webster's dictionary
Did a modest little stunt.

But you realize those sages
Had an easy job to swing,
When you first explain a ball game
To a fluffy sweet young thing.



Two A. M.

Wife: "Wake up, John! I think there are burglars in the house."

Husband: "I huh—hope——"

"What do you hope?"

"I huh—hope you're mistaken."

D. F. Maguire



THE EARTH'S SURFACE

Two sisters, one tipping the scales at two hundred pounds or more, and the other slight to extreme slimness, but very beautiful, were being introduced at a reception.

"What's her name?" whispered one young man to a friend, referring to the slim sister. "I didn't catch it."

"Virginia," answered the friend.

"Virginia!" repeated the young man, in apparent surprise. "Then her sister must be the whole United States!"

L. M.



Clean from Head to Foot

SIMPLY "washing up" morning and night and taking a bath once a week, will not keep you on speaking terms with healthful cleanliness.

Bathing the body from head to foot daily, or, at least, every other day, is necessary to remove the dead cuticle and keep the pores of the skin free, and in proper condition to perform the function Nature allotted them.

Do you know that your skin throws off every day 17 per cent of the entire waste matter which comes from your body?

It is too much to ask Nature to take care of this discharge—you must assist her, and frequent bathing, with good soap and fresh water, is the best aid.

The main problem is to find the right soap.

Good soap is a skin stimulant; impure soap is a skin irritant.

Soaps made from cheap materials, and containing free alkali, rosin and other adulterants, stick to and roughen the skin, clog the pores, and do more harm than good.

A high-grade soap *cleanses* the pores, softens the skin, and removes the little bacteria of the body.

There is no free alkali, no rosin, no adulterants in FAIRY SOAP. It is just as pure and high-grade as best materials can make it. We might incorporate

some artificial coloring matter, scent it up with expensive perfumes and sell FAIRY SOAP for 25c or 50c a cake.

Such a course, however, would not add a whit to the cleansing quality of FAIRY SOAP—it would not make it a bit more effective; it would actually rob it of its whiteness and purity.

If you are looking for perfume, why not buy it separately, and place it on your clothes or body? Soap is made to cleanse, soften and purify—not to scent up the body with fanciful odors.

Now, compare a cake of FAIRY SOAP with one of any other white soap.

You will find the other soap yellow in color, greasy in odor—and oft-times absolutely rancid.

FAIRY SOAP is white and will remain so. It smells deliciously sweet and clean.

FAIRY SOAP—the white, floating, oval cake—sells for 5 cents at grocers' and druggists'.



"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"

Walnuts and Wine

A FOXY TENANT

At one time there lived in Worcester, Massachusetts, an old negro who had a tremendous influence religious and political in the settlement where he lived. He occupied a little house owned by a prominent banker, but had successfully evaded the payment of rent for many years. No trouble came, however, until the banker was nominated to run for a political office. The next day the old negro came hobbling into his office.

"Well, Sam," said the banker, "I suppose you've come in to pay me some rent."

"Oh, no, boss," replied the old man. "I's just come in to say I's glad yo is nominated, and will tell de res' of dese no 'count niggers to vote fo' yo, and to mention to yo at de same time dat de roof of my house is a leakin', an' if it ain't fixed I'll have to move out directly."

R. W. Child



THE WORDS SOUNDED ALL RIGHT

Helen went to a little party. She returned much earlier than expected, and her mother, fearing that something had gone wrong, questioned her. Helen was very fond of using words that she considered fine sounding. She replied:

"I stayed until they went out in the dining-room, and then I saw that there were eleven little girls and only ten chairs. I thought I'd tell Ruthie's mother, as polite as I could, that there weren't chairs enough; so I stayed in the other room, and when she came and asked me why I didn't come out with the other little girls, I just told her. I said, that she perpetually didn't expect some one, and I didn't go out because there was no incentive. She didn't seem to understand the words, and I couldn't think of any cinnamons, so I came home."

"Did you mean 'no vacancy'?" inquired her mother.

"Yes," answered Helen; "that was one of the words I couldn't think of."

"And the other word was 'evidently'?"

"Yes," replied Helen, dismissing the subject; "but I hope I'll never show my ignorance of the English language as plainly as Ruthie's mother did this afternoon."

Blanche Grier Conrad

ARTLOOM COUCH-COVER



AN ARTLOOM couch-cover will turn your old couch into a thing of beauty or save the new one hard wear and tear.

Artloom couch- and table-covers are made of heavy tapestry, ample in size and wonderfully rich in coloring—many of them are reproductions of costly originals, Persian and Oriental. They will last for years, never go out of fashion, and save their price many times by protecting couch or table and adding to the comfort and attractiveness of the room. In den or cozy corner, bedroom, or apartment, Artloom covers may be used in many ways. Even an old chest or trunk with an Artloom cover takes on the appearance of luxury. *Prices \$3 to \$10.*

In these hurried times so many things are manufactured without any special idea or taste. It seems a pity for a woman to go into a store and pay full price for ordinary tapestries when the dealer could just as well sell her Artlooms (*identify by label Artloom on every piece*).

Ask to be shown Artloom Tapestries, curtains, couch-covers, and table-covers the very next time you go shopping. Your dealer doubtless has them. The only trouble is that in some stores the assortment doesn't do us justice.

Please remember we have the largest tapestry works in the United States and your dealer can get anything we make.

Send today for our free Style Book J of Artloom creations with designs in color. We shall enclose, also without cost, a charming little book, "Home-making," By Edith W. Fisher, with illustrated schemes for interior decoration.

Philadelphia Tapestry Mills, Philadelphia

Walnuts and Wine

WAR CRIES

By Jim True

Where once the Red Man lived and fought,
And lustily did yell 'em,
Now through the crowded thoroughfares
Salvation Lassies sell 'em.

EASIER TO SIT

When the candidate for legislative honors did not wish to answer a question he was never at a loss for ways to avoid it.

"Where do you stand on the question of women's suffrage?" asked an austere and influential person, his hostess at a small dinner.

The tactful man turned to her with a gallant but deprecatory smile. "My dear madam," he said gently, "have you the heart to ask me to stand anywhere after such a dinner as I've eaten to-night?"

Elizabeth L. Gould

WOMAN'S DISCERNMENT

"What a murderous looking individual the prisoner is!" whispered an old lady in a crowded court-room. "I'd be afraid to get near him."

"Sh!" warned her husband. "That ain't the prisoner. He ain't been brought in yet."

"It ain't! Who is it, then?"

"It's the judge."

L. Y. G.

SEVEN AGES OF THE NOSE

By McLandburgh Wilson

The nose has seven ages: first,
It leads its owner straight
Where pies and cookies, good and hot,
Lie fragrant on the plate.

Then, second age, it loves a smell
Perhaps of all the best—
The sawdust of the circus ring
Beats Araby the Blest.

Walnuts and Wine

MENNEN'S

B o r a t e d T a l c u m

TOILET POWDER



OUTDOOR CHILDREN

are healthy children. Send them into the open air, but don't neglect to protect their little hands and faces from the painful **chapping** and **chafing** which winter winds and outdoor sports inflict on tender skins. The best protection is the **daily** use of

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

Put up in **non-refillable boxes**, for your protection. If **Mennen's** face is on the cover, it's **genuine, that's a guarantee of purity**. Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cts. **Sample free.**



GERHARD MENNEN CO. Newark, N. J.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Powder

(It has the scent of fresh cut Violets)

Walnuts and Wine

Third age, it sniffs with great delight
From night till dewy morn
The perfume of a faded rose
A certain girl has worn.

Next age, it goes into the wars
Where falls the battle stroke,
And in its nostrils linger long
The powder and the smoke.

Fifth age, its happy hours are spent
In speeding past the scene,
While floats on the surrounding air
The scent of gasoline.

Sixth age, it finds a pleasure great,
A joy vouchsafed to few,
The faint aroma breathing forth
From banknotes crisp and new.

Then seventh age, when crowding years
All other aims debar,
In blissful and uptilted ease,
It sniffs a good cigar.



PUBLICITY

"Bobbie, I hope you didn't tell your mother that you saw me kissing sister last night."

"Nope, I didn't have to. Sis waked us all up at midnight, when you went home, and told it herself."

C. A. Bolton



THE DETACHABLE SORT

Grace: "Marie has such beautiful hair! Why, she can sit on it!"

Helen: "How careless of her to leave it lying around on the chairs!"

T. E. McGrath



A DIFFICULT UNDERTAKING

Customer (facetiously): "Do you suppose you can cut my hair without making me look like a blasted idiot?"

Barber (diffidently): "It will be a pretty difficult thing to do, but I will try."

Will S. Gidley

No animal
fat-pure
vegetable
oils

The
**BABY'S
BATH**

may make its roseleaf skin
continue its beauty through
life if you use **HAND
SAPOLIO**

PURSUIT

**THAT
CHILD**

will escape
chafing and
all skin
troubles,
and will
sleep well
who is
bathed
daily with

Comfortable
babies are
good ones
**HAND
SAPOLIO**
babies are
prize winners

CAPTURE

PURE

SAFE

SURE

**HAND
SAPOLIO**

CONTENT

Walnuts and Wine

THE PRINCE'S LITTLE JOKE

"During my recent sojourn in Europe," said a New Jersey Senator as he stood in the lobby of a Washington hotel with a circle of friends, "I happened to attend a banquet at which Prince Louis was one of the guests of honor. After a formal introduction, we held a lengthy conversation during which we touched on the exorbitant price charged the prince by a New York dentist for work performed on the former's teeth.

"'Yes,' I said sympathetically; 'that was robbery.'

"'Absolutely,' said the prince.

"'Should you ever come to New York again,' I went on, 'I feel certain that that dentist wouldn't dare look you in the face again.'

"'Indeed he wouldn't,' rejoined the genial prince; 'at least, not at his former price.'"

F. P. Pitzer



A LITTLE GIRL'S LAMENT

By J. L. Armor

They say that sleeping dogs may lie;
But little girls may not,
For when I tell the littlest fib
They scold an awful lot.

Sometimes I wish I was a dog
So's I could lie a lot;
For when I've taken mother's cake
I'd rather sleep than not.

Then when she'd say, "Now, Clementine,
Did you do so and so?"
I'd close my eyes and snooze a bit
And growl out, "No; oh, no!"



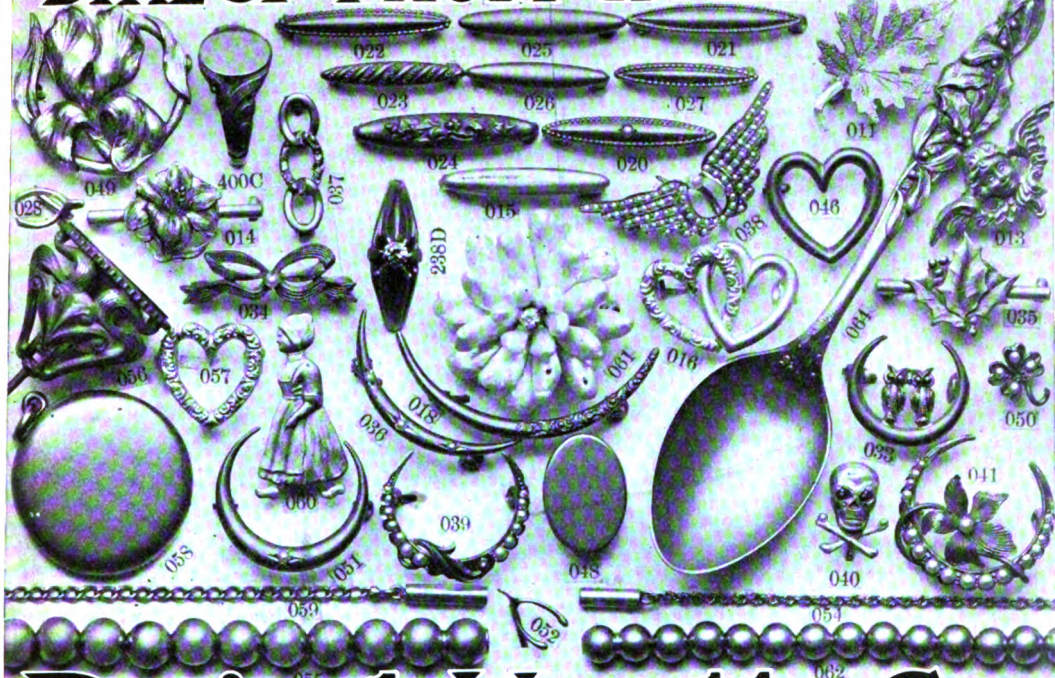
SEEING BENEATH THE SURFACE

"But can you explain why the strikers refrained from doing you any injury?" asked the reporter.

"At the last moment," replied the strike-breaker, as he glanced furtively around, "they discovered that I was wearing a union suit."

G. T. Evans

"DIRECT FROM WORKSHOP"



Baird-North Co.

Diamond Merchants, Gold and Silversmiths

Solid Gold Rings.	
238D Diamond	\$18.00
400C Signet, one letter free	2.00
Monogram, 50 cents extra.	
Stock Pins.	
015 Sterling silver	\$0.20
020 Gold plate, pearl	.25
021 Solid gold, bead edge	.75
022 Gold plate, bead edge	.25
023 Solid gold, scroll	.50
024 Solid gold, holly	.75
025 Gold plate, plain	.25
026 Solid gold, plain	.50
027 Solid gold, bead edge	.50
Sterling Silver Brooches.	
011 Maple leaf	\$0.25
Same in gold plate	.25

PRICE LIST	
013 Cupid	\$0.35
014 Handy pin, lily	.35
016 Double heart	.25
Same in gold plate	.25
033 Crescent, owls	.35
Same in gold plate	.35
035 Handy pin, holly	.35
049 Chatelaine, Iris	.50
Hat pin like 049	.50
057 Heart	.25
060 Dutch Girl	.30
Solid Gold Brooches.	
036 Crescent, pearls	\$1.50
038 Pearl wings	5.50
039 Pearl crescent	2.75
041 Pearl crescent, flower	\$4.00
046 Heart	1.00
051 Crescent, pearl	1.50
061 Baroque pearls, diamond	25.00
Gold Plated Brooches.	
018 Crescent	\$0.25
Same in sterling silver	.25
034 Bow knot, pearl	.35
Hat Pins.	
Sterling silver, like 049	\$0.50
056 Gold plated signet, one script letter free	.75
Monogram 25 cents extra.	

Scarf Pins.	
028 Sterling silver, wishbone	\$0.20
040 Sterling silver, ruby eyes	.35
048 Solid gold signet, one script letter free	1.25
Monogram, 25 cents extra.	
050 Solid gold, pearls	1.00
052 Solid gold, wishbone	.50
Neck Chains.	
054 Solid 14K gold, 15 in.	\$4.00
055 Bead 14K gold, 14 in.	12.00
059 Gold filled 15 in.	1.00
062 Gold filled bead, 15 in.	3.00
037 I. O. O. F. pin, solid gold	\$0.75
058 Solid gold locket	4.50
064 Sterling silver coffee spoon, holly and mistletoe	.60

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We Can Help You. We have been selling Diamonds, Gold and Silver Jewelry, Leather and Toilet Goods, Watches, Rings, Tableware, etc., by mail since 1896; we have thousands of loyal customers in all parts of the postal union. We issue a Catalog that pictures over 10,000 articles; it's a beautiful book—intensely interesting—full of ideas. In it are suggestions for each member of the family.

The Catalog Tells How we guarantee each article we sell; how we guarantee safe delivery; how we guarantee to please you or return your money. And, more important, it tells you how you can save one-third of your purchase money by buying "Direct from Workshop."

The articles in the above picture were selected from the Catalog. This gives you a little idea of the book. It contains 160 pages, each crowded with beautiful things suitable for gifts. We want to send this Catalog to you free. It will only cost you a post card. We want you to see the book if you do not buy. Won't you send for it?

BAIRD-NORTH CO., 310 Essex Street, Salem, Massachusetts

EVIDENCE OF OUR RELIABILITY.

I have been sending you orders during the last three years. I have been much pleased with the articles purchased from you, also with your promptness in sending them.

MRS. ANNA CANNING,
Marysville, California.

I have been a customer of yours for several years and have purchased diamonds, silver, watches, etc., and have always found them very satisfactory.

MRS. MABELLE DEWITT LEHRER,
Sandusky, Ohio.

My dealings with your company have always been extremely satisfactory, and I assure you that I appreciate the courtesy which you have shown me at all times.

ROBERT L. WICKLINE,
The People's National Bank,
Pittsburg, Penn.

The proprietors of the Baird-North Co. are thoroughly reliable business men. Any one is safe in sending them money in advance.

GEORGE C. VAUGHN, President Salem Safe Deposit and Trust Co., Salem, Mass.
LELAND H. COLE, Cashier Mercantile National Bank, Salem, Mass.

Walnuts and Wine

ON THE ROAD

It was a few days after the examination. The French class had just received their papers, and found them corrected with the usual method of H for honor, C for creditable, P for passed, and so on. To-day honors prevailed, and accordingly mademoiselle beamed. Tapping lightly on the desk with her pencil, she leaned toward them.

"My pupils," she cried joyfully, "ah, how you have pleased me! Such encouragement! *Quel plaisir!* I feel you are all upon the road to H!"

Alan Gilbert

WHY HE WEPT

Boy White was a complete contradiction to his name, being the blackest little negro you ever saw. He used to bring our clothes home from the wash. One day he came when I was out, and left them at the back door. Just at dusk he reappeared, wild and breathless.

"Missis," he gasped, "is you dun got all you's clothes?"

When I answered in the affirmative, to my dismay he buried his face in his ebony little paws, and burst into a perfect howl of what seemed to be anguish.

"Why, what in the world is the matter, Boy White?"

"M—mammy dun said if dem clothes was stole she was gwine to bus' my haid."

"But they weren't stolen, so what are you crying for?"

"I's so glad my haid ain't gwine to be busted!"

M. Budd

TRANSFORMATION

The teacher was telling her scholars the mythological story about the man who was turned into a swan.

"First," she said, "wings began to appear, and then feathers, and finally his neck grew longer and longer. Now, who can tell me what he became?"

"A rubberneck!" was the startling reply.

L. B. Coley

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Mother: "Did you have a nice luncheon when you were over at Mrs. Brown's to-day?"

Small Daughter: "Oh, yes, mamma, it was delicious! We had—now—d—d—Satan crabs."

M. Worth Colwell



Razac in the Evening While Dressing for Dinner

DO you know a man with a tough, wiry beard who has never been able to shave himself? Tell him to try a Razac—the new ready razor. He can have a quick, cool shave, a better shave than his barber can give him. He can shave right at home, choose his own time for it, always be shaved when he should be.

If a beard is not wiry and tough, so much the better. The Razac has three times the efficiency of any other razor. It is the finest bit of safety razor workmanship ever put on the market—simplest in construction, any one can use it. No care of the blades necessary. No stropping, no honing, no parts to adjust, nothing to learn.

The Razac is the result of five years' scientific work by Tagliabue of Brooklyn, maker of the finest surgical instruments in the United States. It will prove a revelation to the user of any other safety razor—no matter which one or how well he is satisfied now.

The Razac outfit complete, ready for instant use, packed in handsome genuine leather case, price \$3.50. Use the Razac for thirty days and if for any reason you are willing to part with it, send it back and we will promptly refund your money, without argument or question. No strings to this offer and we pay express charges both ways. We authorize all dealers to make the same offer. If yours doesn't, send to us.

No more beautiful or acceptable gift for a man than our combination set containing triple silver-plated holder, twelve double-edge blades, genuine Badger-hair brush and Razac shaving stick, each in triple silver-plated box, all securely packed in genuine leather case with strong clasp, \$5.00. Same as above, gold-plated, \$8.50.

Whatever you do send your name on a postal card for our two books—RAZAC USE and RAZAC REASON. They explain and illustrate everything you'd like to know about shaving.

HAPGOODS SALES COMPANY, Suite 110, 305 Broadway, N. Y.

Walnuts and Wine

METHOD IN HIS RASHNESS

For years poor, overworked Jenkins had registered his nightly "kick" against the incessant playing of the piano by his two girls, aged respectively sixteen and seventeen. He needed rest and quiet, he said, but the madam couldn't see it that way, being most desirous that the girls should have "as much practice as possible."

About one o'clock the other night Jenkins was suddenly awakened by his wife's exclaiming in a hoarse tone that she was sure there were burglars in the parlor.

"Nonsense!" growled Jenkins, turning over preparatory to renewing his slumbers.

"But, Richard," insisted the wife, "I am *sure* I heard men in the parlor. Some one stumbled against the piano several times, striking the keys!"

Whereupon Jenkins, with a demoniacal smile, hastily leaped from the bed and began to slip on his dressing-gown, evidently with the intention of immediately interviewing the nocturnal visitors downstairs. Observing his determined air, Mrs. Jenkins began to be uneasy.

"Oh, Richard," she wailed, "don't, for my sake, do anything rash! Remember your family! Don't be rash!"

"Rash!" scornfully repeated Jenkins. "Depend upon it, I shall do nothing rash! I'm going to help those fellows. You don't suppose that they can get that piano out unassisted, do you?"

Fenimore Martin



WHY THE LECTURE ENDED

A certain professor was giving his pupils a lecture on "Scotland and the Scots." "These hardy men," he said, "think nothing of swimming across the Tay three times every morning before breakfast."

Suddenly a loud burst of laughter came from the center of the hall, and the professor, amazed at the idea of any one daring to interrupt him in the middle of his lecture, angrily asked the offender what he meant by such conduct.

"I was just thinking, sir," replied the lad, "that the poor Scotch chaps would find themselves on the wrong side for their clothes when they landed!"

Gilbert Allen



As a short smoker, you probably know what sort of a cigar you have to put up with over the retail counter.

You know what you get for as little as a nickel is—well, **you know.**

Maybe you buy a larger and more expensive cigar just to get the bit of Havana you're after.

You throw it away half-smoked or else have a choice collection of butts—a stale smoke at best.

Why not get a real good smacking Havana just as fine as silk in the size you want?

It's all wrong—dead wrong—the argument of the manufacturing and jobbing trade, that the man who smokes little cigars only wants something to burn—not taste—not aroma—just smoke.

Now just follow us a moment. Our experience may interest you. Our entire business is making good cigars and selling them direct to the smoker.

We have thousands of customers among the best business and professional men in this country—bankers, railroad officials, clubs, officers of the Army and Navy. We sell cigars as high as 15 cents—perfectos that cost 25 cents in any cigar store.

We also make much less expensive goods.

A man may come to us for two reasons—to reduce his cigar bills, or pay the same money and get a better—a very much higher grade of Havana leaf and workmanship.

If he will tell us what he has been smoking, let us advise him and submit free samples for his trial and approval, we will guarantee that he can do both—reduce his cigar bills and smoke better cigars.

As a case in point, take just our **Baby Grand** cigar, shown actual size in above photograph reproduction.

The filler and wrapper are clear Havana of choicest selection. You can't duplicate it at any price over a cigar counter.

We can make a living factory profit on it at \$3.75 per hundred, and have it rolled by high-class workmen in our own place—the cleanest and most sanitary cigar factory in America.

We select and import our own leaf, direct. We cut out all intermediate profits and deliver it to

you express paid, at \$3.75 for a box of one hundred—that's 3¾ cents apiece, and if you can match this cigar at anywhere near the price in your own town, we will return your money in full, pay the expressage back on all cigars left in the box, and make no charge for those you have smoked.

Or better than that—send no advance payment, simply write us on your business letter-head, enclosing your business card, and we will send you a box of one hundred **Baby Grand** cigars on **trial**: smoke a few samples. If you like them, and find we are justified in our claims for them, send us \$3.75, but if for any reason you do not care for them, return them immediately at our expense and no charge will be made for those you smoked in making the test. We pay expressage both ways. We could not do this if we were not sure of our ground. We know tobacco; we know current cigar values.

The only chance we take, is whether or not you know cigar quality when you get it, and we have the faith to believe you do, in spite of the theories of the cigar jobbers.

Of course we also take the risk of striking your particular taste.

You take no risk at all.

We can show you a thousand testimonials from prominent men who order all their cigars from us by mail, and who have been reordering constantly for the last five years.

We have a high standing here at home. Hundreds of our best customers live right here in New York City, and heaven knows that there are plenty of cigar stores here.

Write now while you have our address handy.

La Reclama Cuban Factory

**1928 FIRST AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY**

References: Union Exchange Bank—Dun—Bradstreets

Walnuts and Wine

A UNIQUE ENDING

The following story was told by a woman who was for many years at the head of one of the smaller colleges for women.

A representative of a large music publishing house came on a business errand to the school, which is quite removed from the town, and was invited to remain to tea.

The principal's table, No. 1, dominates the long room, and three times a day several hundred heads are bowed while grace is said at this table. All visitors are taken there, and the music man when seated was asked to say grace.

Determined that no false move should imperil the business prospects of his house, he boldly waded in. He went on and on; heads remained bowed till necks ached, and still the man continued, unable to find a fitting peroration.

Finally, in desperation, he closed a blessing that became historic in that institution with: "Yours truly, Oliver Dawson and Company."

E. W. Mattson



NEW LAMPS FOR OLD

Johnny's dog, Tige, was a nuisance. His pet theory must have been that all things were created to be destroyed—at least, so his practices indicated. Johnny's folks were anxious to be rid of Tige, and at last they decided to work upon the lad's affections with lucre.

"Johnny," said his father one day, "I'll give you five dollars if you'll get rid of that dog."

Johnny gasped at the amount, swallowed hard at thought of Tige, and said he would think it over.

The next day at dinner he made the laconic announcement: "Pa, I got rid of Tige."

"Well, I certainly am delighted to hear it," said the father. "Here's your money; you've earned it. How did you get rid of the nuisance?"

"Traded him to Bill Simpkins for two yellow pups," answered Johnny.

Ed Moberly



THE FOURTH DECLENSION

Jug.
Jig.
Jag.
Jug.

Karl von Krafft

Walnuts and Wine



ON EVERYBODY'S TONGUE

Chiclets

THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED
CANDY COATED
CHEWING GUM

At All the Better kind of Stores
5 cents the Ounce
or in 5¢, 10¢, and 25¢ Packets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

If your neighborhood store can't supply you send us 10c for sample packet.
FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY, INC., Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto, Can.

Lippincott's Magazine

A DIFFERENT PROPOSITION FROM ANY OF THE OTHERS

It never gets old, as each number contains a complete novel, in addition to the usual miscellaneous reading-matter, unlike others with serials. The advertising pages, being the only illustrated ones, are necessarily much more prominent than in the pictorial journals. Our advertising section is interspersed with full-page illustrations and reading-matter.

IN MAKING UP YOUR LIST, BEAR THIS IN MIND



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by all Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for *Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup*, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

Walnuts and Wine

A BARGAIN

The busy shopper paused at the fruit vender's stand. "How much are your pineapples?" she asked.

"Eight cent' a piece, lady."

"Well, I declare, that's too good to be missed; I'll take eight of them," she said.

The dealer placed them in a bag and said: "Eight eights—eighty-eight. You take dem along for eighty-five."

The lady's eyes sparkled at the bargain price, and she departed in a happy frame of mind—happy until her husband told her to brush up on the multiplication table.

Ed Moberly



A STRAINED EXPLANATION

Fair Bargainer: "I tell you that I wear a number two!"

Clerk: "But, madam, this shoe that you just took off is a number four."

Fair Bargainer: "Yes, I know, but it has stretched horribly."

J. T.



CONFIDENCE SHAKEN

When the doctor came and pronounced it a mild case of scarlet fever, the mother of six-year-old Betty requested him, as the child was of a very sensitive, high-strung temperament, and had been greatly wrought up recently by the death of a playmate from the same disease, to refer to her illness as measles in her presence.

The plan worked beautifully until one day when Betty was convalescent a visitor jocosely asked her how she liked scarlet fever by this time.

The child's eyes widened and an indignant look stole over her face. Pointing her finger at her mother, she exclaimed with great scorn:

"Now, mother, you have deceived me about Santa Claus, and you have deceived me about scarlet fever; now, how do I know that you have not deceived me about Adam and Eve and the garden of Eden?"

Charles McIlvaine

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1906



QUEEN MARY OF MEMORY LANE

BY CAROLINE WOOD MORRISON

I.

IT was a quiet little by-street—Memory Lane; that portion of the city was built upon the farm of Thomas Memory, and this thoroughfare lay where the old lane had led to the farm-house. No more romantic reason for its name could be assigned; yet to some who loved Mary Scott it seemed in after years as though the gods themselves had planned it because Mary could not be forgotten.

The little house in Memory Lane was so full of sons and daughters that they seemed to have been coming on and on forever. The family record in the old Bible, facetiously styled "The Scotts' Book of Numbers," stated that Alfred Scott begat Hector, William, Elizabeth, Thomas, Paris, Myrtle, Launcelot, Mary, Ajax, known as Jack, with Alfred and Ephraim, twins. They were like puzzle blocks in a box, and had to be nicely adjusted to let the door close when they were all at home. How they were fed was even more of a riddle to their acquaintances.

Alfred Scott, a gentle, absent-minded scholar who had failed at life and was an old man at fifty, owned the little green-painted, five-roomed house, and nothing else. His father, a farmer in northern Michigan, was in diminished circumstance, and Alfred had spent such of his inheritance as came to him on an education that brought no equivalent in dollars and cents; so that his brother, to whom the homestead in Michigan would fall, complained when he still asked for more, though without always refusing. He did a little proof-

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reading where the Latin in a medical report, a legal article, or a too learned thesis taxed the information of the local printer; obtained ill-paid translating by means of desultory advertising; assisted a friendly bookman on busy days; and dreamed of gold-tipped laurels when he should have completed his translation of his loved poet; in his own words:

“The spirit on the farm that walks in the page of Virgil—Virgil, the text-book for boys that no man has gauged the soul of! Translators botanize that farm, and eat of its succulence, but the birds there, the voice of the stream, the spirit on the farm, is not in their English. I feel the charm. Surely I can impart it! It is a life labor of love.”

It was characteristic of the man that, while he did feel and clearly interpret the beauty of the poet, he quite overlooked his incomplete equipment—for he was no versifier, and yet at heart himself too true a poet to hobble fancy with halting feet and imperfect rhymes. Thus he labored on so slowly, so inadequately, that he was taken by Fate, most unfairly, as a joke.

His sons—huge, bullet-headed scions of so gentle a progenitor, deep-water leviathans claiming for father a contemplative trout!—were early in life put to work, and their earnings confiscated for family use. Furthermore there was always credit, to which scholarly people seem peculiarly attracted, soaring above any unpleasantness incident to such aid in the support of life. Betsey had employment in a medicine factory, with good wages. She was a bony woman, with huge hands and feet; her best dress, a black cashmere which she wore on Sundays, shedding jet trimmings to be crunched underfoot and render nervous people impious. She walked and talked like a woman of forty, and had never, as she proudly asserted, had a beau in her life, or gone to a circus, evidently considering the two analogous dissipations.

The second daughter, Myrtle, a gentle, sweet-faced girl, suffered from an affection of the ankle joint. But there was one lion rampant on the Scott escutcheon. The third daughter, Mary, was a beauty, a dewy, blush rose among much heather; the Queen of the Scotts. And the Scotts did homage to their one exception. Household drudgery was not for such as she; and the family finery fell to her dimpled daintiness as a natural sequence.

Mary was gifted with a genius for needlework, and was a girlish artist in fabrics, colors, and forms. She sewed for several wealthy patrons, but her earnings were seldom diverted from their natural channel—herself. Once, in a fit of generosity, she had purchased a lavender bonnet for her mother, who always disappeared in a sun-bonnet-tunnel whenever she did “desert the twins” to visit a sick

neighbor; and a blue tie for her father, between whom and collars there had long been a coolness. But experience soon taught her that lavender bonnets and blue ties were better adapted to herself than to her parents; and her future expenditures were regulated along those comforting lines. Still, at sixteen one is improvident, and when Mary owned two dresses, a snarl of ribbons, and a hat, her industry waned, and she would read novels until imperative need forced her into earning a new sash or a more seasonable wrap.

So self-indulgent a seamstress was not to be relied on, and house-keepers often employed a less gifted needle-woman rather than wait for Mary Scott to finish her Duchess. The wilful beauty, therefore, could not always obtain employment when she would, was chronically moneyless, and often went more than a little shabby.

But she had never in her life been seriously crossed. Whatever she did was right in the eyes of her brothers and sisters, and she was the one bit of poetry in her mother's existence—it was not until after her conquest of young Dr. Urmson, that Alfred Scott emerged from his books to do her homage.

It had been during her employment as seamstress at the house of Kindrick Howard, the banker, that the great man's brother-in-law, becoming enamored of so fair a face, asked his sister's sewing girl to be his wife. Mary had not hesitated over her affirmative. At first sight her heart—that girlish, impulsive, irresponsible heart—had gone out to the handsome young doctor, who so soon became her lover. The wedding day was approaching, and wedding finery filled the house, when Alfred Scott, sitting in his large, familiar chair, his threadbare coat very shiny in the evening sun, folded his glasses and said with the air of a waking somnambulist:

“So you're going to marry a rich, good man, Mary, and there's promise of a broiling piece on the Scott family skeleton yet!”

“Reckon there is, father,” laughed Mary. “And I'm happy as a big sunflower.”

“Mary,” said Alfred Scott suddenly, “do you ever dream?”

The blooming girl laughed merrily.

“I sleep like a log,” she said, shaking her rich curls. “Thunder can't wake me. I don't know a thing from the time I lie down at night till I hear the twins hollering next morning.”

“Well, well, I had a fancy—but let it pass.”

“Pshaw! tell me the fancy, father; I'm nearly wild to hear it. What makes you begin and then stop and shake your head like *Juliet's* nurse?”

“So you can quote a classic, girl, albeit a lovesick one!”

“I wish I could dream,” persisted Mary. “One night I swallowed a thimbleful of salt and went to bed backward—you know if you do

to stand up to it. There's some money coming to me. Use that, old man, and send her home. It's the only way. Some day, perhaps, I can go back and square myself."

Denham dropped his head on his hands and thought intently for many minutes. Then he said: "All right, it shall be as you say;" and he went out with grievous trouble in his eyes.

And Fullerton tossed about in such anguish of mind as haply comes to but few lives. The Girl—the light of his life—would come close to him—and must be lost again! Sick, broken as he was in mind and body, the solace, the delight, which was within his grasp, must be shut out! Her own hopes, her love, her faith, were to be turned to ashes. Through the night and the day following his mind raged upon his folly and her pain. In utter weariness came fitful snatches of sleep, bringing visions of the Girl—ofttimes loving, never reproachful. Once he saw her figure glide to his bedside, and he looked up into her beautiful eyes, moist with tears, and full of love and tenderness. He heard her voice, low and trembling:

"Bob!"—it seemed so real that he opened his eyes wonderingly. "Bob!" said the voice again; and the figure dropped on its knees by his bedside and clasped his hand with convulsive tenderness. "My darling, it is I—Hilda! I have come, Bob, and I shall never leave you, dear! No, don't speak—you cannot send me away—I know everything! Mr. Denham has told me, Bob, but I knew some of it before. I had heard stories. That's why I came—came to help you, you poor old boy. We will start all over again, together, Bob; a new life, where you will work, Bob, and I will watch, and pray—and love."



SUNSET

BY MARY KENT DAVEY

SLOWLY the light fades in the glowing west,
Higher the creeping shadows climb the hill;
A single star, forerunner of the rest,
Flashes to sight, trembles, and then is still.

Hark to the message from the solemn pines,
Borne on the night wind, tremulous and low:
"Fear not, though noon is past and day declines,
The night shall bring thee balm for all thy woe."

ELSE TEARS MUST COME

By Louise Satterthwaite

“NOW, this,” she had said as she presented it, “will break. Take the best care of it, but when it breaks, don’t cry.” The child agreed, and welcomed the gift with loving hands. His adviser sat down forthwith to meditate upon the experiences which had taught her that all things break, but we must not cry.

The toy was a beautiful black pig—a jewel of a pig, so lifelike and saucy of countenance that its jolly fat face beguiled all who looked at it into an answering smile. The child loved the pig for itself, and that entirely outside of the interesting fact that by removing its head you came upon an amazing Ali Baba cave, full of sweets.

The days went by, and the child and the pig had many a pleasant game. Under various chairs the pig lived as in lofty and latticed houses. Many times did it escape into the forbidden meadow of the surrounding carpet. At night it was tethered, dog-like, by a ribbon to one leg of the child’s bed. The boy would awake and look down instantly to see if it had broken loose in the night, but the pig would smile more broadly and wink an eye, as if to say it knew better than to be caught in the act.

Coming in at twilight one day, as was her wont, to talk to the solitary little fellow, the donor of the gift found the boy sitting in his small chair with folded hands and a chastened countenance. She asked no questions, for this was a veritable man-child, who would brook no importunity, but would tell right willingly in his own good time.

So she kissed him, and laid aside her wraps, and asked him if she should make him some music. He nodded, yet his eyes regarded her hungrily. In transit across the room to the piano came a patter of childish feet, and small arms clasped tight about her knees.

“The pig,” said the child, looking up with tragic eyes, “is broke!”

“Oh, my!” said the woman.

“But I did not cry,” said the child, with working face. “I did not cry.”

Very suddenly the woman found tears in her own eyes, threatening to overflow.

“You said it would, and I was very careful,” said the boy, “but

it was on the window-sill—looking out, you know. Somehow the window came down, and it broke three legs.”

“A one-legged pig!” cried the woman gaily, winking away the tears. “Why, that must be a very funny pig!”

“Yes, yes,” said the child.

The woman sat down at the piano, without daring to offer more sympathy. She played very softly, and the child ran and brought the pig and tenderly, tenderly, laid it on its side on a sofa cushion and regarded it as a mother would regard her dead child. The woman looked on with swelling throat.

The pig could not stand—it had only one leg. Lying on its side, it looked maimed and suffering. Softly and more softly did the onlooker touch the keys, and one big tear splashed upon the yellowed ivories as she watched this small picture of love and its sorrow. The set and tragic child’s face, looking down on its heart’s beloved with silent, unavailing sorrow, with yearning, aching heart, seemed to say it could bear no more. Hurriedly he ran and brought a newspaper, and with clumsy, nervous tenderness wrapped it forever away from sight.

“Put it away!” cried the child, ruthlessly breaking into the melody. “Put it away and let me forget it, so I will surely not cry.”

The woman arose and laid it away upon the highest, most inaccessible shelf of the bookcase; and again sat down to meditate upon that wisdom which must put dear broken things away, else tears must come.



ADIEU

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

FADES the sodden wharf, and fades the spire.
 The anchored ships are lost. The climbing town
 Fades out. The narrows close. The cliffs retire.
 The green hill-pastures blur against the brown.

The free wind strains our pinions of gray sail.
 Low slips the sombre shore toward the blue.
 The sun-shot lighthouse windows glint and fail.
 Our rounded topsails dip their long adieu.

WHEN CLASS "A" GAVE THANKS

The fifth of the "Miss Lucy" stories—a series of humorous child sketches, each complete in itself

By Lucy Copinger



CONNECTED with the Teachers' Institute, under whose guidance Miss Lucy still continued, there was a sort of post-graduate club, small in its numbers and snobbish in its attitude. This club was, as it were, the inner circle of teacherdom, and from its superior heights its members could afford to turn up their pedagogical noses and stick out their pedagogical tongues at their less favored sisters. It was known as the Society of Scholastic Sociology, which high-sounding title was, however, perverted by envious outsiders into the Sour Spinster Social. Miss Lucy and her frivolous companions had been among these irreverent scoffers until the time came when Miss Lucy herself was invited to aspire to its membership. She then took to speaking in rhetorical periods only, and to snubbing her former associates.

The requirements for admission to this society were few but rigorous. The candidate wrote a thesis upon some problem of school life, and was then visited by a committee of three, who listened to the working out of the problem. With her usual cheerful conceit, Miss Lucy had scorned the humbler phases of her work, and had taken for her subject "A Teacher's Influence Upon the Moral Tone of Her Class." A week before Thanksgiving she received notice that the committee of three would visit her.

The next morning Miss Lucy, clothed in a foolish confidence and her very best white shirt-waist, stood before Class A, while in the back of the room sat judicially the dread committee, made up of the principal, the supervisor, and a visiting teacher—a long, thin, spectacled person whom Miss Lucy in her unregenerate days would have designated as one of the Sour Spinsters, but whom she now viewed with the reverence given to a high priestess in the ranks of Scholastic Sociology. Miss Lucy had taken for her sub-topic "Why We Give Thanks," and, fortified by her new waist, she swallowed the lump in her throat and began.

"Children," she said smilingly, "I want to talk to you a little about a holiday we are going to have soon. Who knows what it is? Herman?"

"Holler Eve," said Herman,

"Oh, no, Herman, not Hallow Eve," said Miss Lucy. "It is Thanksgiving. And now who can tell me what Thanksgiving means? What do we do then? Sophie?"

"Miz Luzy," began Sophie Bauerschmidt, "efery year we haf a party mit beer, and my father gits drunk, and my mother says he ain't nothing but a guzzler, and my father says, 'Go to the devil!'"

In these heart to heart talks with her class Miss Lucy allowed a certain freedom of expression, but at the disclosure of this exchange of connubial compliments she looked shocked.

"Yes, Sophie dear," she began, but the talkative Sophie was not so easily checked.

"And, Miz Luzy," she continued, "my sister's got a beau, but my mother says he ain't nothing but a kissing-bug."

At this Miss Lucy looked apprehensively at the committee. The principal was shamelessly amused, but the supervisor, a correct gentleman, looked pained, and the blush of outraged modesty was rising upon the spinster cheek of the visiting teacher.

"That will do, Sophie," said Miss Lucy severely; "you are not telling me what I asked you at all. Children, some of you can surely tell me what Thanksgiving means! Anna, what do we do then?"

Anna Karenina, in her seat at the foot of the class, had been sitting in the scornful silence that she always opposed to these attempts of Miss Lucy to uplift her moral tone. Even this obvious appeal did not affect her.

"Nothun," she said rudely.

At these repeated refusals to respond to her questions a suspicion was growing upon Miss Lucy that as a subject of scholastic sociological research Class A might be a failure. Her cheeks were beginning to show flaming signals of distress, but she kept bravely on.

"Oh, yes, Anna, surely you can think of something you do on Thanksgiving."

"Nothun," repeated Anna blankly. Having thus spoken, she withdrew herself from further discussion by sulkily putting her head down on her desk.

Just at this moment an inspiration seized Bum O'Reilly. His quick Irish tact had told him that there was some especial answer desired by Miss Lucy. He remembered that she had always shown an interest in the numerous and frequent additions to his family.

"We got a baby last Thanksgivun," he volunteered obligingly, "but we ain't goin' to git none this year."

At this point Miss Lucy, without even daring to look at the committee, hastily interrupted.

"Yes, yes, James," she said; "but what is it you and all of us should do every day, but more than ever on Thanksgiving Day?"

"You should clean your teeth and wash yourself all over," said Josef Bureschy, whose weak mind was wandering back to the Cleanliness Talk of the day before.

At last, "We give thanks," said the correct Marie Schaefer, the only member of Class A who ever knew anything.

Thus having laboriously extracted the desired answer, Miss Lucy took fresh heart, and her smile grew a little less glazed, her sprightliness a little less painful.

"Yes, we give thanks," she said; "that is what we should do on Thanksgiving Day. And now who can be very nice and smart and tell me to whom we give thanks?"

Bum, who attended Mass as regularly as he got into trouble, answered this promptly.

"The blessed Virgin Mary and all the holy saints," he said reverently.

"Miz Luzy, it ain't so!" here suddenly and indignantly cried Sophie. "Don't you believe him. I go to the Luthurum Sunday School, and there ain't nobody but God and Martin Luthurum, and my mother says Bum O'Reilly worships idols."

At this assailing of his faith Bum grew hot.

"It's the blessed Virgin Mary, I'm tellin ye, and I'll bust yer face if ye don't shut up!" he cried angrily.

"James," Miss Lucy broke in sternly upon this discussion between the Reformed and the Papal, "James, that will do. I am surprised at your language." Then, thinking it best to pass over to safer ground: "Now who can tell me why we give thanks? Who can think of something nice that he is thankful for?"

At these pleasant words of something nice Frederick William's face brightened. From the family disclosures of Sophie to the theological encounter, he had sat in the silence of one carried beyond his mental depth; but here was something tangible.

"Well, Frederick," smiled Miss Lucy hopefully, "what are you thankful for?"

"The gizzard," said Frederick William.

It was then that Miss Lucy gave up the fight. She was about to sink wearily into her chair and defeatedly order a writing lesson

when the visiting teacher, who had been viewing her struggles with the cold tolerance of the superior pedagogue, came forward.

"Let me speak to the little ones," she said condescendingly.

Miss Lucy assented, and, thus shelved, she sat down meekly at one side. As she did so she looked at the supervisor, and she was surprised to see the solemn opening and closing of one of his eyes in such a manner that, if he had not been a supervisor, Miss Lucy would have said that he had winked at her.

The visiting teacher stood up before Class A. The visiting teacher was the pure type of feminine pedagogue—bespectacled, scant of hair, sour-visaged. In reproof to the frivolous fluffiness of Miss Lucy's lingers, she wore one of those antique creations that can only be designated as a basque, dusty, black, and scant. With a cool turning round of the decree of fashion that only a priestess of Scholastic Sociology would dare, this waist buttoned tightly down the front, and came down in a point in the back. So unique was the effect that Miss Lucy wondered vaguely if this costume was the required uniform of Scholastic Sociology. Her ingenious mind had already hit upon a plan whereby she could conform to this regulation by putting her own waists on backward, when she became aware that the visiting teacher was speaking.

If Miss Lucy's manner had been of a gentle sprightliness, the visiting teacher's was openly hilarious. "Lift them up!" was her creed, usually expressed with much uplifting of arms. "Carry them along with you on the wave of your vitality. That is the spirit of Scholastic Art."

On this occasion the spirit of Scholastic Art was put forth more vigorously than ever in a final attempt to lift the dead weight of Class A's sixty neglected little moral tones.

"Little boys and girls," she began, with a coquettish waving of arms that Bum, who was the star twirler of his nine, would have described as a crack motion, "open your little eyes, open your little ears, open your little hearts, and listen and look just as hard!" As she spoke, she conveniently illustrated her remarks upon the child in the front seat, who happened to be Frederick William; and it was a painful shock to this most dignified of Miss Lucy's scholars to have his eyebrows pulled up, his ears tweaked, to be gently poked in the stomach, and, as a climax, to receive a rap on the head at the hand of the playful visiting teacher. At this treatment his eyes filled with tears, and he looked beseechingly at Miss Lucy. Miss Lucy's attention, however, was engaged elsewhere, for from the beginning of the visiting teacher's address she had been aware of a loudly whispered conversation carried on across the aisle between Sophie Bauer-

schmidt and Anna Karenina—a conversation that, ignoring her warning frowns, finally culminated in a vindictive shaking of fists and out-sticking of tongues. Unfortunately, the visiting teacher caught sight of Anna's extended tongue, and, "Little girl, little girl!" she said reproachfully. "Why, little girl!"

At this Sophie sniggered, but Anna glowered threateningly.

"Id ain'd my fauld," she said angrily. "She says him's"—pointing accusingly at the supervisor—"her father, and you're her mother, und you ain'd. Onct I seen Miz Luzy's mother, und she ain'd so old ad all."

After this a blank occurred in Miss Lucy's memory, and it was not until the middle of the writing lesson that she fully recovered. The committee of three had gone.

After school the principal came to her.

"You'll have to try again," he said regretfully. "You didn't pass. You made a good try, and the supervisor and I would have let you in anyhow, but I don't think the—er—maternal idea exactly appealed to our distinguished colleague."

Miss Lucy had quite regained her usual cheerfulness, but she could not resist a little feminine spite.

"Oh, well," she said resignedly, "I guess it's for the best. I never could have dressed the part anyhow, I'd have to pickle my face, and put my clothes all on backward."



PASSING

BY F. DAVIS

A SPICE-JAR in an empty room;
 A fountain in the wilderness;
 A spark of flame in forest gloom;
 A jewel in a mourning dress—

So seemed her bravely dancing feet,
 Her blowing hair and gypsy face,
 At gray noon, on my dripping street—
 A dreary, rattling, paved place.

And all my day was faintly sweet,
 And not so darkened as before,
 Because she passed along the street:
 Her light, swift shadow charmed my door.

THE DEMI-MAN

By E. Ayrton-Zangwill

GAY little family parties were hurrying into the brightly lit "Place au Singe d'Or." Ah, it was Sunday evening, I remembered. Presently when the clock in the great gray belfry had chimed its solemn hours, the town band would break into some energetic selections from the latest comic opera. Already the surrounding benches were overfilled, and so I took my place amid the few people dotting the rows of ten *centime* chairs within the roped enclosure. "Good-for-nothing profligates; as though *le bon Dieu* rained *sous* from the skies," remarked Mère Alost as she panted heavily across the square, P'tit Jean dragging at the voluminous maternal skirts.

There was one man in the crowd, however, whose seat was always secure. He was being pushed along in a rude bath-chair, which he guided deftly among the moving groups. His dark, handsome face arrested the attention, then as my careless gaze wandered down, it stopped with a jerk of surprise. The front edge of the cushion on which he sat stood out in unbroken prominence. I stared incredulously. Were my eyes tricking me, or was this really only the half of a man? The innocent void in the lower part of the chair seemed to darken the world.

At this moment there was a commotion at the other side of the square. Mère Alost, evidently considering that the last shall be first and the first last, had crossed the enclosure and, by bobbing unexpectedly under the rope, she had planted herself in the front row of the earlier comers. The remonstrance was shrill and vigorous, and after some effort the uneasy crowd succeeded in engulfing her spacious personality, while P'tit Jean was sucked along in the wake.

It was not among the audience alone that a certain friction existed; a pretty quarrel seemed to be ripening among the bandsmen. The conductor was clearly delayed, and after some discussion the trombone, a fresh-colored, lively young fellow, scrambled into the empty place and grasped the baton. The first violin immediately put his fiddle into its case, closing it with a vicious snap, and then sat upon it, presumably to mark his disapproval. A solitary laugh among the spectators made me turn. It was from the demi-man, whose chair

had been drawn up against the rope of the enclosure. He was watching the discord in the band with evident amusement, and looked guiltily regretful at the advent of the bandmaster, which occurred at this point and served to restore the peace. I was glad that this poor human moiety was sufficiently akin with mankind to enjoy its humors.

The music had scarcely begun when P'tit Jean emerged again into the roped enclosure. He had doubtless found it warm in the crowd, and an exclusive study of footgear and skirt-trimmings probably tends to weariness. But the brevity of his stature, although it caused the evil, also brought the remedy; it would be difficult were one more than a yard high to effect an escape between the male spectator's legs. P'tit Jean was grasping a tin soldier in each hand, and with this military escort he trotted about securely until the attendant espied him and told him severely that ten *centime* enclosures were not the place for little boys. He must go back to his mother. "*Dépêche toi!*" cried the man.

So P'tit Jean turned and wandered back along the solid line of people, making a dive every now and then when he saw a fat man's legs ajar. It was always the wrong turning, however, and the amateur archways, not understanding the position, were inclined to resent the attempt. P'tit Jean began to look unhappy, but still he kept on, until by chance he reached the wheeled chair. There he stopped, staring at its dreadful occupant. I wondered whether I ought to go to the rescue; perhaps the child was terrified into immobility. Suddenly he stretched out his little chubby arms. "Take me up; it's nice!" he cried. If one has found the way troublesome amid a labyrinth of legs, can their absence come as a relief?

It was the cripple himself who lifted up P'tit Jean, although kind steadying hands were placed on his shoulders. Even so his unweighted body rolled horribly, although the little one did not seem to mind. He had clasped his arms around the man's neck and nestled there silently; only, when the band played a favorite tune, he beat time softly on the dark face and uttered little squeaks of joy. And the man said nothing either; he could not. He was kissing the child hungrily, tenderly, almost as a woman might have done.

"I want to play with my soldiers," said P'tit Jean at last, and slipped down into the empty footboard of the wheeled chair.

The man looked disappointed; still, he did not speak. He was looking down at P'tit Jean, while P'tit Jean only looked at the little tin soldiers. Suddenly the child put up his hand and stroked the deformed, legless body. "I'm happy down here," he said, a smile

dimpling out over his round face. "I'd like always to be riding about down here, with you up there, so cozily." An answering light came into the man's dark eyes; it was as though the sun had broken out through a cloud.

"If I had been a whole man," he murmured whimsically, "where would have been the place down there for P'tit Jean?"



A MEMORY OF MID-AUGUST

BY JOHN L. SHROY

GREEN in the valley and blue on the hill,
 And brown in the fields near by;
 A quiver of heat when the wind is still,
 A Bob White whistle strong and shrill
 And a distant sweet reply.

A locust sings me a warm, dry song
 As he sits on a tassel of corn;
 And the dust is deep and the spider lines strong,
 While the seconds are pushing the minutes along,
 And the hours are weary and worn.

The glorious blue of the summer sky
 Is changed to a hazy gray,
 And a lonely white cloud goes afloat by,
 The Mother Breeze nods with a half-closed eye
 While her children, the Zephyrs, play.

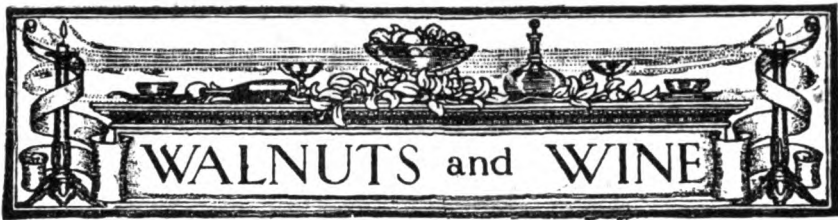
I lie 'neath a tree in a shady nook
 By a drowsy, murmuring stream;
 And I listen and think and at times give a look
 At the pages and lines of a lazy old book,
 Till the words fade away in a dream.



AMBITION

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE.

I shot an arrow at the zenith;
 And it fell on my own head.



NOT SO SCARED AS HE SEEMED

A smart young drummer was driving his hired team along a difficult bit of Wyoming road when he overtook a rather dignified old gentleman who was walking in the direction in which he was driving.

“Have a lift?” inquired “our Mr. Simpson” genially.

“Thank you, sir;” and the old gentleman took a seat in the buggy beside the drummer.

The team happened to be a pair of half-broken broncos—a fact upon which the drummer enlarged gleefully as he slackened the lines and gave the horses their heads a trifle. They were off at a jump, and as the buggy swung violently around a curve, the old gentleman was all but thrown out—to the great amusement of the smart young drummer. When this occurred a second time the old gentleman said politely:

“If it is all the same to you, sir, I should be obliged if you would drive a little more slowly.”

“Oh, if you are afraid,” sneered the young man unpleasantly, “perhaps you had better do the driving.”

The old gentleman looked at him for a moment with a look in his eyes which the drummer never forgot.

“Perhaps you are right, sir,” he said, with the utmost politeness, as he took the lines. Then he reached for the whip in the whip socket, and, leaning over the dash-board, he lashed first one bronco and then the other.

“Are *you* afraid, sir?” he demanded, turning upon the drummer; but before the terrified drummer could reply he threw both lines out of the buggy, and the runaway horses, with the lines dragging, tore around the curves at a pace at which “our Mr. Simpson” never had ridden.

Both men were thrown out and the buggy splintered. The old gentleman, the first to arise from the wreck, stood over the prostrate drummer as he returned to consciousness, and again demanded:

“Are *you* afraid, sir?”

Walnuts and Wine

The smart young man learned ultimately that his passenger was Major Wolton, whose reckless courage is a byword throughout Wyoming.

Caroline Lockhart



ERADICATED

Discouraged teacher: "Mary, haven't you an idea in your head?"

Pupil: "No, ma put on sweet oil last summer, an' I haven't had one since!"

Eleanor Root



A GOOD NAME

De Style: "Why do they call the foreman of that factory 'Old Automobile'?"

Gunbusta: "Because he's got so many men under him, I guess."

F. P. Pitzer



AN EASY MATTER

The man was playing euchre with the latest belle of the Mountain House, while his bride of three months was trying to busy her mind as well as her fingers with a piece of embroidery.

Suddenly the husband turned toward his wife with a patronizing air.

"Pardon me," he exclaimed; "I hadn't noticed that I was between you and the light!"

"Oh, pray don't move!" the little woman replied. "I can see through you perfectly well!"

Emma C. Dowd



A REMINDER

Two girls were going down the street when they passed a man wearing a green vest and a beaver hat.

"Oh!" said the one. "Just see what that man is sporting."

"Yes," said the other; "that reminds me: I've got to buy some quinine."

"How does that remind you?"

"Oh, just the bad taste."

Gordon R. Edwards

Walnuts and Wine



The Belle of
1789

The Beauty of
To-Day

BEAUTIFUL women, all over the civilized world, for over a hundred years have found

PEARS' SOAP

Matchless for the Complexion



ALL RIGHTS SECURED

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

Walnuts and Wine

A DOUBLE INTENDER

By John George Crandall

An automobile
With a bursted wheel
Went into a garage for quick repairs;
And the chauffeur, balked
In his projects, talked
As a tinker talks when a tinker swears.
But the great machine,
Full of righteous spleen,
And of gratitude by its cure inspired,
Said at once to each,
To the skilful leech
And the swearing chauffeur, "You make me tired!"



A SPOON STORY

A banquet was given to the students recently by the "Profs" of a well-known college. Upon the morning following, in chapel, announcement was made that three solid silver spoons were missing when the festive board had been cleared away the evening before.

"Those three silver spoons must be returned," ended the professor upon whom had devolved the delivery of the announcement.

Two days later, the mail-man, pushing a four-wheeled cart ahead of him, delivered at the college something like eleven hundred packages, each of which upon examination proved to be a paste-board box containing a tin spoon carefully wrapped in tissue paper.

And the "Profs," in hopes of finding the three solid silver spoons among them, were obliged to open every one of the packages—with the result that the three spoons are still missing.

Albert J. Klinck



WHICH WILLIAM?

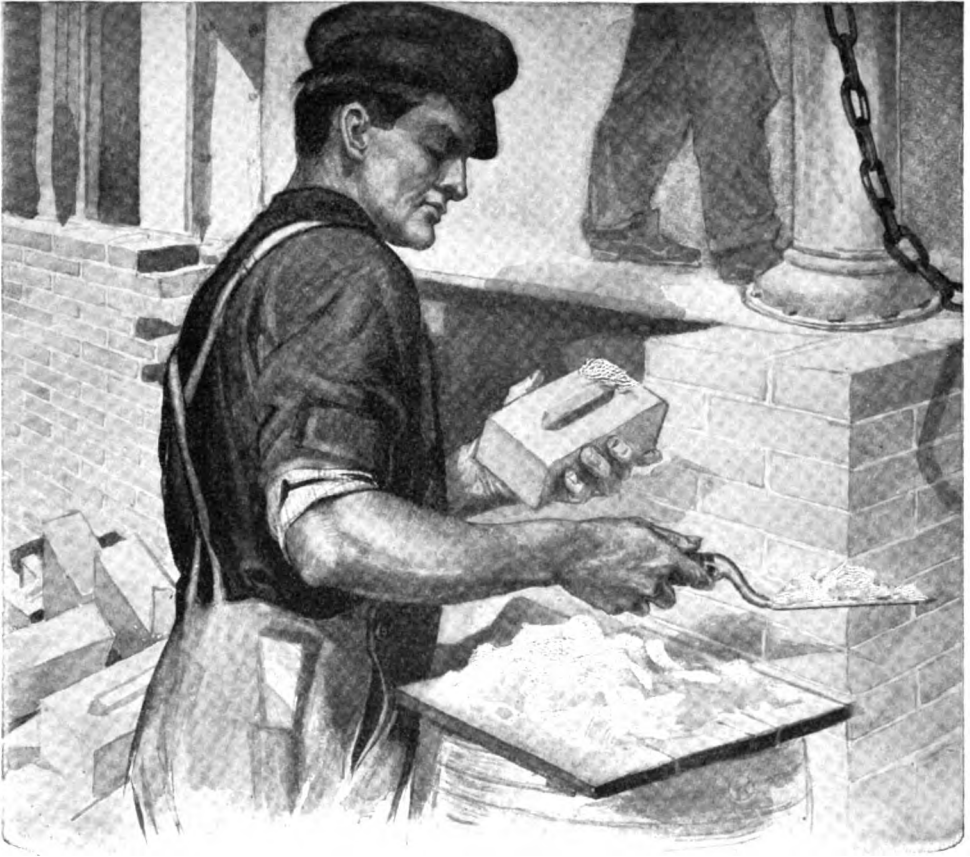
During a conversation between the present German Kaiser and his Chancellor, the latter, in closing a remark, said:

"As the immortal William once put it, 'There's a divinity that shapes our ends, roughhew them how we will.'"

"That's pretty good," spoke up the Kaiser. "But, by the way, when did I say that?"

Addison May Rothrock

Walnuts and Wine



Build What You Build, Well

Build your body cell by cell, WELL. Use properly selected FOOD. That is the material, and, as the builder of a building selects the best brick and mortar, so you should select the very best material the world affords from which to build your body.

Nowadays we have that material right at hand chosen by an expert.

Grape-Nuts

food is made from the certain selected parts of Wheat and Barley which supply the Phosphate of Potash that assimilates with Albumen and makes the soft gray matter in the nerve-cells and brain to perfectly rebuild and sustain the delicate nervous system upon which the whole structure depends, and the food is so prepared in manufacture that babe or athlete can digest it.

“There’s a Reason” and a profound one for GRAPE-NUTS.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Walnuts and Wine

VERSATILE

A fair example of those who take little interest in St. Paul's maxim, "This one thing I do," is the man who set this crudely printed card in the window of his shop:

ATTENTION

Chair caning and all kinds of family soddering done Here. Also Music furnished for Public Bawls, Receptions and Danes. Lessons on the Viloin. Fany dances teached in Six lessons. Lessons in oild Painting and wax flowers. Inquire inside.

J. L. Harbour



BILL NYE AS A MUSICAL CRITIC

Joseph H. Choate tells of a conversation he once had with the late "Bill" Nye, in reference to a concert the humorist had attended during his first visit to London. "I had asked Mr. Nye," said Mr. Choate, "what was his opinion of Wagner's music." With the most serious expression in the world, Nye replied:

"I must confess that his music is beyond my comprehension; but I always feel sure, when I hear it, that it is really much better than it sounds."

Edwin Tarrissae



ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY

The present Chief Justice of Ontario, Sir William Meredith, was for many years engaged in the practice of criminal law, and afterwards became a notable figure in provincial politics, as leader of "Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition" in the Ontario Parliament. He is a man of fine presence, with a leonine mass of white hair. One night he was speaking in Toronto at a turbulent meeting held toward the close of a hot campaign, when he was sharply interrupted by a strident voice from the top gallery:

"Aw, Willum, go an' get your hair cut!"

Instantly Meredith threw back his magnificent head, and, fixing the offender with the stern eye of the practiced examiner, exclaimed "My friend, if my memory serves me, I once had something to do with getting *your* hair cut."

There were no more interruptions.

George Herbert Clarke



A New and Delicious Rice-Food

Quaker Rice is made from the choicest white rice, by a special patented process that cooks the rice kernel thoroughly, and expands or "puffs" it to many times its natural size.

This process of "puffing" gives to Quaker Rice the most delicious flavor, and makes a light, dainty food, different from anything you have ever eaten.

Quaker Rice

(Puffed)

contains all of the strength-making and health-making qualities of rice in a most appetizing form. You can eat as much Quaker Rice as you wish with the absolute knowledge that your stomach can and will quickly assimilate the nourishment it contains—and every particle of Quaker Rice is digestible.

It is this dainty, delicate, delicious taste to Quaker Rice that makes you want more, once you have eaten it. Its healthful, wholesome properties are what make you glad you have eaten it.

Quaker Rice can be easily and quickly made into many delightful confections, such as Quaker Rice Candy, Quaker Rice Brittle, etc., right in your own kitchen. Recipes will be found on each package. During the coming winter months Quaker Rice parties for children will be very much in vogue.

Quaker Rice is sold by grocers everywhere at 10c the package.

Made by The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

Walnuts and Wine

THE WRONG ILLUSTRATION

Ten o'clock and the small boy refused to become sleepy.

Father: "Willie, you must go to bed."

Mother: "Yes, Willie, you must go. Just think how long ago the little chickens went to sleep."

Willie (who is an observer): "But didn't the old hen and the rooster go with them, ma?"

Willie stayed up till eleven.

L. Cortright

THE FINAL ACT

By Sarah G. Frost

(With humble apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling)

When Europe's last town we have quitted,
and given our final "tip,"
When the last Paris gown has been fitted,
and the post-cards are packed in our grip,
We shall rest,—and faith we shall need it,—
lie back in our deck-chairs and doze,
Till the voice of the customs official
shall call us from our repose.

And those that were poor shall be happy;
they shall have no plunder to hide;
They can swear to the law without finching,
and open their boxes wide.
But they that had wealth to squander
shall tremble to hear that call;
From virtue's straight path they shall wander,
and into deceit they shall fall.

And the friends we remember shall praise us,
and those who are slighted shall blame,
But inspectors shall take our money,
and shut their eyes just the same.
And each in the joy of her treasure
shall thank her separate star
That our upright customs officials
are as easily worked as they are.

Sy-CLO

TRADE-MARK

The perfect material and scientific principle of construction of the Sy-CLO Closet entirely overcomes the unpleasant and unsanitary features that make the ordinary closet a menace to health. The Sy-CLO Closet does away with the necessary care that makes the common closet a household burden.

Study the sectional view of the Sy-CLO illustrated below. Notice the unusual extent of water surface in the bowl. No possibility of impurity adhering to the sides. That's why the Sy-CLO is always clean.

Unlike the ordinary closet, the Sy-CLO Closet has a double cleansing action, a combination of flush from above and a powerful pump-like pull from below.

The downward rush of water creates a vacuum in the pipe into which the entire contents of the bowl is drawn with irresistible syphonic force.

That's why the Sy-CLO Closet is called

The Closet That Cleans Itself

The sectional cut shows the *deep water-seal* that perpetually guards the household health by making impossible the escape of sewer gas, a subtle and often unsuspected poison.

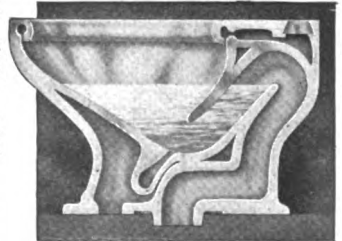
The material of the Sy-CLO Closet is heavy white *china*, hand moulded into a single piece. No joint, crack or crevice to retain impurity. No surface to chip off or crack. Nothing to rust or corrode. Unaffected by water, acid or wear.

The name "Sy-CLO" on a closet guarantees that it is made under the direction and supervision of the Potteries Selling Company, of the best materials, and with the aid of the best engineering skill, and has the united endorsement of eighteen of the leading potteries of America.

Lavatories of every design made of the same material as the Sy-CLO Closets.

POTTERIES SELLING COMPANY,
TRENTON, N. J.

*Valuable Booklet on
"Household Health"
sent free
if you mention
the name of
your Plumber.*



Walnuts and Wine

JOHN DREW ON DRAWING POWER

A fellow actor was the subject of discussion at The Players Club not long ago.

"He is perfectly devoted to that blonde"—so Mr. John Drew was informed. "His family think it is a case of hypnotism."

"Seems more like chemical attraction," said the great actor thoughtfully.

J. M. Hendrickson



WHY HE LAUGHED

A college girl was copying an inscription one day in the British Museum when two young women entered. Looking at the rosetta stone, one of them said, "What is this? R-o-s-e-t-t-a—rosetta stone." Then leaning down to it, she cautiously sniffed at it several times, and, lifting her head, said to her companion, "Why, it does have a peculiar fragrance like a rose." When the college girl got home she told the story to her brother, who laughed and laughed, and, when he recovered his breath sufficiently, exclaimed, "Why, didn't she know that Rossetti was a poet?"

Frances N. Heath



IN CHICAGO

"Where do you sell your second-hand wedding gowns?"

J. M. Hendrickson



SAME THING

Grover Cleveland and the late Joseph Jefferson were chums of the warmest kind. Love of sport threw them much together, and they found pleasure in reminiscences and thoughts of the future.

"Life is, after all, but a fleeting show," said Mr. Jefferson one day when they were on a fishing excursion.

"That's so," replied Mr. Cleveland. "I noticed it particularly when I lived in New York. Whenever I was obliged to take the elevated to go home, I found it a series of one night stands."

J. Maxwell Beers

Walnuts and Wine



SIMPLIFIED SHAVING

Just a Gillette Safety Razor

soap and brush---and in 2 to 5 minutes the harshest beard can be smoothly shaved from the tenderest skin, with greater comfort than you have ever experienced from your pet razor or your favorite barber.

Yet the cost is less than 2 cents a week for a perfect shave every day in the year. Think of the money and time the Gillette Razor saves its ONE MILLION satisfied users!

**NO STROPPING NO HONING!
ALWAYS SHARP**

Gillette double-edged wafer blades are so hard and keen that each blade gives an average of more than 20 perfect shaves. When dulled, throw away as a used pen. A new blade inserted in a second. Extra blades cost 50 cents for ten.

THE FINEST RAZOR IN THE WORLD

The Gillette Razor is built like a watch, and its sturdy frame will last a lifetime. If you could visit the Gillette Factory and see the minute care with which each individual blade is tempered, ground, honed, stropped and then tested with human hair as a barber tests his blade, you would understand why the Gillette Razor is no to be compared with any other razor ever made.

PRICES: Triple silver-plated holder and 12 tested blades (24 keen edges) in a handsome leather case, \$5. Standard combination set with triple silver-plated soap and brush holders, \$7.50. Other sets in gold and silver. Extra blades, 10 for 50c.

Sold by Drug, Cutlery and Hardware dealers everywhere, most of whom make the 30-day free trial offer. If yours wont, write us and we will.

Write today for illustrated booklet.

Gillette Sales Company, 271 Times Bldg., New York



Exact
Size
of the
Gillette
Safety
Razor
Ready for
use

Triple
Silver
Plated

Gillette Playing Cards. For 25c.

silver or stamps and the name of a friend who does not use the Gillette Razor, we send to any address post-paid a full pack of 50-cent playing cards; round corner, gold edges, celluloid finish, in handsome gold embossed leatherette telescope case. Send today.

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING, NO HONING.



Walnuts and Wine

PARAPHRASES

Uneasy is the tooth that wears a crown.

Absinthe makes the heart go wander.

Who laughs last his laugh lasts.

Out of mind—in the asylum.

All things come to him who has them.

Truth is mighty scarce.

In a multitude of counselors there is much befogging of justice.

A good name is to be preferred to riches, but riches get the most credit.

H. W. Francis

INVENTING FOR THE INVENTOR

In a certain New York State factory given over to the manufacturing of electrical appliances, visitors are of daily occurrence, and guides a necessity. A guide named Steve took such pride in the works that if surprise and enthusiasm did not always respond to his personally conducted tours he would promptly imagine various things, to awaken what he believed to be the proper emotions. One day, with an unusually undemonstrative man in tow—a man seemingly not even interested in the “features” shown him, while he paid close attention to details of apparent insignificance—Steve began on the subject of the incandescent light.

“It was discovered purely by accident,” said he. “Mr. Edison says himself that he would never have thought of the thing if he hadn’t seen some lightning playing around a fork that had been left in an empty pickle bottle.”

The visitor looked up rather oddly at this information, but still so quietly that Steve, to cap his climax, added: “And so was born that boon to all mankind, the incandescent light.”

At that instant a passing employee caught sight of the visitor, and, coming up to him with hand outstretched, exclaimed: “If it isn’t my old boss! How are you, Mr. Edison?”

Steve sat down on the first object handy, and, with his head in his hands, tried to recall what he had said, and think quickly of some way out. When he looked up, the “Wizard of Menlo Park” had departed, undoubtedly wiser than when he began his tour round the factory, but also undoubtedly considerate of Steve. And a fortnight later that gentleman received from West Orange a book on

Walnuts and Wine

LOWNEY'S

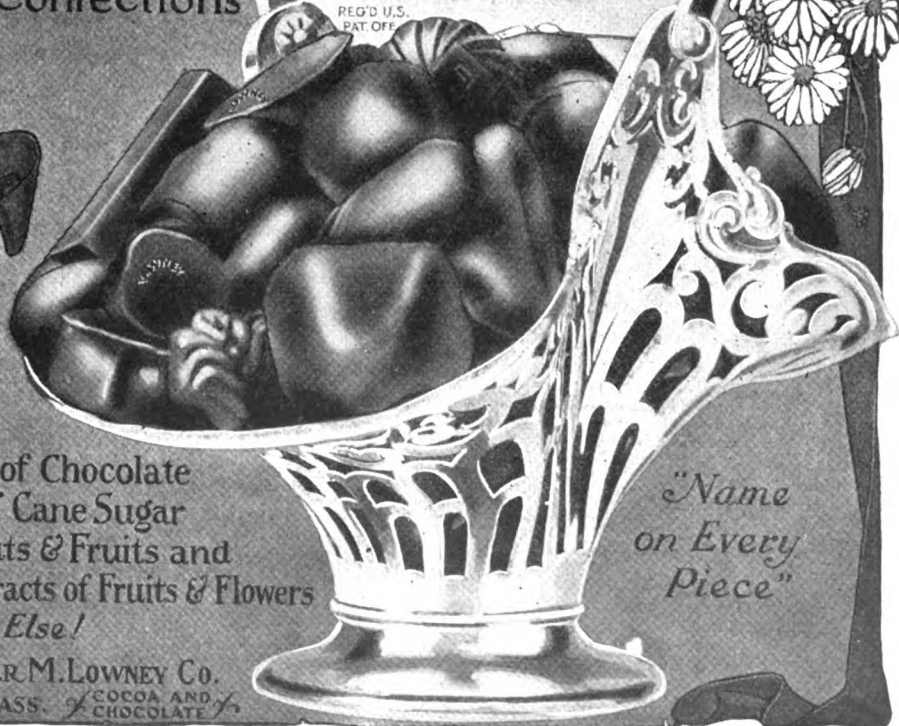
CHOCOLATE BON-BONS

*Pure
Delicious
Healthful*

The Most
Perfect of
Confections



REG'D U.S.
PAT OFF



The
hoicest of Chocolate
urest of Cane Sugar
nest Nuts & Fruits and
urest Extracts of Fruits & Flowers
Nothing Else!

*"Name
on Every
Piece"*

WALTER M. LOWNEY Co.
BOSTON, MASS. COCOA AND CHOCOLATE

Walnuts and Wine

electrical science, "written down" to juvenile readers, and on the fly-leaf, beneath a sketch of a fork in an empty bottle, were written these words:

"And so was born that boon to all mankind, the incandescent light!"

Warwick James Prio

WHY, INDEED

Muriel: "That girl can't sing."

Marguerite: "Certainly not; but why should she seem so determined to show us that she can't?"

Edwin Tarrisse

THE WEB OF THEOLOGY

The minister of the Zion Church looked long and sternly at the parishioner whose mind was more open to abstruse theological problems than to simple every-day questions of honesty.

"What you studyin' on foreordination and all such doctrines for?" he demanded severely.

"I—I—jes' like to know whether I b'lieve it," stammered Uncle Plutarch.

"See hyar," said the elder, pointing a long black finger at his questioner, "is you gwine to b'lieve dat no matter how much a pusson may struggle 'gainst de powers ob 'struction, he's got no mo' chance dan Mr. Greenough's chick'ns dat peep so lively has ob escapin' free while you keeps an eye on dat chick'n coop day an' night? Is dat what you want to b'lieve?"

"Massy sakes, no!" said Uncle Plutarch fervently.

Elizabeth L. Gould

EVERYTHING WOODEN

"The heroine of to-day is no longer described as having a marble brow."

"No; marble-tops are out."

C. A. Bolton

THE VERDICT

Judge: "What is the verdict of the jury?"

Foreman of the jury: "Your honor, the jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane!"

George Frederick Wilson



WHITING PAPERS

NO HIGHER GRADE MADE

The Correct Papers for Correspondence—Social or Business.

The Whiting Water-mark is the **high-water mark** of fine paper-making. It sets a world's standard.

Whiting's Angora Papers for invitations, announcements, and social functions.

Whiting's French Organdie and Organdie Glace, the choicest correspondence papers in fabric finish.

Whiting's Woven Linen, a gentleman's paper of strength and delicacy.

These are three representative specimens of Whiting quality and style.

Largest Manufacturers of Fine Writing-paper in the World

WHITING PAPER COMPANY

148-150-152 Duane St., New York

Philadelphia — Chicago — Boston. Mills, Holyoke, Mass.

Walnuts and Wine

THE LIMIT

By McLandburgh Wilson

Give Copernicus due credit,
And a eulogistic toast,
For explaining just the workings
Of the planetary host.

Give a meed of praise to Newton,
As we quaff another cup,
For his lucid explanation
Why an apple won't fall up.

And, regarding definitions
For the ignorant to hunt,
Noah Webster's dictionary
Did a modest little stunt.

But you realize those sages
Had an easy job to swing,
When you first explain a ball game
To a fluffy sweet young thing.



Two A. M.

Wife: "Wake up, John! I think there are burglars in the house."

Husband: "I huh—hope——"

"What do you hope?"

"I huh—hope you're mistaken."

D. F. Maguire



THE EARTH'S SURFACE

Two sisters, one tipping the scales at two hundred pounds or more, and the other slight to extreme slimness, but very beautiful, were being introduced at a reception.

"What's her name?" whispered one young man to a friend, referring to the slim sister. "I didn't catch it."

"Virginia," answered the friend.

"Virginia!" repeated the young man, in apparent surprise. "Then her sister must be the whole United States!"

L. M.



Clean from Head to Foot

SIMPLY "washing up" morning and night and taking a bath once a week, will not keep you on speaking terms with healthful cleanliness.

Bathing the body from head to foot daily, or, at least, every other day, is necessary to remove the dead cuticle and keep the pores of the skin free, and in proper condition to perform the function Nature allotted them.

Do you know that your skin throws off every day 17 per cent of the entire waste matter which comes from your body?

It is too much to ask Nature to take care of this discharge—you must assist her, and frequent bathing, with good soap and fresh water, is the best aid.

The main problem is to find the right soap.

Good soap is a skin stimulant; impure soap is a skin irritant.

Soaps made from cheap materials, and containing free alkali, rosin and other adulterants, stick to and roughen the skin, clog the pores, and do more harm than good.

A high-grade soap *cleanses* the pores, softens the skin, and removes the little bacteria of the body.

There is no free alkali, no rosin, no adulterants in FAIRY SOAP. It is just as pure and high-grade as best materials can make it. We might incorporate

some artificial coloring matter, scent it up with expensive perfumes and sell FAIRY SOAP for 25c or 50c a cake.

Such a course, however, would not add a whit to the cleansing quality of FAIRY SOAP—it would not make it a bit more effective; it would actually rob it of its whiteness and purity.

If you are looking for perfume, why not buy it separately, and place it on your clothes or body? Soap is made to cleanse, soften and purify—not to scent up the body with fanciful odors.

Now, compare a cake of FAIRY SOAP with one of any other white soap.

You will find the other soap yellow in color, greasy in odor—and oft-times absolutely rancid.

FAIRY SOAP is white and will remain so. It smells deliciously sweet and clean.

FAIRY SOAP—the white, floating, oval cake—sells for 5 cents at grocers' and druggists'.



THE
N. K. FAIRBANK
COMPANY
CHICAGO

Fairy Soap was granted highest possible awards at both St. Louis and Portland Expositions.



"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"

Walnuts and Wine

A FOXY TENANT

At one time there lived in Worcester, Massachusetts, an old negro who had a tremendous influence religious and political in the settlement where he lived. He occupied a little house owned by a prominent banker, but had successfully evaded the payment of rent for many years. No trouble came, however, until the banker was nominated to run for a political office. The next day the old negro came hobbling into his office.

"Well, Sam," said the banker, "I suppose you've come in to pay me some rent."

"Oh, no, boss," replied the old man. "I's just come in to say I's glad yo is nominated, and will tell de res' of dese no 'count niggers to vote fo' yo, and to mention to yo at de same time dat de roof of my house is a leakin', an' if it ain't fixed I'll have to move out directly."

R. W. Child



THE WORDS SOUNDED ALL RIGHT

Helen went to a little party. She returned much earlier than expected, and her mother, fearing that something had gone wrong, questioned her. Helen was very fond of using words that she considered fine sounding. She replied:

"I stayed until they went out in the dining-room, and then I saw that there were eleven little girls and only ten chairs. I thought I'd tell Ruthie's mother, as polite as I could, that there weren't chairs enough; so I stayed in the other room, and when she came and asked me why I didn't come out with the other little girls, I just told her. I said, that she perpetually didn't expect some one, and I didn't go out because there was no incentive. She didn't seem to understand the words, and I couldn't think of any cinnamons, so I came home."

"Did you mean 'no vacancy'?" inquired her mother.

"Yes," answered Helen; "that was one of the words I couldn't think of."

"And the other word was 'evidently'?"

"Yes," replied Helen, dismissing the subject; "but I hope I'll never show my ignorance of the English language as plainly as Ruthie's mother did this afternoon."

Blanche Grier Conrad

ARTLOOM COUCH-COVER



AN ARTLOOM couch-cover will turn your old couch into a thing of beauty or save the new one hard wear and tear.

Artloom couch- and table-covers are made of heavy tapestry, ample in size and wonderfully rich in coloring—many of them are reproductions of costly originals, Persian and Oriental. They will last for years, never go out of fashion, and save their price many times by protecting couch or table and adding to the comfort and attractiveness of the room. In den or cozy corner, bedroom, or apartment, Artloom covers may be used in many ways. Even an old chest or trunk with an Artloom cover takes on the appearance of luxury. *Prices \$3 to \$10.*

In these hurried times so many things are manufactured without any special idea or taste. It seems a pity for a woman to go into a store and pay full price for ordinary tapestries when the dealer could just as well sell her Artlooms (*identify by label Artloom on every piece*).

Ask to be shown Artloom Tapestries, curtains, couch-covers, and table-covers the very next time you go shopping. Your dealer doubtless has them. The only trouble is that in some stores the assortment doesn't do us justice.

Please remember we have the largest tapestry works in the United States and your dealer can get anything we make.

Send today for our free Style Book J of Artloom creations with designs in color. We shall enclose, also without cost, a charming little book, "Home-making," By Edith W. Fisher, with illustrated schemes for interior decoration.

Philadelphia Tapestry Mills, Philadelphia

Walnuts and Wine

WAR CRIES

By Jim True

Where once the Red Man lived and fought,
And lustily did yell 'em,
Now through the crowded thoroughfares
Salvation Lassies sell 'em.



EASIER TO SIT

When the candidate for legislative honors did not wish to answer a question he was never at a loss for ways to avoid it.

"Where do you stand on the question of women's suffrage?" asked an austere and influential person, his hostess at a small dinner.

The tactful man turned to her with a gallant but deprecatory smile. "My dear madam," he said gently, "have you the heart to ask me to stand anywhere after such a dinner as I've eaten to-night?"

Elizabeth L. Gould



WOMAN'S DISCERNMENT

"What a murderous looking individual the prisoner is!" whispered an old lady in a crowded court-room. "I'd be afraid to get near him."

"Sh!" warned her husband. "That ain't the prisoner. He ain't been brought in yet."

"It ain't! Who is it, then?"

"It's the judge."

L. Y. G.



SEVEN AGES OF THE NOSE

By McLandburgh Wilson

The nose has seven ages: first,
It leads its owner straight
Where pies and cookies, good and hot,
Lie fragrant on the plate.

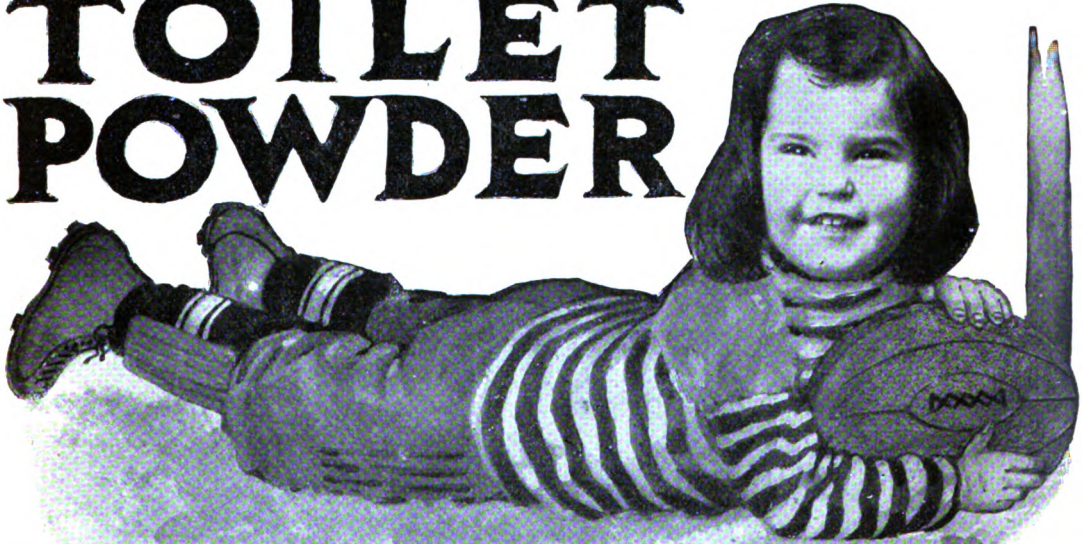
Then, second age, it loves a smell
Perhaps of all the best—
The sawdust of the circus ring
Beats Araby the Blest.

Walnuts and Wine

MENNEN'S

Borated Talcum

TOILET POWDER



OUTDOOR CHILDREN

are healthy children. Send them into the open air, but don't neglect to protect their little hands and faces from the painful **chapping** and **chafing** which winter winds and outdoor sports inflict on tender skins. The best protection is the **daily** use of

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

Put up in **non-refillable boxes**, for your protection. If **Mennen's** face is on the cover, it's **genuine, that's a guarantee of purity**. Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cts. **Sample free.**



GERHARD MENNEN CO. Newark, N. J.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Powder

(It has the scent of fresh cut Violets)

Walnuts and Wine

Third age, it sniffs with great delight
From night till dewy morn
The perfume of a faded rose
A certain girl has worn.

Next age, it goes into the wars
Where falls the battle stroke,
And in its nostrils linger long
The powder and the smoke.

Fifth age, its happy hours are spent
In speeding past the scene,
While floats on the surrounding air
The scent of gasoline.

Sixth age, it finds a pleasure great,
A joy vouchsafed to few,
The faint aroma breathing forth
From banknotes crisp and new.

Then seventh age, when crowding years
All other aims debar,
In blissful and uptilted ease,
It sniffs a good cigar.



PUBLICITY

"Bobbie, I hope you didn't tell your mother that you saw me kissing sister last night."

"Nope, I didn't have to. Sis waked us all up at midnight, when you went home, and told it herself."

C. A. Bolton



THE DETACHABLE SORT

Grace: "Marie has such beautiful hair! Why, she can sit on it!"

Helen: "How careless of her to leave it lying around on the chairs!"

T. E. McGrath



A DIFFICULT UNDERTAKING

Customer (facetiously): "Do you suppose you can cut my hair without making me look like a blasted idiot?"

Barber (diffidently): "It will be a pretty difficult thing to do, but I will try."

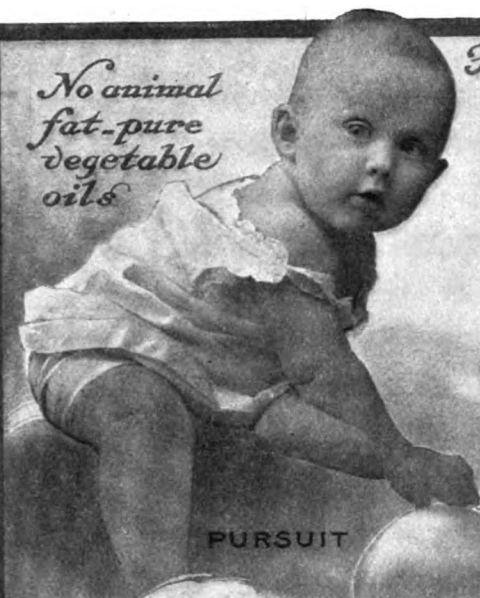
Will S. Gidley

*No animal
fat-pure
vegetable
oils*

The

BABY'S BATH

may make its roseleaf skin
continue its beauty through
life if you use **HAND
SAPOLIO**



PURSUIT

**THAT
CHILD**
will escape
chafing and
all skin
troubles,
and will
sleep well
who is
bathed
daily with



CAPTURE

Comfortable
babies are
good ones
**HAND
SAPOLIO**
babies are
prize winners

PURE
SAFE
SURE

HAND SAPOLIO



CONTENT

A. L. RICH.

Walnuts and Wine

THE PRINCE'S LITTLE JOKE

"During my recent sojourn in Europe," said a New Jersey Senator as he stood in the lobby of a Washington hotel with a circle of friends, "I happened to attend a banquet at which Prince Louis was one of the guests of honor. After a formal introduction, we held a lengthy conversation during which we touched on the exorbitant price charged the prince by a New York dentist for work performed on the former's teeth.

"'Yes,' I said sympathetically; 'that was robbery.'

"'Absolutely,' said the prince.

"'Should you ever come to New York again,' I went on, 'I feel certain that that dentist wouldn't dare look you in the face again.'

"'Indeed he wouldn't,' rejoined the genial prince; 'at least, not at his former price.'"

F. P. Pitzer



A LITTLE GIRL'S LAMENT

By J. L. Armor

They say that sleeping dogs may lie;
But little girls may not,
For when I tell the littlest fib
They scold an awful lot.

Sometimes I wish I was a dog
So's I could lie a lot;
For when I've taken mother's cake
I'd rather sleep than not.

Then when she'd say, "Now, Clementine,
Did you do so and so?"
I'd close my eyes and snooze a bit
And growl out, "No; oh, no!"



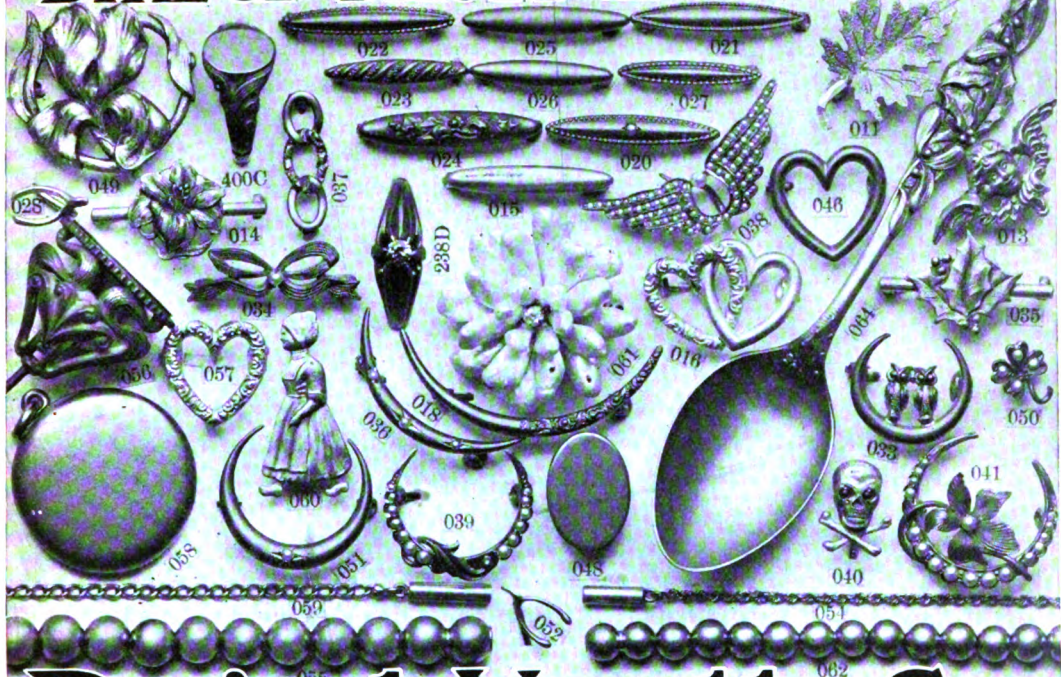
SEEING BENEATH THE SURFACE

"But can you explain why the strikers refrained from doing you any injury?" asked the reporter.

"At the last moment," replied the strike-breaker, as he glanced furtively around, "they discovered that I was wearing a union suit."

G. T. Evans

"DIRECT FROM WORKSHOP"



Baird-North Co.

Diamond Merchants, Gold and Silversmiths

Solid Gold Rings.	
238D Diamond	\$18.00
400C Signet, one letter free	2.00
Monogram, 50 cents extra.	
Stock Pins.	
015 Sterling silver	\$0.20
020 Gold plate, pearl	.75
021 Solid gold, bead edge	.25
022 Gold plate, bead edge	.25
023 Solid gold, scroll	.75
024 Solid gold, holly	.25
025 Gold plate, plain	.25
026 Solid gold, plain	.50
027 Solid gold, bead edge	.50
Sterling Silver Brooches.	
011 Maple leaf	\$0.25
Same in gold plate	.25

PRICE LIST	
013 Cupid	\$0.35
014 Handy pin, lily	.35
016 Double heart	.25
Same in gold plate	.25
033 Crescent, owl	.35
Same in gold plate	.35
035 Handy pin, holly	.35
049 Chatelaine, Iris	.50
Hat pin like 049	.50
057 Heart	.25
060 Dutch Girl	.30
Solid Gold Brooches.	
036 Crescent, pearls	\$1.50
038 Pearl wings	5.50
039 Pearl crescent	2.75

041 Pearl crescent, flower	\$4.00
046 Heart	1.00
051 Crescent, pearl	1.50
061 Baroque pearls, diamond	25.00
Gold Plated Brooches.	
018 Crescent	\$0.25
Same in sterling silver	.25
034 Bow knot, pearl	.35
Hat Pins.	
Sterling silver, like 049	\$0.50
Gold plated signet, one script letter free	.75
Monogram 25 cents extra.	

Scarf Pins.	
028 Sterling silver, wishbone	\$0.20
040 Sterling silver, ruby eyes	.35
048 Solid gold signet, one script letter free	1.25
Monogram, 25 cents extra.	
050 Solid gold, pearls	1.00
052 Solid gold, wishbone	.50
Neck Chains.	
054 Solid 14K gold, 15 in.	\$4.00
055 Bead 14K gold, 14 in.	12.00
059 Gold filled 15 in.	1.00
062 Gold filled bead, 15 in.	3.00
037 I. O. F. pin, solid gold	\$0.75
058 Solid gold locket	4.50
064 Sterling silver coffee spoon, holly and mistletoe	.60

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We Can Help You. We have been selling Diamonds, Gold and Silver Jewelry, Leather and Toilet Goods, Watches, Rings, Tableware, etc., by mail since 1866; we have thousands of loyal customers in all parts of the postal union. We issue a Catalog that pictures over 10,000 articles; it's a beautiful book—intensely interesting—full of ideas. In it are suggestions for each member of the family.

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I have been sending you orders during the last three years. I have been much pleased with the articles purchased from you, also with your promptness in sending them.

MRS. ANNA CANNING,
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I have been a customer of yours for several years and have purchased diamonds silver, watches, etc., and have always found them very satisfactory.

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My dealings with your company have always been extremely satisfactory, and I assure you that I appreciate the courtesy which you have shown me at all times.

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The proprietors of the Baird-North Co. are thoroughly reliable business men. Any one is safe in sending them money in advance.

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LELAND H. COLE, Cashier Mercantile National Bank, Salem, Mass.

Walnuts and Wine

ON THE ROAD

It was a few days after the examination. The French class had just received their papers, and found them corrected with the usual method of H for honor, C for creditable, P for passed, and so on. To-day honors prevailed, and accordingly mademoiselle beamed. Tapping lightly on the desk with her pencil, she leaned toward them.

"My pupils," she cried joyfully, "ah, how you have pleased me! Such encouragement! *Quel plaisir!* I feel you are all upon the road to H!"

Alan Gilbert



WHY HE WEPT

Boy White was a complete contradiction to his name, being the blackest little negro you ever saw. He used to bring our clothes home from the wash. One day he came when I was out, and left them at the back door. Just at dusk he reappeared, wild and breathless.

"Missis," he gasped, "is you dun got all you's clothes?"

When I answered in the affirmative, to my dismay he buried his face in his ebony little paws, and burst into a perfect howl of what seemed to be anguish.

"Why, what in the world is the matter, Boy White?"

"M—mammy dun said if dem clothes was stole she was gwine to bus' my haid."

"But they weren't stolen, so what are you crying for?"

"I's so glad my haid ain't gwine to be busted!"

M. Budd



TRANSFORMATION

The teacher was telling her scholars the mythological story about the man who was turned into a swan.

"First," she said, "wings began to appear, and then feathers, and finally his neck grew longer and longer. Now, who can tell me what he became?"

"A rubberneck!" was the startling reply.

L. B. Coley



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Mother: "Did you have a nice luncheon when you were over at Mrs. Brown's to-day?"

Small Daughter: "Oh, yes, mamma, it was delicious! We had—now—d—d—Satan crabs."

M. Worth Colwell



Razac in the Evening While Dressing for Dinner

DO you know a man with a tough, wiry beard who has never been able to shave himself? Tell him to try a Razac—the new ready razor. He can have a quick, cool shave, a better shave than his barber can give him. He can shave right at home, choose his own time for it, always be shaved when he should be.

If a beard is not wiry and tough, so much the better. The Razac has three times the efficiency of any other razor. It is the finest bit of safety razor workmanship ever put on the market—simplest in construction, any one can use it. No care of the blades necessary. No stropping, no honing, no parts to adjust, nothing to learn.

The Razac is the result of five years' scientific work by Tagliabue of Brooklyn, maker of the finest surgical instruments in the United States. It will prove a revelation to the user of any other safety razor—no matter which one or how well he is satisfied now.

The Razac outfit complete, ready for instant use, packed in handsome genuine leather case, price \$3.50. Use the Razac for thirty days and if for any reason you are willing to part with it, send it back and we will promptly refund your money, without argument or question. No strings to this offer and we pay express charges both ways. We authorize all dealers to make the same offer. If yours doesn't, send to us.

No more beautiful or acceptable gift for a man than our combination set containing triple silver-plated holder, twelve double-edge blades, genuine Badger-hair brush and Razac shaving stick, each in triple silver-plated box, all securely packed in genuine leather case with strong clasp, \$5.00. Same as above, gold-plated, \$8.50.

Whatever you do send your name on a postal card for our two books—**RAZAC USE** and **RAZAC REASON**. They explain and illustrate everything you'd like to know about shaving.

HAPGOODS SALES COMPANY, Suite 110, 305 Broadway, N. Y.

Walnuts and Wine

METHOD IN HIS RASHNESS

For years poor, overworked Jenkins had registered his nightly "kick" against the incessant playing of the piano by his two girls, aged respectively sixteen and seventeen. He needed rest and quiet, he said, but the madam couldn't see it that way, being most desirous that the girls should have "as much practice as possible."

About one o'clock the other night Jenkins was suddenly awakened by his wife's exclaiming in a hoarse tone that she was sure there were burglars in the parlor.

"Nonsense!" growled Jenkins, turning over preparatory to renewing his slumbers.

"But, Richard," insisted the wife, "I am *sure* I heard men in the parlor. Some one stumbled against the piano several times, striking the keys!"

Whereupon Jenkins, with a demoniacal smile, hastily leaped from the bed and began to slip on his dressing-gown, evidently with the intention of immediately interviewing the nocturnal visitors downstairs. Observing his determined air, Mrs. Jenkins began to be uneasy.

"Oh, Richard," she wailed, "don't, for my sake, do anything rash! Remember your family! Don't be rash!"

"Rash!" scornfully repeated Jenkins. "Depend upon it, I shall do nothing rash! I'm going to help those fellows. You don't suppose that they can get that piano out unassisted, do you?"

Fenimore Martin



WHY THE LECTURE ENDED

A certain professor was giving his pupils a lecture on "Scotland and the Scots." "These hardy men," he said, "think nothing of swimming across the Tay three times every morning before breakfast."

Suddenly a loud burst of laughter came from the center of the hall, and the professor, amazed at the idea of any one daring to interrupt him in the middle of his lecture, angrily asked the offender what he meant by such conduct.

"I was just thinking, sir," replied the lad, "that the poor Scotch chaps would find themselves on the wrong side for their clothes when they landed!"

Gilbert Allen



As a short smoker, you probably know what sort of a cigar you have to put up with over the retail counter.

You know what you get for as little as a nickel is—well, **you know**. Maybe you buy a larger and more expensive cigar just to get the bit of Havana you're after.

You throw it away half-smoked or else have a choice collection of butts—a stale smoke at best.

Why not get a real good smacking Havana just as fine as silk in the size you want?

It's all wrong—dead wrong—the argument of the manufacturing and jobbing trade, that the man who smokes little cigars only wants something to burn—not taste—not aroma—just smoke.

Now just follow us a moment. Our experience may interest you. Our entire business is making good cigars and selling them direct to the smoker.

We have thousands of customers among the best business and professional men in this country—bankers, railroad officials, clubs, officers of the Army and Navy. We sell cigars as high as 15 cents—perfectos that cost 25 cents in any cigar store.

We also make much less expensive goods.

A man may come to us for two reasons—to reduce his cigar bills, or pay the same money and get a better—a very much higher grade of Havana leaf and workmanship.

If he will tell us what he has been smoking, let us advise him and submit free samples for his trial and approval, we will guarantee that he can do both—reduce his cigar bills and smoke better cigars.

As a case in point, take just our **Baby Grand** cigar, shown actual size in above photograph reproduction.

The filler and wrapper are clear Havana of choicest selection. You can't duplicate it at any price over a cigar counter.

We can make a living factory profit on it at \$3.75 per hundred, and have it rolled by high-class workmen in our own place—the cleanest and most sanitary cigar factory in America.

We select and import our own leaf, direct. We cut out all intermediate profits and deliver it to

you express paid, at \$3.75 for a box of one hundred—that's 3¾ cents apiece, and if you can match this cigar at anywhere near the price in your own town, we will return your money in full, pay the expressage back on all cigars left in the box, and make no charge for those you have smoked.

Or better than that—send no advance payment, simply write us on your business letter-head, enclosing your business card, and we will send you a box of one hundred **Baby Grand** cigars on **trial**: smoke a few samples. If you like them, and find we are justified in our claims for them, send us \$3.75, but if for any reason you do not care for them, return them immediately at our expense and no charge will be made for those you smoked in making the test. We pay expressage both ways. We could not do this if we were not sure of our ground. We know tobacco; we know current cigar values.

The only chance we take, is whether or not you know cigar quality when you get it, and we have the faith to believe you do, in spite of the theories of the cigar jobbers.

Of course we also take the risk of striking your particular taste.

You take no risk at all.

We can show you a thousand testimonials from prominent men who order all their cigars from us by mail, and who have been reordering constantly for the last five years.

We have a high standing here at home. Hundreds of our best customers live right here in New York City, and heaven knows that there are plenty of cigar stores here.

Write now while you have our address handy.

La Reclama Cuban Factory

**1928 FIRST AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY**

References: Union Exchange Bank—Dun—Bradstreets

Walnuts and Wine

A UNIQUE ENDING

The following story was told by a woman who was for many years at the head of one of the smaller colleges for women.

A representative of a large music publishing house came on a business errand to the school, which is quite removed from the town, and was invited to remain to tea.

The principal's table, No. 1, dominates the long room, and three times a day several hundred heads are bowed while grace is said at this table. All visitors are taken there, and the music man when seated was asked to say grace.

Determined that no false move should imperil the business prospects of his house, he boldly waded in. He went on and on; heads remained bowed till necks ached, and still the man continued, unable to find a fitting peroration.

Finally, in desperation, he closed a blessing that became historic in that institution with: "Yours truly, Oliver Dawson and Company."

E. W. Mattson



NEW LAMPS FOR OLD

Johnny's dog, Tige, was a nuisance. His pet theory must have been that all things were created to be destroyed—at least, so his practices indicated. Johnny's folks were anxious to be rid of Tige, and at last they decided to work upon the lad's affections with lucre.

"Johnny," said his father one day, "I'll give you five dollars if you'll get rid of that dog."

Johnny gasped at the amount, swallowed hard at thought of Tige, and said he would think it over.

The next day at dinner he made the laconic announcement: "Pa, I got rid of Tige."

"Well, I certainly am delighted to hear it," said the father. "Here's your money; you've earned it. How did you get rid of the nuisance?"

"Traded him to Bill Simpkins for two yellow pups," answered Johnny.

Ed Moberly



THE FOURTH DECLENSION

Jug.

Jig.

Jag.

Jug.

Karl von Kraft

Walnuts and Wine

ON EVERYBODY'S TONGUE

Chiclets

THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED
CANDY COATED
CHEWING GUM

At All the Better kind of Stores
5 cents the Ounce
or in 5¢, 10¢, and 25¢ Packets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

If your neighborhood store can't supply you send us 10c for sample packet.
FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY, INC., Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto, Can.

Lippincott's Magazine

A DIFFERENT PROPOSITION FROM ANY OF THE OTHERS

It never gets old, as each number contains a complete novel, in addition to the usual miscellaneous reading-matter, unlike others with serials. The advertising pages, being the only illustrated ones, are necessarily much more prominent than in the pictorial journals. Our advertising section is interspersed with full-page illustrations and reading-matter.

IN MAKING UP YOUR LIST, BEAR THIS IN MIND



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by all Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

Walnuts and Wine

A BARGAIN

The busy shopper paused at the fruit vender's stand. "How much are your pineapples?" she asked.

"Eight cent' a piece, lady."

"Well, I declare, that's too good to be missed; I'll take eight of them," she said.

The dealer placed them in a bag and said: "Eight eights—eighty-eight. You take dem along for eighty-five."

The lady's eyes sparkled at the bargain price, and she departed in a happy frame of mind—happy until her husband told her to brush up on the multiplication table.

Ed Moberly



A STRAINED EXPLANATION

Fair Bargainer: "I tell you that I wear a number two!"

Clerk: "But, madam, this shoe that you just took off is a number four."

Fair Bargainer: "Yes, I know, but it has stretched horribly."

J. T.



CONFIDENCE SHAKEN

When the doctor came and pronounced it a mild case of scarlet fever, the mother of six-year-old Betty requested him, as the child was of a very sensitive, high-strung temperament, and had been greatly wrought up recently by the death of a playmate from the same disease, to refer to her illness as measles in her presence.

The plan worked beautifully until one day when Betty was convalescent a visitor jocosely asked her how she liked scarlet fever by this time.

The child's eyes widened and an indignant look stole over her face. Pointing her finger at her mother, she exclaimed with great scorn:

"Now, mother, you have deceived me about Santa Claus, and you have deceived me about scarlet fever; now, how do I know that you have not deceived me about Adam and Eve and the garden of Eden?"

Charles McIlvaine

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1906



QUEEN MARY OF MEMORY LANE

BY CAROLINE WOOD MORRISON

I.

IT was a quiet little by-street—Memory Lane; that portion of the city was built upon the farm of Thomas Memory, and this thoroughfare lay where the old lane had led to the farm-house. No more romantic reason for its name could be assigned; yet to some who loved Mary Scott it seemed in after years as though the gods themselves had planned it because Mary could not be forgotten.

The little house in Memory Lane was so full of sons and daughters that they seemed to have been coming on and on forever. The family record in the old Bible, facetiously styled "The Scotts' Book of Numbers," stated that Alfred Scott begat Hector, William, Elizabeth, Thomas, Paris, Myrtle, Launcelot, Mary, Ajax, known as Jack, with Alfred and Ephraim, twins. They were like puzzle blocks in a box, and had to be nicely adjusted to let the door close when they were all at home. How they were fed was even more of a riddle to their acquaintances.

Alfred Scott, a gentle, absent-minded scholar who had failed at life and was an old man at fifty, owned the little green-painted, five-roomed house, and nothing else. His father, a farmer in northern Michigan, was in diminished circumstance, and Alfred had spent such of his inheritance as came to him on an education that brought no equivalent in dollars and cents; so that his brother, to whom the homestead in Michigan would fall, complained when he still asked for more, though without always refusing. He did a little proof-

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reading where the Latin in a medical report, a legal article, or a too learned thesis taxed the information of the local printer; obtained ill-paid translating by means of desultory advertising; assisted a friendly bookman on busy days; and dreamed of gold-tipped laurels when he should have completed his translation of his loved poet; in his own words:

“The spirit on the farm that walks in the page of Virgil—Virgil, the text-book for boys that no man has gauged the soul of! Translators botanize that farm, and eat of its succulence, but the birds there, the voice of the stream, the spirit on the farm, is not in their English. I feel the charm. Surely I can impart it! It is a life labor of love.”

It was characteristic of the man that, while he did feel and clearly interpret the beauty of the poet, he quite overlooked his incomplete equipment—for he was no versifier, and yet at heart himself too true a poet to hobble fancy with halting feet and imperfect rhymes. Thus he labored on so slowly, so inadequately, that he was taken by Fate, most unfairly, as a joke.

His sons—huge, bullet-headed scions of so gentle a progenitor, deep-water leviathans claiming for father a contemplative trout!—were early in life put to work, and their earnings confiscated for family use. Furthermore there was always credit, to which scholarly people seem peculiarly attracted, soaring above any unpleasantness incident to such aid in the support of life. Betsey had employment in a medicine factory, with good wages. She was a bony woman, with huge hands and feet; her best dress, a black cashmere which she wore on Sundays, shedding jet trimmings to be crunched under-foot and render nervous people impious. She walked and talked like a woman of forty, and had never, as she proudly asserted, had a beau in her life, or gone to a circus, evidently considering the two analogous dissipations.

The second daughter, Myrtle, a gentle, sweet-faced girl, suffered from an affection of the ankle joint. But there was one lion rampant on the Scott escutcheon. The third daughter, Mary, was a beauty, a dewy, blush rose among much heather; the Queen of the Scotts. And the Scotts did homage to their one exception. Household drudgery was not for such as she; and the family finery fell to her dimpled daintiness as a natural sequence.

Mary was gifted with a genius for needlework, and was a girlish artist in fabrics, colors, and forms. She sewed for several wealthy patrons, but her earnings were seldom diverted from their natural channel—herself. Once, in a fit of generosity, she had purchased a lavender bonnet for her mother, who always disappeared in a sun-bonnet-tunnel whenever she did “desert the twins” to visit a sick

neighbor; and a blue tie for her father, between whom and collars there had long been a coolness. But experience soon taught her that lavender bonnets and blue ties were better adapted to herself than to her parents; and her future expenditures were regulated along those comforting lines. Still, at sixteen one is improvident, and when Mary owned two dresses, a snarl of ribbons, and a hat, her industry waned, and she would read novels until imperative need forced her into earning a new sash or a more seasonable wrap.

So self-indulgent a seamstress was not to be relied on, and house-keepers often employed a less gifted needle-woman rather than wait for Mary Scott to finish her Duchess. The wilful beauty, therefore, could not always obtain employment when she would, was chronically moneyless, and often went more than a little shabby.

But she had never in her life been seriously crossed. Whatever she did was right in the eyes of her brothers and sisters, and she was the one bit of poetry in her mother's existence—it was not until after her conquest of young Dr. Urmson, that Alfred Scott emerged from his books to do her homage.

It had been during her employment as seamstress at the house of Kindrick Howard, the banker, that the great man's brother-in-law, becoming enamored of so fair a face, asked his sister's sewing girl to be his wife. Mary had not hesitated over her affirmative. At first sight her heart—that girlish, impulsive, irresponsible heart—had gone out to the handsome young doctor, who so soon became her lover. The wedding day was approaching, and wedding finery filled the house, when Alfred Scott, sitting in his large, familiar chair, his threadbare coat very shiny in the evening sun, folded his glasses and said with the air of a waking somnambulist:

"So you're going to marry a rich, good man, Mary, and there's promise of a broiling piece on the Scott family skeleton yet!"

"Reckon there is, father," laughed Mary. "And I'm happy as a big sunflower."

"Mary," said Alfred Scott suddenly, "do you ever dream?"

The blooming girl laughed merrily.

"I sleep like a log," she said, shaking her rich curls. "Thunder can't wake me. I don't know a thing from the time I lie down at night till I hear the twins hollering next morning."

"Well, well, I had a fancy—but let it pass."

"Pshaw! tell me the fancy, father; I'm nearly wild to hear it. What makes you begin and then stop and shake your head like *Juliet's* nurse?"

"So you can quote a classic, girl, albeit a lovesick one!"

"I wish I could dream," persisted Mary. "One night I swallowed a thimbleful of salt and went to bed backward—you know if you do

that and dream of drinking out of a tin cup you'll live in poverty; a glass is shabby gentility, and a silver goblet riches. But, bless you! I couldn't dream a thing. What made you ask such a question? Were you going to tell me something, daddy?"

"I had no particular matter to impart—it is a foolish fancy; yet I do not know that I need blush for it. Milton discoursed of angels walking familiarly in the garden with man; Saul desired confabulation with the spirit of Samuel; and what says Virgil?—'*Facilis descensus Averno.*' Pliny declares that he does not believe in the gods, but believes in dreams. I am in lordly company when I incline to superstition."

"I don't know much about that kind of thing," said Mary; "only, I like to see the new moon over my right shoulder. You're too deep for me, Pater; but don't go back to your book; let's talk some more. I wish I could buy the trick of dreaming, like a candlestick, to take to bed with me. I've always hankered after ghosts, and I'd be much obliged if you'd put me in the way of seeing one."

"Dreams, having deep significance, come to the pure, the imaginative, and the unhappy," said Alfred Scott ramblingly. "I cannot conceive of a beautiful woman without imagination. If she lack that, she will lack charm, and fade early. I am sure you must possess it. You have been warped by a one-sided life; your nature will right itself in time. You are very young—younger than your years."

"I reckon I *am* too fresh—ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

With a patient sigh Alfred Scott unfolded his glasses, erected them on his nose with the air of one fortifying a Gibraltar, and intrenched himself behind them. Mary knew from experience the strength of such a bulwark, and, whirling on one foot, her skirt in the movement knocking a book off his lap, she turned and left him. Before subsiding she let her dress overturn Myrtle's work-box, and was called to order with a plaintive—

"Mary Scott, if you don't pick up every one of those spools I won't sew another stitch for you." Then, as Mary dropped on her knee to obey, Myrtle went on: "Shall I cascade this lace down the front?"

"I reckon—if there'll be enough for the sleeves. Providence only knows when I'll get any more. I've stopped work."

"Oh!" said Myrtle, with mild dismay, "why didn't you wait till your wedding clothes were paid for?"

"Wedding clothes be hanged—on the line to dry. I'm not going to make a dress for a girl in the daytime and meet it on her at night, to be snubbed for my pains. I've had enough of that. The girls all had their caps set for Eugene, and they can't forgive my luck.

Some of them act too mean for anything—lowering eyelids to speak to me just as though I was fitting them! If I had gone on sewing, some day I'd have taken a crack at their heads with the handles of my scissors."

"Perhaps you're acting for the best. I suppose Dr. Urmson prefers you shouldn't work now."

"Oh, Gene's such an idiot! He calls me Penelope, and says I have glorified the needle as she did the shuttle. If I took snuff he'd have the sticks I'd chewed set in gold for souvenirs! I told him last night I wasn't going to sew my fingers to the bone for any man, and if he wanted me to have any more dresses he could buy them himself."

"What did he say?"

"Well, he said he liked girls and chickens dressed the same way."

"What!"

"Well, he did say something that meant that, as far as my clothes are concerned. You may like it better. He made up a Jim-dandy verse about my not working. Let me see—how did it go?"

"Love, why shouldst thou toil up the daily steps of time?
Rather place a free foot on the morning and bound
Into a new day, plunging like the snow white roe
'Mid golden censer'd lilies
That toil not, nor do they spin."

"I wish you could trade Dr. Urmson's poem for a wedding veil," sighed the lame sister.

"Gene says I'm too pretty to be covered up with a piece of white lace, any way. As for the other things, I'll worry some money out of Betsey, and the boys'll chip in."

"But you know, Mary, with Hector and Billy in Little Rock, and Paris's salary cut down half, the boys can't help much; and you're out of everything. You haven't even a decent dress left over from last summer to begin with."

"Crickety! I forgot that—and Friday is the picnic!"

"The picnic?" repeated Myrtle interrogatively.

"Well, a sort of picnic. The River City Club has a lovely new launch, and they're going to take a very swell crowd up the river to their little country club-house at the golf links above Bale's Bluff. The lunch is to be served by Mallock's—you know what that means. Just to think of my going in that set!"

"But what will you wear, Mary?"

"Do you reckon Betsey'd set 'em up, if you asked her?"

"She can't this month. She just paid another doctor's bill for the twins."

"Hey, sis, won't it be jolly when I can buy what I like, and know the clerks are tickled to death to charge it? I'll have a hat made of bird-of-paradise feathers, and you shall have a razzle-dazzle of a ball dress. Oh, Myrt, Myrt, I didn't mean that—I forgot!"

For Myrtle, flushing painfully, had glanced down at her ankle.

"Never mind, Mary," she rallied pluckily. "Let us think what you can wear Friday."

Sitting on the floor, her loose light hair falling over one slim hand as sunny water ripples on a bed of pink pebbles, Mary chewed gum and meditated like a very graceful, young, white cow.

"Your gingham's are all faded out," Myrtle pronounced, facing the worst at once, "and you haven't a thing."

"There's the China silk. It isn't done, but I could finish it. Still, that would be a jay thing for a picnic."

"Your—'m—'m—your travelling dress might do—but it isn't cut out."

"And that isn't the worst of it: I haven't got the buttons or the velvet yet. They have sent on for 'em at Fischer's, but they won't be here till Monday. Couldn't I get a linen and charge it to daddy?"

"I'm afraid you'll be refused if you ask any more credit now. You owe about fifty dollars already. You would have this thread lace; and oh, everything costs so much!"

Mary stirred a bit impatiently.

"Holy smoke! This world—and then the next!"

"If you could wear anything of mine——" mused Myrtle, not very hopefully.

"Oh, yours! Go into such a crowd—Mrs. Dutton and those Stetson girls—in a last year's bunting with iron-rust on the back breadth! No, Myrtle, I've made up my mind. I shall wear my wedding dress."

"Why, Mary—Mary Scott!"

"It's what I'm going to do. Who's to know the difference? It's simply a fine white batiste; and it's high neck—perfectly suitable. If I soil it—well, I know some one'll give me a veil when the time comes; so it'll be covered up, any way. I can cut the trail off. Don't look so horrified—I'll whip it back on again. Under a veil and lace flounces the overcast seam'll never show."

"I don't—why, Mary, surely nobody ever heard of such a thing," Myrtle urged uncertainly, adding: "They say it isn't lucky to wear a wedding gown before the ceremony."

"Sometimes 'tisn't lucky to wear one at all. I wish you'd cut the trail off for me. I've got to get dressed." Mary rose, and, dropping her head abruptly forward, threw the flood of dancing golden

curls into a cascade over the front of her waist, then began gathering it to a knot high on her crown.

"Where are you going to-night?"

Still carelessly busy at her hair-dressing, Mary seated herself on the edge of the little table.

"To a lecture with Gene," she said, reaching for hairpins. "I know it'll be a bore; but it's at the club, and everybody'll be there. There's a man going to hold forth on spirit photographs, and give away cameras for making negatives of the 'astral body.' He was in Cleveland last night, and the newspapers say he's fine. But he won't give his contraptions to anybody but a 'sensitive.' Reckon he'll pick me out first thing—heigh ho!"

Her golden edifice rested upon her little head like a royal crown. She cast a cheerful glance at it in the mirror, then suddenly drew between her lips and coiled in air, like a lasso for invisible lovers, a string of chewing gum, replacing it with a sharp smacking noise which fairly took her father off his feet. He had been furtively watching her for some time, as she sat idly by, or arranged her goddess coronet, while her sister sewed upon her wedding finery. Now, taking Virgil under his arm, he strolled out to the viny side-porch, talking to himself—a habit to which learned people, in common with the ignorant and the insane, are often addicted.

"My Queen, you are very beautiful. But your soul is not born yet; and the birth of a soul brings terrible travail sometimes. It cost Undine her earth beauty and her light heart; she paid her immortal joy for it."

Seating himself absently under the shadow-sowing vine, the old threadbare scholar fancifully rambled on: "Mary, Queen of the Scotts, your days of *dolce far niente* in the pleasant land of youth may be numbered. Heredity marked you for bleak hills and a stony path among thistles. You do not come from easy-lived ancestors. You are not ripe for peace to pluck. Peace——" The word pricked to life a personal realization of his own need. "In allegory Peace is a wise goddess dwelling on impregnable heights; and she lets a heart ripen as we do a peach, in sun and shower, before gathering. But peaches rot, not ripen, in the long, long rains. My heart has had too many seasons of tears; and Peace will none of it."

"What'd you say, daddy?" asked Mary, mischievously peeping out at him with a jaw snap that affected the nervous scholar like a pistol shot. "Talking to the ha'nts?"

"No, daughter, no," was the patient rejoinder. "I was only reading to myself. *Tantane animis caelestibus ira?*"

"Go it, daddy!" cheered Mary. "Give it to the ha'nts. Sic 'em in Latin—that's the language for ha'nts—it's dead, too!"

II.

"Now, whatever you do, Gene," said Mary, as she set forth with her lover to attend the lecture on spirit photography, "don't step on my dress, for it's pinned up with safeties, and it'll come off, sure pop, if you do. The gathers to my skirt are always masculine."

"How do you make that out?" asked Dr. Urmson, laughing.

"Oh, they're so fond of going on a tear!"

"And so easy for you to gather in, eh? You pretty child!"

Mary regarded him with a rapturous look, leaning heavily on his arm. She sometimes lost herself in wonder at her great happiness, reflecting how big and splendid her lover was, and how fond of her; what a handsome home her new one was to be, and on what fair, swift wings her wedding day approached. And thus she was thinking as she tripped at his side, "making eyes" at him sweetly in the moonlight.

Urmson, with a half-dozen other men of his club, was playing at interest in psychic phenomena. J. Champe Macalester, Jr., one of the group, a leading spirit in Urmson's set, and by far the wealthiest member it contained, had come across the lecturer of the evening holding forth on the street corner of a great Eastern city. Struck by the man's earnestness, and impressed by some remarkable tests, young Macalester, accustomed to follow the moment's whim, had brought the curbstone lecturer to address an invited audience in the club banquet room.

At eight o'clock a middle-aged individual wearing a scholar's collegiate gown of faded black, unintroduced and without a sponsor, ascended the small stage at the front. His feet were bare, his hair and beard untrimmed, but a curious suggestion of elegance clung about him, and as he stood, his brilliant gaze roving over the astonished audience, he had the composure of a man accustomed at some time to the platform.

"This is a *rara avis*," whispered Urmson.

"And what nice little feet he's got," observed Mary, complacently touching her hair to scintillate her engagement ring in the eyes of her enemies. "I hope he won't be dry."

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the lecturer; and his rich, flexible, cultured voice was a new surprise, "to-day man speaks to man with wireless telegraphy; darts invisible forces into space, overcoming with hypnotism others beyond his vision; pierces the human frame and the solid earth with rays of all-penetrating light; photographs invisible stars; understands and communicates with the fish in the deep and the creatures in African jungles: puts life-

like movements into pictures, and voices into metal. And all these are but straws blown in advance of greater wonders that the future is bringing; they are but indications of the day when life, death, and the possibilities of the immortal spirit shall be no longer mysteries to the living!"

"He's poky. I knew he would be," whispered Mary.

Eugene's arm was thrown over her chair, and she nestled against it with affectionate, child-like abandon.

"Wait a little," he said. "I'm going to try to get a spirit-camera for you."

"That to which I would call your attention this evening," continued the lecturer, "is another of the straws from the storm, but, taken as an indication of what may yet be, it has its value. The principle or theory of my work has been for some time investigated by students of occultism as 'mental suggestion.' The forces which they utilize for this and for absent treatment, so called, I have attempted to harness with nicely adjusted electric cells in my psychic camera, which I call 'The Amulet.' A toy, if you like, but a scientific toy; and I hope it may yet accomplish something. Worn on the breast of a sensitive, this instrument will, I believe, gather odic force from his being—from the subconscious lion in the soul of man. When the test is made the wearer must be, if not actually in the clairvoyant state, at least in strong emotional activity of some sort. The right hand is then laid upon the amulet, the will power concentrated either upon seeing or projecting an image. If the mental attitude is an inquiry, the answer to it will appear floating in the air before the vision of the inquirer. If the mental attitude is an answer, then before the vision of that one to whom the answer is addressed, however far distant, will (as I hope) appear the face of the wearer of the amulet. Do you understand?"

A listener in the audience made a suggestion which neither Urmson nor Mary caught. "'Self-hypnotized'?" echoed the lecturer. "Perhaps so. A hypnotized person, to the best of my knowledge and belief, whether self-hypnotized or thrown into the hypnotic trance by outside influences, such as crystal gazing, is put in communication with an intelligence greater, or at least more extensive, than his own. If this be so, and my camera successful, then by its aid the prisoner may visit his wife on the night before his execution, or behold her beside him on the scaffold; the forsaken maiden follow in appeal her callous lover, the praying mother rise before her son at his debaucheries, or fall asleep thinking he stands at her bedside.

"The practical, visible attribute of the amulet is a small, locket-like camera," he continued, holding up a shining chain and pendant. "I say camera—it contains a sensitive plate. It must not be opened

—it must for no purpose ever be removed. I have toiled alone, in sorrow and solitude, among the lonely forests of an almost inaccessible mountain, to develop the amulet. How much I have achieved the future must determine.

“As only those keenly sensitive to clairvoyant visions and susceptible of deep and most intense emotions can be expected to obtain results from the amulet, I must insist that all who desire to purchase first submit to the test of the Sensitive Denotator which I hold in my hand. It is quite free. Those desirous of so doing will kindly approach the stage by the left aisle. I may mention that the price of an amulet is two dollars—merely a nominal sum charged to aid in defraying my traveling expenses.”

“Oh, is that all?” said Mary, with a little relieved sigh. “He’s good for something—he can stop.”

“He mustn’t sell those things here,” fumed the doctor. “I thought we had made that clear to him. We’ll buy the lot and give them to such of the audience as want to try them.” The young physician spoke as though the amulets were cotillion favors.

Champe Macalester paused beside them on his way to the small stage.

“He’s a remarkable man, don’t you think?” he murmured, with a keen, appreciative glance at Mary. “Notice that peculiarity of the brows. They are tied together above the eyes with muscular contraction, as though shading the keen soul from the glare of its great discovery. You see that look in all scientific men. For women and poets, a broad brow and wide eyes, like windows flung up to give the spirit a full view”—he looked with open admiration at Mary’s big blue orbs—“but Lincoln, Napoleon, Wellington—nearly all earnest, great men—have those hollow eye-sockets, overhanging brows, and that look of concentration.”

“Have they?” said Mary vaguely. “I wouldn’t deprive them of it for anything. Will you take me up there, Gene?”

“Certainly—shall we go now?”

The audience had risen and was astir. The timid lingered at their seats; the cynical and the hurried elbowed a path to the exits; but the majority pressed towards the stage. Those who had already ascended the platform when young Macalester and the lovers reached it gathered in embarrassed groups, feeling like freaks at a museum. The lecturer was leaning forward, scanning every face with almost pathetic intensity.

“That man has a story,” asserted Macalester, as they waited their turn. “He might be a Homer begging among the cities which quarreled to claim his birthplace. Now we can pass. Come this way, to the steps.”

Mary giggled and whispered happily in Urmson's ear, "Every one will see us together up there."

"I shall be proud of that," said her lover, glancing at her beautiful face. She wore her winter dress, an old black silk too shabby for daylight, with cuffs and collar of cherry velvet, and looked radiant. Meeting his eyes, she blushed and dimpled.

"But my skirt is so frayed. And oh, crickety, Gene, if a 'safety' should give way!"

"You don't think they will?" asked Dr. Urmson in some alarm.

"I'm praying," said Mary briefly. "If they do, don't blame me. It's your funeral—you brought me here."

"I wanted you to have an amulet, dear."

"I'll probably get one; I'm such a sensitive—now, ain't I?"

"You look like one," murmured Urmson, but confessed to himself that little spirituality emanated from the girlish beauty. Well, and if there did not? Among Jupiter's beloved was one fair heifer! What, save beauty, did man need in a wife? Medical *confrères* and fellow clubmen afford congenial companionship and intellectual sympathy; a poet will dine for the asking at good houses; learning, condensed in calf-skin, is for sale in all bookstores; but even the men angels forgot to care for mates of heavenly wisdom when gazing on the first created fair daughters of earth. Secure in the crowd, he pressed Mary to his side, whispering:

"Little love, little Light o' Roses!" He knew her lack of much he prized, but he did not miss it now. Who would demand of a flower that it work a problem in algebra, or throw it aside because such a thing were impossible?

"Look," said the happy girl, "there's Eddie Eames. He's 'most dead with consumption. What do you reckon he wants of an amulet?"

Urmson frowned as a wan lad with feverish eyes, clad in the livery of the club, whose messenger he was, pressed forward, pleading with the lecturer:

"Sell me one of them things, mister. My mother's in England, prayin' for a sight o' me. Mebbe it'd give her a picture of me in the air as I'm dyin'. She'd think a heap o' that."

"You may have the amulet, my boy," said the man gently. "Never mind the money. I do not need it, and you may. You are a sensitive. May heaven be merciful and bless your mother and yourself."

"He'll do!" said Mary, with a crisp nod. "Didn't he say that 'never mind the money' beautifully? I wish our grocer was like that."

"I don't understand it. He has the air of a sane man, of a gentle-

man, though so grotesquely garbed; but he's picked out John Wain, Cedar's barkeeper, a man we were obliged to dismiss from the service of the club for drunkenness, as a good subject. How did the fellow get in here?"

Cedar's barkeeper was bleary-eyed and sheepish; but the "Sensitive Denotator" reddened over his pulse.

"You are a descendant of Saul," said the lecturer quietly. "You are among the prophets—the spirit is strong in you. You do not realize your own gifts."

"What kind of spirit?" whispered Mary.

"Never had no chance," mumbled the man. "How does this thing go on, anyhow?" and he fumbled, shamefaced, with his purchase.

"Wear the chain about the neck, next to the skin," kindly explained the lecturer.

"My sister's crippled and can't get about; she sets a sight by me," avowed the big, clumsy animal timorously. "She'd be tickled to death if this'd work. She heard of you down at Cleveland, and telegraphed me to get one and try it for her sake;" and he moved on.

Men who laugh at superstition get "fighting mad" at the doubting of their mediumistic powers. There are moods when it is regarded as an insult even to assert, "You are no liar." Such was the state of unreason of this aristocratic crowd, and it took its continuous defeat badly.

"What's the matter with you?" grumbled a Probate Judge. "What you sticking that sensitive register at me for, anyhow? Isn't it the two dollars you want?"

"No," said the lecturer, in his bare feet and shabby gown—and his voice was low and gentle. "I do not care for the money. It could not benefit either of us for me to make a mistake. I am conscientious in my work. I wish to make sales only to sensitives. Otherwise my experiment is foreordained to failure."

"He's turning 'em all down like a bad poker deal," whispered Mary. "He's never given out one but to Eddie and that red-faced man. He must be crazy."

"Crazy he is not. Come, now, let us try your luck," was Dr. Urmson's reply.

"You go first," giggled Mary.

"Very well."

He had not intended to test his fortune with the eccentric salesman, but to admonish the man that the things must be given away, not sold, in the club-house. Now, feeling that Mary could not be successful, while he was sure of recognition, he held out his hand. He did so with confidence. For was he not of a finely attuned emo-

tional temperament—a nature highly evolved? Did he not incline ever to the unmaterial argument, the cause of sentiment? Had he not just chosen for love alone a poor sewing girl?

The amulet maker regarded intently the high-bred young man before him; the dark, regular, wide-browed face with sparkling black eyes was significant of intellect and passion; features, contours, bearing, all showed the refining influence of thought and cultivation. But he dropped the hand suddenly with a sigh.

“What’s the matter?” asked Eugene sharply.

“That I do not know. You promised to be a perfect subject. But—look for yourself.” The mysterious liquid in the small Denotator had turned black.

“Nonsense!” said the young man haughtily, absurdly put out.

“It would seem that you feel keenly—but, perhaps, superficially. Concentrative emotion is necessary to all clairvoyant power.”

Dr. Urmson, with a smile which was almost a sneer, strode off the stage. Mary was hastening after him when, with a little movement, the lecturer detained her.

“Will you submit to the test, young lady?”

She shrugged a piquant shoulder and stopped. Eugene, looking back, thought her more beautiful than ever. Surely his heart beat warmly now. One on fire with such love must smile at the obtuseness which pronounced him superficial.

“The man is a charlatan,” he muttered. “There is some trick about that colored test-tube.” Then the irritation of the moment effervesced in ridicule. Mary had winked at him with such audacious waggishness that he could not keep his face straight. What a very clown of flowers, with stars shaking like jester’s bells in her eyes, was this girl! He was eager to have her nearer, her soft arm again within his own.

“Come on,” he said, reaching up his hand to her and smiling.

“Wait a moment,” requested the lecturer; “this promises to be the best subject I have yet encountered. Her emotional nature is deep and strong.”

“Ah,” said Eugene, flushing, “the young lady is to be envied.”

“To be pitied,” corrected the lecturer. “The capacity to feel pain differs, as the nerves of the teeth differ in various individuals; fine nerves are fit to string harps for angels—but they vibrate keenly under sorrow.”

“I don’t have toothache,” said Mary, “or nightmare. Why should people think I ought to have them? I’m very commonplace.”

“Perhaps not. A sensitive is never that,” countered the quiet voice.

"Why, I can't read poetry, except 'Star Spangled Banner' and 'Yankee Doodle.'"

Then, to Eugene's horror, the wild girl, forming a horn of two loose fists, blew shrilly through them a bar from the latter 'poem'!

The audience tittered. And yet—and yet a quaint picture of ragged soldiers marching on bleeding feet but with dauntless eyes, chaunting through blue lips their triumph, with an enemy's stolen roundelay, seemed to rise and float, dream-like, about Miss Mischief as she whistled the old Chorus Call of Freedom with such American bravado.

"There!" said Mary. "D'you think I've got an aching nerve or 'sensitive' hanging to me now?"

"You are an Undine," said the lecturer, faintly smiling. "You may prize the amulet—when you find your soul. I should like you to have one."

"No," said Eugene angrily; "the lady has no desire to be the target for further remark." How dare this man attract so much attention to the young girl, or lead her into such an exhibition of herself!

But Mary was not to be cowed.

"I want an amulet," she protested in a good loud voice. "I want one bad. If you don't get it for me, Gene Urmson, I'll——"

"Certainly," said her lover hastily, and bought the object, amid much subdued laughter. He felt like a boy rolling, naked, in prickly grass. He could have borne much if only his name had been omitted. But he knew that every stranger there was thinking, "So this is Dr. Urmson and the little sewing girl he is going to marry!" Mary felt his arm tremble with anger as he assisted her from the stage, and, glancing up at him, she grew a little afraid.

"Let's go down the fire escape, please," she said meekly, one dimple showing.

Urmson turned without a word and led her to the low window through which they reached the proposed exit. In the iron box, holding them up above earth, alone under the stars, the little siren leaned toward her indignant lover, cooing:

"Please unhook my collar and put on the amulet."

He hesitated. Then—

"Oh, you witch!" he said, and laughed at himself for obeying.

It was a very fair throat under the cherry velvet; and as he clasped the chain about it a peachy cheek curled over against his hand.

"I'll be good, Gene," announced a childish voice.

"Sweetheart," he murmured ardently, his lips close to the peachy cheek, "swear to me that no hand but mine shall unclasp this chain."

"You're hooking that collar in my ear!"

"The pretty ear;" and he kissed the little rosy shell.

"Hush, they're all coming this way." Then, as the entrance darkened with hurrying figures, Mary, lifting her voice for their benefit, piped:

"Gracious! Gene Urmson, don't squeeze my hand so!"

But he was proof against even this, and only smiled idolatrously, murmuring inanely on:

"Promise me. Some purposeful undercurrent in life may have washed this talisman into our possession, Mary dear. Let it be sacred to me. Do not part from it until you are a wife, and your husband's hand removes it."

"Yes"—suddenly—"I promise that."

"Then it is sacred to me."

"To you—or another," quoth Mary, tilting her head. "How do I know who my husband will be? 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.'"

"There shall be no slip"—almost grimly. "If you live, Mary, you shall be my wife."

The impulsive girl did not reply until they had turned into a side street, where the shadow of a church enveloped them. Then she stopped him unexpectedly and kissed his lips twice.

"Mary!" he exclaimed, delight abated by his greater sense of decorum in public places.

"I love you so! I love you so!" she breathed.

They were alone in the soft night. In the quiet street by the old church—how often was she to recall that scene!—he clasped her to him and showered caresses on her velvety flesh.

"If I were lying dead in there, and you came to me," he whispered, "I should know it was she who kissed me to-night. Little love, perhaps flowers are dead men's memories of the lips they loved, breaking through the darkness of graves, too sweet for the sun not to seek them."

"You've knocked my hat into the middle of next week," announced Mary, with one of her abrupt transitions. "Some policeman'll be running us in—come on!"

She broke from him and danced sideways up the street towards Memory Lane. A distant band was playing; the stars were brilliant.

"I'm Captain Jinks of the horse marines;
I feed my horse good corn and beans,"

trilled Mary. Dr. Urmson attempted to take her hand, but, dancing at his side, she eluded his touch until they arrived at the Scott home. At the gate—why have hired jesters spoiled the sweet old pictures every man and woman can recall at these words? A hush in the air;

Nature holding her breath to hear young hearts beat; honeysuckle scents abroad; silence; where a city trod so recently, only Love and Death, the two strong and sleepless forces of existence, awake. Life as a whole may be disappointing; but such moments, and their memory, are worth being born to have found.

Mary swung on the gate, naturally; it was not her first experience; little lovers had courted her there since the age of three—perhaps earlier, but she could remember no further back. For many a lad was it Memory Lane!

"I am looking forward to Friday," she said pensively. "I do hope it won't rain or be cold. Isn't this a backward spring?"

"Not to me. I have all the flowers of summer here in my arms."

"Huh—silly! Say, d'you suppose the girls——"

"The starlight shines on your hair like gold," the low, passionate voice went on. "Kiss me good night, Mary."

"Don't, Gene."

"Please—why, darling!—just once."

"Oh, not again!"

"Little sweetheart, little wife, will the day ever dawn when no good night is feared?"

"You're not mad a bit, are you?"

"I angry? Why should I be?" He had forgotten his humiliation of the early part of the evening. When she saw that this was so, Mary suddenly leaned over the gate and pressed her sweet lips to his eyes, whispering one of the quaint fancies with which she sometimes surprised her friends.

"*Stay blind.* I have locked your eyelashes down tight with love." Then, with a soft laugh, she ran up the walk and disappeared in the house, leaving him to pace up and down before her window, forgetful of everything in life save her beauty.

Myrtle, clothed in statuesque white, sat like patience on a bed lounge, in the front room, waiting to unlock the door. Mary came upon her whirlwind fashion.

"I've had the jolliest time!" she panted. "And I got an amulet—look here." And, flinging her garments to the four corners of the room, the Queen of the Scotts threw her young loveliness on the bed lounge, and almost instantly fell into dreamless sleep, the amulet on her breast, her moist lips warm with caresses, and the footsteps of her lover echoing in front of her door.

III.

FRIDAY morning, clouds like giant grapes, purple and wine-dark with moisture, were played upon by flushes of light, as of

an atmospheric tremulousness out of the stir of new life in earth's warming heart.

"It's going to rain," prophesied Myrtle as she helped Mary dress.

"Let her go, Gallagher," said Mary. "I'll not stay at home—not if it rains rattlesnakes and hails porcupines."

"Couldn't you wear your black silk?"—dubiously.

"No, thank you! Wouldn't I *look*, in that old thing! Remember I helped make one costume for this affair. I know what the other girls have, too. Miss Morris has a blue linen, stiff as a man's shirt-bosom; it has the quaintest blue and yellow blouse, with a great, dashing sailor collar. Miss Fain's is a Paris dress (think of that, and say black silk!) dark green with light blue piping, and queer pink satin imitations of sea-shells on the vest. The one I made for Gene's niece is white piqué trimmed with black braid, a tight-waisted, mannish coat, and a shirt front all braided—it's simply stunning!"

"Will any of them wear thin dresses?" Myrtle ventured.

"Miss Byrne bought two suits: a white muslin, big lace hat, and a pink parasol; and a blue and white flannel, so she could out-wit the weather."

"She'll decide on the flannel to-day, sure."

"Well, lots of 'em'll be in white; and I never have a blue nose, so it won't show if I am cold. Reckon ma'll notice what I've got on, and raise a row?"

Mary was spared this complication. As she entered the family circle, a twin sliced his thumb on the bread knife, and her mother hurried out with the screaming child.

Paris regarded his pretty sister dubiously, but contented himself by observing:

"Girls are fools. Even a canary would know enough to tie up its head in a flannel nightcap this weather."

"That's about what Myrtle wants me to do. Please pass the molasses, Jim."

Alfred Scott looked up.

"The day is lowering—isn't the atmosphere chill for white?"

"White's a winter color," said Mary good-naturedly. "Where's Betsey?"

"Gone to her work half an hour ago."

"I'm glad she's out the way. She's so poky—sometimes. She's the flannel nightcap one of the family. I never have forgiven her for putting rubbers on me when I was a kid—setting me down hard on a stool, and crowding my feet into things that looked like the stomachs of little black pigs."

When Mary, wearing the mutilated wedding dress, was ready

for her betrothed, she was a vision almost bewildering to one who had never seen her in white.

She was an old-time, doll beauty. Types of face change with centuries as do fashions of garments, as though craving in the soul of the race for new ideals gradually produced them in the features of children. Greuze saw such small heads, oval contours, large, clear eyes, and Cupid's-bow mouths; this latter feature, mental development and social requirements calling for labial activity have widened in our women; but Mary had the short, arched upper, and rosy, pouting lower lip of the castle lady much alone in pensive contemplation. She possessed the warmth of coloring sung in Anacreon's day. Indeed, her complexion was a blond wax doll's, the pink on cheeks and little dimpled chin not shading off, but ceasing in bright contrast against a dazzling white; and this, with the small, waxen, daintily tilted nose, teeth of strung pearl, and masses of softly curling light hair, was artificial in appearance, impressing one as almost too good to be true. Her brow was a trifle high, a little square; but curls concealed that. Her expression was as changeful as her words, but always notable for a kind of shining, as though something even brighter than themselves were behind her eyes.

Now, she had the kitten face, charming by its three-cornered, irresponsible joyousness; but that delicate chin and jaw, the big, changeful eyes which yet had room between them for a soul, the airy, nobly arched white temples that her yellow curls were pulled down to hide—surely these might have housed and expressed the brain of a poet, if not a philosopher.

For the rest, she was of medium height and softly moulded, with the delicate hands and feet, the fine, small wrist and ankle, that speak of race.

The dress of semi-transparent white gained a quaint, winning simplicity of outline by the removal of the lace flounces—though it was left thereby a trifle scant; and its frosty purity freed the splendors of her young beauty, which often, in the dingy woolen working dress, seemed a thing dulled and prisoned behind a dim pane. Her lover was astonished at feeling a kind of awe in the presence of his beloved thus adorned.

"Why has so much trouble been taken to perfect you?—you exquisite being!" he whispered. "If you were not mine, Mary, I could curse Providence for having shown you to me. I never had sympathy for a drunkard until I tasted the sweetness of your lips; then I understood the mania—'more or death.'"

"Reckon it'll rain?" said Mary, impudently pretending to wipe the pink blossom mouth with the back of her hand. "Ugh! you've been smoking. I taste tobacco."

"I see the amulet chain shining through your delicate bodice."

"Does it look bad?"

"No, no—it's beautiful, the little silver gleam. Promise me that no one shall unfasten it but me."

"Well, don't bother now. Is my hat on straight?"

"How can I tell? I see only a black thatch above a trellis of roses."

"Gene, you—you don't think I am dressed inappropriately?" she hesitated.

"Does Aurora need to inquire of the fashions? You lovely—still, as you mention it, will you be warm enough? Most of 'em are in some sort of flannel."

"Oh! And will I be the only girl in white?"

"They're not all down to the boat yet. Yes—I did notice one or two in white, but it was stuff you couldn't see through."

Mary choked.

"I haven't got another thing——" she began.

"Mary—sweetheart—dear little girl—you couldn't look more divine, if only you won't take cold."

"I never caught cold in my life! Well, 'come on,' as they say in Alice's Wonderland;" and she cheered visibly.

"Wait a minute."

"What for?"

"Mary, do you love me? And you won't make me jealous? You—you radiance! No one can see you and not go half mad. Are you sure, dearest, I shall always be first in your heart?"

"Eugene!" The tone of her voice startled him; what she did took his breath. Springing on a low stool, she drew his head against her breast and on his face he felt tears.

"See," she said. "I baptize you king of my soul."

The earth swayed before his eyes as he led her out into the murky, threatening April morning. The last thought to reach him through his daze of bliss would have been this divine child's inadequate protection against the weather. Who considers sneezing while approving Love's mere two wings for costume? He put her in the waiting cab, and held her close as they drove toward the river. Marrying one's sister's seamstress had its compensations; no bored and boring chap-eron occupied the carriage with them.

Neighbors had flocked to front windows and doors to watch Mary Scott going out with her rich lover.

"Some folks is born to eat the corn, and some to husk the ears," said a large, square-faced woman, wiping the suds from her arms with a checked apron. "What a difference a face makes in a body's com-

fort! Ah, law! It's life or death to a woman whether her nose happens to be straight or crooked."

"You never said a truer thing, Mrs. Borcharding," chimed in Sallie Bob Pickard from the fence. "And Mary Scott's worth looking at. She's always mighty friendly, too, and good-natured."

"Did you know she'd refused to join the Communion Class again this year?" jealously interpolated a small, bony female on the opposite side of Mrs. Borcharding's small yard. "Looks like Providence oughter interfere in them kind of folks's prosperity, so's not to give rise to talk. Heap of people are gettin' to say, 'Only the wicked are blest.'"

"And that's true, too, Mrs. Carr," croaked a slattern from a doorstep. "When I was a girl we was obliged to be steady and industrious to be thought anything of—or ever get a husband; but these days any young thing with curly hair (specially if it's light) can talk slang, act fast, fly 'round and do little or no work, and have her pick of the men. Look at them Scotts. Betsey and Myrtle slave from morning to night, and they're nice, modest girls, too; but neither of 'em ever had a beau in her life, while here goes Miss Flyaway, with hands like clabber, riding off with a rich man."

"Mary Scott wasn't no great shakes in school," volunteered the bony female's fat daughter. "I guess she was smart enough, but study she would not."

"That's right, Maud," laughed Sallie Bob indulgently from the fence. "The little witch was always sitting on the gate-post, chewing gum and talking to a crowd of boys."

"But Dr. Urmson is the first steady company she ever had," cut in Maud's mother, glancing involuntarily at her clumsy offspring.

"Well, well," sighed the slovenly sitter on the doorstep, "this won't get my washing done. Reckon if I'd been born with strawberries and cream in my face, I wouldn't have to rub out no workman's overalls."

IV.

THE dainty, luxurious little pleasure boat, flying gay bunting, was alive with young people when Mary and Eugene arrived. He had been right; most of the young ladies were in flannels. Where a white dress appeared, it was almost invariably flannel or rough woolen; also, escorts and attendants were carrying all sorts and weights of wraps. They were quick to observe and suspect the reason for the absence of these precautions on the part of the sewing girl. Mary saw an elevation of eyebrows over the party-like air of her costume.

But there was no such criticism in the faces of the men. Scarcely

had the girl's pretty feet touched the deck when she was surrounded by masculine admirers. Yet, poor girl, so true was her heart that all other men were but as trees walking, and one cold glance from the women friends of her promised husband was a stab most cruel to endure, its pain not to be assuaged by any compensating trousered adulation.

She took it ill, too—poor Mary! In her terror, stepping swiftly down into the inferior position these others were fain to assign her.

“Do you see the horrid things?” she whispered to Eugene. “They're sticks—but they're making fun of me with their simpering faces. I've a notion to give 'em something to make fun of.”

The child woman was not sensitive; but the best in her withered under such a reception as these women gave her.

She realized fully that the group which welcomed her was masculine to an insulting extent. The girls, holding hands and sitting close by each other, were emphatically ranged in a separate group. The chaperons, who had already placed Mary, were reading her out, in a hateful cluster, like a bunch of over-ripe fruit criticising a new leaf-bud. Mrs. Howard had emerged from what might be termed the sable cloud of her nurse, in whose arms fretted a spoiled child, and Eugene besought her to come to his relief.

“Can't you—can't you speak to Mary?” he appealed in a low voice.

Mrs. Howard rose obediently; she felt some awe of her brother.

“What shall I say?” she asked practically.

Say? What could she say? Read that radiant madcap a lesson! He knew better than that. “Say—why, something soothing. She—well, she's distressed about her dress. Stand by her. It isn't—I can't—she needs petticoats.”

“O-o-oh! Why, Eugene! Never mind—of course it's right for you to come to me about *anything*. Do you want me to take her downstairs and give her one of mine?”

He regarded her somewhat sadly. She was not subtle, this sister of his.

“I was not speaking literally. What I really wish is a woman companion for Mary. Come, Frances, and be with her; she needs you.”

Mrs. Howard, with a regretful last look at the downy-headed silver lining to the sable cloud, moved forward into the swiftly flowing current and attached her diminutive figure and forceless personality to the glowing beauty, who—aroused, perturbed, a dynamo in full action—never realized that she was there. She ventured a few remarks on the weather and the baby's teeth; but the men

were managing matters in Mary's vicinity, and the well meaning chaperon soon found herself tactfully but most firmly elided from the circle.

"So glad to see you," murmured a voice at Urmson's side. "I want you to meet my niece, Miss Arthur. What a very innocent, high-spirited girl Miss Scott is—a lovely wild flower. Ah, you young men! Was she easier to win than a rose guarded by the thorns of social conventionalities?"

The young man winced. Mary had been easily won; their acquaintance did not cover six months, and during three of these she had been his betrothed wife.

"Let us find your cousin," he said, hastily diverting the conversation from the subject of Mary. "Isn't it she who plays the violin so delightfully?"

"Nellie does play well, and she's so eager to meet you."

"Gene, Gene! come quick and choose me. We're going to play kissing games."

Kissing games! It came home to Dr. Urmson that a lover of Queen Mary had better waste no time with visiting young ladies who played the violin and desired to meet him. He "came quick," not waiting for the formality of an "excuse me" to Mrs. Dutton.

A circle holding hands danced to meet him.

"Oh, drop it, fellows! Come, let up on this," he said appealingly to his men friends. "Kissing games are bad form. And there's the orchestra tuning up—we're to have dancing, you know."

At that the group which had originated the idea of kissing games began to besiege Mary.

"Do you waltz, Miss Scott?"

"Miss Scott, me first."

"Oh, but, you fellows, hold on there! Miss Scott, give me one dance."

"Where's a programme to put my name down?"

"Go away—all of you," laughed Mary. "This is too absurd. I can't dance. I'm a Sunday-school girl."

"But really, now——"

"Of course it's a jest."

"You're fooling—you dance, surely."

"But I don't. I could manage a lancers. I ran away once to a policemen's ball and learned that, but Betsey took me home before I caught on to anything else."

"Oh, we'll have lancers!"

"Tell that band lancers!"

"Partners for the lancers!"

"Why, what a singular selection," gasped Mrs. Dutton. "Lan-

cers! It was out of date when I was sixteen. Can any of these girls dance it? Can you, Nellie?"

A pretty girl, exquisitely dainty from the mignonette in the buttonhole of her blue coat to the tips of her tiny patent leathers, turned and replied sweetly:

"No, auntie dear, I couldn't dance it; but of course that doesn't matter."

"But it does," protested Eugene, in distress. "We will waltz."

"Crickety! yes. Give us a waltz. You'll teach me, won't you, Mr. Macalester?"—with infallible instinct appealing to the man who had betrayed his interest in her the evening of the lecture. Macalester, with his unshakable *sang froid*, his impressive ugliness, and his consummate elegance in dress, was easily the dominating figure in the assemblage. Going up to him like a saucy child, Mary rested a hand on his shoulder in waltzing position.

"I think," stammered young Urmson, his face burning, "we—might—have one lancers."

"Oh, no!" urged Macalester eagerly. But the other men opposed him, and lancers it was. There were others besides Mrs. Dutton and her niece who did not participate; but enough of the younger girls were recruited to make a set. Now for a time the sun looked out with a doubtful smile. The orchestra was excellent. They made merry over teaching those who did not know the old-fashioned dance. And wherever Mary was, there the fun rose fastest and loudest. With the golden hair ruffled out about her flushed face, the blue eyes like glowing sapphires above the roses of her cheeks, her lithe body almost never at rest, her voice continually raised in some new jest or merriment, she was like a young priestess of pagan mirth.

At noon the boat anchored off a wooded promontory, and the party climbed to the new pavilion. The building was an ornamental structure, with open sides and one end so thrust against the rising ground as to make the floor level with an artificial terrace of treeless grass. The front had broad white steps. Servants from the boat were already assisting the caterer's men around a long table. Mary ran gaily ahead of the others, and threw herself on the ground in an abandon that accentuated the curves of her exquisite form. Macalester, a college boy or so, and two of the younger girls soon reached her. Urmson had been detained by Mrs. Dutton's misfortune in losing a ring. The jewel found, it fell to his lot to come on with Miss Arthur. With his arm under hers as they climbed, he was suddenly overcome by the desire to explain, to palliate, Mary's pranks, and asked impulsively:

"Have you met Miss Scott?"

"Yes," said his companion non-committally.

"She—she is very young, you know, and inexperienced."

Miss Arthur, in the absence of many ideas to express, had with much labor acquired a curious vocabulary of recondite words, which, promiscuously applied, befogged one portion of her listeners and cast a glamour over another. She now performed one of her conversational feats for Dr. Urmson's benefit.

"I think, though," she said, "that if the Greeks had seen Miss Scott, they would have made Orpheus a woman."

Her companion looked duly mystified, and she expounded: "Because, you know, sound waves have color; and hers is so entrancing. Mozart must have been playing in heaven 'when God thought of her first.'"

"That is a tribute worthy of its recipient," declared Urmson, glowing. He was of the sort to be dazzled rather than amused by this young woman's verbal acrobatics. "Indeed, Miss Arthur, it bewilders a man to hear one beautiful girl praise another; his admiration leaps back and forth till it blinds him. How glad I should be if you and Mary were friends!"

"Thank you." Her voice was perhaps colder than she knew. In it, and in the sudden distaste on her countenance, was made plain that the classical tirade had been strictly for purposes of display. Here was an expression cruelly spontaneous and sincere.

"Have you brought your violin?" he asked hastily.

"Mr. Macalester, I believe, stored it among the wraps and other impedimenta."

"I should be delighted to hear you play."

"Don't expect too much. A girl's music is always disappointing to a man—and one of critical taste. It has so little strength."

"Perhaps so," said Urmson; then, half unconsciously emulating her own manner: "I don't think perfect natures ever seem quite strong to a man. In the aiming at perfection there is always a hint of being afraid of Satan; and all cowardice is a confession of weakness—which makes it, you see, an adjunct of perfection."

Miss Arthur, thus answered in her own kind, rather blenched. She feared that she had met a Browning—a live one, who couldn't be shut up by clapping the covers together when he got too deep.

"Yes, yes, indeed," she murmured, with a telling accent and a vague expression.

They were by now in hearing distance of Mary, and her clear voice reached them in the words:

"Don't move your legs, Mr. Macalester. I'm looking at the land-

scape. Those gray trousers are regular panels, and frame the view beautifully."

Eugene glanced angrily, but it was against human nature not to laugh at the spectacle presented. Macalester, the club Arbiter Elegantium, with his strong, ugly face and long, graceful, elegantly clad figure, stood with his feet planted wide like a Colossus of Rhodes, and waited in perfect seriousness the further command of royalty.

"Mac's lost his head," growled Urmson.

"Yes," said his companion, very low; "and his heart."

He turned and looked sharply at her—the physician in him all alert.

"Are you ill, Miss Arthur?"

"Wait a moment; do not attract attention to me. I—perhaps I had better tell you. It—it's not announced—but Mr. Macalester and I—were—to—to have been married."

"Were to have been!" repeated Urmson in consternation.

He looked from Nellie Arthur's face—pale and drawn now, with an emotion undeniably real, however sordid it might be—to Macalester, the rich catch she was losing, whose face he could now see, flushed and excited, bent toward Mary, and revealing an infatuation as passionate as it had been sudden.

"We will go on, please," said the girl. "I can trust you to—to respect my confidence."

He pressed her hand silently.

"Hurry up, slow pokes!" called Mary. "The grub's ready."

The "grub" was an elaborate luncheon, champagne iced to perfection, and a choice menu, containing a salad for which the club was famous, *paté* and many *recherche* dishes, the club colors and the national flag decorating the table, and rustic chairs drawn up for the banqueters.

"It's swell!" declared Mary, running toward them. Suddenly she looked at her lover with one of her lightning transformations of mood. "Eugene! Aren't you going to take me in? If you don't, I can't sit beside you," she panted like a little tigress, almost pushing Miss Arthur's soft hand from his arm.

"Oh, come, now, honors are easy. A fair exchange is no robbery," laughed Macalester, who had followed, an undercurrent of deeper meaning in his words, and offering to draw Mary to his side.

Urmson glanced at him with angry significance.

"Perhaps you will escort Miss Arthur," he said.

"Thank you, no. I prefer walking alone," the girl murmured so quietly that only Urmson realized how much her words implied. Macalester had made a half-hearted attempt to accompany her,

but soon stopped to wait for Mary, so that Eugene, who in other circumstances would have taken up the gage for Miss Arthur, dared not say a word, lest the other make it a pretext for forcing the exchange he had proposed. The lover of a queen has not much latitude for showing interest in distressed damsels; his position is too much coveted to be safely left open. So it came about that Mary again outraged the sensibilities of the chaperon by appearing at the board with an escort at right and left.

That was a merry luncheon. The champagne got into Mary's eyes and cheeks. Her "black thatch" fell back, her curls waved their tendrils, prophesying like magic wands the oncoming rain. She might have enjoyed the long white table, the atmosphere of elegance and merriment—even the waiters in their white coats, the beautiful service, the exquisite food, were novelties sufficient to delight her—had not Macalester—who had never had anything but his own way since he was born—suavely juggled the seating arrangements so that no chair was left Dr. Urmson save the one beside Nellie Arthur. From it he sombrely glowered across at his fiancée; while she in turn felt jealousy tug at her heart-strings as she looked at Miss Arthur, calm, cool, correct. She endured it as long as she could; but finally the quick, passionate temper began to flame as she observed his seeming complaisance.

"I'll make him feel what it's like," she vowed, and, kissing a glass, held it coquettishly for Macalester to drink from the spot, at the same time closing one eye in so expressive a wink at the college boy on Miss Arthur's other hand that the young fellow turned scarlet and her masculine following burst into roars of irrepressible laughter.

Eugene, ashamed and angry, was almost unconscious of the ejaculation that escaped him, until a voice broke the ensuing silence with: "Don't swear, Urmson."

"Oh, yes; why shouldn't he?" put in Mary, half rising to face an appreciative audience, who now lounged at ease in their chairs. Half a dozen gay replies were flung back at her, each a reason why Urmson should not swear, each more ludicrous, more grotesque, than its predecessor. From this point on, the social mercury mounted. Mary—a child who had played with street urchins—was well able to hold her own in this war of badinage, full of wit, of cleverness, but verging ever nearer and nearer to the *risque*.

These were seasoned society people—rightly seasoned, like their dishes. The ladies knew that there was a time—champagne time—when their wisest tactics of campaign were an indrawal of forces, a bringing up of reserves. Mary was innocent of all this. She thought as the men mellowed their interest increased. To her they

were only jollier. She tossed back their jests and laughter with a child's abandon.

"A toast, a toast!" cried Macalester, leaning toward her. "A kiss on the wishing cup, and luck to the dream that it wakes!"

But Mary was not sentimental; she was only audacious. She sprang to her feet to escape what looked like a threatened caress. Macalester, misreading her intention, caught her hand and lightly swung her upon a chair. The man's face was at her shoulder; laughing, moved by an impulse to avoid the contact, half impelled by the mad spirit that possessed her—the Undine freakishness of the forester's stream-child—she leaped lightly among the flowers and silver of the dismantled board.

"A toast, a toast!" she repeated. Then, raising her voice, she paraphrased with ready wit:

"Here's to the man I respect—may he stay at home!
Here's to the man that respects me—may he stay with him!
Here's to the man I love—may he come often!
Here's to the man that loves me—may he come when the other's away!"

The men were all on their feet, with upraised, clinking glasses, yelling robust approval, admiration, and noisy laughter.

"Get down!" thundered Eugene Urmson, starting toward the girl. He was stopped by a stray spatter of champagne in the eyes.

"Permit me, I'll help you off the table," was Macalester's more courteous offer.

"Go away—I'll jump."

She landed on the toes of the college boy, inadvertently spilling her half-filled glass of champagne down his neck.

"Poor fellow," she mocked, and it began to be plain that the champagne on unaccustomed nerves had wrought its share of her madness—"poor fellow, his little coatie is all wet, and he'll take cold. I'll dose him in advance;" and before young Hammond could defend himself she had stuffed one of the raw oysters into his exclaiming mouth.

"Tastes like a very young cat, doesn't it?" she inquired solicitously.

This was too much. Even the men were afraid to give free rein to their laughter, and slapped the backs of choking friends to relieve themselves. Miss Arthur had come to Eugene's assistance, bathing his smarting eyes with her own handkerchief dipped in ice-water. When he could see again Mary had disappeared.

Well, let her go; Eugene felt that he could not bear much more. His nerves were in that quiver of apprehensive pain which makes neurotic women savage or hysterical. He addressed himself to Nellie

Arthur, and urged her to play, as though he were Saul possessed of devils, and she the David to exorcise them.

The violin was brought out. Miss Arthur selected a position which threw her graceful figure, her fine hands and arms, into beautiful relief, and played for them a peculiar, swift, weird air. Her teaching had been excellent; and if a certain intellectual pose obtruded itself in her music, the achievement was at least sufficiently far above the ordinary amateur to command the admiration of so indulgent an audience.

Responding gracefully to their urgency, the young woman began a performance which she flattered herself was original. In her immaturity of view, the narrow crudeness of a young female born to wealth and station, she would have brought the holy vessels from the altar and filled them with orchids to adorn her dinner table—that she might make the groundlings stare. She now poised her bow above the responsive strings and dashed into the wailing melody of “The Land o’ the Leal”—arranged as a waltz!

The listeners had scarcely all realized just what she was doing when Macalester called their attention to Mary on the terrace above them, her big black hat swinging over her arm, her head crowned with the same scarlet flowers it held, one foot advanced and her skirts slightly lifted as though she would attempt to dance to the music.

“Why, it’s ‘The Land o’ the Leal,’” she said finally. She looked curiously at the violinist. Even as her little foot kept time to the rapid waltz measure she half whispered: “That sounds like racing at a funeral, or ghosts turning summersaults over tombstones.”

Mary had a beautiful, though untrained voice. Catching the rapid beat of the violin tones with breathless accuracy, she began to sing:

‘ I’m wearin’ awa, Jean,
Like snow wreaths in thaw, Jean ;
I’m wearin’ awa to the Land o’ the Leal.”

If Miss Arthur made a dance tune of the music, Mary made a passionate little drama of the words, stretching out her arms, turning her wonderful eyes, which one could have sworn were wet with tears, to that imaginary one whom she addressed. Her feet did not move, but as the beautiful, graceful body fell from pose to pose of eloquent entreaty or despair, while the rich young voice held the rapid pace of the instrument which sustained it, the audience stood breathless with involuntary—and in some cases unwilling—admiration.

When the last pathetic wail died away—Miss Arthur had obligingly lengthened her tempo—

Then heed not my pain, Jean;
This world's care is vain, Jean;
We'll meet and be fain in the Land o' the Leal—

a great shout of applause broke out—and swift upon it a tremendous clap of thunder, followed by the drenching downpour which had been threatening since morning. Even those in the open side of the pavilion were driven to the middle of the structure.

“Come in—come in quick, Miss Scott!” they cried as they scampered laughing to shelter. And none but Eugene Urmson knew that she had not done so. Lingering to flourish a final pirouette, the girl stumbled, fell, and in a moment's space was as drenched as though she had fallen in the sea. Eugene rushed out, snatched her up from the ground, and bore her to shelter. There were loud exclamations of regret, and half the men shed their coats to envelop her dripping form.

“No, no,” she protested, laughing; “put 'em on again. You need them as much as I. Besides, I'm so wringing wet, those things would fade all over me.”

“But you must put on something,” expostulated Eugene, frowning at the revelation of her close clinging wet draperies; “and the wraps are all in the boat.”

“Very well,” said Mary, who understood most things by intuition, and resented alike her lover's unspoken implication of immodesty and the crimping nostrils of his women friends. “Then, like Godiva, I will clothe myself in patriotism;” and she dragged at the large flag on the wall behind her. The subservient Macalester hastened to cut it loose from its fastenings with his knife, and young America triumphed in starts and stripes.

“There's no warmth in that thing, and I'm afraid you're wet through,” said Eugene anxiously.

“Oh, I don't mind it a bit; I've always hankered to get as wet as water'd make me with my clothes on. Mother's spanked me many a time for getting back in the bath-tub after she'd dressed me.” She looked about on almost openly contemptuous faces, and went on in a louder voice: “This is glo—ho—rious! I believe I'll duck myself again,” and, like a flash, was away from them, and out in the flooding rain. Her mood of hurt pride had hardened into perversity.

She plucked handfuls of dripping goldenrod, and, waving them above her head, ran hither and thither through the storm, shouting merrily:

“Glorious—glorious! My! but this is fun!”

"Mary," said Urmson, putting up an umbrella as he hurried out of the pavilion, to bring her back by force if necessary—"Mary, come here. This may prove a dangerous frolic."

She waited until he reached her, then, tipping his umbrella against the wind, gave him a mischievous push and ran away, without knowing that cavalier and parachute rolled together on the soaked ground. He rose, furious. As he gathered himself and his broken umbrella together, the sun with incredible suddenness burst forth like a broad grin over his bedraggled appearance, and the laughter of his companions greeted him on all sides.

"The rain is over, Gene," laughed Macalester. "Go hang yourself up to dry."

"The rain is not over," said Eugene, glad to quarrel with him on any subject. "See how the smoke from the boat beats straight down. Listen to the wind. We'd better go home while times are good."

"You are quite right," approved the quiet voice of Miss Arthur. "The rain is not over, and it is nearly four o'clock."

The party now rose and began preparations for leaving the charmed wood where every leaf cup held a diamond, and drops of gold slipped down shining tree trunks. Urmson seized Mary's drenched arm and hurried ahead.

"You are sure to be sick," he began irritably. "Your feet are soaking."

"Well, there is not much of them to catch cold in," babbled the wild creature, regarding those members. "Besides, what's water, any way? Isn't my body three-quarters water? Isn't the air we breathe mostly evaporated frog pond? Don't men die for lack of liquids sooner than solids?"

"Mary, Mary!" he broke in on her. "Look at your dress—how that flag has faded on it!"

"Oh, Gene!" It was a heart-broken cry, for the frock was a mess of national colors.

"Don't take it like that, dear. Why, sweetheart!"

"Oh, I can't bear it! Gene, do you think it will wash out? Gene, Gene, it's our wedding dress, and I can't afford another; and next month— Oh, it was mean of the flag of a great big, powerful nation to fade all over a little girl's wedding dress!"

They were skirting a small cliff, on their way to the steps, as the girl spoke. She tore loose from him and stood a moment, quivering. They were alone. The laughing picnickers were scattering toward the beach by another route. Her voice had mounted almost to a scream. Urmson's nerves jangled terribly to the sound. "Hush!" he said bitterly. "You make me ashamed."

A wild look came over the lovely face. "Ashamed!" she echoed.

"You think *I* ought to be ashamed. You don't know— Oh, it's all horrible! I wish I was dead! Those girls—oh! And now my dress—and—and you—! I'll *be* dead!" And quietly, yet like a flash, she stepped past him and dropped over the cliff edge.

He knew the water below was far over her bright head, and when he heard the splash which told him she had actually fallen—or flung herself in—with one despairing shout to the others he ran around the rocks, tearing off coat, necktie, collar, vest, as he raced. His feet beat time to his heart—almost. Once his boot caught, flinging him down a ravine, up which he toiled bruised and torn.

During this small delay Mary was rescued by one of the boat's crew. Standing on the deck, she saw Urmson burst into the group at the landing-place and heard him cry the alarm. For when he came in sight of the water he had seen only a flag caught on a floating branch. The brief, fitful sunshine had again darkened, and a fine white rain misted above the sullen river, adding to the horror of his emotions. Then he heard laughing voices; some one called his name.

"Hurry, the storm's on us! We're going to catch it!" roared Macalester.

"Mary!" cried Urmson wildly. "My God!—she's in the river! Up above," and he pointed. "She fell off the cliff!" He looked beside himself, half longing to plunge in after her, not knowing what direction to take—a very desperate lover!

"Oh, crickety, Gene Urmson—what's the matter? Are you thinking of going swimming? What you wearing your necktie streaming out behind for?" It was Mary's voice—Mary at her worst—but most welcome to him then. He looked toward the boat; on the deck stood the beautiful, dripping girl, her sodden curls and close-clinging garments in strange contrast to the brilliant color in her excited face.

"Thank heaven!" he exclaimed fervently.

"Who put her in?" screamed Mary above the wind. "Gene, 'twas a sin. Who pulled her out? A sailor stout."

Urmson rushed aboard.

"How could you have been so careless—so reckless? What shall I do with you? You must have dry clothes now—you must, I say—you're drenched and freezing!"

"Wear anything that belongs to one of those women—let them laugh and sneer because I've got no wrap? I'd rather die!" she cried, in sudden fury.

"Go down to the cabin at once"—in his desperation he spoke brutally. "Here they all come—you're not fit to be seen. Frances is there—she has wraps——"

"I won't. They've already seen me soaking—what's the use?"

He was at the end of everything. He could have struck her. He was turning away with a gesture of despair when some one pointed and cried out strangely; he wheeled, leaped to her, only just in time to catch her as she fell. The mad excitement, the chill wind and water, but most of all the corrosive emotions—anger, humiliation, fierce resentment—which impelled her to wild acts, had done their work. In his arms rested a shivering, blue-lipped child, deathly pale, black hollows around her glazing eyes.

V.

THEY carried poor Mary down to the warm cabin, and there, all throughout the trip home, Eugene worked over her, physician and lover.

On reaching the city he bore her in his arms to a closed carriage, and, leaning on his breast, she came home to the little cottage in Memory Lane. When he placed her on the small white bed in the Scotts' parlor, his tears dewed her pillow.

"Dear Eugene," she whispered faintly, "don't feel bad. I'm so sorry for you."

For many nights thereafter, while his partner worked faithfully within, young Dr. Urmson paced up and down the street outside her window, sentineling the spot, listening for her delirious cries, watching the moving forms silhouetted against her curtain. He dared not trust his own skill where his heart was so deeply moved; yet at daybreak he returned to her side, looking down passionately on this stricken blossom tossing on dark waters, being borne swiftly—whither? Of all this Mary knew nothing.

Privacy and quiet were not the sick girl's portion. Like her royal namesake, when direful pains attacked her delicate limbs in prison, no luxury assuaged the affliction. In the little front room she lay, no hall intervening between her bed and the street door. Curious neighbors, whispering huskily, scanned her without hindrance. The first words to pierce her delirium, three weeks after the day when she was brought home, were those of "the woman of the opposite yard."

"Reckon them sores on her face'll heal?"

Mary opened conscious eyes—how hot and swollen they were! She touched her cheek, which felt painfully rough. Instinctively she tried to veil herself with her long curls—her head was shaven!

The room was not darkened, and oh, the horror of those curious eyes full upon her!

"Wonder if she's comin' to," whispered a second voice. "My! ain't she a sight! Can't they bandage 'em? Awful, ain't it?"

"Father, father!"

In the hour of that awakening every instinct cried out for the friend she had never before appreciated, the gentle old scholar whose life had ever orbed above his turbulent, ill-disciplined offspring. The wildness of her tone and gesture alarmed the gossips.

"I do believe she understood you, Miz' Peters," said the first woman. "She's goin' to have a fit—or—or somethin'. Call her pa. She wants him!" And Alfred Scott came to the Queen, and laid his head on her pillow, his tears falling on the hand she gave him.

"Tears of joy, Mary, tears of pure joy!" he said.

"Are you glad I didn't die, daddy?"

He clasped her swollen fingers silently. Was he glad!

"What's been the matter?"

"A strange fever and nerve complication. You had been under much excitement, and the contraction of a sudden cold completed the mischief. You must lie quiet now. See how weak you are." And, indeed, she lost herself in sleep as he spoke.

When she roused again, Myrtle sat by her.

"What made you cut my hair?" asked Mary suddenly.

"We couldn't help it. Your face was so bad, and the hair irritated it."

"My face? What's the matter with my face?"

"We don't know, Mary. It broke out all over about a week after you were taken sick. Don't talk, sis. You mustn't."

Again she drifted into semi-consciousness. From that time convalescence progressed like a series of nightmares, and through it all she continually reached a groping hand, searching for the lost curls to veil the face so many looked upon and shuddered at.

"Oh, can't you cover it?" she begged her physician, sturdy Dr. Bright, young Urmson's senior partner. "Every one looks at me!"

"Bandages would increase the irritation. Get strong, and you can soon be moved to another room."

"Oh, I can't bear this—to be looked at now! And I can't hide my face! I put my hands over it, but I sleep and they fall away, and I wake with people standing around my bed."

"No one but your immediate family should be permitted to see you, child. I'll speak with your mother. I'll turn these chattering people out in a way they'll remember."

Alas, poor dethroned Queen! Poverty is as cruel as Elizabeth, and even less conscientious than those Englishmen who loved the Scottish flower they trampled down. The physician's fiat avails little where necessity rules. In the Scotts' home there were two sleeping rooms—two made out of one by a rude partition—the larger overflowing with the twins and their parents; the boys who happened

to be at home packed some way in the smaller. Betsey and Myrtle occupied a folding bed in the dining-room; Mary had the parlor lounge. News of the strange disease afflicting Mary Scott had aroused the morbid curiosity of the neighborhood, and acquaintances brought their friends to see the disfigurement of a beauty. Where was refuge to be found from prying eyes?

Outside, May day, with all its joyous spirit-revival of the delights and loves of springs long blossomless, had come and gone. The happy, happy dawn of summer was here. There was a cheerful stir abroad. One of the saddest sounds to the young, in sickness, is the hoofs of horses, because they symbolize what is passing by and going away, all the outdoor rush, the impetus of life, the lovers of the *last ride*, and of a first ride—all out there, borne by on the steady schoof, schoof, schoof, of the hoofs—borne past and away! Mary, lying there in the front room, felt as though they beat on her heart.

"And is it really May?" asked the May bride that should have been.

"Yes, Queenie."

It was Sunday, and Betsey, crunching jet as she moved, had taken Myrtle's place as nurse.

"Betsy, aren't people sometimes married in bed?"

Betsey averted her eyes.

"I told Gene May was an unlucky month for marrying," she went on, "but he said I should be a May Queen bride and break the ill-omen. So I gave in. I never was superstitious, any way; and I don't see why I'm not well enough to go on and be married this month, as long as everything's planned. If I wait to get up, I'll have to have a new dress. Mine was just ruined with that old flag. Next time Eugene comes, I want to see him. I don't understand why he shouldn't come in, the same as Dr. Bright. If you people had suffered as much as I have, you wouldn't think so of what's proper."

Betsey did not speak. How could she tell the poor girl that Eugene had not asked to see her since the development of the eruption had rendered repulsive her lovely face. He had been first to detect its approach, arguing with Dr. Bright that it was as certainly incurable as it was rare, and he still refused to view the ruin it had wrought. From childhood he had inordinately admired beauty, and shrank with abhorrence from the unsightly and the disfigured. His love for Mary could not surmount such destruction as had befallen the fairness he cherished. As a physician, he was in despair over the case; for the fever following her sudden chill, he believed, had developed a slumbering scrofulous taint in her blood—the same, he declared, that afflicted her sister Myrtle. He was generous with money; himself he would not give. He had summoned to her aid

the ablest medical assistance, telegraphing to other cities for physicians, and corresponding with foreign specialists. But from all who had gathered around the unconscious girl, and brought their wisdom to bear on her affliction, there was one verdict only.

"We can do nothing," the spokesman of the last consultation had said. "Life is not in danger. The ulcerations may heal after a time, though not without leaving ineradicable scars. There have been somewhat similar cases known in European hospitals; a few patients of modern times, afflicted with a resembling trouble, have pledged their physicians and attendants to secrecy. We think the girl will not die—but she is disfigured for life."

Eugene Urmson assented to this verdict. He sought no disquieting hope from the fact that neither himself nor any one of the physicians who gave it had ever personally treated an exactly similar case. A disfigured Mary, with a scarred, discolored face—it was grotesquely like the dead walking, and he sheered abruptly away from that tragedy in the making. With the words, the Mary of Eugene's love died to him, and what remained above earth in her stead became mere uncoffined mortality, a corpse of love from which all his nature shrank.

He decided against her at arm's length. He took no comfort from the assurance that the woman's life was not in danger. How dared she live on, miserable, when that which he loved—her beauty—was dead!

But who was to tell Mary this? Betsey knew that it must be told. The patient was now too rational to be put off with subterfuges, but far from realizing her condition and its possible effect on her lover.

"Why doesn't Eugene come?" she asked. "Has anything happened to him? Tell me the truth, is Eugene sick?"

Betsey had little command of consoling phrases. She walked crunching to the mantel and back.

"Mary, I want to leave you alone five minutes. By counting sixty five times, you can tell how long I'm gone, and keep yourself out of mischief."

Straight to the scholar, humped unhappily over his Virgil, marched the business manager of the family.

"Father, here is street-car fare. Go to Eugene Urmson and tell him he is a rascal and a fool;" and a jet crunched under her quick-stepping foot (it may be said here that she industriously replaced the lost beads on week-days).

"Betsey—I—I understand," said the scholar.

"Suspense is worse than the scaffold. Mary doesn't have to suffer that; nobody ought to. 'Tisn't fair to have the pain of dread,

and the thing we dreaded, both come to pass. It doesn't often happen that way, either. We—you can spare Mary—the—the waiting for it."

"For 'it'?"

"Oh, he may prove true coin, but I doubt it. Handsome men are handy with their consciences; they can do 'most anything with them. Eugene is quite likely to say he's too poor to marry right now, or too busy; and Mary'll have to hear it sooner or later. That's what I meant by 'it.'"

"Betsey!" called Mary's changed voice. "Please come bathe my face; it smarts so."

The elder sister cast a meaning look back over her shoulder as she went in obedience to the pathetic summons. Alfred Scott did not seek the Queen's recreant lover, but he did appeal to Dr. Bright, making of him the inquiry:

"Would it be injudicious at the present time, in your opinion, to permit an interview between Mary and Dr. Urmson?"

"Do you still expect Urmson to marry her?" asked the older physician, with an abrupt forcing to light of the real issue.

Alfred Scott shook his gray head. "Not that. I understand that he must shrink from such a union. The higher powers impel man through his instincts to shun, in mating, the misshapen and afflicted. This is a law merciful to the coming generations. Æneas, a good man, was led by divine imperative to forsake Dido, in the interest of future dynasties. But one who is brave as well as good does not steal away in the night quite like Æneas. He spares the forsaken endurance of that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick. Dr. Urmson should visit my daughter and talk plainly with her."

"You are right, and he shall."

But when his partner later interviewed him, Eugene shuddered away from the proposition. "It's impossible," he declared. "Have I not suffered enough? You tell her, Bright. Explain to her that she'll never be fit for marriage—or get one of her folks to do it. What do you want me to say to her?"

"That I cannot tell you; but I do tell you that your duty is to go to her and make your position clear in a personal interview. There is no need to inflict unnecessary suffering on the girl or her family; you'll make a tremendous mistake if you shirk this thing. I shall do no talking for you." And the gray-haired physician looked sternly at his junior.

"Perhaps—it may be a question of honor. Well, I will go," Urmson conceded. He groaned, and the sweat of shame and acute distress glistened on his forehead.

"Have you no sympathy for this poor soul?" demanded Bright

sharply. "Gene, do you never think of anybody but yourself?"

"Soul!" echoed Urmson half unconsciously. "I often thought Mary Scott had no soul. A beautiful body—with which she was not fit to be trusted—she had. She ruined it, and ruined my life and hers, out of mere caprice. When she was in health she made me a butt of ridicule among my friends by her improprieties. She trampled on much that is necessary to my esteem for woman. I could not respect, even when I loved her. No rational girl would have gone out on such a chill, threatening day in thin muslin, without any protection against the weather. No really modest girl would have insisted on standing dripping wet in the wind before a crowd of men. But I will go and see her, since you insist. You may make an engagement for me."

"Engagement!" echoed Bright angrily. "I'm going to the house now; if you are willing to do so, come with me."

"Oh, well, with you, or professionally, I shall not mind seeing her." Eugene tried to envelop himself in the armor of his clinic attitude and manner.

"Gene, you try my patience. You must see her alone. An invited witness to such an interview would be an insult to that poor child."

"You will go in ahead and speak to her for me—hint at the truth?" persisted Urmson.

"I will prepare her a bit, if such a thing is possible," conceded the elder man. "I can at least administer a sedative. It's bound to be a dreadful shock. She believes in you implicitly. She has no inkling of your defection. She even talks with her family of having the marriage take place in her bedroom."

"My God!"

"You see, she believed man's love went deeper than the lips—a woman's affection has been known to cling even to the leper."

Eugene was silent. He had lost the silken fineness of the fashionable young physician. His face was unshaven, his tie carelessly arranged; he looked pale and overwrought.

The two walked in silence up Memory Lane, and to the little Scott home. It had been Dr. Bright's intention to prepare Mary as much as possible for the coming ordeal, but Myrtle met him at the door of the room with the startling information:

"Mary knows Dr. Urmson is with you—she recognized his step, I think. Won't he please come in at once? She's so excited."

"I am ready," said Eugene, in a low tone.

Betsey, the practical, was not on guard, and the timid, frightened

Myrtle lacked courage to remain with Mary at the lovers' first interview.

"Go right in," she whispered tremulously. "She—Mary wants to see you alone. I'll wait out here with Dr. Bright."

He entered the desecrated shrine of his heart's first idol. The pretty curtains had been taken down, and all the dainty fancies of a girl's fashioning removed, to give way to the paraphernalia of a sick-room.

On the low bed he saw a human figure with face of unnatural size, covered with unsightly eruptions. Lustreless eyes peered up at him from red rims. Not one soft curl adorned the poor head, shaven to a semblance of baldness. Physician as he was, Eugene Urmson could not realize on whom he was looking. He found himself, mechanically, taking a professional interest in so novel a case; and Mary saw her lover regarding her with an estranging curiosity.

She had intended to receive him in a darkened room, but the rickety shutters of the cottage were not capable of such mercy; the shades went up and down on eccentric impulses of their own; and at the sound of his step all else had been forgotten in her joy and Myrtle's distress.

"Oh, Eugene!" cried the poor girl. "How I have wanted you! There's something the matter with my face, but I know you can cure it when we are married and you can doctor me yourself." (She had thought only the proprieties were to blame in keeping him away!) "I've had such a dreadful time," she hurried on, pouring all her griefs out to the loved one. "They look at me, and then they cry. Those they let in here when they thought I was out of my head used to carry on as if the sight of me nearly killed them."

After a moment, as he did not speak, she went on:

"But I knew you would come, dear, and you can cure me. I couldn't have lived without that hope. I love you so! You're all I've got in the world, Gene. Take me away from here, sweetheart. Take care of me. You can cure me," came ever the piteous repetend. "I can't bear to have people look at me so. Oh, it seems so long since you held me in your arms and called me your own Queen Mary! Hold me so again. Hold me tight—so tight; then the pain and fear can't get to me."

Hold her in his arms—caress her! A sudden grimness of irrepressible disgust twitched at his lip.

"Eugene—dearest—what—what is it?" she cried more wildly. "Tell me! Don't drive me mad! Come here quick! Oh, comfort me, speak to me, dear!" Then in a sort of whisper: "*He's still*

standing there. Oh, I never thought of this! Why didn't some one tell me I was dead, and Gene still alive?"

"You are not dead," said Urmson, alarmed for her reason. "Be quiet, Mary, and talk with me calmly."

"Calmly! Calmly!" and she burst into fearful laughter.

"Mary," said he, with all the sternness he could assume, "if you do not control yourself, I shall leave the room."

"No, no," she begged pitifully. "Don't go. I'll be good, Eugene. I'll do what you say. I know, though all the world failed, you'll be true. Only, just for a moment, you looked so strange, and—Eugene, you don't come near me."

"Mary, I feel the sincerest sympathy for you."

A long silence followed this admirable speech. Finally the poor girl on the bed said brokenly:

"Why, Gene, this is May—our wedding month!"

"I regret the circumstances that prevent the consummation of our engagement. It is true that you were, nominally, under my care when the deplorable accident leading to this catastrophe occurred; but I can hardly feel myself to blame. If you had been influenced by me—— We will not speak of that."

He enveloped his meaning in a vain fog of words; but Mary understood. A surging as of many waters was in her ears. She lay so mute and lifeless that Urmson thought her overcome by physical weakness, and was about to summon her sister, when she spoke to him with a strange calm.

"No, we will not speak of that. It was all my fault. You were not to blame. I don't want you to worry, Eugene."

"No," said Urmson, looking down; "I do not feel called upon to add the responsibility of that day to my other regrets."

Mary raised herself feebly and looked long at her beloved. "Eugene, I believe this is the first time you were ever perfectly honest with me. I—there's no danger that you'll practise any deceit now. You are indifferent enough to tell me the exact truth. Answer me, then: shall I ever get well?"

"According to all human probability, you will, Mary. Your general health promises to return with all its former robustness."

"Will—will I look like this always?"

"That I am not competent to answer. The—the chances seem that way."

She caught her breath. She had never suspected this. Then a cry broke from her lips.

"Oh, Eugene! With your love, I could have borne worse."

"The affections are not controllable," he said, bitterly resenting the misery she thrust upon him. "They rule us—not we them."

Again Mary lay for long, silent. Then, against her will, and in a voice drowned with grief and shame and despair, she asked the poor, bald question: "Eugene, are you going to break our engagement?"

Shamed and stung in his turn, he struck back hard.

"Are you in a condition to fulfil it? Could a man take you for his wife?"

"No, Eugene, no. I guess I've been making believe you were an angel instead of a man."

"What are you doing?" he cried out in alarm, at a sudden convulsive movement.

"Trying to take off your ring. My hand is all swollen—you'll have to help me."

She saw him shrink. "It is not necessary—I do not want the trinket," he said hastily.

"Nor I," said Mary. "It can only make me think of you; and that I must learn not to do, if I can."

To this he made no reply.

"Eugene, there is nothing more in life for me. You filled it, and you are going out of it." Resolutely the poor wrecked child held her voice steady. "Maybe I deserve such a punishment; but, Eugene, I—I'm afraid I can't"—still piteously steadying the poor weak voice—"can't quite bear it if you don't help me—just a little. I'm afraid I'll have to go mad, or—or die in some dreadful frenzy, if you can't just smooth out a little of the horror of it—take away the fiery—fiery sting—give me a—a—one little kind, comforting thing to remember of you."

Eugene Urmsom was terribly moved. Mary saw that—she felt it. Gathering her poor strength together again, she went on mildly:

"Won't you say something gentle before you go? I've been a foolish, reckless girl, but I never meant to do wrong. I wasn't cross at home, or mean with other girls. I never told falsehoods, or failed to keep my word; and I never slighted my sewing. I didn't make fun of old or crippled people, and I was good to children. And, Eugene, I never, never kissed any man but you. I felt bad at the picnic because I hadn't a yachting suit, like the others, and I tried to show 'em I didn't care—when I did care dreadfully—dreadfully. But it doesn't seem to me I've done much to make God angry. I didn't know I looked so bad when I wanted you to come and see me. I never thought about not getting over the breaking out on my face; I know now that you cannot marry me. Some one else will be your wife; but won't you just take my hand and help me off with the ring, and say, 'Good-by. Mary,' in your sweet, kind way? I've heard

you speak so—so gently, so considerately, to servants—negroes—poor common creatures, even those that were troubling you, Eugene; and I loved you more for it. Won't you—I—I——” The soft, low, hesitating voice failed. There was silence for a long minute. “Oh, I want something kind to remember this day by.”

He longed to do her wish—his heart ached with the pity of it all; but take that swollen hand, risk a sudden impulse of tenderness in that piteous caricature of his beautiful Mary!

His desire for escape from a torture of spirit so unbearable and so debasing, from a position in which he writhed to know he cut so poor a figure before the eyes of the All Merciful, now overcame all other emotions.

“Good by, Mary,” he said, struggling to conceal his aversion and his haste to be gone. “Believe me, no one can possibly regret more than I your unfortunate condition. I shall always think of you kindly.” He glanced about him desperately. No good angel inspired him. “It is a beautiful day; I hope you will soon be out in the sunshine. Good afternoon.”

The door opened and closed. He was gone. The door was closed—her love shut out. Health and beauty, anticipated wealth, happiness, and love—all swept away at one stroke! She heard her little brothers crying with rage, and her mother placidly scolding them. A coal man outside swore at his mules, and beat them. The torn shade at one window let the garish sun into the sick-room. All that is rasping and humdrum in life's mechanism squeaked from end to end of her little island of existence. Terrible thoughts assailed her. Panting and feverish, hovering on the verge of insanity, she raised herself upright, and, her engagement ring coming off at last, she flung it violently against the door, and shrieked with laughter—a wild, woful vision of ruin.

The little amulet slipped uneasily on its chain above her heart. She lifted her hand and clutched it unconsciously, and, “My God, show me—show me—show me the way!” burst in agony from her lips. “Only show me—I can bear it, whatever it is, if I can but see,” she babbled, her wide, desolate gaze on vacancy; when suddenly the motes in the sunlight—the sunlight itself—the very air of the room—began to take form and color and expression. A face grew and shaped itself before her; eyes that looked into hers with fathomless kindness, firm lips which parted for no speech, yet sent to the innermost core of her spent and fordone being messages of such hope and comfort and assurance as she could not have deemed possible.

Still with unconscious fingers pressed hard upon the amulet, she gazed; the nebulous face looked back at her; and peace grew

and throve between them. It was not an old face, nor a woman's face; yet the stricken girl upon the bed could not have told why it gave her hope, nor how her soul knew that this was the way which she had asked to be shown. Like a crystal gazer, self hypnotized, she continued to stare into those courage-giving, life-renewing eyes till her own lids drooped, her hand fell away from the amulet, and she slept.

VI.

THE boys' room, a dark, poor place partitioned off from an original dormitory, without carpet or papering, proved a welcome refuge to the dethroned Queen. So might the young leper stricken at her bridal have fled to ancient tombs. Lying in her bed there, Mary saw from the one window only the tops of trees. One night that fall an early frost touched the leaves, and she saw them in a silver, shimmering radiance.

"How full the sky is of stars!" she exclaimed; then paused, realizing what glories common and familiar things may take on when one's outlook is limited. Again, as she watched the swaying green boughs, they seemed waving to acquaintances stationed on the battlements of clouds. In the framing of that small back window she beheld morning climb above the stars; she saw the twilight steal, crepuscular and faintly lavendered, to net the radiance in her mist, and felt that never before had she seen these things. Truly, life is worth living, after all, when just tree-tops are so beautiful!

It had been feared that a crippling affection of the hip-joint might ensue, but she was spared that, and by the end of autumn she could walk about. She celebrated this mercy by tottering into her mother's room to a mirror. She had often drawn her hands down the changed surface of her cheeks; but she was not prepared for what she saw. They heard her shriek, and hurried in, to find her lying senseless, the broken looking-glass beside her on the floor.

"Oh!" she cried, when consciousness returned, "God won't let anything so dreadful last long! This is His earth. I am one of His children whom He bade the disciples feed. He knows all about me, doesn't He? Perhaps the angels of mercy are busy—there's so much for them to do—but my turn will come, and they will heal me. Won't they, mother? Don't you think they will?"

From that on, she shut herself strictly in the small back room, admitting only her mother and sisters, shrinking even from her father in the daytime. Neighbors cast looks of almost superstitious interest at that closed door. The boys ceased their loud talk in passing it. Alfred Scott roamed abroad, carrying with him his small blue book, to find vivid boughs in the autumn wood to cheer that lonely place.

She could not go out to fit and plan the wonderful costumes for which she used to be paid so well; but a few of her old patrons sent her plain sewing to do, at which she and Myrtle toiled together.

"I'm a mere automaton, like the works of a clock, that never see the light," she said of herself; "and I think my heart has turned gray, as hair turns suddenly gray from fright."

Her old recklessness of speech had passed from her with her laughter. It would have been profanation to the depths now stirred in her nature. But from the "dead self" of her lighter-hearted hours, a new, strong personality was evolving.

Sometimes at night, heavily veiled, she ventured out on the street with Betsey or her father, walking always toward Eugene Urmson's home. Once, as she passed it on the dark side of the walk, she saw him run blithely up the wide stone steps; afterward, she went that way no more. The experience had been too cruel. But she searched the society columns for his name, and frequently read of his attendance at social functions where the name of Miss Nellie Arthur also figured; so that, hearing music at night, she imagined him beside that other one, waltzing with her slender form in his arms, or leaning in delight to listen to her violin.

"Eugene must admire Miss Arthur," she said, with trembling lips.

"He's her very shadow!" came back resentfully from Myrtle. "She can't stir without him. After breaking off with Mr. Macalester, she had a slow fever, and Gene Urmson was her physician; since then she can twist him around her little finger." Mary's sorrows seemed so like her own to the poor helpless sister, that she often discussed them with a cruelly bitter frankness. Now the stricken girl winced in silence.

As the Christmas holidays approached, invitations were issued, by Mrs. Dutton, for the marriage of her orphan niece, Helen Adelaide Arthur, to Doctor Eugene Templeton Urmson, December sixteenth, at the Church of All Saints—the church in whose shadow he and Mary had so often lingered. Mary counted the days "with her heart" to her old lover's wedding night. She could not bear Myrtle's mention of her lost happiness; she could not weep, or force her lips to frame a prayer to Heaven for help in this time of anguish.

At last it came, that dreadful day. As the evening closed softly down, with a kind of tenderness and regret in it, one of the twins injured a portion of his anatomy, and Mrs. Scott prepared for a night of poultices. Betsey and Myrtle, their hearts bleeding in sympathy with Mary, cajoled their older brothers out for a walk. Alfred Scott dozed behind his Virgil. The front room seemed deserted when a muffled figure stole furtively from its door.

The moon had not yet risen, and the streets were dark, save where artificial lights spread arcs of false splendor. White lined carriages containing the bridesmaids, snowy visions with laps of flowers, passed Mary, as she slipped by in the darkness. It seemed to her, as she crouched at last in the black shade of a tree at the vestry door, as if the radiance of earth and heaven had concentrated in the gold effulgence flowing, a broad road, from the church door to the white-hearted carriages—concentrated there, leaving all who were unbidden to the wedding feast forever exiled to the chill and murk of outer night. A turnout whirled down a side street and drew up with a flourish at the vestry door, almost within touch of Mary's hand, where she stood; the bridegroom and his best man stepped from it. The driver moved on a bit, and Eugene Urmsen, dark and handsome in his wedding garments, looked up at the quiet skies.

"What a night it will be when the moon comes out!" he smiled to his friend. "Behold the heavens veiled as a bride who concealeth her face until the moon, her bridegroom, cometh."

Young Peyton clapped him on the shoulder and laughed.

"Marriage will cure you of your mooning, Gene."

"Not with the wife I've chosen. If I were marrying for mere outward beauty, Jim, it might prove different, but my Nellie is as beautiful in spirit as in feature. We were made for each other. She has the same fancies that you heathens jeer at in me. I tell you, our life will pass like an idyl.

"What's that?" added Eugene, a shadow touching his mood. "I thought I heard somebody. Let's go in, Jim."

The vestry door closed on the two young men. The empty carriage drove away. Alone in the shadow Mary knelt.

The place was very quiet. A glow permeated the listening air by the windows. She fell, kneeling, against the tree-trunk, her desolate gaze traversing the street where Eugene had so often stopped her on their homeward way to take his "Light o' Roses" in his arms, beneath the shadow of the church. Then loud music crashed out; Mary knew that in its echoes moved a vision of bridal fairness down the aisle, between the well-content seated among flowers and palms in seas of brilliant light.

She did not see the wedding procession emerge. Crouching with hidden face in the grass, she heard the carriages roll away, heard the music sink to silence. She stood up; the old church was dark and lonely, too, the gladness of its heart had also passed away. Should she go home to Memory Lane? The small back room, littered with the day's sewing, and impressed with painful memories, had nothing to soothe or help. The moon was coming up, making the

streets so bright that she feared them. Where should she carry her pain, hide her shamed despair? There was a place, down by the river—the water, gray like a face in pain, called. No such temptation had assailed her before leaving home. But she was half mad now.

“It’s no use struggling,” she thought drearily. “I—oh, I can’t struggle any more!”

She gained safety from inspection in a cliff-sheltered spot by the silvery river.

“It can’t be a sin,” she whispered. “Life is so hard; and when one is no use, why should one live? The river laps, laps—it has a kissing sound; it will kiss me while Eugene holds his wife in his arms—‘his Nellie’! Oh, if only he hadn’t said that! He will love her so. I know——”

With a soft, shivering moan, she stepped quickly out on an old raft, a soggy, rotting corpse, once fresh and verdant with wood-life. Her hand went to her throat, and closed convulsively upon the amulet. “God,” she said just under her breath, “I’m coming home to you. I couldn’t stay—it was too hard. *You know—you’ll forgive me. Show me—show me——*”

Her slender young body crouched to spring; but she never made the leap. Out of the moonlight, now almost bright as day, a face grew before her fixed, desolate gaze; eyes of unfathomable kindness and comfort looked into hers; through all her weary, beaten, broken being stole a sense of assuagement—peace beyond measure; and, most marvelous of all, a wavering hope that beckoned back to life.

“God—has—answered,” she whispered. “The face of the amulet!”

As she spoke, her hand dropped to her side; the face dislimned in the air. As one awaking in alarm, she reeled, stumbled back to the shore, and fell on her knees.

“Oh, what was I going to do? Oh, God help me—help me—help me!”

“Amen.”

She sprang up to see only a bent old man standing on the shore, a small blue book suspended from the hands clasped at his back.

“Father, oh, father!”

“It’s a beautiful night,” said Alfred Scott, controlling a trembling voice. “The moon is a poet, and idealizes even a wornout raft decaying on the shore.”

“Father, were you watching me? Did—did you see me on the raft?”

"Not if you would rather I hadn't, dear."

"Oh, you know, you know! Why don't you upbraid, curse me, ask if I had forgotten you, and my mother, and poor Myrtle?"

"Sit down, my child, on this old boat hulk," said the still tremulous voice. "Notice its Rembrandt-like blackness in this wonderful white moonlight."

Mary sat down by him, a veiled, drooping figure beside an old man, and the sweet night lapped them around. Would he talk to her of the comparative beauties among the translators of Virgil, quote Dryden and Connington and the others? He did nothing of the sort. He took her hand and spoke long to her, not as a scholar—a bookworm—but as a human being deeply moved, a father to his loved, suffering child.

It was a very quiet speech withal; yet it had a certain call-to-arms in its gentle sentences; and at its close the listening girl instinctively straightened her shoulders.

"But do you really want me to live, father? What will become of an afflicted creature like me when our home is broken up, as it naturally must be in time? Don't you remember how people looked and whispered over my pillow? How can I go out among them and work for a livelihood?"

He fingered the blue book, mechanically opened its pages, then, resolutely thrusting the volume, like a temptation, behind him, spoke to her once more with tender, father's voice.

"But, father," whispered Mary, when he was done, "I feel that the days I live after this will be wasted ones—worse than wasted, since all of you are so mixed up with me, that I can't go down and down without dragging your hearts after mine."

"My little girl, age smiles at the child who searches, weeping, for a dropped penny; yet few of us live long enough to learn how angels smile over those who, weeping, search for a dropped hope, a lost lover, a little transitory beauty. Immortality is too big, too fine, for crowding with such formalities. Stop and look a little for the trinket, if the heart pleads, and then go on to bigger things."

"What are the bigger things, father?" the tremulous young voice asked.

"God, and books, and 'the quiet above the stars' that is one name for self-control—self-control, the angel that troubles the pool of life and makes it a healing and a blessing. Soldiers think it a privilege to lose life for glory. Women risk more for love. Men invest honor and happiness in the effort to gain rock smelted into coin. Is power to endure worth less than these—is it less worthy to be striven for? I tell you, royalty of soul has its responsibilities. It is not to be happy, not even to make others so, that man exists.

He lives because his life is the kingdom of his soul, and owes it fealty. To destroy and lay waste that kingdom is rebellion; for the soul to consent to the destruction of its God-created abode is blasphemy; man's noblest attribute is the capacity for endurance." He smiled a little. "Your grandmother used to say glue mends more broken cups than tears."

"But if one hasn't glue, if one hasn't anything—oh, father!" The cry of the young voice rang desolately upon the night.

"Get a new cup, little girl—one of the cups the angels bring at sunrise—the cup of a new day."

"To be filled with tears?"

"Or courage, as you like. There is a courage of despair, when hearts are noble and souls are royal."

"You—you haven't mended your cup." She half whispered the cruel words.

His thin old face whitened, but his answer was gentle.

"Like one of Virgil's eclogues, I am a little dull, somewhat unnatural, and better adapted to stroll in the wake of my poet's pastorals than to climb with a Dante on brighter heights."

"Oh, father! I—what could have made me be so brutal? I did not——"

"Never mind, child. I know the root of your offending; and it is a subject on which I have been desirous to approach you. You cannot help being a little warped. No life can go on naturally in the dark. You need the sun."

"Me? Go out in the daytime! In the sun!"

"A distant cousin of our family died of cancer in the face, Mary. She had been very unfortunate. We did not know of her relationship until after her decease; and she died in the county house. No concealment was possible for her. But she wore a mask contrived for her by a merciful physician."

"I'm glad you did not try to talk of this before; but I can think of it to-night. I—I feel as though new strength had come to me. Father, I will make me a mask and wear it under my veil; and I will accustom myself to life, even under such hideous conditions. You care so much for books; you get so much out of them"—wistfully; "do you think I could ever care like that?"

"Care for books—for a world where the turning of a page may reveal the passing of a dynasty, or the birth of an epoch!"

"It couldn't ever mean all that to me; but I must have something. Will you teach me your books, father?"

"Yes, Mary, yes. I have always desired to instruct my children. It is their choice that brings them to maturity unlearned. You are my own daughter, Mary"—he laid delicate, considering fingers

on the beautiful, well domed head; "if you can come to it with a willing mind, there is no doubt that you can enter and possess the beautiful world of books. We will begin in the morning with"—and he ran over a half-dozen of his classic favorites. This was a strong swimmer to guide a novice into the floods of knowledge.

"I—I don't think I could get through quite all that—not at once," faltered the girl.

"Maybe, maybe. Well, an eagle runs full forty yards to gain impetus for beginning his flight; so must the intellect thrust talons in the humble earth until its wings catch the air and feel the splendid power to rise."

"I will try to take interest, father, I promise; but we ought to go back now. They will be anxious over me. Oh, what grief I might have caused them! How could I have been so selfish?"

Hand in hand, they went home. At the open door Myrtle heard the old man saying to the sister her heart was so sore for:

"Yes, Mary Stuart's mother, Mary Lorraine, was one of a romantic line renowned during two centuries for genius and misfortunes. Of her immediate family——"

"Oh, father," said Myrtle, "don't worry her over such things—to-night!"

"But," said Mary, to the surprise of all, "he's not worrying me. I like it."

"She is going into the land of books," explained Alfred Scott, smiling. "There are many beautiful things in books and—sorrow."

VII.

So Mary fashioned a mask—a mask for the face of Mary Scott!—drew her short curls low on the forehead and far over the cheeks, so that she might sit in a darkened corner with her family. But it meant much to the Scotts that she mingled with them at all; and from Betsey to the twins it was a race as to who should bring the most brightness into the shadowed life of their Queen. She accompanied her father now in his long night walks, discussing with him the history and literature he had portioned out for that day. As she sewed with Myrtle, the girls studied together, asking each other questions, and taking turns in reading aloud.

"I will, I'm sure I will," she said when Myrtle opened the question of her going out in the day as well as at night; "but I can't just yet. I promised father to learn to face the world as I am, and I'll do it; I'll make myself walk right out in the sun."

A few days afterward she said with something of her old suddenness: "I'm going to do it now—right now. I'll dress up; I'll make

my apparel as brave as my heart—as my heart”—the voice faltered—“ought to be.”

Alas, the apparel in that poor little wardrobe revealed to Mary's questioning eyes even less of bravery than she found in her sad, stricken, dismayed young heart! She turned from its open door. “There isn't a thing but—this;” and, with a strange look, she produced from its box her carefully laundered wedding dress.

“Wasn't it done up beautifully?” said Myrtle, with hasty embarrassment. “Every one of the stains came out.”

“Yes,” murmured Mary; “it's only a white rag, yet it's forgotten the past—braced up and got all its starch back. I'll put it on.”

She did, and, pinning on her big, picturesque black hat, drew over all a thick gray veil and went, on an impulse, out into the street. For half a block she met no one. So sweet were the early spring scents and sounds, so welcome the sight of familiar landmarks seen in the afternoon light for the first time in so many months, that she wandered on past the church, diverted by her own new sensations. Suddenly she stopped short. A handsome man in a light, doctor's buggy was driving slowly toward her. It was Eugene. Mary's lovely face had only been her crowning beauty. Her slim yet rounded body was all grace, whether it moved with pliant spring or fell into the adorable lines of repose; her hands were a dimpled child's; and her curls of bright gold—a child's too—not long enough to be confined, moved in the soft air, where the silvery veil fluttered aside to disclose them.

As she stood, one white hand on her breast, to hold this blowing veil, one foot half advanced, she looked a startled nymph.

Eugene had never for a moment really succeeded in forgetting the wild, victorious, subduing sweetness of their brief love. Now at sight of her it came over him in an irresistible flood.

“Mary!” he cried hoarsely.

“Yes,” she answered him in her old voice, so poignantly sweet and so familiar to his heart. “Yes, Eugene, it is Mary. Did I startle you?”

“Like a dream of the night come back at noonday.” He drew a quick breath and glanced vaguely about him. “It's been a long, long time since I—since I saw you. Are you——” He hesitated. “Are you well—and happy?”

“I am well.” She smiled a little beneath the silken mask and misty veil. “And I am thankful for many joys that I did not know existed when I was happy.”

He leaned nearer and spoke in a low voice: “I have thought of you, Mary; I have hoped to meet you. I have regretted that—

regretted the manner of our farewell. I was beside myself with grief and consternation. I hope you have remembered that. I want you to believe that I have always been, and shall always be, your—friend.” The words should have been welcome, but the manner was disquieting to the girl’s frank, honest nature. “You believe this, Mary?”

“Yes—oh, yes, Eugene.”

“Your friend, your faithful friend, always—not happy, but a faithful friend to you.” He looked earnestly at the shifting veil which hid Mary’s scarred face. Time and circumstance slipped away from him. He knew the lion of old desire was once more rampant in his heart to tear and rend. With one pained glance into his working face, with no word of response, Mary turned and almost ran. Months of seclusion had left her helpless to cope with this situation. She did not stay her hurrying feet till she found herself at the open church door. It was where she had longed to come, and now she fled to the house of God as to sanctuary. Slipping into that humble pew which the Scotts sometimes filled to overflowing, she sank upon her knees, bent her head, and prayed:

“Oh, Thou who hast afflicted Thy child—dear Lord, don’t send this on me—not this! I make trouble everywhere. The folks at home have to suffer so much for me. Don’t let Eugene look at me like that—feel to me like that. It must be that I’m not an entirely good woman, or he couldn’t. Oh, to think of it! Poor Eugene, that I’ve made so unhappy—poor Eugene, who nearly broke my heart! And now that he’s”—she sobbed—“married, he can come and look at me like a lover—and call me Mary!”

Her forehead rested on the back of the pew in front of her. Tears flowed for a while, then ceased. Soothed by the peace and stillness of the sacred place, she knelt so for a long time; then, in a pitiful little voice, she added to her petition—very low, so that only God should hear: “Defend me, dear Lord, from remembering that Eugene would have been my husband now, and we would have been so—so happy, if—oh!—if in Thy Providence—— Defend me, dear Lord! I have so little. His love would have given me so much. Life is so hard for me now. Comfort me.”

For hours she knelt alone in the silent church. The aisles grew shadowy; the full moon rose and poured its light through the stained windows. Jack had come inside the door once, calling her name softly, but she did not hear, and he went away, not seeing her kneeling form in the corner of the dusky pew. Now another voice at the church door penetrated her consciousness. She knew those smooth, careful accents and cadences. Eugene’s wife was coming into the church, leading a number of friends.

"Of course Dr. Hilgard wants to see it, Eugene," said Mrs. Urmson, "and so does Mr. Macalester. I promised them while we were at dinner to show them Mrs. Dutton's memorial window by moonlight—Beatrice mentioned it first. Why do you never like to come into this church?"

"Oh, I'll come," answered Eugene's studiously careless voice. Mary crouched lower as they approached. She could not meet Eugene and his wife together, and now! Was this cruel torture the answer to her prayer?

"This way," said Nellie Urmson. "There is the window. Isn't that color scheme sublime! One can't look at great beauty for a length of time and keep quite sane. It's no marvel to me that the man who invented a color scale for music went mad."

"That clear, untroubled ultramarine against the pure deep red is good," said Eugene's deep voice. "And that mauve with its hint of fire is like inspired writing. One feels it is a revelation, without understanding why."

"Wasn't there a school for expression of sentiment in color?" asked a new voice that strangely affected the hidden listener.

"Yes, Dr. Hilgard, there was; but it was too exalted for human nature's daily food," responded Mrs. Urmson. "Oh, if it had lived, and I might have had one of my musical transpositions termed 'a study in greens' by the elect!"

"I say, you know," interposed Macalester, "do you and Urmson go on like this all the time?"

"Oh, no, indeed! I never see Dr. Urmson except at luncheon. We always try to have some one in then, so as not to bore each other too dreadfully. Do come some time for lunch, Mr. Macalester."

"Thank you very much—you're too flattering."

The two had walked apart, and stopped in the pew in front of Mary, who now saw Mrs. Urmson lay her hand on the man's arm. Eugene and Dr. Hilgard were occupied with a magnificent looking, rather silent young woman.

"Have you forgotten me, Champe? Do you never recall the old days?" asked Nellie Urmson.

Macalester patted lightly the hand on his shoulder. "You were very good to me once, Nellie; it would be presuming and impertinent for me to remember how good."

"Would it? Oh, you needn't look after Beatrice Ironton. She's Hilgard's property. I asked her down because Eugene told me that Dr. Hilgard was to be here for nearly a week, at the meeting of the State Medical. He's a prodigiously successful man; only thirty, and look what he's accomplished! They say he has a tre-

mendous income—especially since he came back from Germany the last time. You know he originated that wonderful operation they named for him—'the Hilgard.' Eugene calls him a daring innovator."

Professional jealousy of the man who excelled her husband as an earner and eclipsed him in the field of glory spoke in every word the young wife uttered. There was a little silence between the two, then Mrs. Urmson turned suddenly to her companion with, "Champe, come and see me. I ask from my heart, will you come?"

"Why, yes, certainly."

As the man and woman stood thus, Mary had a sudden glimpse of Eugene's face in the white moonlight. Was she right? Was it twisted with angry contempt? Did Eugene Urmson stand at the altar where he was wedded so few months ago, and look thus at his wife?

"He heard, and he despises her; but she doesn't seem to mind. She wasn't even in earnest with Mr. Macalester," thought Mary, with her quick instinct.

"I'm so much alone," pursued Mrs. Urmson, in her over-emotional voice, that tapered like her small fingers. "There is a loneliness of heart like that of the confined one in a crowded church, alone among all the music and the people and the flowers that are brought together to do her honor."

"Well," said Eugene's soft, smooth, sarcastic voice, "you change ballads into dirges. Come, I wouldn't drag a funeral into a flirtation."

"Flirtation? Why, how silly you are, Eugene!" returned his wife calmly.

Macalester only laughed uneasily, and muttered: "Nellie's always full of imagination."

"I'll have to plead guilty to that, Champe," she murmured, with a languishing glance. "Some one—some one who really appreciated and cared for me—once said that my music attracts around me the fancies of dead poets. Perhaps, being idly dead and tired of waiting for Judgment Day, poets do really dream of music like mine."

There was a significant silence after this flourish. Only the visitors, who did not fully understand the situation, were reasonably comfortable. Finally—

"Oh, well, let us be moving on," said Eugene drearily. "Hilgard and I are due a little later at the medical society."

"He leaves me every evening; it's a perfect mercy to have you with me, Miss Ironton," sighed Mrs. Urmson, with pretty plaintiveness; her composure had not once been ruffled. She looked dainty

and graceful, and Mary wondered at the indifference of the two men who had once loved her. Eugene's wife walked by herself down the aisle, casting sidelong glances over her shoulder to see who would join her. All three men lingered with the big, beautiful, silent young girl, passing out in a group. Again alone in the church, Mary attempted to rise; but she was stiff and cramped from long kneeling, and was yet in the pew when returning voices fell on her ear.

"Coming with me, Hilgard?" said Eugene, who had evidently just placed the ladies in their carriage.

"Not just now, Urmson. I've a little engagement with Macalester before the meeting. I'll see you there. Good by till then. Hold on, Mac; I must have left my book in the church."

"Easy found. It's as light as day in there; never saw so fine a moon," said Macalester's voice.

Mary heard them coming. If they were searching the pews, she could not hope to avoid discovery. It would be worse to be found crouching there than to meet them face to face.

"They will never note my difference from other people in the moonlight here," she told herself. Drawing her long veil closely around her, she came down the church aisle, her white figure shining, ghost-like, in the dusk.

Hilgard was ahead. At the instant he saw her, the light from a plain window struck full upon his unshadowed face; both men carried their hats in their hands in deference to the sacred edifice.

"Oh!" cried Mary, with a long, tremulous indrawing of the breath. "It's you—*you!*"

Then, as the young physician sprang forward to offer the assistance which she seemed to need, she added in a falling voice: "Excuse me, I thought I saw—— You look like some one that—— Oh, excuse me. Let me pass."

As she clung, half fainting, to the pew by which she had halted, Macalester came up behind the visitor.

"I am sorry I startled you, madam," said Dr. Hilgard. "Best loosen your veil, if you feel ill. It's rather warm this evening."

He moved toward her; and, as though she imagined he was about to put his suggestion into act, she drew back and half whispered, "I—I can't take it off. No, you didn't startle me—not in that way, but by a resemblance. It's no matter. I will go on now."

"Why, it's Mary Scott!" cried Macalester's voice, with almost reverent joy. "Miss Mary, I was just taking Dr. Hilgard around to your house. I'd made up my mind that you must see him—but most of all, that he must see you. He's only here for a few days. He's doing wonderful things for people—wonderful! Why, this is providential!"

Then Hilgard knew what the veil covered.

"You're so good to me—so heavenly kind—that it seems ungracious to say it; but, Mr. Macalester, since I gained strength to run, or turn a key in the door, no human being has looked on my uncovered face. I—I try to be sensible, but it seems to me that I just can't bear it. They did see me at first, you know; and it was so—awful!"

The tears were thick in Macalester's eyes.

"But you're going to let Dr. Hilgard look at your face—because he can cure you," the man who unselfishly loved Mary Scott urged. "You are," as he saw a motion of yielding. "Sit right down there. This is God's house, and the cure will be God's work. We won't give her time to change her mind, Hilgard. Here's a box of vestas. You make such examination as you can, and I'll watch at the door, that you shan't be interrupted."

Mary, clutching her small hands together in agony, braced her nerves for the anticipated shock when she should see curiosity and horror in the eyes bent upon her unveiled face. She watched Macalester go with a sort of despair; the humiliation seemed so useless. She was being shamed for nothing. Had not all those tall, black-coated men gathered around her bed of torture, and—after staring—staring—staring—one after another pronounced her case hopeless? Was not that enough?

With a skilled hand, Hilgard, who was happy in dealing with nervous or timid patients, removed the stifling veil and dainty mask. Then he struck a vesta, and looked with frowning intentness at the face of the poor Queen, that was seamed and marred out of all human comeliness.

Mary had closed her eyes. "Permit me," and his deft fingers gently pressed upon the scarred flesh. "Is the soreness gone? Oh, I see—but not the tenderness, the sensitiveness. It tingles and stings sometimes, does it not? Your general health is good? You look well."

With shut eyes, Mary pondered that blunt concluding phrase, while Hilgard lit another vesta and continued his examination. She looked well! What manner of man was this that could confront the face she had seen answer for hers in the glass and tell her that she looked well? Suddenly there swept back over her memory the glimpse she had had of this man as he crossed the strip of moonlight coming toward her. She opened her eyes instantly.

In the light of the wax match, alive, breathing, looking at her, was the face which had twice been visioned to her in time of direst need—the face that had saved her first from madness, and afterward from a suicide's grave.

The sight so overcame her that she settled back in her seat with a little sigh. Hilgard thought she had fainted, and called to Macalester.

"No," she said, putting a cold, trembling little hand upon his arm; "you can go on now."

"I'm quite through—with what little can be done here. But I'm afraid I hurt you. Perhaps I was rough. I wanted to see just how deep that sensitiveness went."

"It wasn't that," said Mary gently, while he took the mask and veil from her trembling fingers and deftly replaced them. "You look so much like—you resemble——"

"Somebody whom you know?" supplied the doctor cheerily, when she seemed unable to proceed. "I hope it was some one in whom you had great faith; for if you are to be my patient—and I hope and believe that you are—you'll have to trust me through some pretty tough times."

"I could trust you—I can trust you," said Mary, rising and facing him—"to the death—and 'out into the dream beyond.'"

The quotation was fruit of that reading which had become a solace to the girl. Dr. Hilgard took the situation lightly; he was used to extravagant praise from neurotic women patients. Yet, as he touched her hand and found it still cold and trembling, her emotion reached him. But when he would have spoken, Macalester interrupted from the door.

"Here's Miss Mary's brother looking for her," he said.

"All right, she's ready," said Hilgard, and gently guided her out of the church.

"Well," cried Jack, "have you been here all the time? You scared us all pretty near to death. Father said I'd find you in the church. I came once and didn't find you; and he sent me back again. He said you and he came here nights to pray. Gee! You've sure had us praying this evening, all right!"

"I'm sorry," said Mary gently. "I'll go home at once now. I must have been in the church three or four hours. Good evening, gentlemen. Thank you both very much for your kindness and interest."

VIII.

THE following day Dr. Hilgard had five interviews with five persons who concerned themselves about the possible cure of Mary Scott. First came Macalester, adding to the information he had already given the young physician some details concerning her broken engagement to Dr. Urmson.

"The family is poor," he said. "The girl herself used to sew

for a living. The father may earn something, but I fancy they depend almost entirely on some young boys who are growing up. If this treatment is going to be expensive, Miss Mary has friends who would be glad—— Well, hang it all! I never was any good at diplomacy—if you can manage to do anything for the girl, and let me foot all or part of the bills, without their knowing of it, I'd be most happy."

Hilgard looked into the strong, ugly face of the man who was estimated by his fellows a mere dilettante. "You're a good soul, Macalester," he said warmly; "and, if I can, I'll let you be generous here."

The visitor drove to the morning meeting of the State Medical with Urmson; and the subject of Mary Scott's cure was brought up between the two physicians almost immediately.

"Macalester's been telling me that you claim you can cure Mary Scott," her old lover broke out abruptly.

Hilgard forgave the uncourteous speech, for the very evident distress of the speaker.

"I beg your pardon, Urmson," he replied. "Should I have consulted you before making an examination? Are you Miss Scott's attendant physician? Have you examined the case lately?"

"The case!" echoed Urmson irritably. "To me Mary Scott is not a 'case.' No, I am not her physician. I saw her face but once, nearly a year ago. I didn't know you had gone so far as to make an examination."

"I could hardly call it that," Hilgard amended, striving to lighten the situation. "I found her in the church last night, when Macalester and I went back for my book. He was taking me up to the house on the hope that she'd let me have a look at her trouble—that was the engagement I mentioned to you. From what I saw then, I consider the case hopeful, if the girl has stamina enough for the treatment I propose."

"Macalester! Curse him! he'd marry her to-morrow if she'd have him. He'd like nothing better than playing Samaritan, getting her cured and winning her gratitude. Let the case alone, Bob. It's hopeless. Take my word for that, and drop the matter."

"It is not a question of who would marry Mary Scott," observed Dr. Hilgard coldly. "The point is, to find somebody who can cure her; and that I am willing to attempt."

"I was afraid of this," muttered the other, picking up his whip and giving the horse an unneeded cut. "You'll excite false hopes in the poor girl. She's had plenty to bear without that. The best medical talent we could get at the time was called in consultation."

"A year ago—a year ago," put in Hilgard. "Many things

have come about since then, Gene. Plenty of new ideas—discoveries—inventions. Our profession is not infallible. Nobody knows that better than a doctor. Patients that we have said to be dying live to laugh at us; our convalescents die while we are congratulating them. Besides, conditions change; and with the plan I have in mind, I have great hopes of Miss Scott now."

Eugene Urmson's brow flamed scarlet. "Let her alone!" he exclaimed roughly. "She shall not be tortured. I won't have it. And no other man shall cure her."

He caught himself back midway his speech. He had not meant to say so much. Hilgard's brow raised at the mad utterance; but he passed it over, as an old friend's offense, one which would scarce bear discussion, and only said:

"Every moment is a torture to her as she is now."

"Why should it be? You say yourself that her general health is good. What does a woman want with beauty, except to play the devil with it? Hilgard, as a personal favor to me, let this girl alone."

The visitor's quiet tones cut across Urmson's haste and insistence. "I don't believe you intended to say quite that, Gene. You're excited. Anyhow, the matter is out of my hands now. I have an appointment with Miss Scott this afternoon, and she will decide what neither you nor I have any right to bargain about."

Urmson turned his head with a sort of groan. "No right!" he echoed. "God knows I loved that girl, Hilgard. Think over what I've said to you. It would be a terrible thing to attempt her cure and fail. When you make your examination this afternoon you—you could tell her there's no hope, and give up the case—for my sake."

"Physicians all over the world are attempting cases and failing with them, every hour in the twenty-four," said Hilgard dryly. "I don't quite see why it should be more terrible for me to attempt Miss Scott's case and fail with it, than any of the dozen or so you and I have honestly done our best with in the past month, and found beyond our skill. Take care that you don't mean that it would be terrible if I cured the girl, Urmson. I'd hate to think you meant that."

Urmson gave him one raging look and devoted his attention entirely to the horse he drove, much to the animal's discomfort. Hilgard glanced at him covertly, thinking how strong the charm of a woman who could move to such monstrous meanness as he read in Urmson's attitude. He shrugged his shoulders a bit at the situation. Beautiful women and grand passions were not subjects which easily engrossed him, and he turned with interest to Dr. Bright, who met them at the curb.

During a pause in the proceedings, Dr. Bright drew Hilgard aside and spoke to him of Mary.

"That thing has haunted me like a sin," the elder man said. "I'll be frank with you, Hilgard; I haven't a rag of faith in this treatment you propose. I consider the case hopeless; yet I'm glad you're taking it up. God knows—maybe you'll make a success of it; and I never had a patient who appealed so powerfully to my mere human sympathy as that poor girl did."

"I supposed your verdict would be the same as Urmson's," the new physician commented. He did not repeat Urmson's other remarks.

"Eugene behaved like a sneak and cad in that matter," burst out Eugene's partner; "and yet I pitied him almost as much as I did the girl. It was a madly unsuitable match. No, no"—as Hilgard made to interrupt; "I don't base my objections on the fact that she was a sewing girl, and he had money and family. Gene was crazy about her—yet he never really loved her. Lord forgive me for saying so—the boy'd swear I was mad; he vowed he adored—worshipped her; but it always seemed to me that he was like the man who couldn't see the town for the houses. I give you my word, Hilgard, I honestly believe that he could never have any real affection for Mary Scott, because he was so passionately infatuated by her beauty."

Dr. Hilgard nodded. "I see what you mean," he said. "Eugene was always a beauty worshipper. I'm glad you take so ingenuously lenient a view of his conduct. No doubt you are right. A man of his stamp should marry a good, plain woman. I can fancy, from what I hear of this girl, that his infatuation ran to absurd heights."

"It did," assented Bright. "Now, there was Macalester, who was just as much enamored, and the present condition of affairs doesn't scare him off either. Mac was the man for her, from the first. Yes, and if it had been Mac she'd be a well woman to-day. From Gene's own telling of it, about half the mad things she did up the river that day, that were the cause of this strange disorder, were to shock the swell society set he took her amongst—poor, crude, spunky child!—and failed to defend her from; and the rest of it was drawn from her by the sight of his weak irritation and dismay. Champe Macalester's a man that doesn't concern himself one whit what other people think of him or his. He'd just enjoy ramming such capers as that poor child's down society's throat, and laugh to see 'em squirm."

Later in the day a shabby, sloping shouldered old man, with a blue book dangling from hands clasped at his back, came to Hilgard's hotel, and waited patiently till he was allowed to

come up. Alone with the celebrated young physician, the old man said:

"My name is Scott. It was my daughter who encountered you yesterday evening while at her orisons in church."

"Yes; I met Miss Scott last night, and was much interested in her case."

"You can assure me that benefit is possible?"

"My examination was superficial, but, yes, it is possible. There is a new treatment for such cases; very painful, pretty lengthy, but it's being remarkably successful."

"Will you come to my residence and enter into detailed arrangements? This is a very serious matter with us, in more ways than one. To embark upon any new expenditure is an event in poverty equal to the preparation of rich nations for battle."

"I am at your service any hour after five."

And the disarray of the old scholar's mind may be judged from the fact that Alfred Scott tore the fly leaf from his Virgil to write his address for the man who might help the Queen.

Late that evening, as Hilgard was leaving the hotel, a very blue-eyed, freckled boy, with remarkably long legs that seemed barer than those of other street urchins, intercepted him.

"Coming?" demanded the boy abruptly.

"Beg pardon; did you speak to me?"

"Coming?" repeated Jack. "Mary's waiting. I saw her at the window. She keeps looking out and dodging back."

"Oh, I remember you now—you're Miss Scott's brother, Jack."

"Yep."

"I'm on my way to your house now."

"Well, hurry; didn't I tell you Mary was waiting?"

"You seem much interested in your sister," observed Hilgard good-naturedly.

"Interested in the Queen? Well, I guess. They don't make 'em like her any more. She—she was——"

The boy picked up his foot, "Got a stone bruise," he explained; "always make my eyes water."

"Good for you, Jack," said Hilgard warmly. "You stick to your sister."

"You bet I will. I'm goin' to your hospital," came the next verbal bomb-shell.

"What is the trouble?" asked the physician, with a kindly smile.

"No trouble. I'm just goin'."

"As a—visitor?" hazarded the doctor.

"Nope. I ain't got no time to fool around visitin' folks. I'm coming to stay."

"To stay?" in a perplexed tone.

"To work it out, you know—the money for curing Mary. The other boys in our family don't take money matters to heart. Each one of 'em has got him a girl, and girls is expensive. Catch me gettin' sweet on candy suckers! Father's a Latin scholar, and he's above it. The family hangs on me."

The westering sun burnished the boy's ruddy hair, the blue of his eyes seemed to widen and spread with excitement, like the sky reflected in a wind-swept pond. His want of training, almost of civilization—he was at the age to despise such veneer to the natural savage—did not repel Hilgard. As the wind-blown pond might hold the face of the sky—a muddy little pond—so the boy's eyes seemed to him to reflect a heavenly spirit.

"Does your father know what you intend?"

The boy shook his head. He caught a fortuitous fly as it passed him, held it prisoner for a moment, and then released it. "There's too many boys at our house for anybody to care much what becomes of one of 'em, I reckon," he said. "I'll tell ma before I go. She counts us all now and then, and keeps track of how many there are about."

Hilgard was still preparing some civil speech which should decline the proffered services, when they reached the Scott cottage in Memory Lane. Jack, who honestly wondered why intelligent people wasted time on courtesies and formalities, considered the matter settled.

It was not until the physician was making his final and thorough examination, that the contract was actually closed. Mary, whose eager gaze searched his countenance in the strong daylight, to assure herself that it was one with the visioned face in line and feature, found his skilled fingers trembling at their task.

"Would you mind closing your eyes?" he asked in a low voice, for the pathos of those wonderful blue orbs unsettled his nerves. And on the instant he decided in Jack's favor, because—oh, vulnerable heart of man!—the boy had blue eyes like his sister!

IX.

For nearly three months the discrowned Queen of the Scotts had lived in darkness—not figurative shadow, but actual, physical blackness, which no ray of light was permitted to pierce. After a series of operations so painful, endured under a regimen so rigorous, that even Hilgard's professional courage almost failed him sometimes, Mary was placed in this lightless room, and no fresh-blown air reached her except when her blind nurse led her out upon moonless nights.

The old Mary of audacious speech and ready laugh could never have borne it. The woman whose mind was now fairly alive within her, whose heart and soul had looked into abysses so much more dreadful that this might, in comparison, have been refuge—even this woman faltered.

Ah, Mary—Mary of Memory Lane! Still Queen of the Scotts, but no longer regnant queen of love and beauty! When your great namesake was sent, discrowned, into bondage, she bribed her captors with the wealth that Elizabeth could not take from her—the wealth of her feminine charm. But you, poor Queen whose subjects are prisoners of poverty and may not help you, with what will you bribe those who steal your liberty? With what will you buy amelioration of your darkened lot? How purchase companionship for your lonely hours? If a beautiful face were all, Mary Scott would indeed have been helpless. But young Dr. Hilgard, who had never seen her except in her disfigured condition, brought himself up with a round turn more than once, questioning why the way to that darkened chamber spread so easily before his feet. He told himself that it was the girl's magnificent courage in the face of an ordeal which would have daunted many strong men; that it was his deep interest in this novel and almost experimental plan of cure. Yet he knew that neither of these would account for the feeling of kinship with which he took—and retained—his new patient's hand.

Talking is easy in the dark. Failing to see the hampering body which makes so many demands and exactions in all human relations, we begin to feel that we have doffed the flesh and are souls communing face to face.

Perhaps Robert Hilgard learned more of the real Mary Scott in those three months than would have been possible in any three years of ordinary life. A blind nurse had been secured for the novel experiment, so that she might read to the patient from the various raised letter or braille books, and more successfully attend her in the pitchy blackness necessary. This girl knew the step of each comer; but Mary soon learned to recognize that of Hilgard.

He would come walking rapidly and humming a little under his breath, as Pygmalion might while he hewed Galatea from the marble. Before he stopped to tap at the heavily curtained door, Mary would be on her feet and half way to meet him.

At first Jack was allowed to spend some time in the prison of gloom with his sister, though Hilgard had to quiet the fears of both that he could not thus earn a wage. It was Mary who first discovered that the eerie confinement was telling terribly on the nerves of the growing boy. She appealed to the doctor, who reluctantly made it part of the treatment to eliminate Jack—like most physicians,

he would ruthlessly have sacrificed those in health for the sake of his patient.

Alfred Scott's family had proven so unexpectedly generous that the less afflicted sister benefited by the overflow. But Myrtle, although under treatment in the same hospital, could not be allowed to spend much time with Mary, lest her own cure be retarded. Dr. Hilgard had undertaken the righting of that faulty ankle—he laughed at the suggestion of a scrofulous taint in the Scott blood, and looked for a speedy recovery in which open air and careful diet played a part. So Myrtle's visits were only twice a week, and must be brief.

Yet it was necessary to the best results that Mary should be kept in a state of mind as nearly cheerful and normal as possible under the very abnormal conditions; so Dr. Hilgard spent in the close curtained room every moment that he could spare.

"You dare not get morbid," he said to her. "It's the one thing I dread; and the only reason I could attempt this cure with you was that—though so truly feminine—I believed you lacked certain feminine weaknesses."

Three months in pitchy blackness is an eternity. The blind nurse was a timid, rather melancholy girl, and Hilgard attempted to supply cheer and mental ozone to the darkened chamber. He, the reticent, the chary of speech, was forced into talking about himself, telling stories of his boyhood, his young manhood, and his years of study abroad.

Then he strove to coax her into speech, preferring always the rôle of listener. And how well the girl did talk! Her old charm was with her, and the months of suffering and humiliation when she had been ground to powder by the wheels of a cruel necessity, the later days of study, and contact with her father's ripe, stored mind, showed in the conversation of this one-time hoiden sewing girl.

Hilgard grew fond of the girl, as we do of those whom we benefit. "I wish I had more time to scold you," he said tenderly. "I always think a cure is accomplished by a very few drugs, a small amount of treatment, and a great deal of scolding." He laughed genially. "I want to fully impress upon you that you can help me and yourself. Believe utterly in good—in joy—as you used to when you were out in the sunlight. Sorrow has been advertised by the old poets like a patent medicine, till people take it for their ills; but there is no evil, humanly speaking, till there is sorrow. Sitting here alone, you must try to keep Miss Bain busy reading or talking to you—quarrel with her if you can't do better. Think of the dearest and best thing in the world, if you must think at all."

"I will," returned Mary promptly. Then there was a suspicion of laughter in her voice, and she smiled to herself in the dark as she added impulsively: "I almost always think of you."

Dr. Hilgard laughed out wholesomely at the excellent compliment he had prepared for himself. "It's commonly so with physician and patient," he said cheerily. But he did not add that it was uncommon for him at least to be so followed and filled by thought of any patient as he was with the idea of this girl.

It was midnight of the same day that, responding to a message that Miss Scott was hysterical and could not be quieted, he found her sobbing convulsively and on the verge of nervous collapse, because she tried to choke back the sobs.

"Don't do that," he said gently, seating himself by her side, and taking the little cold wrist to note the pulse. "Weep if you feel like it, and then tell me, if you can, exactly what the matter is."

As he had hoped, Mary mastered herself instantly. She lay a long time silent, soothed by his mere presence, the touch of his hand; then, "I want a light," she said pitifully. "I'm so ashamed, after all you've done, to break down this way. But you told me to try to explain, and"—she came back to the little form like a child—"I want a light."

Hilgard pressed her hand reassuringly. "Tell me just how you feel. Say it," he counselled. "You will be helped by putting it into words."

Thus encouraged, Mary faltered: "Oh, the dreadful longing first rose up and drowned me—the awful longing to have only one little candle—or a peep at one star. Oh!"—a sob broke through her voice—"are you sure the sun hasn't gone out! I've been—been asking Miss Bain if it wasn't possible I'd lost my sight. I knew of a little girl—she lived next door to us, and I played with her when we were children—she had scarlet fever and went blind, and no one could bear to tell her. I used to cry about it because she was always asking: 'Isn't it morning yet?' You wouldn't deceive me that way?"

Poor Mary! With what a strange, vivid power she contrived to make the child's piteous cry, "Isn't it morning yet?" her own. The man beside her was deeply thrilled.

"To the best of my knowledge and belief," he said, with resolute cheer, "your eyes are much better than mine. It was something worse than that which set you shivering and weeping this way."

"Oh, I imagine terrible things in this long darkness," returned Mary evasively. "Sometimes I think it's the end of the world."

"And don't you have any pleasing visions that paint themselves in the dark? You ought to have. You must treat your mind like

a magic lantern—pull out these horror slides, and slip in something good and comforting.”

There was silence in the dark room for a moment; then Mary said suddenly:

“Dr. Hilgard, I told you about the breaking of my engagement to Eugene. I said that something saved me from outright madness when he—when he turned his back upon me—left me there alone. But I didn’t tell you what that something was. It was your face.”

She felt a sudden movement of the fingers which held hers. “You spoke to me about the big, heart-shaped locket I wear, and I told you that Eugene had given it to me and asked me never to take it off till he unclasped the chain. It isn’t a locket. It’s a sort of amulet. The old man who sold it to Gene called it a psychic camera. I had my hand on it—that’s the way the old man said you must do to make it show you visions, but I wasn’t thinking of that—and cried to God in that awful hour when Eugene showed me—told me—showed me how he felt—that I was repulsive to him—to show me some way out of my misery. He showed me—your face.”

“You had a vision of a face which seems now to you to resemble mine,” supplied Hilgard gently. He never argued with his patients.

“Oh, no; it was you. I saw your face once after that. It was the night Eugene was married. I stood outside in the street and saw him go in. Something he said about—about his wife—seemed to loosen a bearing in my brain. Dr. Hilgard, I ran as straight to the river as a child to its mother’s arms. The first thing I really remember was standing on a raft, right at the edge of the water, crouched to leap, and seeing your face in the moonlight. I had the amulet in my hand.”

“I should not have thought you a subject liable to hallucination, though you are a sensitive.”

“That’s what the amulet man called me—a sensitive. That’s why he was willing I should have one of his cameras. That’s why he was sure it would bring me visions, if I were strongly enough moved when I asked for them. Well, to-night it seemed to me that I was about at the end of my own resources, and I put my hand on my locket and begged to see your face again—but it didn’t come. So I cried, and let them send for you.”

“Oh, yes, it did—promptly and willingly,” said the doctor, with quiet practicality. “That sort of vision is a manifestation of self hypnotism. The subjective mind always works by the line of least resistance. It wouldn’t trouble to give you a vision of me when I, in the flesh, was to be had for the asking. I hope my face behaves well when it goes about visiting young ladies. Did you notice if it was properly shaved and washed?”

"Now you are making a joke of something which is very serious to me," protested Mary. "But at least I'm glad you don't scold."

"You're better now, aren't you? Almost well enough to go to sleep, like a sensible child. What was it set you to inviting me in in that ghostly fashion?"

"Bad dreams," returned Mary, half ashamed.

"Tell them," suggested the doctor. "They'll sound so silly that their power will be broken. You should have repeated them to Miss Bain. It's an excellent plan."

"She wouldn't have understood," objected Mary. "There would have been so much to explain to her—but I did tell her what I could, and she was very good to me."

"I have bad dreams myself sometimes," chimed in the plaintive voice of the blind nurse, "and I could sympathize with you."

"It was a sort of waking dream," said Mary. "I'm quite sure I was wide awake, for I saw the darkness in this room—I opened my eyes in it as I do all day long—and I saw her!"

Hilgard slipped finger ends down against her pulse.

"Her?" he repeated.

"Nellie Arthur," Mary explained; "Eugene's wife. She stood right here by my bed, looking at me with awful eyes. I could see her in all the darkness. There was a child in her arms, and I don't know why it should have frightened me and seemed so horrible—horrible—horrible! I felt as though I could not breathe nor live if I couldn't have a light. Dr. Hilgard, what shall I do if this vision comes back to me here in the awful darkness, and your face will not appear when I press on my locket and beg to see it?"

Hilgard believed that he had a case of mild hysteria to deal with. "Do just as you did this time," he said, with hearty cheer, rising to go. "Send for me. My patients always feel free to do that when the pinch comes and the strain is more than they can bear alone. That's a curious thing about the locket, Miss Scott—but I don't see that it can do any harm."

"I knew you instantly when I saw you in the church, because of it," said Mary.

"Perhaps," agreed Hilgard. "But, you know, my picture was in a good many publications at the time I returned from Vienna and reopened the sanitarium here. All your local papers had it in during that medical meeting in your own town. It might have been one of the forgotten facts that crop up to convince us of a previous existence."

It was impossible for Dr. Hilgard not to feel a new interest in his patient after the confidences of that night. She had seen his face in visions, she had set him a little above humanity, had reached out

to him in darkness and trouble as a child seeks its mother. In the soul of a woman who has swayed the sceptre of beauty, there is a something which yet clings about her in its loss; witness the charm of old, old women who have been richly dowered with physical loveliness in their youth. Mary Scott had the heart of a queen, as well as the name of one; and that high heart had for her young physician a charm noble and pathetic. The girl's nature, restless, emotional, a mighty engine of energy and power, fought harder than that of another against forced inaction. Myrtle was dismissed home, cured; Jack was sent to the down-town office, where his services were becoming valuable; the blind nurse, a delicate creature, became ill and was under treatment in another part of the sanitarium; and through the last and hardest month Mary fought single-handed, with one nurse and another (since none could stand the darkness long) and the devoted encouragement of her physician.

But one day the last hour of the millennium shall drop a golden sun behind the vine-wreathed hills of a dying earth on which to-day so many lips are murmuring: "Will the to-morrow ever come?" And the six months of treatment at length were over. Gradually the gloom of Mary's darkened chamber was mitigated. One morning, in a dim gray twilight, Dr. Hilgard looked on her face.

There was no beauty there—and no horror. Cloth-white, the smooth skin clung to temple and cheek bone; no color accented the lips; hollow blue circles ringed lustreless eyes; the soft hair was concealed in a close white cap, lest a wandering tendril inflame the still tender flesh. This was no glowing girl, to turn a man's head, but only a tremulous invalid, ready to weep at a word, appealing to the physician, not to the man. Yet it was plain to any who could have looked on Hilgard's face at that moment that not only his pride in his professional success, but a deep joy and tenderness for his patient, crowned the supreme moment.

"You can't bear the direct rays of the sun for a week yet," he said, hanging over her, viewing her face from one point and another, touching it gently with the lotion he had been applying. "I shouldn't like you to even have too much refracted light on it for a day or so, but I'm arranging for you to go into the next room. It will be a sweet, blessed change and relief for you. We have a new portrait of Beatrice Ironton in there; it came from Florence yesterday. You remember Miss Ironton was in the church with me the night I first met you. I want you to look at this picture of her, and promise me to grow as rosy and healthy looking as it is, that you may do credit to my skill."

Mary did remember Miss Ironton's presence in the church, and suddenly there came back to her with a rush Nellie Urmson's words

concerning the girl. So this was the woman her deliverer was to marry. She was generous enough to hope with all her heart that his bride was worthy of him; but she was woman enough to doubt it!

Supported by his arm, with the nurse at hand to assist, she tottered across the adjoining room, where more and more light was admitted, till she could see the pictured face looking down at her with a calm, inscrutable gaze. Mary saw Hilgard's gaze pass from her own blanched countenance to the rosy one above her. Her eyes brimmed with tears.

"What!" cried her kind physician. "Baptizing this first day of release in brine?"

"I must look so—the contrast——" faltered poor Mary.

"There's not a blemish on your cheeks," exclaimed the young physician exultantly, "if you do resemble a celery sprout! You must grow your own roses"—with gay challenge—"I don't furnish them. You'll find they'll come fast enough with light and joy."

"You've done enough for me without furnishing roses," said the girl in a deep, moved voice. "You've done more than give me a smooth skin—I think you've taken many a blemish off my soul. I thank God for making such a man as you, Dr. Hilgard."

"Would you mind making a note of all that for the benefit of some of my *confrères*? It might open their eyes a bit. They have never, so far, addressed me in just such a fashion."

Mary looked at him with the blue eyes which had had power to trouble his pulses even when they gazed from a disfigured face—and the laugh died on his lips. He realized that he had set in motion that which might influence his own life, when he gave back to this girl her diadem of beauty.

During the days that elapsed before her departure, Pygmalion saw his Galatea as often as possible. She continued to seem more like a suggestion than a decided human being. With the admission of light, their conversation had swung back from the intimately personal basis upon which it had rested for months. She was no longer dependent upon him. A celebrated case, a personality which won the love of every nurse in the great hospital, there was always some one—or more—hanging about her, and dividing her attention.

Then came a day when she met him with the request to be allowed to go home a little earlier than had been planned, since there was a letter from Myrtle, containing domestic news of importance which seemed to call for her presence. Hilgard agreed reluctantly. She was gaining strength with great rapidity, and her pallor was merely a matter of bleaching, which sunlight would remove. He put her in the carriage himself (Jack was to meet her at the station), and

laid a bunch of exquisite pink roses in her lap. The porch was full of nurses and attendants, waving good by to the departing guest. Hilgard leaned forward and said in a low voice:

"Farewell, my brave, good, faithful patient. Let me know if my head comes visiting you again. My heart is sure to do so—but you won't know of that."

It was a sentimental speech for Hilgard. The girl's lip trembled. Her fingers clung to his. "Thank you—thank you—thank you," she whispered. "I seem to be always saying that to you. I'm afraid my amulet will never bring me another vision of your face, because you yourself have made it so that I shall not pray for the vision in such deep distress."

Mary's curls were loosened now about the waxen brow, and, though she looked startlingly pallid, she would scarcely attract undue attention. Yet, at the last moment, she leaned forward and put out her hands to Hilgard. "I wish you were coming, too!" she cried childishly. "I'm afraid. And I've been remembering all morning how unreasonable I was sometimes—how foolish. It grieves me to think of sending for you in the night as I did. Forgive me. You will forgive me after I'm gone. I—you were so good."

Hilgard watched the carriage that bore her away. Then he turned with a little sigh and went into the room where the portrait of Beatrice Ironton hung.

"We want this in the big entrance hall," he said to the head janitor, whom he summoned for the purpose. "Miss Ironton will be brought here a bride next month, and I want her portrait in place; the bust and picture of her father should be directly opposite it, there on the east wall."

X.

"THREE yards and a half," read Betsey Scott from the family account book, "at seven cents a yard. Seven times three are twenty-one, seven halves make three—um-m-m—twenty-four cents and a half. Doctor for twins, one dollar and a half. What does happen to the money? There's so many of us, and we all earn something; but there's never quite enough for the dry-goods bill. Talk about needles and pins—where do the nickels and quarters go? Sometimes I think it's shoes; we take two apiece, and there's holes in the soles; and then there's rubbers. So many feet take a deal of leather."

Alfred Scott, trying to write by a table in the front room, moved nervously. Mrs. Scott, stemming a rush of life fluid from the nostril of a twin, remarked in a casual way

"Some one has knocked twice at the front door. I wish you'd see who it is, Alfred."

Seizing his blue book like a weapon, the old scholar investigatively opened the door, revealing a tall young man known to fame, though not to fortune, as the Rev. Wilbeforce Dundee. "Pleasant evening," remarked the young pastor. "All well, I hope. Thought I'd call around. How are you all?"

"The twins haven't been extra," said Mrs. Scott, elbowing aside her silent husband. "I know in my soul Eph is threatened with measles right now. They never take anything together and have it over with, like some folks's twins; they piece every disease out. One just gets well and ready to catch something else when the other comes down with his leavings."

"That must be very trying on you," allowed the young man. "Pleasant evening."

"Delightful," said Betsey, surreptitiously redding up the room and twitching the paper from before her unconscious father, who sat, Virgil open on his knee, meditatively regarding the young man.

"I suppose," he ventured presently, "that you remember your classics?"

"Yes. I may say, yes, sir. All well, I hope."

"You are, doubtless, familiar with the English translators. May I ask your favorite among those of Virgil? Dryden, Connington——"

"Dryden, sir, Dryden. Pleasant evening."

"It must be a lasting regret to the thoughtful that Virgil died before he could revise the *Æneid*. Dryden lived in a day when men had settled on no rule for spelling. How could a citizen of Babel translate a masterpiece from the most polished literature the world has ever known?"

"No offense, sir, I hope," said the Rev. Wilbeforce. "I just thought I'd call around. All well, I hope. Pleasant evening."

Alfred Scott adjusted his glasses, and took up the volume he loved, musing to himself, "He needs ripening, that young man."

"Did any one ever see the like? He might at least talk until I could make the place decent," commented the irate Betsey, slipping into the next room with a child's shoe, a tooth-brush, a towel, and her father's manuscript notes.

"Three cheers and kisses all around! Good folks, here I am!"

The front door had burst open, and a young girl ran into the room, flung her travelling satchel on the floor, leaped on a chair, snatched up her gray skirt, extended her dainty ankle, and shouted hysterically:

"Look there! Good as new!"

Betsey rushed out to greet the exclamer, who was already

surrounded by other members of the family. The young minister took refuge behind the curtain, evidently feeling that the recent performance pointed curtainward for a youth of rectitude. Myrtle, after kissing the family, came upon the head and shoulders of the unknown quantity behind the draperies, and dived for it with the cry:

"Come out here, Paris! You old darling! Oh, I'm so happy!"

No special providence intervening, and the family being too weak with consternation to interfere, out into the light, with his eye-glasses flying, Myrtle dragged the young man who had "called round," the while most energetically hugging and kissing her scuffling antagonist.

"Merciful heavens!" screamed Betsey, tearing them apart. "Are you crazy, Myrtle Scott? Have you lost your head because you've got a new ankle? Mr. Dundee, you ought to be ashamed!"

"What have I done?" stammered the victim. "I—I—I couldn't help it, really. I—I just called around. I——"

"You didn't scream," said Betsey severely. "And you a preacher! You let her do it, and never opened your mouth. I'll—well, you ought to be reported."

"No, no"—Myrtle revived sufficiently to succor the man whose embarrassment so much exceeded her own. "It was all my fault, Betsey. He pulled back awful hard—honest he did. I thought sure it was Paris. You said in your last letter that brother was at home. Don't you forgive me, Mr. Dundee?"

"There's nothing to forgive—I——" He coughed. "It is a pleasant evening. I just called round. Are you all well?"

"Well, sound, and whole," said Myrtle, too happy to permit her recent inadvertence to shadow such a home-coming. "I don't limp a bit, and oh, folks, folks, folks!—Mary is almost cured! She doesn't have to wear a mask now. They say there won't be a scar on her face!"

There was a dramatic silence in the little house in Memory Lane. It was broken by the Rev. Wilbeforce, who said more emphatically than usual:

"It is a pleasant evening."

"It's glorious!" agreed Myrtle. "I didn't write, so I could surprise you, and it was a jolly surprise, wasn't it? Where are the boys, mother?"

"They'll be along presently. They've all gone out. Let that lamp alone, Eph. It'll explode if you shake it so."

Myrtle's home-coming filled the little Scott house with sunshine. The Rev. Wilbeforce, who had probably never been saluted by a

young lady so enthusiastically before, began to call around with unaccustomed frequency.

"He's getting to be a real friend of the family," said Betsey, one night, several weeks after Myrtle's return. "I wonder if his private feelings would make any difference in his professional fees."

"Why, what a strange question!" said Myrtle, trembling slightly.

"It might, you know; and then, again, it mightn't. Some preachers expect more for being a friend of the family. I wish you'd ask him what he'd take to marry one of us."

"To marry one of us—oh, Betsey!"

"'Oh Betsey' nothing! I'm going to marry the corner notion store. He's got five thousand dollars' worth of stock, and doesn't owe a penny. Still, we're not made of money, and I'd like to get the preacher as cheap as possible."

"What can you mean? Who won't be made of money? What's a notion store to do with Mr. Wilbeforce, or—or his marrying one of us?"

"The notion store is Mr. Nubbs, of course. I went over the books with him to-day. He's doing well. I've decided to take him."

"Why, Betsey Scott!" gasped Myrtle, leaning back and regarding her sister with amazement. "I didn't know you knew him in a personal way. Has he—have you—did you ever talk with him before he asked you?"

"Haven't I bought dry-goods for this family pretty nearly all my life? Why should I trade with a man forever and not notice he had a good business? Oh, yes, I've talked with him. Rainy evenings he'd have peanuts, or a watermelon, according to the season, and I'd sit in his office and go over our bills with him. We always had enough to keep us busy in that way. At first I thought he might trust freer if I was a little pleasant; and then I noticed he had a good business. Last Sunday such a quantity of jet came off my dress right in front of his store—he had it open, I guess he was watching for me—that I took it in to leave with him—no, goose, not the dress—the jet. We couldn't add up accounts on Sunday—that would have been a sin; and we didn't have much else to talk about; and so, to be entertaining, I suppose, he asked me to marry him."

"You know better, Sis. That's just your ridiculous way. You won't admit that you care a lot about him, and he about you. Isn't happiness surprising? It's so much more surprising than trouble; and it seems to go—in twins, so."

"What do you mean? Of course I'm glad my luck tickles you that way."

"It isn't only yours; I meant to tell you to-night in the dark. Oh, Betsey, I am, too! It's Mr. Wilbeforce Dundee."

"Mr. Dundee! What's his salary?"

"I haven't asked him; but I know it's always increased when ministers marry; and the congregation gives donation parties; and he won't be so shy after he's married; and we'll soon have a bigger church."

"He's nice looking when he stops blushing; and he's a scholar, father says, and a good man if there ever was one. I guess you're doing well enough, Myrtle."

"And so are you, Betsey. Mr. Nubbs is a—a little—square built; but——"

"He's built that way inside, too. We'll have a double wedding," she added, putting out the candle. "We'd better send for Mary at once, and have it over, before either of the men has time to change his mind."

Thus it chanced that cheerful news reached Mary as she emerged from her darkened prison, and it was a pleasant thought that her recovery meant going home to aid her sisters in preparation for their coming happiness.

When the pale Queen came among them, fragile as Indian pipe found among the rustling brown woods of November, they insisted upon enthroning her in a chair and doing her homage.

"It isn't safe to sit still here," protested Mary, the day after her arrival; "one's in danger of being cut up for flounces. I'm going to help you girls. That's what I came home sooner for."

"Nonsense!" protested Myrtle. "You can't sew for us. If you use a needle, make something lovely for your own wear."

"Do you think I've forgotten how you and Betsey slaved for me once on a time?" asked Mary, with humid eyes. "Now I'm going to return your lendings."

It surprised her a little to find how naturally and easily she fell back into the routine of her old life. One morning as the three sat sewing together, the portly Mrs. Johnson appeared at the door, with a mouth full of pins and a heart full of woe.

"I'm so glad you've got back, Mary," she began. "There's nobody like you. I need you this minute. I'm having an awful time. Those pattern cutters ain't near as reliable as they used to be. I've been trying to cut a frock for Irene, and there's one breadth notched to go up-side-down."

"No, I can't stay. I just ran over to ask you about it. So you've got your old face back!" she gossiped on, after having been persuaded to take a rocking chair in the work room. "You'll be marrying, the next thing we hear. I never was more astonished than to hear about your sisters, both going off at once. They do say Betsey will have a veil."

Miss Scott had gone around the corner to buy a bolt of seam binding.

"Oh, yes, and white satin, and orange blossoms," laughed Myrtle. "She says it's business to do a thing thorough. She's running an account at her future husband's store and having it charged to Mrs. Nubbs."

"You don't say so! Well, he won't go back on her after that; he can't afford it. I suppose you heard of Mrs. Urmson's death, Mary."

"Yes," said the Queen, bending over her work. "It is strange to think it happened five months ago. Dr. Hilgard doesn't allow patients to hear exciting news of any sort. They told me when I came home."

"I may as well tell you one time as another: she hadn't been dead two months before Eugene was at my house asking if I knew your address. Looks like men's love turns cold before their wives' bodies. I told him to let you alone for a year if he knew what was good for him.

"It's better to let the old wife get cold
Before you go wooing a new one!"

"Oh, Mrs. Johnson!" exclaimed Mary remonstrantly.

"You needn't look so shocked. She's better off where she is. She wasn't the wife for Eugene. He never cared a snap of his fingers for her, except right at the first. She got to know it, and tried to pique him by carrying on with her old beau, Macalester. Gene found her writing him some silly note or fool verse or something, and let loose on her with a lot of sarcasm—said he despised silly women, and 'she didn't have sense enough to keep out of ink!' He told me himself—I've always known the boy, and he's been my doctor ever since he set up in practice—that she fell down on her knees before him then, and cried out that she loved him alone, and could not live without his forgiveness. He just flung out of the room—I reckon he'll always be sorry for that. He went away to Cartonville to perform some sort of operation. They telegraphed him, but it was all over before he could get here. She was dying with a little dead babe, born too soon, lying on her arm."

"Oh, my dream!" murmured Mary inadvertently, and flushed guiltily as soon as the words were out.

"Did you dream of it?"—with a sharp look. "My, but you're a beauty when you blush that way! Well, she died happy, after all, with Dr. Eugene holding her hand and vowing he'd never forget her. He cried hard at the funeral, too—I will say that for him—and he puts flowers on her grave. I reckon he can't help thinking of you and wanting to see you. A dead woman is a dead woman, if

she was a wife. A man can't talk to a grave any more 'n he can eat in one. I don't blame a widower for marrying. I think a sight more of a man with two wives in the cemetery and looking for a third than I do of a dried up old bachelor. A woman ought to praise that kind of men and encourage 'em for the good of her sex."

"Is—is Dr. Urmson in the city?" hesitated Mary.

"Not just now. He's gone somewhere, but he'll be back, don't you fret about that, honey."

Such a conversation rendered it the more disconcerting for Mary to be met at the gate by Myrtle next day, with the information:

"Mrs. Howard has been here, Mary; she wants you to sew for her again."

"What did you tell her, Myrtle?"

"I told her she'd have to see you. I didn't tell her what I thought, by any means. If I were you, I wouldn't sew for one of that family to save their lives."

"And yet, after all, why shouldn't I? We need the money for your clothes, and you can spare me. It would look marked to refuse. She might think I was afraid of meeting her brother, or that I had not forgiven him——"

"Well, have you?" asked Myrtle keenly. Gentle as this girl had been from the cradle, ever forgiving her own wrongs, she could not forgive nor forget Queen Mary's.

"I never think about it now," said Mary. "Perhaps my heart was bleached with my face. I suppose it has lived through too much to ever beat fast again. I may not look it, but I'm an old, old woman inside, Myrtle."

"Well, I could quarrel with Eugene Urmson's family if I were a hundred and fifty, inside and out."

"Quarrel—why should I?"

Yet Mary did not expect of herself quite the composure she felt on reëntering Mrs. Howard's pretty sewing-room. This had been the birthplace of her romance. Here had come the handsome young physician, taking the sewing basket forcibly from her lap, and answering his sister's reproof with what she had laughingly termed "counter irritants," one of them being:

"Baby's got a box of screws, Lou, and they're not a good prescription for a teething child; better run out and see to him." Mary smiled over those old times, as she sat sewing.

"It all seemed perfectly natural, not a bit awkward," she told Myrtle at night. "Mrs. Howard was a little self-conscious at first, but we were soon perfectly at ease together. She's having the loveliest frock made for Lula! It's edged with real Irish point."

She found it pleasant to sit in that room; it was like a box of

sweet memories. She thought the sunlight flowed along the floor like a golden sea, the shadows in it wrecks of old dreams drifting back. One day the long French window opened and Eugene entered so much in the old way that she almost fancied him one of the dreams, before it came upon her that this was reality, also that the wind from the open casement blew a little sharp, and that Eugene was looking ill. She almost hated her cold blood that let her sit and face him without a tremor or a heart-stir.

He was not so calm. "Mary, I had not expected this. It's the old face made perfect. The grave has given up its dead," he said in tremulous tones, evidently not at all sure as to how he might be received.

She gave him her hand, she felt his eyes on her face—hot eyes that seemed to burn her fairness; but she tried to speak naturally.

"How long have you been back, Eugene?"

"Only two days. I came past your house yesterday, but lacked the courage to go in."

"I'm sorry that you should feel like that. We would all be—I am glad to see you."

"Prove it, then, by putting down that infernal white stuff and coming outside with me. This room is stifing. Can't we walk?"

"Paid by the day, paid by the day," hummed Mary, resuming her low chair, and looking up at him with the old dimples, scattering like wind-blown pink petals in her smooth cheeks.

He turned suddenly white. "Come," he said almost roughly, rolling the cambric in a crushed bundle and tossing it to one side. "Of course my sister knows I want to talk with you. Where is your hat, Mary?"

She knew then why Mrs. Howard had vacated the room before he entered, but she told herself there was no reason why she should not get her hat and walk with him, and she did.

"The same black thatch above the rose trellis?" he asked when she joined him at the open window.

Mary laughed. "Not quite the same, Eugene. How many seasons do you think a hat lasts?" It was a quiet, poised Mary—a woman—who walked by his side; the sprite of the rain was gone forever. He felt a certain restraint stealing over him in the presence of this new Mary. She looked up at him with lovely, friendly eyes.

"It's such sweet weather, isn't it, Eugene?"

"A fall day always reminds me of *She* emerging from her fire bath. It is Indian summer, you know, when fair old things come back—the time for the reopening of flowers that thought themselves in bed for the winter, and the resurrection of old hopes that have been wept and mourned over——"

"Yes, autumn is a beautiful season. I think the poets who call it melancholy forget the Indian summer."

Was this the girl who had whistled "Yankee Doodle" before the sniggering crowd in the club banqueting hall?

"I suppose you know that my sisters are going to have one wedding day? We call it the twin wedding, and Alf and Eph think it's theirs. You'd scarcely believe it, but Betsey's the nervous one, although she does bargain for her wedding clothes over the counter of the man she's going to marry, and have them charged to his wife. She beats him down, too, in the prices. It's funny to see how seriously he takes it—actually stands up behind his counter and argues with her—'I can't afford to sell this a cent lower. Would you have me go under what I paid for it?' Neither of them seems to see anything farcical in his solemnly writing down, 'Due from Mrs. Nubbs to Mr. Nubbs, one bridal veil.'"

"I should like to see Betsey in her new rôle."

"She's been to the circus—said 'she might as well disgrace herself thoroughly while she was about it, it was good business methods to be thorough.' And she certainly is thorough—and so gay! Poor Mr. Nubbs can't be jealous—she owes him too much. He says she has things charged in the name of Mrs. Nubbs so that if she backs out he can't collect. Of course it's just their way; he really loves her, and wouldn't be false to her for anything, or she to him."

Eugene looked uncomfortable, and hastened to change the subject.

"I want to ask a favor."

"What is it, Eugene?" How naturally she spoke his name, never seeming to notice how it shook his hardly maintained calm. He had been so afraid she would affect a cold "Dr. Urmson," and now he half wished she would.

He laughed a little awkwardly to cover a deeper emotion. "We ate supper together once, just you and I. We had frosted cherries, and gilded Easter eggs in small blue cups. The biscuits were wrapped in snowy linen, summer hearts in winter loveliness. Pink roses decorated the table, which was so narrow I often leaned across it to——"

His voice failed him. A glance at her unconscious face and he finished:

"I wish we might have another little supper like that, Mary."

"Cherries don't ripen every time one chances to think of them; but we have delicious preserved ones. I'll give you a *petit souper à deux* any evening after the 'twin wedding.'"

Urmson glanced quickly sideways at the radiant woman. The

look with which he acknowledged the French words, so tripping from her tongue—like that with which he had already noted the greater elegances of her utterance, the very structure and finish of her sentences—was, in its essence, half hostile. Oh, he had prayed for Mary to come back; but he had certainly never intimated that he wanted a revised and improved Mary. Yet he only said:

“A little supper with pink roses, and just you and I?”

“Yes.”

“Just like old times?”

She tried to say yes again; but she did not say the word loudly or with confidence. Instead, she murmured, “Why, you’ve brought me home. This is Memory Lane.”

“It was unconsciously done; a trick of old habit. We will turn.”

“No, it’s too late now to do any more work to-day. I will go in. Please explain to your sister; perhaps”—with a faint little smile—“you’d better give the baby another box of screws.”

Her soft hand, a queen’s white, perfect hand, rested lightly in his. They were standing by the gate. Old emotions and memories swept over her; she was glad to have her heart alive—to have bridged the black gap in their relations; but whether that bridge would lead her to the true land of Heart’s Desire was in her quiet mind still an unanswerable question.

“Good night,” he said. “Good night, my—— Good night, Mary.”

XI.

MARY did not see Eugene on the following day, nor did his sister refer to him. Her engagement with Mrs. Howard soon came to a close, and as weeks slipped by the episode of meeting her old lover seemed almost like a dream, so absorbed did she become in the preparation for her sisters’ wedding. In due course arrived the day when the young minister—in response to formal demands from an older minister—found something to say besides his stock assertions that he had “called round” and it was “a fine evening;” and Mr. Nubbs took to himself the lady whose account against him figured so largely on his books. That night a little note came to Mary by mail. It was only:

The ‘*petit souper*’?

EUGENE.

The next evening she went out into the big grassy yard which was in the rear of the little Scott place, out under the trees whose boughs had tapped so lovingly at her window during her hours of

trouble. Betsey and Myrtle were married and gone. Her father she saw very little of. A publisher more discriminating than the rest had found Alfred Scott's translation of Virgil good, and the old scholar was happily revising proofs, and giving the finishing touches to that volume which was to be the flower of his gentle, harmless life. Her mother was, as usual, occupied with the ubiquitous twins, who could not be comforted because the wedding had turned out, at last, not to be theirs. The boys were all scattered at their several employments and amusements. She felt alone, eager for any pleasant companionship, and was glad that Eugene was coming. Yet, somehow, a curious lassitude and distaste hampered all her preparations for the small event. She halted between the two big, sturdy old rose trees, one pink and one red. Eugene had asked for the pink. Her hand moved toward that bush, when there came to her mind roses of the past laid on the lap of a sick girl.

"The pink roses are sacred to him—God bless him!" she said, remembering Hilgard with a rush of emotion.

"Mary!" called her mother, as she saw the girl lingering among the roses. "There's a letter from your doctor. It's addressed to father. He's going through to be married to that Miss Beatrice Ironton next week. Do you want to see it?"

Mary looked up from her roses. "No," she said sharply. Then she smiled. "I wonder why women shrink from the mating of their men friends," she mused. "A friendship, like heaven, should have no question of marrying and giving in marriage." Her hands went out definitely to the red roses. "Eugene will not notice—the red are just as pretty," she told herself.

But Eugene did notice. "I asked for pink roses," he said. "They are the ones we had before; no others are half so beautiful. What are roses—colored spectacles—rosy dreams? Pink—pink! Rose-color—and that means the color of love."

"Do you like pink so much?" Mary flushed guiltily.

"It is the early morning, the ribbon in the dairy-maid's sweet-hearting dress, the blush on soft cheeks, the rose trellis under a black thatch."

"Aren't you rather a fastidious guest? You order the feast, and then grumble about it"—softening the speech with a sweetly friendly look from the blue eyes. "But I am sorry the table doesn't suit."

"Oh, it is pretty!" he hastened penitently, looking with approbation at the gilded eggs in tiny blue cups; the white wire toast-rack trimmed with green leaves; the doll-like set of old blue china; delicate little circular sandwiches, with the dainty green frill of lettuce leaf protruding around the edges; and the frosted cherries on cracked ice. The shades were drawn, and candles lit in an old

fashioned candelabrum. Mary, a bunch of the sumptuous red roses in her bright curls, a muslin apron girdling her dull blue gown, looked the very brightness and joy of life incarnate, with a dewy freshness inexpressible in words, as she seated herself opposite him at the narrow table.

"I'm sorry about the roses," she repeated, with sudden gravity. "I didn't think you'd mind. Pardon me."

"I was rude. Forgive *me*. Please forgive me, Mary."

She was silent a moment, then said, with a little, kind smile: "I sell my indulgences."

"Well, and what are your terms, Mary?"

"That between us you never again use those words, 'forgive me.'"

"You know that I must," he said in a low voice.

"If there is, or ever was, anything to forgive, all is forgiven—freely forgiven. If we are to be friends, Eugene, never recall the past. All its mistakes and pains are gone by. Don't you know what Tennyson says of dead selves? My past sepulchres my dead self. After—that—that——" She shook her head, with something like a little shiver, and her right hand fluttered, too, as though putting away something, repudiating, denying the possibility of describing it. Her eyes sought his, and looked uncertainly away. She took up her words more resolutely:

"After an agony that was a death to me, I entered a grave; my new self is all new now. Let the old wrongs and mistakes and offenses be buried with my old thoughts. I wasn't a nice girl, Eugene; I was worse than wicked—I was silly. Fools really do the world much more harm than the wicked people; they dare to rush in so! I'm very heartily ashamed of my old self; let us forget her."

"You ask an impossibility—your very home is Memory Lane, Mary," came Urmson's low, intense voice.

"Nothing is impossible that must be; I have found that out. But come, you're not eating; the toast will be cold."

He looked at the dainty little table, at the beautiful, radiant girl facing him. "Just like old times," sighed the man, harking back to the forbidden topic unconsciously.

So it was, thought Mary—only a few differences: the roses were red, not pink; in place of tiny, dainty French rolls, the toast, which is, after all, warmed-over bread; and instead of fruit fresh from the trees, these cherries in their little white jackets of beaten egg and sugar, and on their bed of cracked ice, were only canned cherries.

Nor—whatever he might say—was it quite the same to Eugene. Opposite him to-night sat no merely pretty girl, to be kissed between bites of a cherry, but a woman secure in her own kingdom, poised

upon her own disciplined soul; a woman whom he found it not easy, despite her ravishing girlish loveliness, to approach openly with proffers of love.

"It is at least an innocent little feast, Eugene," she said, looking across at him with sweet deprecation, "even if it is rather lenten fare. No birds, no little furred or scaly brothers and sisters, have been slain to furnish it forth."

He laughed. "You have changed since the day you put a live goldfish in your mouth."

"Oh, Eugene! Did I do that?" Her mother-of-pearl skin flushed rosily.

"And bit it because it squirmed."

"You remember better than I do;" and the flush deepened painfully.

"That's very true, Mary. Oh, let me speak! I treasure every word that we ever uttered to each other. My heart has never wavered in its true fealty to you. I start up at night with your voice in my ears. You are continually in my dreams, in waking visions. I have seen you again and again when—when I seemed most to have—to be contenting myself without you. Mary, I could have sworn that you were at the vestry door the night of my wedding."

"I was there, Eugene."

"God forgive me!"

"Never mind now. It's all over. Forget it, as I have."

"Forget! If a man could only buy that power! Mary, the years between our—that wretched farewell of ours and to-night have been—well, they've been unreal to me. Struggle against it as I would, my love for you has always drowned and driven out every other influence. I did not realize all that you were to me until I—had made memory a crime. I was dazed, frantic, with the loss of you, of all you had been to me; and I—of course I can't—I mustn't go into that; but I—I made a pitiful mistake. Men can't love twice. There is but one grand soul expression; all other feelings are a false mirage of the true city beautiful. Mary, don't tell me to forget the past—not all of it. Can't it be brought back? May I, after all, have my pink roses, love, love——"

As he bent over her, the lover of her youth, handsome, eager eyed, the familiar of her girlish dreams, hopes, regrets, Mary wondered a little sadly at her quiet pulses, her calm heart.

"I have expiated my mistake in hells of suffering. Mary, Queen, cannot those bitter years be bridged? Will you not trust me again?"

No answer came to the girl's lips; and Urmson hurried on passionately: "Mary, there was never any woman on earth for me but you.

When I lost you I was not brave enough, not noble enough, to stand still in my agony, to suffer and endure, to be chastened by bereavement. My floundering heart reached blindly for some compensation, some substitute. I thought—I thought honestly I had found one—as though the lover of a queen could ever forget her! Mary—Mary, have mercy on the old heart hunger, on the lonely hours, when all the world was but a painted figure without a soul, because you—my soul—were not by me!”

She drooped a little toward him; his arms, home of her old love, were stretched out, fain to close around her. She tried hard to feel herself the Mary of old, to believe that she would find in those arms the absolute fulfilment of all her dreams which had once been there for her.

Nay, too much had come and gone since those days; it is not given to the children of men to be exactly that which they were a year gone—a month past—yesterday.

Mary half closed her eyes, that she might the better dream things other than they were, and, schooling her heart to docility, she would have resigned herself to Urmson's caresses. But even as his hands touched her his arms straightened with a start; her lithe, healthy body stiffened and sprang back in an instant hurt amazement, so that it was almost as though he pushed her from him. Her blue eyes flashed open, to see his burning ones full of incredulous terror fastened upon her.

“*What's the matter with your face?*” he whispered.

Mary had seen that look in her lover's eyes before. Then, a poor, crude child, irresponsible, utterly trusting, adoring him with all the unreserve and abandon of a guileless, passionate nature, the sudden shock of that look in his eyes had almost cost her her reason. Now its repetition brought a tide of overwhelming bitterness and horror. But this was no sick child to whom he spoke; nor was it a woman who trusted him and longed for him, who looked to his hand for all the good gifts of life.

“I don't know, Eugene,” the girl answered, with upflung head, and delicate fingers raised to her cheeks, where the white and red were oddly mottled. Then she added quietly, deliberately: “It has been stinging a little unpleasantly all evening. I thought I must have touched something that poisoned me when I was gathering the roses. I have a very delicate skin, you know.”

“No, it's not that! I wish I could believe it was no worse.” Poor faithless lover! He turned from her and flung himself into his chair, regarding the floor moodily, his glance avoiding so much as the hem of her white skirts. “My God, Mary!” he groaned, “there's no happiness for us.” Then he burst out with a sudden febrile

fury: "I told Hilgard the thing wasn't curable! I warned him that he was only preparing a torture for both of us when he attempted to cure it, with his tinkering empiricism!"

At mention of Hilgard's name Mary's face became more composed. She looked down at the big man in his chair—an ignoble figure—and realized that she had a petulant child to deal with.

"Never mind, Eugene," she said gently. "After all, this is my sorrow. I must bear it; my friends can only try to help me—it doesn't press quite so heavily on them, you know." She was thinking only of Hilgard and how he had tried to help her, unknown to him as she was; but Urmson turned an eye of misery upon her.

"Do you really think I could marry you, and see you look like you once did, and not cut my throat? I tell you, Mary, you have no idea what I suffered then!"

The girl drew back with all a proud woman's repugnance at the idea that she was offered undesired.

"Marry me!" she repeated sharply. "We were not discussing marriage, Eugene, but my lifelong disfigurement and sorrow. If the thing is to come back on me——"

"Oh, it is—there's no hope—the indications are plain!" interjected Urmson, with the monstrous egotism, the corroding selfishness, of a thwarted passion.

"That being so—good by," said Mary, putting out her hand to him. "Please go at once."

There was an edge in the kind, smooth voice that galvanized the peevish, ungallant coward and brought him to his feet.

"I must set the house of my soul in order, to entertain a familiar guest—sorrow. It shall never hold despair again, nor hate. And—and, Eugene—we can always be friends, I hope."

Did Urmson—panic stricken as he was, the baser side of him all up in arms—see in this, despite her dignified withdrawal, her almost sharp dismissal of himself, an attempt to retain a hold upon him as a lover—a possible husband? It would seem so. He bent toward her a countenance upon which struggled greed of the beauty and sweetness of her, terror of her threatened fate.

"Friends!" he repeated, and he looked past her a little wildly. "Friends, hope—there are such things in the world for people—they're not for me! I can't stay here—you couldn't expect that. I shall have to flee from this new sorrow—go abroad, get into hospital work again. I can't stay here. You mustn't—expect it. I can't! But I shan't marry again, and in your—your affliction—you may always know that I am your well-wisher—always your best friend!"

Her best friend! God pity her, how desolate indeed she must be if this were so!

XII.

MARY stood at the open door and watched her poor renegade go.

The night had laid murmuring lips to the city; there yet hung in the air the song of retreating footsteps, of far-off carriage wheels; once a man's lowered tones, a girl's gay laughter, came to her from the more pretentious avenue. But Memory Lane was a byway and quiet.

As she stood looking down, clutching desperate hands at the bosom of her gown, she realized, now that the man was gone, the old horror that had crept anew into her life. When this unspeakable thing had overwhelmed her before, Hilgard was the only help—the only real help—God sent her. Hilgard! He was going to be married—he was on his way to a bride now. But that, she knew, would make no difference in his unfailing kindness to her, as to all suffering humanity. He would have courage to face a losing fight with her, and patch what might be out of the days the Lord gave her under the sun.

"I must see the letter," she whispered. "I need to know where—when——"

She turned and slipped softly back into the dining-room. Her father sat by the table, so happily absorbed in proof-reading that she thought it of no use to question him then. Instead, she searched his coat hanging on the wall. As she had anticipated, in one of the scholar's pockets, where bills and letters were wont to be stuffed promiscuously until they overflowed, Hilgard's handwriting was soon found. He had written briefly.

DEAR MR. SCOTT:

I shall be passing through your city about September 9th, on my way to Baltimore to fulfil an old agreement which was made between my deceased friend and partner, Dr. E. G. Ironton, and myself years ago. The marriage of Miss Ironton, to be solemnized on the tenth, will recall to Mary the painting of Beatrice, which she so much admired at the sanitarium. I am not sure whether Mary is at home now or not. If I knew she was there, I should find time to stop; for I want to see both you and her.

Faithfully yours,

ROBERT HILGARD.

She went quietly through the small front room out on the little porch, not knowing that the old man's eyes followed her.

"I need the night and its tale of big issues," she said. Yet when she was there she found herself fain to turn back to the lighted room, with its little human concreteness.

There are hours when the soul balks at the shadow of mortality,

and reason needs to walk in the dust, and lead it by. Mary faced such a crisis. She was a creature to whom love is a necessity—she must be first with some one—so had beauty been given her to bring answer to the call! But her own heart had cheated her of Eugene—it laughed now at thought of love and him; and Hilgard, who had commanded the deeps in her nature—Hilgard, on his way to a bride!—what room could there be in his full life for her?

“Thank God, I’m no longer afraid of life without happiness,” she said. Yet her fingers closed convulsively around the little heart-shaped amulet which rose and fell upon her stormy breast. Oh, she must see him—she would ask only that. Nothing could be so terrifying, so vaguely hideous, after she had seen him. This one longing battered down all weaker feelings—all objection, all doubts. Her whole body trembled to its intensity as she pressed the amulet and stared out into the dark, her entire being one prayer, one demand upon the cosmos.

And suddenly that prayer, that demand, was answered. Just as it had come before, but familiar now and dear, Hilgard’s face bodied itself forth from the darkness, and smiled reassuringly into her eyes.

“Robert!” she cried aloud. “Is it you—is it really you? Where are you? Oh, come to me! Help me—I need you so dreadfully!”

Unconsciously her fingers relaxed upon the amulet, and the face dislimned in air. But next instant, “Yes, here I am,” answered a full, manly voice from beyond the circle of light; and Hilgard himself strode swiftly forward and took both of Mary’s outstretched hands in a strong clasp.

Memory Lane, where it passed Mary’s gate, had been trodden by the feet of lovers many a night. The woman in the doorway knew that—it was an old story to her; but never for a moment did she rate Hilgard as one of those pilgrims. Yet there was something boyish, nervous, hurried, about him, very foreign to her idea of this strong, cool, poised personality. She had to remind herself that he was on his way to his wedding, and would be likely to seem different; otherwise she might have thought— A rush of color flooded even her brow. She could not wholly conceal her agitation.

“Won’t you— Can’t you— Will you come in?” she murmured confusedly.

“It’s absurdly late,” returned Hilgard in an odd, shaken voice—“after ten o’clock. I’ve been pacing up and down this street for a quarter of an hour. Memory Lane, Mary—Memory Lane! My train was delayed. Then I saw your light. I—Mary, I saw Urmsen come out. You didn’t—you haven’t—” The deep, vibrant voice faltered, then broke off.

"No, no," answered Mary, half absently. So much of greater spiritual importance had come and gone in the brief interval since Urmson's departure, that his figure dwindled to that of a pouting child denied a sugar cake.

Hilgard mutely touched her shoulder and turned her to the light. Even his eyes, habitually indifferent to mere physical beauty, were dazzled by such loveliness.

"Why—why—why, is this Hebe, this radiant girl with the very springtime in her face—is this my pale little patient? Mary!"

She drew back from the mad hope that his look, his voice, inspired.

"What is it, Mary? Have I frightened you?" he asked tenderly. "Has my head been visiting you lately?"—then, under his breath: "My heart has often enough."

"Yes," said Mary. "Forgive me; I needed you desperately—and I called you. It was selfish—I had no right—I will never do it again." Her self-disciplined nature rose to make the sacrifice. She was ready, at that moment, to accept what life gave, to wish Robert Hilgard's wife well, and to thank God again that she had learned to live pleasantly without happiness. Her hand went to the amulet. To her thought, it constituted a very intimate bond. Could she, ought she to wear it, now that he was to belong to another woman? She felt sure it would never bring her the vision of any face but his. Resolutely she drew the chain forward.

"I wish you'd take it off for me," she said gently. "I can't bear to. I feel as though I were giving up more than a material blessing; but it must be."

Hilgard bent to undo the bauble from the beautiful soft neck whose pearly white was almost lustrous—a strange electric thrill ran up his fingers from the thread of metal. He remembered who had clasped the chain, and whom her girlish promise had privileged to unclasp it. Struggling in the grasp of strong emotion, not expressive where his deepest feelings were concerned, he stood looking down on the heart-shaped trinket in his palm.

The human soul is a lonely thing in its ultimate agonies. Mary was only thinking that the wrench, now it was come, was more dreadful than she could have imagined. She could not, like happy people who suffer ordinary bereavements, lay her dead away; she could not turn her back upon a love that had been given in vain, and cherish memories, or forget, as time would let her. She must come begging, to this man out of all the world, for an alms of pity and help; she must keep him before her—must go to him in the first flush of his happiness as the bridegroom of another woman—go and thrust her misery upon him. In upon her soul flowed the bitterness of all the bereaved, defeated, rejected, shamed creatures of earth;

she felt her strength to do this thing deserting her. She must be quick or she would fail piteously—ignominiously. She struggled for her voice, found it, grasped desperately at the first poor forlorn straw of a conventional speech which mercifully floated her way, and whispered:

“I do remember Miss Iron-ton’s picture—she is indeed lovely. I hope she is very happy.” She choked, but held bravely on: “And you too. If the prayers of a faithful heart like mine can bring down blessings on you, they’ll come.”

“Beatrice is marrying a good fellow,” said Hilgard absently, his eyes on Mary’s face. “I promised her father to give her the care I would a sister; and I am satisfied with the match. Humanly speaking, it’s a perfect one.”

Used as she was to the practicality of Hilgard’s speech and mind, Mary could scarcely credit this as the reply of a bridegroom. She sank down on a little seat and looked up at him with eyes which pathetically overflowed with love and longing and a struggling, half-drowned hope.

“I thought you—I thought she——” The whispered words trailed off into silence.

“Mary,” said Hilgard suddenly, “why do you talk to me of Beatrice and her marriage to Brant? I come here to-night to ask you to marry me——” He broke off abruptly, then: “What did you mean when you answered me as you did just now about Urmson? I—I won’t be put off another minute.”

“Robert!” she said in a terrible voice. The cup was offered—it was at her lips—her own hand must dash it down. It was but a different martyrdom. “I—didn’t like to trouble you,” she went on in a spent tone—“I didn’t like to trouble you with this when I thought you were on your way to your marriage. But, Robert—you must forget all—forget what you’ve just said—and—I’m in dreadful distress! Look, and see what you think. Nobody but you ever gave me any comfort about it.”

“What is it?” demanded Hilgard, all the eagerness, the joy, gone out of his voice. “Is it about Urmson?”

“My face—my face!” wailed Mary. “The old horror is coming back. Oh, Robert!”

Hilgard’s brown eyes glowed. “Then, you did send him away? I thought so. I hoped so. I’ve given him his chance—God knows whether I ought to have done it or not—and now comes mine. Mary, do you love me?”

“No—no!” cried Mary, thrusting her happiness away from her with desperate hands. “Don’t you understand? Won’t you understand? I’m not for you—nor him—nor any man. I tell you I’m

to be tortured. I'm smitten of God—set apart." The high, strained voice sank to a piteous whisper. "My face is breaking out again. Oh, look at it, Robert!"

With a sort of inarticulate cry, Hilgard took her strongly in his arms, disregarding her half-hearted protests, pillowed the golden head on his broad breast, laid his cheek for a moment against hers.

"Mary, do you love me?" he murmured. "Yes—yes, child, I am looking at your face. Do you love me? I want to hear you say it. I'll talk about anything you want me to afterward."

She looked full into his eyes with her brimming ones. "Afterward will be too late," she breathed. "What have I ever done but love and lean on you and find my happiness there? But it's wrong—it's wicked—for me to tell you so. Because I love you, Robert, I couldn't let you marry a leper like me."

"Whatever you may call yourself, Mary, you're the woman I love and want. Do you love me? You haven't really answered my question—and it's the only thing of any importance to us—and I—dearest, I so long to hear my answer."

"Do you really mean that you could love a creature such as I was when you first saw me? Think of my face as it was then. Oh, Robert, I could not bear to see *you* turn from me with loathing—I'd rather not be near you in my misery."

Hilgard looked down at the trembling young creature in his arms. He saw he had to deal with a condition which was almost mania.

"Sit down, dear," he said gently. "Now let me take both your hands. We'll sit where you can look full in my face while I tell you about this fellow who is to be your husband. I love you, Mary; not merely your beauty, which is only one small manifestation of the sweetness God gave you. I love you and want you for my own, whatever comes. If the trouble returns with great severity—if your face is disfigured so that it is mortifying to you—why, you'll need me and my love and care, more than you could now—as you are—you beautiful, beautiful creature! And that love can't fail you, my darling! It was never given to the beautiful face. We'll go back to the little mask; or you and I will go away from other people, and live in some sweet place, secluded, where I can wait upon you and serve you, and you need not be seen by others. There are no ulcers on your soul, Mary. If there were, that might be serious. Now, dear, do you love me? Will you marry me?"

When he had his answer, full and satisfying to a man's heart, he raised his head and looked at her with his little, quizzical half-smile. "Now I'm willing to examine that rash you complain of," he said gently.

"It isn't a rash," explained Mary, trembling, doubting, hanging upon his look, his words. "My face did sting this afternoon, and Eugene said—I don't know what he saw; but it"—watching Hilgard's eyes—"it must be dreadful, for he said there wasn't any hope. He felt terribly. Don't you see it? But you looked at me calmly when I was the worst. Oh, don't deceive me, Robert!"

"Mary—Mary—Mary!" Hilgard laughed out in sudden full relief, and his tone carried blessed conviction to the girl's tortured mind. "What a poor doctor's wife you promise to make!—quoting another physician—and with not a symptom on that flower of a face to show for it! There's nothing the matter with these cheeks, love"—he kissed first one, then the other, as one would kiss a child's fair dimpled beauty—"except that they're too exquisite for everyday use. Painful emotions will register themselves—for awhile yet—on this sensitive skin, and your emotions have been deeply stirred." He looked keenly into her eyes. "I—I only wish I felt as sure of another thing as I do that we will never have any serious trouble with your face, that what difficulty we have will be quickly subdued." His gaze still dwelt searchingly upon her. "I wish I were as sure—"

"As sure of what?" She lifted anxious eyes to his.

"Mary," he broke out sharply, "I said awhile ago I had given Urmson his chance. It was not that so much—it was not that at all. It was you, dear, you that I thought I must give the chance to."

"Me, Robert?" she faltered. "A chance—"

"Dearest, you laid your young girl's heart very open to me in that long, blind time when you made me your comforter and father confessor; maybe you laid it more open than you knew; certainly neither of us realized how much it all meant to—me. When you told me so pitifully that Urmson had ceased to care for you when your beauty was gone, when you showed me that your love was always his, I didn't understand just why it hurt me so. And I knew that Gene Urmson's wife was dead—that you would find a suitor when you came home with the beautiful face I was struggling so hard to restore to you."

Comprehension dawned in Mary's eyes. "Oh, dearest!" she breathed.

"But I let you come home—I felt that, if your heart was irrevocably bound up with Urmson's—no matter his worthiness or unworthiness—I must let you go—to him—without a word to prejudice his suit with you. And oh, Mary, when I saw him come out to-night, out from this dear little house, speeded by my darling—then I knew the fool I had been!"

"No—no—no——" began Mary, smiling through tears; but Robert broke in upon her.

"It's what I want to know, Mary; it's what I want to be sure of. I am not cunning, not versed in love. Is your heart mine? Does it really turn to me—fly to me for its home of love? Or will it always"—his voice hesitated, his eyes pleaded earnestly with hers—"always cling, a little, to the first——"

"Oh, Robert, Robert!" cried Mary, slipping both arms around his neck, pressing her cheek, now wet with tears, against his.

Alfred Scott, who, roused from his work, had looked into the room without disturbing them, came quietly across and stepped outside for his night walk, closing the door behind him. There was a sound of feet hurrying, almost running, down Memory Lane. It was Urmson—Urmson driven back by the ghost of two lost years. Seeing a figure at the door, he cried out:

"Mary! I've come back, Mary!"

But it was no radiant woman who stepped out into the soft night to meet him. A bent old man, a blue-covered book suspended from his left hand, stood before the threshold.

"Wait, my friend," said Alfred Scott, and his voice was one of sympathy. "I feel it is best for you to know before you enter."

"I do know," said the young man impatiently. "She's there—I have seen her."

"Has she told you?"

"Told me what? Let me see her. Surely you do not mean to hinder me—to interfere! I tell you I could not give her up now—not for any disfigurement, not for any obstacle. Nothing could tear my devotion from her now. I know my own heart to-night. I—I have tried facing life without Mary."

The old man's fingers came gently away from the knob of the closed door. "Sit here a moment." He pushed the impatient lover into a porch chair. "I have a few words that must be said. You must listen. Men are forced to hear death sentences; men have strong souls, and the breath of divinity is breathed into them, that they may find courage to listen to the unalterable decisions of the gods." Eugene stared at him.

"My boy, a beautiful woman is a gift of the gods. They do not urge on man their benefits; they do not offer twice to the mortal impious enough to reject the first favor. One night, down there by the river, my little girl prayed to be saved from suicide, while your wedding march was playing. She was saved; her cheerfulness, her beauty, restored; and you came again into her life. I believed that she loved you, and offered no objection. Even now I would spare you if I could. I know the pain of walking on hot ploughshares."

"Spare me? My punishment!"

"Eugene, it is the gods, and not Mary, who prepared this reprisal. She did not know—the man of her choice came within the hour."

"Yes—yes," panted Urmson. "I was here less than an hour ago. Mary had all but said yes to me when I—when there seemed to be— Why do you look at me so strangely? I tell you I was here an hour ago."

He grasped the arms of the chair in which he sat, and leaned forward in the dusk, searching old Alfred's face with burning eyes.

The two had spoken in hushed tones. Now that a pause came, the voices of Mary and Hilgard were audible within the house.

"The man of her choice," whispered Urmson.

Alfred Scott talked on gently. "I heard you go, Dr. Urmson. Mary came into my room after your departure to seek for something. I glanced at her—and avoided meeting her eyes. The man of my daughter's choice, who came to claim her within the hour, is Dr. Robert Hilgard. I thought I should warn you of this before you entered."

The wide horror and despair of the eyes that looked up at him made the old scholar hold out his little blue book.

"Virgil is sometimes—comforting," he faltered. "You—may have—my copy, Eugene."

The door had been closed very gently; now its worn latch fell free; the portal swung slowly inward, as though it said: "You may see her again. Behold all you have lost, and see the reward of those who truly love."

Through the gold square of the doorway he saw the Queen's face—radiant, beautiful, the sad lines his words, his act, had drawn there only an hour ago erased, the whole countenance cheered, consoled, like a trusting child's. And this face which shone upon and drew him as the moon the sea was raised to Hilgard's. The amulet lay broken at their feet. Their lips met.

Urmson sprang up; he had no strength to speak to the old man, no courage to remain and face Mary now. Alfred Scott watched his tall figure stride out of the gate that shut his dreams behind him, and disappear down Memory Lane.



Little *stings* will happen in the best regulated families.

Friendship is of divine origin, but it has served the Devil for many a purpose.

Nothing is more pitiable than a professional humorist at his wits-end.

THE IRISH FAIRIES

By Seumas MacManus

Author of "A Lad of the O'Friels," "Donegal Fairy Stories," etc.

THAN the Irish fairies hardly any other beings, natural or supernatural, have been more written of and discussed, more abused and more travestied, more misunderstood.

What are the fairies? Not many of those who write about them seem to know. Indeed, those who are even more familiar with them than the writers are not in perfect accord as to what they are.

They have two theories. One is that the Tuatha de Danaan race, which was a race skilled in arts and crafts and magic, and which peopled Ireland before the coming of the Milesians, were finally overthrown by the more warlike Milesian people; and then, assuming enchanted form, they retired under the hills, where as immortals they lived. The more plausible theory, however, the one which is getting a stronger grip on the imagination of the Irish, and is almost universally adhered to, is that the fairies are fallen angels. When Lucifer rebelled in heaven, a certain portion of the angels joined his standard, another portion joined Michael's opposing army, and still a third portion of the angelic inhabitants of paradise chose to await the issue of the fight before declaring themselves. When Michael had subdued and cast down into hell Lucifer and his following, he turned his attention to the non-committal ones. He punished them and cast them out also, but, as they had not been positively rebellious, he cast them not into hell and eternal punishment; they were flung down upon the earth; a portion of them, falling into the sea, became mermaids and mermen; other portions, falling upon dry land, became fairies. This is the theory almost universally credited in Ireland, and it is a likely theory, too.

The fairies live in hope of final redemption. The Irish fairy is almost always friendly to man, because he calculates that in the human race (which is beloved of God and for which God's Son died) he may have a most valuable intercessor. The Irish fairy, then, is a kindly, beneficent being, anxious and willing to befriend man, and only revenging himself upon man when man wantonly wrongs him by interfering with the bush or the hill or the pleasant spot in which he has his habitation or to which he resorts for recreation.

As illustrative of the hope of redemption in which they live, a beautiful story is told:

Father Phil McColrick was a pious priest who flourished in Donegal three-quarters of a century ago. Father Phil, grown very old, and riding upon a prudent gray mare that had grown old along with him, was returning from a sick call in the heart of the hills one October night. It was bordering on midnight when he headed for home. It was bright moonlight, so that the white mountain road was clear and plain to be seen ahead of him as far as his eye could carry. Father Phil's old mare had an ambling pace of her own which suited herself and suited her master likewise. At this pace she was ambling onward over the mountain road, while Father Phil, seated on her back, with head bent, was murmuring his prayers. Suddenly he got a shock, for the old mare stood stock-still, nearly casting him over her head. When he recovered his position he looked forward, and, behold! the mountain road, that a few minutes before had been lone and white and bare, was now covered with an unending train of little people, thousands upon thousands of them, the front of which reached right up to his old mare's head. For some minutes he was too dazed to speak, but when he got his speech he asked in God's name who they were and what they wanted. One of them spoke out, saying:

"We are the Good People from all the ends of the earth; we have gathered and come together here this night to meet you and to put to you a question."

"What is the question?" asked Father Phil.

"Once and for all," said the spokesman, "we want it decided whether there is any hope that we shall ever get back to heaven again."

Father Phil bent his head and deliberated before replying; when he lifted his head again he said, "Go back to where you came from, and don't ask me that question."

"No, no, no; we'll not go back without our answer," and the "no, no, no," that came from that vast multitude was like a wind sweeping over a reedy lake. "Past here you will not get till you give us true reply," said the spokesman.

Thereupon Father Phil bent his head again and prayed for several minutes. When he looked up once more, his countenance was sorrowful, and he said, "Well, good people, since you insist on a reply, a reply you must have, and my reply is this: that, if in the thousands upon thousands of you whom I here see before me, there be as much blood as would sit on the point of a needle, then there is a chance for you;" and the moment he uttered those words, a wail, the most heartrending that human ear ever heard, went up from that

immense multitude. A gust of wind swept past the old priest, making him tremble and shiver, and when he looked ahead again, behold! he saw only the long, lone, bare, white mountain road.

Yet God has left with these creatures a deal of the joyousness which was theirs in paradise. The Irish fairy is essentially a joyous, careless, playful being—a lover of pleasant places, smooth round knolls, spreading hawthorns, white moonlights, sweeping steeds, sweet music, and gay dances. There is marrying and giving in marriage amongst them; sometimes they even fall in love with handsome human beings, pretty maidens and manly youths, and carry them off to bestow on them immortality in their blithesome company. By extraordinary human efforts, the stolen youths are sometimes won back to the natural world and its ills again, but this is rare. Sometimes a man or woman is borrowed temporarily by the fairies—just for the mischief of the thing; the abducted one is usually whisked off to strange foreign scenes and, in the course of a few hours or one night, whisked round half the world and shown wonderful sights before being left safe and sound on the same spot from which he or she was snatched away.

There is one kind of fairy, and one only, which, unlike the rest of the tribe, is not joyous; this is the Banshee. The Banshee is a little woman dressed in white, with raven black hair, which falls and flows loosely around her. She attaches herself to the favored and ancient families, and only on the eve of a disaster to the family—usually a death—does she disclose herself to human sense. On all such occasions she is heard, but far more rarely seen. She generally sits upon a limb of a tree convenient to the house for whose coming sad fate she mourns, and lifts up her voice three times in weird, heartrending wail. When the Banshee's cry is heard, death follows certainly and soon. The night watcher who hears it rises up through the dead hours and prostrates himself in prayer for the soul that will so soon depart. Fortunately, it is not given to the dying one to hear this weird wail; sometimes only one person hears it, at other times it is heard by all except the fated one, and all arise from their beds, coming together in terror to tell each other what they have heard, to shake their heads in sorrow and to pray.

The Banshee cries not for hucksters or plebeians; distinguished is the family that it waits upon, and proud is that family in the knowledge that the Good People honor it so highly as to delegate one of their tribe to watch over its destinies and mourn its disasters.

A fine description of the wailing of the Banshee is given in Clarence Mangan's translation from the Irish of Pierce Ferriter, of

the Lamentation for the Death of Maurice Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry, who was killed in 1642. Here it is:

There was lifted up one voice of woe,
 One lament of more than mortal grief,
 Through the wide South to and fro,
 For a fallen chief.
 In the dead of night that cry thrilled through me;
 I looked out upon the midnight air!
 Mine own soul was all as gloomy,
 And I knelt in prayer.

O'er Loch Gur that night, once—twice—yea, thrice,
 Passed a wail of anguish for the brave
 That half-curdled into ice
 Its moon-mirroring wave.
 Then uprose a many-toned wild hymn in
 Choral swell from Ogra's dark ravine,
 And Mogeely's phantom women
 Mourned the Geraldine!

Far on Carah Mona's emerald plains
 Shrieks and sighs were blended many hours,
 And Fermoy in fitful strains
 Answered from her towers.
 Youghal, Keenalmeaky, Eemokilly,
 Mourned in concert, and their piercing keen
 Woke to wondering life the stilly
 Glens of Inchiqueen.

From Loughmore to yellow Dunanore
 There was fear; the traders of Tralee
 Gathered up their golden store,
 And prepared to flee;
 For in ship and hall, from night till morning
 Showed the first faint beamings of the sun,
 All the foreigners heard the warning
 Of the dreaded one!

"This," they spake, "portendeth death to us
 If we fly not swiftly from our fate!"
 Self-conceited idiots! thus
 Ravingly to prate!
 Not for base-born, higgling Saxon trucksters
 Ring laments like those by shore and sea!
 Not for churls with souls of hucksters
 Waileth our Banshee!

For the high Milesian race alone
 Ever flows the music of her woe!
 For slain heir to bygone throne,
 And for chief laid low!
 Hark! . . . Again, methinks, I hear her weeping
 Yonder! Is she near me now, as then?
 Or was't but the night-wind sweeping
 Down the hollow glen?

Another particular kind of fairy that is frequent—though not so frequent as one would wish—is the Leiprechaun. He is a lucky fellow to find. He is the fairies' shoemaker. In the early mornings or the late evenings, or even in the dim noonday of the dark woods, he may be found sitting under a low bush, pegging away at his shoes. I should say he may be heard; to see and find him is more difficult. Fortunate is the man who, coming on the Leiprechaun unawares, gets grip of him by the scuff of the neck, and, maintaining a firm hold, keeps his eye unwaveringly fixed upon the tricky little fellow. This lad always knows where a crock of gold is hidden, and is prepared to purchase his freedom by disclosing its hiding-place, but before giving away his secret he will have resort to every imaginable device to get himself free, unransomed. While you keep your eyes fixed on him, he cannot escape, but if for a fraction of a second you lift your eyes off the lad, he will have vanished through your fingers. Consequently, when he finds himself in your hands, he will try by every trick in his fancy to make you look elsewhere. You must not mind his plans or his pleadings, his tricks or his schemes, but be steadily watching him and assure him that in your grip he must remain until he discloses where the crock lies hidden. Eventually, when he has in vain tried every means of diverting your attention—which presupposes you to be alert beyond the ordinary—he will name for you the hiding-place. Some men have had to take the little fellow home with them and sit steadily watching him for so long as a day and a night before they extracted from him the coveted information, but it was worth it all, for such men never afterwards knew poverty.

Some of the fortunate ones take their neighbors into the secret of their good fortune on such occasions and share their joy with all; other narrow-minded ones endeavor to keep the secret to themselves. But generally it will out, for when a poor man is suddenly found to have acquired a fortune his neighbors know that he must have caught a Leiprechaun.

The great body of the fairy host has no calling and no care; as before hinted at, their life is a glad one; piping, fiddling, and dancing while away the hours for them—or careering on steeds that outspeed the wind.

They are passionately fond of romantic places; there they have their homes and there they have their playgrounds. By the bright moonlight in particular they love to disport themselves on these charming spots, and they deeply resent it should any one interfere with their playgrounds. Their rights, however, are always respected, and no man will dig or plough or build on their well-known haunts. A few foolhardy ones have in times past tried it, but they suffered;

their cattle died, their crops failed, their hay rotted, and they themselves met with mysterious deaths. Inadvertently from time to time the erection of a cabin has been attempted upon a Gentle Place; but the walls of the cabin could never be raised above a certain height, and at length he who had tried to raise it saw the wisdom of carrying away from it all the stones he had brought there, and building elsewhere. Those who show their thoughtfulness in such ways usually prosper afterwards—as do all who earn the fairies' good wishes.

The fairies like not modern ways, with the advantages of so-called civilization. When, some years ago, the first railway penetrated our hills, the fairies of Glendun were, before dawn on a harvest morning, seen (by a man who had come out early to look after his sheep) taking their sorrowful departure from the invaded glen, and carrying away with them as mementos, each a leaf or twig or shamrock. Before "civilization," before materialism and scepticism, they ever keep falling back. This is why the fairies are not now nearly so widespread as they were in ages gone by, and it is why they are now to be found only among the remote hills, where the people are still simple of heart and pure of soul and inspired with faith and with spiritual vision. It is among people of simple faith that the fairies dwell and flourish. May the former never dwindle and the latter never fade.



THE ONE ROAD.

BY MARIE VAN VORST

A WOOD road, and a good road,
 And a road by sand and sea:
 A high-road, and a by-road,
 And a road by plain and lea:
 A fair road, and a bare road,
 And a road by vale and hill:
 A deep road, and a steep road,
 And a foot road sweet and still:
 A town road, and a down road,
 And the king's road broad and free—
 There's but one road in all the world
 The way that leads to thee!

LUNCHING MISS MARY BURTON

By Carolyn Wells

“HELLO, infants!” informally observed Dick Hamilton as two girls came running up the club-house steps. “Oh, but we’re mad at you!” exclaimed the girl in blue; and the girl in white echoed: “Yes, indeed we *are* mad at you!”

“Now, why?” drawled Mr. Hamilton, with a tantalizing smile.

“Because you won’t let us dance in the minuet at the Harvest Ball.”

“But look here, babes, I can’t help it. That minuet is to be danced by our oldest and most respected inhabitants.”

“Pooh!” said Alice Carey. “Those girls you picked out for your silly old dance aren’t but a few years older than we are. We’re *out*. We came out last winter, and you know it.”

“Yes,” chimed in Ethel Lyons; “and after a girl’s in society; it doesn’t matter how old or how young she is.”

“No,” agreed Dick Hamilton amiably.

“And I think you might treat us as if we were grown up. We wear long dresses now, and we have our hair Marcel-waved—at least, I have once, and Alice has twice.”

“I’m glad you told me of that,” said Mr. Hamilton, with apparent seriousness. “Of course that makes a great difference. A young woman who wears Marcells is unquestionably entitled to grave reverence and respect. Hereafter I shall approach you with awe and deference, although I regret to say it’s too late to arrange for you to dance in the minuet.”

“You don’t fool us,” said Alice Carey, tiptilting her little nose scornfully, “with your highfalutin’ foolishness. We know you think we’re nothing but school-girls, and you’re just making fun of us. But we’ll get even with you yet. Just you wait!”

“I tremble in my shoes!” declared Mr. Hamilton, with a shudder. “But I say, chickadees, I’m in the dickens of a mess; I wonder if you can’t help me out.”

“What’s it about?” asked Ethel, somewhat mollified at being thus appealed to.

"Why, you see, it's this way. Bob Reynolds's cousin is expected to-day. She's coming at one o'clock, and Bob had arranged to have her lunch with him here at the club. Well, he had a telegram this morning, and had to fly off to New York on some important business or other, and won't be home till dinner time. He asked me to lunch the lady, as he couldn't get word to her not to come. I'm delighted to oblige Bob, and enchanted at the prospect of entertaining a charming young woman, and I've asked Mrs. Manchester to chaperon us. But I've an engagement right after luncheon, and Mrs. Manchester has a bridge party on for this afternoon, which she wouldn't give up for the empress of China. So I don't know exactly what to do with Bob's cousin for the afternoon; and I thought perhaps you children—I beg your pardon, I mean you two august and imposing young ladies—might entertain her with a game of tennis or something."

"Who is she, and what is she like?" demanded Alice.

"Haven't the slightest idea. She's Bob's cousin, and she's coming at one o'clock, and her name's Mary Burton; that's all I know about her."

"Of course, we'll be glad to do anything we can to accommodate you or Mr. Reynolds," said Ethel, with what she flattered herself was a careless, grown-up air, and, having promised, the two girls walked away down the road.

Ampersand Park was an exclusive little settlement nestled in a picturesque niche of the Adirondack region. The club-house and cottages of the Ampersand Club were of the most approved, up-to-date types, and the members of the club jealously guarded their membership list.

The population, therefore, was about the same from year to year, varying mainly as the children of the cottagers grew up to become themselves component parts of Ampersand society.

And as this was the first summer that Alice Carey and Ethel Lyons were full-fledged débutantes, the girls resented any non-recognition of their new importance.

As they walked through the park, along the well-kept mountain road, past the picturesque cottages, they discussed the subject of Mary Burton and her afternoon's entertainment.

"We can make it a little party," said Alice, "for Lou Tracey and Eleanor Gates are coming this morning. But truly, Ethel, I just hate to do anything for Dick Hamilton, after he kept us out of the minuet. I'd like to play a practical joke on him to get even. He's a great joker himself, but he wouldn't like to have the tables turned. I'm just ready to do it, though, if I could think of a good trick."

Dick Hamilton was of the type which is almost always found in any summer settlement. A bachelor, easy going and good natured, very rich and not very young, he was leader in all the Ampersand gaieties. It was to him that Bob Reynolds naturally turned when he found himself unable to meet Miss Burton. And Dick had willingly agreed to accommodate his friend. So Bob had gone away with a feeling of comfortable satisfaction, for Dick Hamilton was not only a charming host, but would look after all the details of the occasion with absolute correctness and good taste.

Notwithstanding the indignation felt by Alice and Ethel at being treated as children, they soon proved that they lacked the dignity and judgment belonging to recognized members of the best society. They put their heads together and concocted a plan. This was brilliant of conception, daring in its execution, and, it seemed to the two girls, exquisitely humorous and an immense joke on Dick Hamilton.

Together they perfected their scheme in every detail, and then awaited the arrival of the guests who were coming at eleven, and who were to be important accessories.

When, therefore, Miss Tracey and Miss Gates arrived at the Carey cottage, they were pounced upon by two excited plotters, who immediately poured forth in torrents of enthusiasm the wonderful scheme they had arranged.

Lou Tracey was a golden-haired madcap, who had been born a coquette and had ever since been improving her talent.

Eleanor Gates was a demure little person with pathetic violet eyes and a helpless manner, that appealed to everybody with whom she came in contact.

"We couldn't have two better characters!" exclaimed Alice, as she looked at her guests with complacent satisfaction. "Now, are you sure you understand?"

"Sure," said Lou, who was fairly bubbling over with mischievous delight.

"Then go ahead," said Alice, "for it's nearly twelve o'clock."

Attired as she had come from the train, in a dainty linen costume, protected by a pongee dust-coat, pretty Lou Tracey left the Carey cottage alone, and started for the club-house.

When she reached there she took a seat on the veranda, and asked an attendant to send Mr. Hamilton to her.

Dick soon appeared, his usual debonair manner tinged with a trifle of embarrassment.

As he approached, his visitor rose and, with a pretty, half shy gesture, put out her hand.

"I am Mary Burton," she said, "and my cousin, Mr. Reynolds said that you were to be burdened with me for the afternoon."

"Oh, no, not at all," stammered Dick, so bewildered by the vision of loveliness, and the unexpected situation, that he scarcely knew what he was saying.

The girl dimpled and smiled. She had distracting blue eyes, and enchanting curls of golden hair that clustered beneath her hat brim. But it was her smile that was the undoing of Dick Hamilton.

"I'm a little early," she went on, and her dimpled face assumed an apologetic expression, "but I couldn't help it, and you don't mind, do you?"

"No, of course I don't mind," said Dick recklessly; "only—you see, I had invited Mrs. Manchester to lunch with us, and—and she hasn't yet arrived."

"Oh dear!" cried his vivacious guest, and Dick suddenly decided that her rosy-lipped pout was even more adorable than her smile; "and I am so fearfully hungry! I've traveled miles and miles! Couldn't we just have a tiny bite of something before the chaperon lady comes?"

"Of course we can," said Dick gaily. "The roof of the Amper-sand club-house is sufficient chaperon for anybody. May I take you at once to the dining-room?"

"Yes, indeed," replied his famished guest, and in a few moments they were comfortably seated at a table in the pleasant club dining-room. It was one of the most desirable tables, by a window which opened on a wide veranda overlooking a glorious mountain view.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed the visitor, as she looked across the landscape. "I think Ampersand is too charming for anything. Wasn't it a pity Bob had to go away to-day?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Dick. "I'm jolly well satisfied as it is. Shall we have a bit of clear soup, Miss Burton, and then some brook trout, and then——"

"Oh, how lovely! I had thought of only a sandwich, but the mere mention of brook trout reminds me of my mountain appetite. When do you think Bob will return?"

"Oh, not until six or seven o'clock at the earliest. Mayn't I plan your afternoon for you, Miss Burton? Won't you give me this half-day for all my very own?"

A suppressed but very distinct giggle was heard outside, and, looking up quickly, Dick saw Alice and Ethel walking arm in arm along the veranda.

For some unaccountable reason, his guest flushed scarlet at the sight of the two girls passing the window, and Mr. Hamilton said hastily, "Those two madcap children who are just passing want you

to play tennis with them this afternoon, but I'm not going to allow it. Reynolds put you in my care, and I feel it my duty not to let you out of my sight until his return."

"I'm sure, Mr. Hamilton, your plans will be more interesting than those of a couple of school-girls." The speaker said this with a dimpled smile, and a glance of such interest in her host that he rushed madly on.

"We'll go for a drive," he said, "and come back by the lake. It's a long drive, but you don't feel tired after your morning journey, do you?"

"No, not a bit; but isn't it all rather informal?"

"Oh, that will be all right," said Dick easily; "I expect Mrs. Manchester at one o'clock, you know, and then we'll give her a bite of luncheon, and she'll carry you off to her cottage. Then you'll be her guest, and of course I can come round and take you for a little drive."

"Of course," said the siren opposite; "and I think your plans are delightful."

At that moment a waiter approached the pair and told Mr. Hamilton that a lady in the parlor wished to see him.

"But I'm engaged," said Dick Hamilton, with a slight frown. "Where is her card?"

"She gave me none, sir; she merely told me to tell you she wished to see you at once."

"Then ask for her name;" and, owing to his annoyance at the interruption, Dick spoke almost roughly.

"Oh, don't be so cross," said his luncheon guest, who was smiling at him. "Please go, Mr. Hamilton, and see who it is."

Unable to disobey the command of the enchantress, Dick rose and left the dining-room.

Awaiting him in the parlor was a slender girl with pathetic violet eyes and a sweet, wistful face.

As Dick entered she raised her long lashes and said softly:

"I'm Mary Burton, and my cousin Bob isn't here; and he said that if I'd ask for Mr. Hamilton——"

Dick looked at her sternly. Was she playing a trick on him, or what?

At his unsympathetic expression and his very apparent lack of welcome, the girl looked at him helplessly. The tears gathered in her violet eyes and her little hands trembled as she said, "I—I wish Bob was here."

That was enough for Dick. A woman's tears, more especially a pretty woman's tears, were more than he could stand.

He went near her and took her hand gently. "It's all right,"

he said; "you must pardon my momentary embarrassment. You are really Mary Burton?"

His look as he said this was so frank and kind that the tears went away as if by magic, and the sweet, pale face smiled.

"Oh, I see," she said; "you want credentials."

"No, no," said Dick hurriedly; "not that, not that. Only, you see——"

"Yes, of course," murmured the girl, "and, stupidly enough, I haven't a card, but—look, here's a letter I received this morning."

Opening her dainty wrist-bag, she took from it a letter which was plainly addressed to Miss Mary Burton.

Nonplussed, but no longer doubting the identity of this second guest, Dick chanced to glance toward the hall, and there saw his lady of the luncheon table, smiling and beckoning to him. Excusing himself to Miss Burton, he went out and faced the mischievous beauty.

"What does it mean?" he began.

"Hush!" said the other, laying a finger on her lip. "It's all right now. I'm an impostor, a naughty, wicked impostor. Don't ask why, or anything. Perhaps it was because I wanted to meet you—perhaps it wasn't. However, you must forget the episode, and never think of it again. Now run back to your real Mary Burton, and see that she is properly chaperoned."

The dancing eyes smiled into his, the bewitching, roguish face dimpled adorably, and with a saucy nod of farewell the mysterious guest walked quickly out of the door and down the steps away from the club-house.

Pinching himself to be sure he wasn't dreaming, Hamilton turned away and reentered the parlor.

"Miss Burton," he said, in his polite, manly way, "I beg you will pardon my seeming rudeness. An astonishing episode has just occurred. I will tell you all about it some other time, but now I'm going to devote myself to your reception and comfort. I am expecting a friend very soon, who will chaperon our luncheon, and, meantime, will you not sit here and rest? Or perhaps on the veranda, where there is a delightful view."

"Yes, let us go on the veranda," said the new-comer, whose vivacity seemed to be restored by the graciousness of her host's manner.

As they strolled along the veranda, past the dining-room windows, the violet eyes were again raised to his, and a soft voice said, "I hate to confess it, but, truly, I'm hungry. I was traveling, and I could get no breakfast."

"You poor child!" cried Dick, again helpless before the pathos

of those pleading eyes. "We'll begin luncheon at once. I'll order for three, and Mrs. Manchester will join us soon."

And so it came about that again Dick Hamilton entered the dining-room with a young lady.

"You like brook trout?" he said, glancing at his demure guest. He asked the question largely from a desire to see again those violet eyes which she kept so persistently cast down.

"Yes," she said, looking up at him with delighted interest; "brook trout and then crabs à la Newburg."

Dick was in despair, but he broke it to her gently.

"Do you know," he said, "there aren't any crabs in the mountain brooks at all this season. It seems to be their off-year. Will you try a *filet*?"

"Yes," she said, and her mournful glance was so thrilling that Dick was glad that the crabs had failed after all.

The two got on famously. By the time they reached the salad they were chatting like old friends. The guest still seemed shy, and her diffident glances were so appealing that Dick devoted himself to the task of making her feel at ease.

"I wish Mrs. Manchester would come," she said more than once, "for it doesn't seem quite right for me to be here with you this way. Although," she added, with her eyes cast down, "it's very delightful."

Again Dick plunged. He invited her, after she should be properly under Mrs. Manchester's care, to go driving with him, or walking.

But she declined his invitations with a glance of startled reproach.

Shortly before one o'clock Mrs. Manchester arrived. She was a correct and dignified matron, one of the charter members of the Ampersand Club. She joined the party at the table, and immediately approved of Mr. Hamilton's guest.

Although Dick regretted the spoiling of his tête-à-tête, he was glad for the sake of Miss Burton's preferences that the elder lady had come.

They had reached the last course, and were sipping their coffee, when a tall young woman walked into the dining-room. She came directly to Mr. Hamilton's table and paused there. She was rather stately, and yet had a breezy air, which betokened a nature afraid of nothing. Her appearance, her dress, and her gait gave an impression of unconventionality and strong will power.

"Are you Dick Hamilton?" she said, as she offered him her hand. "I'm Mary Burton, Rob Reynolds's cousin. I expected to meet him here to-day, but I had a telegram saying that he was called away, and that you would look after me till he came back. They told me at the office that you were lunching with friends, so I said I'd join

you here. I see you've finished luncheon, but I hope you'll order something for me. I'm simply starving."

Dick Hamilton rose mechanically. This procession of starving young women was becoming appalling. It dawned on him suddenly that he was the victim of some sort of a practical joke.

He glanced at the others. Mrs. Manchester was staring at the newcomer through her lorgnon with an expression of haughty surprise and disapproval. Dick turned to his younger guest, but the violet eyes were cast down, and Dick could scarcely tell whether the trembling lips denoted amusement or distress.

But the young man's anger was aroused. If a joke was being played on him, this third young woman was no more likely to be Mary Burton than the other two, and he decided to take his chances in favor of Violet Eyes.

"Excuse me," he said politely but coldly, "but, for certain reasons, I must ask you for proof that you are Miss Burton."

The lady did not seem at all annoyed. "Oh, I'm Mary Burton all right," she said, "although I didn't bring any sworn affidavit to that effect. And, since you put it that way, I think I ought to ask for proofs of your own identity; for Bob told me that I should find Mr. Hamilton a courteous and hospitable man." She gave him a look of reproach which made Dick Hamilton turn very red. Never before had his manners been impugned. He accepted the situation without further delay. If a hundred young women should follow, each calling herself Mary Burton, it was his not to question why, but to play the part of Bob's friend to each.

And so he said, with a grave cordiality in his manner: "You have given me a deserved rebuke, Miss Burton, and I humbly apologize for my rudeness. Mrs. Manchester, may I present to you Miss Burton, and——"

But as he turned to present his new guest to her namesake, he was forced to pause, for the namesake was speaking.

As she rose from her chair the violet-eyed girl said gracefully: "You must pardon my abruptness, but I beg that you will all excuse me. I have an important engagement, which I must keep promptly, and it is later than I thought." With more dignity than Dick had supposed the slight young girl capable of, she made a bow that included them all, and swiftly but gracefully crossed the dining-room.

With a muttered word of apology, Dick strode after her, and joined her as she reached the door-way.

"Not a word!" she said, as she turned her violet eyes once more upon him. "Not a word! I am not Mary Burton, but *neither is she!*"

Without a further word, she glided out of sight, and Dick returned to the table. The situation there was, to say the least, difficult.

Mrs. Manchester, it was plain to be seen, was not only astounded, but offended, at the inexplicable proceedings.

Mary Burton, who of course had no knowledge of her previous pretenders, came to the conclusion that Bob's friends were surly and ill-natured people; but, being a matter-of-fact young woman, she did not allow her eccentric reception to affect her appetite, and when Dick, determined to do his duty if it took the whole afternoon, ordered a third luncheon which began with brook trout, Miss Burton calmly proceeded to do full justice to it.

When the uninteresting meal was finished, and no further Mary Burtons appeared on the scene, Dick breathed more freely. He had a dim suspicion that the whole performance was the work of Alice and Ethel, and as he had come to suspect that the present Mary Burton was, after all, Bob's cousin, he quickly laid his plans as to what to do next.

And so when Mrs. Manchester took her departure, after making her farewells rather stiffly, he turned to Miss Burton with more animation than he had yet shown.

"I hope," he said, "that you're fond of tennis, for two young ladies are anxious to have you play with them this afternoon."

"I love it!" exclaimed Mary Burton enthusiastically. "I play for hours and never get tired."

Dick chuckled to himself. He would get his revenge.

As the two went out on the wide veranda, Mr. Hamilton was not surprised to see in a distant corner a group of girls who were giving way to shrieks and howls of merriment.

Straight toward the group Dick led Miss Burton. The laughing quartet instantly became quiet and resolved itself into a very demure Alice and Ethel and the first and second Misses Burton.

"Miss Burton," said Dick to the athletic girl at his side, "I want to present to you my two very dear young friends, Alice Carey and Ethel Lyons. They want you to play tennis with them this afternoon, and will be rejoiced to find what an enthusiastic player you are."

The girls had perforce risen when introduced to Miss Burton, and could do nothing else but greet her cordially and appear delighted at the prospect mapped out for them.

Mary Burton met them half way.

"You dear girls!" she cried. "I feel as if I already knew you, for Bob has told me so much about you. Come on, let us go and play at once; I'm crazy for a game. Or, if it's too soon after luncheon to play, let us stroll around the mountain first. Mr. Hamilton tells me you are to be my hostesses for the whole afternoon, and I assure you I'm delighted."

"Run along, infants," said Mr. Hamilton, with a triumphant smile at Alice and Ethel; "don't let us keep you from your walk and your tennis. These two young ladies you may leave behind, for they have promised to drive with me this afternoon, and we will pick up Mrs. Manchester to make a fourth."

And so it came about that when the gay brake with its merry quartet started for an afternoon drive, they passed the tennis players working hard at their game; and when toward evening they returned they found the indefatigable Mary Burton still keeping the others at it.



THE TREE OF THE CROSS

BY SUSIE M. BEST

THE Golden Star looked down and smiled
 Upon the Virgin and her Child;
 It spread its splendors like a crown
 Upon the roofs of Bethlehem town.

*(Oh, little tree! Oh, little tree!
 Why seemest thou in agony?)*

The shepherds, bidding with their sheep,
 Harkened, as men in happy sleep,
 To strains celestial, while their eyes
 Saw choring hosts of Paradise.

*(Oh, little tree! Oh, little tree!
 Dost thou behold a Cross to be?)*

The hornèd oxen, mute with awe,
 Peeped them from out their stalls and saw
 The wise men lay at Jesus' feet
 Their unctuous oils and spices sweet.

*(Oh, little tree! Oh, little tree!
 Does some one whisper "Calvary"?)*

The world that night won its release
 From death through Him, the Prince of Peace,
 Who in the manger lay at rest
 Upon his happy mother's breast.

*(Oh, little tree! Oh, little tree!
 Seems it that One is nailed on thee?)*

QUEEN COPHETUA

By Constance Smedley

“**I**NSTEAD of useful guides to life, I consider novels nothing less than criminally misleading,” said Ann, with emphasis.

“What is the matter now?” I asked tolerantly.

“You know the rich heroine who suddenly appears in the poor hero’s lonely rooms and offers to pool her lot with his?” demanded Ann.

I admitted the situation seemed familiar.

“Well, I’ve done it, and I can safely say it doesn’t work,” said Ann viciously.

I lay back, gasping.

“I met him at Mrs. Bunkirk-Brown’s,” broke out Ann, who was in that agitated state which makes confidence a necessity. “He was an East-End Oxford curate, and he sat by me at lunch. We talked. I was most sympathetic, and I could not help seeing he was very struck. I had on that pale blue hat. You remember?” Ann looked down pensively.

“Very becoming,” I murmured.

Ann sighed.

“I know. When we met next week at the Bishop’s garden party, we felt quite like friends. He told me all about himself. He lives in one room, in the most deadly slums, and spends his whole time working for his flock, and only comes up into the West to get money for them. A wonderful life! And Lady Marshfield told me after it was quite true; he lives on one hundred pounds a year, and gives more than half of it away. In fact, sometimes he starves. She asked me to lunch a few days after, and when he came into the room it seemed like fate. We had the most wonderful talk!”

Ann stopped, her hands clasped, her eyes shining.

“Nothing can spoil that,” she said softly. “When he left he held my hand for ages, and just looked. Then he said in a sort of whisper: ‘It ought to be good-by, and it must be; but think of me sometimes, though I’ve no right to ask even that.’”

“At the third meeting!” I remarked, a little sourly. “I should think not.”

“You hadn’t heard the talk,” returned Ann dreamily. “Oh, *that* was all right. I was in my sable coat. Have you seen it yet?”

I begged her pardon humbly.

"It doesn't matter," answered Ann. "Now the awful part is coming. I thought and thought of him all night, so poor, so lonely, and me with everything I wanted. Somehow, I knew his good-by was final and he would never see me again. You know how things get on my emotions! And then everything that I had read came back to me, and I remembered there was one course open to a girl who was well-off and beauti—er—ordinarily attractive. She could sacrifice her pride on the altar of her love!"

"But, my dear Ann," I began, "in this case the man hadn't——"

"Please don't," said Ann. "I want to tell you everything, and it's difficult enough as it is. All the nicest heroines go to the man's rooms, you know they do, and the man loves them for their innocence. So I got into a hansom and drove for a hundred miles to Spitalfields. I found his place in a dreadful lodging house, dismissed the cabman, who was so horribly expensive I dared not keep him waiting, and went up millions of stairs. Then I came to his name on a door."

Ann paused tragically.

"It was not till that moment I began to have an awful doubt. He lived in *one* room, it was nearly ten o'clock at night (we'd taken such hours and hours to come). Supposing——"

"Ann!" I gasped.

"Well, I knocked," said Ann quickly. "His voice said, 'Come in!' It sounded 'up.' I opened the door, and oh, my dear! There he was in the most funny baggy suit of gray flannelette, cooking a horribly-smelling dish on a little stove—something white and twisty. I believe they call it tripe. The smell! He hadn't a collar on, and he wasn't even shaved. I simply stood there, and everything went giddy."

"Oh, Ann, how awful!" I said faintly.

"Oh, that was nothing," replied Ann, with untold tragedy. "He went the most dreadful red. 'What on earth is it?' he said. Now, I put it to you, could I have offered him myself? Could I?"

Being possessed of a quick imagination, I was fanning myself with my handkerchief.

"So I said, 'I've come to consult you about a Convalescent home I want to start,'" said Ann, looking somewhat silly. "It sounded more foolish than I could possibly tell you."

I murmured a complete agreement.

"He said, 'Will you wait outside one moment,' and he *shut* the door." Again Ann paused for due effect.

"After what seemed like hours, he opened it in an ordinary black suit, with all signs of cooking gone except the smell, and a screen in front of the stove. Then he said, 'Come in,' and I said, 'No, thank you; I'm afraid it's a little late!' And he said, 'It is, rather,' in the

horridest voice. My dear, I simply bolted, and it was not until I got to the bottom I remembered I'd sent the cab away. You see, I'd thought we should be hours, me arguing against his pride, and him longing to accept, yet his manhood holding him back till love conquered, when he would take me home, walking through the rain in love's dream which even glorified the dingy omnibus. Oh, *you* know," said Ann, with an exasperated shriek; "you've read it a hundred times."

"What did happen?" said I.

"The most awful thing that could have happened," Ann replied, with real conviction. "He followed me down, and said, 'How are you to get home?' And I said, 'A cab, please.' And he said, 'There are no cabs here;' and we had to get on a hideous tram, and ride for miles in the most agonizing propinquity while I had to make up about a Convalescent home." Ann leaned back mutely. "Then we got out," she murmured, "and he put me into a cab, and the cabman was odious, and I sat there while they bargained."

Ann shuddered. "Then Mr. Derwent came to the side, and said, 'He is paid,' and took off his hat, and that is the end of the story. It was ten shillings, and he's starving."

"How supremely awful!" I ejaculated.

"Listen," said Ann, leaning forward. "A man could never be pleased for a rich girl to come down and catch him unshaved, in a bed-sitting-room, cooking tripe. And he could never accept her, never, if she showed she pitied him, as she would show by coming. It doesn't work."

"I'm thinking of that ten shillings," I murmured.

"It was very difficult," said Ann. "I couldn't send it back after he knew I'd seen he couldn't afford it. However, I've managed that all right."

Ann spoke with some relief.

"How?" said I.

"Anonymously," answered Ann, with a slightly happier expression; "a curt note, enclosing a check for twenty pounds for his poor."

"An anonymous check?" asked I.

Ann paled suddenly.

"I am the greatest fool in the world," said she.

I agreed with her implicitly.



When a man allows his purse to choose his friends he must not be grieved to find them more responsive to his pocket than to his heart.

THE LOBBYIST IN THE NICHE

By Lawrence S. Mott

“PS-ST!”

The young Senator stopped and listened. He was walking down the corridor of the State House when he heard the peculiar sound.

“Ps-st!”

There it was again, and right close at hand, too. It sounded very much like the low hissing of a rattlesnake, preparatory to its springing at its victim.

“Ps-st!”

This time the sound was louder and emphatic. It appeared to be right at the listener's elbow. Senator Rushback began to peer around. Perhaps the call, or whatever it was, had not been intended for him, but his curiosity was aroused. It was odd that in the lighted corridor, with dozens of people constantly passing, the source of the sound could not be promptly traced. He saw nothing ahead, and concluded to turn abruptly around. As he started to turn, he observed that just at his right side was a niche of some size that had been built in the wall. Though it was light in the corridor, it was comparatively dark in the niche. The first glance, however, satisfied him that there was a figure in the wall. Before he could look a second time, he heard again:

“Ps-st!”

It was lower and more seductive this time. Rushback moved nearer to the niche, and then perceived a hand extended from the recess. Still another glance revealed the clearer outlines of a rather robust man, although the man kept so well in the niche that a description was not as yet possible. The extended hand had in the mean time grasped that of the Senator. The serpent-like hiss was exchanged for rich, mellow tones that were very attractive.

“Glad to meet you, Senator,” said the voice. “Pardon the rather novel nature of the introduction. Have to do it this way. Will explain later. My room is No. 21, Traymore Tavern. Will be there in half an hour. Come around then. Want to make your acquaintance. Think you may not regret it.”

Rushback for the moment was startled. There was something uncanny about the affair. There was no doubt about the lighted

corridor in which he stood. There was also no doubt about the gloomy recess in the wall. There was likewise no doubt whatever that the occupant of the gloomy recess had a wonderfully charming voice. The crisp character of the words and the brevity of the sentences added to the charm. He might as well reply, apparition or no apparition.

"I must admit your introduction is a little out of the ordinary," said the Senator. "Of course I do not know you, but that isn't your fault, I presume. I am such a stranger, that you might be the Governor, for all I know to the contrary. Probably there is no good reason why I should not go to your room later, but, really, I should like to know your name before calling on you."

The figure never moved an inch from the niche, but, from looking steadily in that direction, the Senator's sight had become accustomed to the dimness. He saw that the man addressing him had a face that compelled scrutiny, if not admiration. It was smooth shaven, except for a slight gray mustache. The hair was also gray, but sparse, although the head was not exactly bald. It took several keen looks to notice that the face was marred in one respect: one eye was natural; the other was artificial. Rushback judged it was a glass optic, occupying the place of one that the misfortunes of birth or disaster or illness had removed. The substitute was not so unpleasant, however. You really overlooked the defect when you took in the wondrous brightness and keenness of the other. It was an eye such as the novelists rave about and say reads your inmost thoughts. The Senator, who was not analytical, simply knew that the eye, like the voice, penetrated his very being and held him captive. Extending his glance a little further, he saw that the occupant of the niche was exceedingly well dressed, and wore a waistcoat of many hues, beneath which was a watch-fob containing two stones whose brilliancy was enhanced by the outside light that flashed upon them. He judged from his casual observation that the man was about sixty years old. He might be older, for he was decidedly well preserved.

"Can't tell you my name now," was the response of the niche man. "Tell you that by-and-by, over a glass of fizz and a fat cigar. Can identify myself by saying I am a great friend of your uncle, Silas Hornblower, who was Senator from your county so many years. You are wearing his mantle, I suppose. Trot along now. I can't leave this dungeon just yet. Have to hiss another fellow over. Better for you we are strangers just yet. Don't forget. Half an hour from now. Traymore Tavern, room 21."

Rushback was more than puzzled. He was rather rattled. After moving along the corridor awhile, he came to, so to speak. All this

business was new, anyhow. He had never been far from home, and his home was in the country. His family had always been one of the best in the neighborhood, and it had prospered, according to the rural estimate. "Sam," as everybody called him, had the regular public school education, and then attended the Blairville Academy, ten miles distant. He could have gone to college, but he didn't care to. His uncle Silas, whom the mystery of the niche seemed to know, disapproved of a college training, and what Uncle Silas said "went" in his family. His uncle wanted Samuel to study law in his office, and that was the programme. At the age of twenty-one he got his sheepskin and became a member of the firm of Hornblower & Rushback.

His uncle devoted more time to politics than he did to law. He spent nine years in the legislature—three in the House and six in the Senate. He was the party boss of the county. He was likewise hand in glove with the big corporations, particularly the railroads. At the age of sixty he had plenty of money and knew where to get more. He was president of one bank, and a director in two more. He was also a director in the Interstate Railroad, and had been from the start. He helped get its charter, procured most of the rights of way for it across his end of the State, and before the stock got its start on the Stock Exchange he bought a cartload of the scrip.

He was sixty-one when his second term expired. He had sized things up pretty well and concluded there was danger ahead. His party had been a little too thick with the trusts, and the people were beginning to kick. Personally, he had milked the cow about dry for the present, and the voters near home were becoming suspicious. To be reelected would cost a pile of money. The boys, so he heard, were saying he was "hogging everything but the grunts," and they meant to have a good slice of the ham if Uncle Silas ran again. He would announce he was through with politics and wanted to enjoy the rest of his life quietly with his folks and neighbors. He did not intend to lose his grip, however. He had promised the Interstate Railroad Company that he would look after them as usual.

He thought it all out, made his announcement in a clever letter in the newspapers, which pleased the people immensely, and said he should like to suggest the nomination of his nephew, Samuel Rushback, whom everybody knew and 'most every one liked. As chairman of the County Committee, it was easy to carry out his scheme. He had a harder time to get Sam to consent to run than he did to make him the candidate. The young man, just thirty and therefore just qualified for Senator, was a regular home body. He was fond of his practice, did not care for politics or politicians, and he had a sweetheart who was by all odds the prettiest and smartest

girl in the county. Then, his mother was afraid of the temptations she understood existed at the capital.

But Silas Hornblower would not brook interference. He induced all the family, except the mother, to urge the new career, and lastly he somehow won over the sweetheart until she became the strongest champion of the scheme. The young man was elected, although his uncle was rather disappointed over the small majority. Sam refused to go to the capital before the day the session opened, and Hornblower, catching the trend of his mind, said there was no need of it. Silas knew better, but he wanted no trouble in advance. He adopted another plan. He wrote the following letter, a week in advance of the session, to Christopher Denman, care of the Interstate Railroad Company, Boston, Massachusetts:

DEAR CHRIS:

You know my nephew, Samuel Rushback, has been elected to the Senate as my successor. He is in need of the kind of knowledge you can impart. He won't show up until the opening night. Get hold of him. Hiss him over to your confounded old niche, get him to your room, and then do the rest. I am simply pressing the button. As ever,

SILAS HORNBLOWER.

Rushback did not like to expose his ignorance, and yet he did not care to go to a stranger's room without knowing his name. The fact that the man knew his uncle Silas, or said he did, rather reconciled him to the situation. But he decided to ask a question or two if he ran across the proper person. Just as he reached the door of the State House leading into the street, he encountered a tall, gaunt individual with a long grayish beard and the most powerful voice he had ever heard. The man was addressing another, and he heard his companion call the tall man "Fog Horn." The appropriate character of the name did not occur to him then. The "Fog Horn" bowed to Rushback. The latter returned the bow, and then, stopping, concluded to see if his new acquaintance could help him out.

"Pardon me," said the Senator, "but I am one of the new members, and practically a stranger here. I was just stopped by a man who stood back there in a hole in the wall. Can you tell me his name?"

There was a tremendous guffaw from the man with the powerful voice, before he replied:

"So the old rooster has been after you already, eh? Well, he must need you. He hissed you over to his niche, didn't he? Thought so. Well, young man, that's the famous Christopher Denman, the ablest lobbyist that ever came down the pike. He represents about

all the railroads that operate in this State, but he is the special agent of the Interstate road. He is very peculiar, but as smart as God ever made a man. He never goes into the Senate or House, but he just makes a sort of office of that niche in the corridor wall. When he wants to make an appointment, he crawls into the hole, where it is hard to see him, and gives a hissing call to his victim. He is one of the best fellows socially there is, but he is always up to some game. Better watch him pretty close for awhile. By the way, what may your name be?"

Samuel told him, and likewise what county he was going to represent.

"Ho, ho!" shouted the older man. "So you are Silas Hornblower's nephew, eh? Well, that probably accounts for Denman's interest in you. Your uncle and Christopher were bosom friends. Excuse me, but those two devils put up more jobs and carried them through than any couple that ever trod these corridors. It's a wonder your uncle never spoke to you about Chris."

The men shook hands and separated. As Rushback walked slowly down to the hotel, he said to himself: "So the man in the wall is one of Uncle Silas's old chums. People have always said uncle was foxy, and I guess they were right. He never told me anything about Denman or any of the rest of his friends down here. And Chris, as they seem to call him, is a lobbyist, and a big one. I don't like that. I have always supposed a lobbyist was a very bad man who bribed members of the legislature to vote a certain way. Well, Uncle Silas insisted on my coming here, but he can't make me do wrong. I will call on this lobbyist, because I about promised to, but if he is up to any game with me, he won't succeed."

When the Senator reached Denman's rooms, the host was there. He had three large rooms, and they were brilliantly lighted. He appeared to be keeping open house, for there were a score of men, some of whom Rushback recognized as colleagues in the Senate—at least, they had occupied desks at the short session held earlier in the evening. There was a table loaded with creamed oysters, lobster salad, and other delicacies, and waiters were opening champagne and passing around glasses among the crowd.

The lobbyist saw the young man instantly. He cocked his natural eye in the Senator's direction, shook hands, and, in those tones that sounded as the velvet paw of a panther is said to feel, remarked:

"Gentlemen, this is Rushback, the new Senator from Denton County. Successor to Hornblower. You all remember Silas. Don't look like a chip of the old block, but I guess he will develop. Make yourself at home, Senator. We're going to talk business pretty soon."

As he mentioned business, Christopher gave a furtive glance at Rushback. The latter returned the glance, but it was one of surprise and perplexity. Every once in a while the veteran would steal a look at the young man; he seemed to be sizing him up.

Suddenly Denman walked over to the corner of the room and stood there. Maybe he was so used to the niche in the corridor that he sought a similar position wherever he might be. At any rate, there was where he posted himself before talking.

"Just stop the feed and fizz for a moment, boys. Got something to say. Then you can resume the pleasant occupation."

In a clear, rich voice, he proceeded to tell how the Interstate Railroad wanted an additional line of road in the upper end of the commonwealth. While the rights of way had mostly been obtained, it required some legislation to secure the proper kind of a franchise. The case was urgent, and it was necessary a bill should be promptly passed. It would be introduced the next day, and no time must be lost in pushing it along.

While the old man was speaking he kept that wonderful eye of his in constant motion. Each of those present—and they were evidently all members of the legislature—came under its survey. If any one seemed in doubt, Denman would address him individually for a second or two. Before finishing, he increased in rapidity, and his voice deepened and hardened somewhat. He closed by remarking that he expected those present to do their level best.

Then, leaving the corner, he strolled over to where Rushback sat, and half whispered:

"This is a measure your uncle Silas wants. Guess your firm has done work for us. Hope you are satisfied to support it. I will give you a copy of the bill before you leave. Read it over in your room."

The old man was turning away when the Senator spoke up.

"I hope everything is straight about the bill. I don't want to start my course here by endorsing anything that is crooked."

The eye flashed fire. It was only for an instant, however. Then the flash turned into a twinkle, and the velvet voice said:

"Straight? It's as straight as the Interstate track itself. You can always rely on Chris Denman to do the right thing, no matter what they say."

But all the same the lobbyist did not like the young man's attitude. He was afraid there was a streak of independence in his make-up that might prove unpleasant. He recalled how Silas Hornblower had occasional outbursts that were hard to subdue. The nephew might need a few lessons. He had a few nails in his paw for such fellows. He was suavity itself, however, when he said good-night.

"You're a good lawyer, Rushback. If you find any legal flaws in the bill, let me know. We want you to be perfectly satisfied."

Rushback did find some flaws. He sat up half the night reading the bill. He was a pretty fair lawyer, and he soon discovered that, while on its face the measure merely provided for an extension of the existing railroad line, it really authorized the building of conduits for water or electric lights or telegraph-wires alongside the tracks. One section, smuggled cleverly in a long paragraph, permitted the transmission of power of all kinds through the conduits to any point or points reached by the railroad or its branches or sidings.

The territory to be covered by the provisions of the bill embraced the county he lived in and represented in the Senate. He knew the value of such a franchise. There were several millions of dollars that could be taken out in profits each year. His uncle Silas would reap a fortune, and he could profit greatly himself as his uncle's law partner.

But it wasn't a fair nor just measure. It would create another great monopoly to add to the tax-payer's burdens, and would shut off the natural competition that ought to exist. He did not see how he could conscientiously support it, at least in its present shape. He certainly could not favor rushing the bill through without affording ample time for examination and discussion. If that was attempted, he would have to protest.

He did not sleep well, and arose early. After breakfast he went right to the State House. The corridor seemed much more gloomy than it had the night before. Rushback could not but smile as he neared the niche and thought of his experience. His smile was short-lived, however, for just then came that peculiar sound:

"Ps-st!"

The lobbyist must be in the wall already, and it was not nine o'clock.

Was the hiss for him?

Apparently not, for he could see a form standing close to the niche, and he heard whispers. A man he did not know emerged from the semi-darkness and walked away. So did a second and a third. Each man had a package in his hand. As they departed, the call was repeated.

"Ps-st!"

That must be for him. He could not resist the hiss, and walked to the recess.

"Good-morning, Senator," came from Denman. "Glad to see you around bright and early. Did the bill suit you?"

"No, sir; it did not. It will have to be changed before I can favor it."

"Sorry," responded Denman. There was a sardonic curl of the lip. "We will talk it over later. Meanwhile kindly examine the contents of this package. Think you can favor what is inside."

He handed the young man a small bundle that resembled those he had just seen in the hands of the three men. Nodding his head, he proceeded to the Senate Chamber and sat down at his desk. He never thought to observe whether any one was around. He slowly opened the package, and there was a certificate for one hundred shares of stock of the Interstate Railroad Company. It was made out to Christopher Denman and endorsed in blank. The par value was ten thousand dollars, and it was selling at a premium on the Stock Exchange.

Rushback was bewildered. His astonishment was so great he could scarcely move. He put his head on his right hand and gazed vacantly at the document.

He was aroused and startled by a gruff, yet hearty, voice behind him. He jumped from his chair, and, turning, saw the long-whiskered man whom he had heard called "Fog Horn" the night previous, but whose right name he had learned was Randall.

"Well, Senator, you are getting down to business early. That's pretty good for a starter, I should say."

Rushback's face was livid. His rage increased each second. He pounded his desk with his fist, and, in tones so loud and unnatural that he scarcely recognized he was speaking, shouted:

"You don't suppose I would keep the dirty stuff, do you?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Randall. "Most of us would be glad to get it."

The young Senator choked down the angry words that sprang to his lips, slammed shut the lid of his desk, put the certificate in his pocket, and almost ran out of the room. He headed for the niche in the corridor.

It was like the scene before a shrine along a foreign wayside when Rushback got in the neighborhood of the niche. He was horrified at what was happening. It was evident the stock certificates, neatly tied, were being distributed in a lavish manner. It was so bold, too, it seemed to the Senator. He didn't know that boldness was one of Denman's cards. Perhaps no one except the recipients knew, but there must be suspicions afloat.

Yet here was where Rushback and other new arrivals were mistaken. The lobbyist in the wall was as natural as a part of the fixtures of the State House. He had been there, indeed, so many years that his face and voice were familiar to every official, poli-

tician, and man of prominence. Denman never concealed his occupation. He himself said that he was brought up in the old school, which believed that in order to obtain legislation it was necessary to keep trained representatives constantly around the legislature.

"How do you suppose," he was fond of remarking, "railroads, canals, and water-power plants would ever have been built but for the lobbyist? Legislatures wouldn't have granted charters without urging. There wouldn't be a railroad-track across the State if it hadn't been for lobbying. We had to keep up to the times, no matter what it cost, and that's what we have done. It's not a question of morals or scruples. It's a simple question of getting there."

Although Rushback had cooled down some before he could get a chance to speak to Denman alone, he was very angry. The old, seasoned politician perceived the young man's condition at once.

"Now, look here, Senator," he said, in a voice as soothing as oil on ruffled waters, but with eyes flashing, "if you want to lay me out, let's move from here. The niche and corridor are all right for quick, easy business, but not for tempests. Come in the Secretary of State's room. He's got a quiet private office we can occupy. Besides, some people you ought to meet come in there often."

The young man tried to protest. It was no use. Denman led him by the arm through a part of the State House new to him. A moment later he was in a handsome office, seated in a chair, with a cigar in his hand, and the lobbyist was standing in a corner, swinging his hands under his coat-tails and awaiting developments.

"You have insulted me. You have tried to bribe me," shouted the Senator, as he threw the stock on the table. "I will fight that iniquitous bill to the end. I——"

He stopped short. Somebody had slapped him hard on the back. He turned quickly, prepared to defend himself. There stood his uncle Silas.

"Sam, what's the matter with you?" and the uncle's voice was gruff. "I never expected to see you lose your temper this way, and especially in front of an old friend of mine, as Chris Denman is. Sit down and behave yourself."

The nephew was knocked out for the time. There was no doubt of it. After a moment he shook hands with Silas and then dropped back in his chair. The older men watched him and said nothing. Gradually the Senator recovered his equilibrium. Then his speech came back, and he started to talk.

At first he inquired when his uncle had arrived, and how all the family and the sweetheart were. Then he wanted to know why this

visit had taken place. Hornblower's replies were brief and curt. Samuel saw Silas was offended.

By degrees, however, the real thing at stake arose again to the surface. Even his uncle should not shake his resolution, and he told him so. He would not support the bill in its present form anyhow, and, since he had been offered the equivalent of money for his vote, he did not see how he could be mixed up in the affair. He proposed to protest against the measure when it was introduced.

There was a knock on the door. The lobbyist opened it and whispered to some one.

"I will be back pretty soon, Silas," he called out, and then disappeared.

The uncle labored long with the nephew, but he couldn't do much. He told the youth not to make a fool of himself, that their law firm did a great deal of business for the railroad and would doubtless do a great deal more.

It was the stock that the young Senator rebelled about.

"Denman should not have played such a game," he said. "He knows I am not that kind of a man."

"Think you are right, Sam," replied Uncle Silas, "but he did not think of it, probably. I will take the stock"—and he picked it up and put it in his pocket—"and explain to Chris. No use letting some rascal get it. If you have to make some kind of a protest, all right, but go it mild and don't say anything about bribery."

The door opened and a boy handed Hornblower a note. He read it, glanced with a half smile at his nephew, and then said:

"Sam, this is your first day in the Senate, you know. You'd better go over and take your seat, and see me later. I will be here until to-morrow."

The young Senator grabbed his hat and looked at his watch. He had been in the room over an hour. He must have missed all the early proceedings.

He dashed down the corridor. There were some people near the niche yet. Denman must have returned to the wall. He listened.

"Ps-st!"

He was certainly there.

"Ps-st!"

Four or five men moved hastily from the shadow. They had just placed something in their pockets.

"Must need more votes," thought Rushback, and there was a grim smile on his face over the prospect.

He walked down to his seat. Everything was quiet. Several Senators looked rather strangely, he thought, in his direction. Then

the Secretary of the Senate sent a page to Rushback's desk to inquire whether he wished to be recorded on Senate Bill No. 46, which had passed in his absence.

Bill 46? Bill 46—what was Bill 46?

He went up to the Secretary's desk. The official said, "I thought perhaps you might like to be enrolled on 46, Senator. It can't be done later."

"Thank you," answered Rushback, "but what is the bill?"

There was a look half of incredulity and half of admiration on the Secretary's face.

"Why, that is the Interstate Railroad bill, Senator."

"The—what? The railroad bill? Why, it hasn't been introduced yet."

"Oh, yes, Senator. It was introduced as soon as the session opened this morning, referred to the Railroad Committee, and reported right out favorably and without amendment. Then it was rushed through second reading and to final passage under suspension of the rules. Only four votes against. About the cleverest work I ever knew old Chris Denman to do."

There was a blur in front of the young Senator's eyes. He felt faint as he half staggered out of the Senate chamber.

When he had left the Secretary's desk, the "Fog Horn" came quietly up and said to the Secretary:

"Didn't I tell you that young Senator from Denton County was the greenest apple that ever came out of an orchard?"

Rushback wandered absent-mindedly up the corridor. He was humiliated. His indignation returned, however, when he heard from the corridor recess:

"Ps-st!"

He was very sure that, right afterwards, his uncle Silas laughed.



BEACONS

BY ISABELLA HOWE FISKE

LIKE a lighthouse of the sky,
 Slow-revolving there on high,
 Hangs the moon and flashes out
 Once a month, or thereabout,
 Lest the earth should run ashore
 On some rocky meteor.

THE KAISER'S FAMILY AT CHRISTMAS TIME

By Wolf von Schierbrand

The Last of Three Papers Dealing Intimately with the German Emperor

WHO has not seen Christmas in Germany has never seen it. In other countries it is celebrated but in a half-hearted way, in some scarcely at all. But in Teutonland Christmas is the feast of feasts, the one day in the year when good-will to man becomes a reality; when every past offence is forgiven and the sinner is bidden to stretch his legs under the injured man's mahogany. The streets of village, town, and city for weeks before are thronged with purchasers and sightseers, for every shop window contains the best and prettiest, and everybody buys presents for everybody else. The pungent fragrance of the pine pervades the whole Fatherland, and on Christmas Eve every cottage and hut, no matter how humble, is aglow with shimmering wax tapers. Christmas in Germany makes the misanthrope a lover of his kind.

Berlin especially is always very brilliant at Christmas time; the shops teem with gorgeous trifles, and those devoted to the sale of table dainties display a Gargantuan profusion, the wares decorated with sprays of holly and pine. In the windows of the game dealers rows upon rows of quail and pheasant, partridge and wild turkey, haunches of venison and wild boar, attract attention, and the multitude are tramping all day through the snow-banked streets purchasing such holiday fare as is within their resources. Everybody carries strings of parcels, while laughing children, whose ardor is wrought to fever-heat by the splendor of the spectacle, accompany their parents, with cheeks flushed and eyes sparkling.

The Kaiser has a strong sense of his own dignity—too strong, many think.

On September 9, 1901, after the unveiling, at Königsberg, of a monument to unfortunate Queen Louise, he caused the royal insignia—crown, sceptre, and sword—to be placed, as if for adoration, on the altar of a local church, where they were gazed at from a respectful distance by the awed throng.

To Count Szoegenyi-Marich, the Austrian ambassador in Berlin,

with whom he is on very friendly terms, the Kaiser once said after reading about some of the stormy scenes in the Austrian Reichsrath: "What is this world coming to? Next, I suppose, we shall hear that these roisterers (*ruhestörer*) will fail in respect even to their monarch." And after a violent debate in the German Reichstag, during which a Socialist speaker had referred to him as "one whose bark was almost as bad as his bite," the Kaiser had a bilious attack caused by anger.

But to see the Kaiser at Christmas is to see a man who has shed all these pretensions of the demigod; one who has stepped down from his pedestal to become a good plain burgher, overflowing with the milk of human kindness. No portrait of William II. would be complete and lifelike which should omit this lovable feature of him.

Every Christmas Eve, when early dusk gathers in a northern clime, wrapped in an ample cape mantle, wholly unattended and not easily recognizable, it is his custom to stroll through his park around the Neues Palais, where the boughs are laden with feathery snow, and then through Potsdam. His pockets are full of gold and silver pieces, and like another Santa Claus he distributes his bounty to the children and humbler folk he meets. Nobody is overlooked—the men at the sentry-boxes; the park laborers and the white-haired gardeners in Sans-Souci; the crippled veteran and the sturdy beggar—each and every one receives his dole.

Often he pays at Christmas debts of courtesy incurred during the year. To Baron von Lyncker, his Marshal of the Household, he sent a magnificent present (worth about \$10,000), a chest of solid silver plate, in recognition of the extra and rather vexatious labors that official had had to perform during the year 1900, the year when the Crown Prince attained his majority. To Dr. von Leuthold, his body physician, he handed a fine gold repeater, set in precious stones and bearing the motto: "*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.*" This had reference to a past difference in opinion between the doctor and his imperial patient.

William II. has humor. Many Christmas gifts he makes show this. Major-General von Villaume, one of the Kaiser's aides, who has acquired the habit of automatically nodding his head while listening to his Majesty, found on the Christmas tree in the Neues Palais one of those quaint Chinese porcelain mandarins, with a head forever moving in affirmation. To the Crown Prince, his father once made the gift of a fine Aldine edition of Shakespeare, the passage in "Macbeth" marked:

"The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it."

To a head forester with whom he had been playing Skat (a game of cards) at Wustershausen during the hunting season, he sent a new deck of cards, together with a copy of Knigge's "Umgang mit Menschen," a German standard work on polite manners. 'Tis said the crusty old man had been lacking in them, particularly when luck had gone against him.

Christmas is always celebrated by the Kaiser strictly *en famille*. The Empress keeps a special memorandum book in which, year after year, are noted down the presents made to every member of the imperial household (no matter how high or humble), as well as to friends and relatives. The careful study of this little book causes her Majesty, for weeks before the actual festival season, no little thought and anxiety; for duplication must be avoided at all hazards, and the special wishes of each consulted, as far as possible, while valued old servitors must, of course, be specially considered. In her small, dark brougham the Empress nearly every day drives from store to store, making individual purchases.

For the higher officials, relatives, etc., jewelry, watches, sleeve-links, and other trinkets serving for personal adornment are presented, for the Kaiser believes in things of permanent value and capable of constant use. In this connection it may be said that it has occasioned some sarcastic comment that of late years he has quasi-established a rule by which a large percentage of the above named category of gifts has taken the form of twenty-mark gold pieces set in diamonds in the shape of a brooch (for ladies), and ten-mark gold pieces similarly encrusted for sleeve-links (for gentlemen), but it is to be presumed that there were good reasons for making such an innovation.

The Bescheerung (as the distribution of gifts under the spreading Christmas tree is called in Germany) is divided into two parts. First comes the one for the members of the imperial household, from the meanest kitchen scullion upwards, and this takes place in a large gallery of the Neues Palais. Hundreds of small tables are placed there, each covered with presents, and the whole scene is dominated by a Christmas tree, a perfect giant of its kind, and magnificently vivid with its myriad of vari-colored candles, stars and crescents of gold and silver, crystal icicles, iridescent snowballs, and hundreds of other glittering baubles. Each and every one of the servants, higher and lower officials, is spoken to personally by Kaiser and Kaiserin, and the meritorious old servitors are slapped on the shoulder and greeted with a few kindly phrases. The bowing and scraping, hand-kissing and formal expressions of thanks, having at last come to a close, the second part of the Bescheerung takes place.

That is the one exclusively for the imperial family themselves.

It always takes place in the Muschelsaal—that immense hall in the Neues Palais, the decoration of which is in mother-of-pearl and beautiful sea-shells and clusters of coral of every kind. For this evening the hall is bordered on each side by evergreens, holly, and mistletoe, forming two graceful hedges wherein dark green is enlivened by scarlet berries, making a fine effect. A beautiful little structure representative of the Manger, showing the Christ-child, the Virgin Mother, and the Shepherd Kings in adoration, is set up in a corner of the hall. This is always the special task of the Kaiser himself.

Then there is a medium-sized tree for the Kaiser and the Kaiserin, and a small one for each of their children—all in a row, with a plethora of gifts beneath. For days previous the Muschelsaal has been forbidden ground for the children, even for the darling of the family, Princess Victoria Louise, now a tall, slender girl of thirteen. They, the brothers and sister, have been playing hide-and-seek with their own gifts (all purchased out of their by no means extravagant allowance of pocket money), and now the happy moment has arrived to bring them out.

The Kaiser makes it a rule always to include in his gifts to his family some (generally of slight intrinsic value) which contain a lesson or adorn a tale; often these are whimsical and give rise afterwards to pleasantries within the imperial family. The sons of the Kaiser are: Crown Prince William, born May 6, 1882; Eitel Fritz, born July 7, 1883; Adelbert, July 14, 1884; Augustus William, born January 29, 1887; Oscar, born July 27, 1888; Joachim, born December 17, 1890; and the only daughter, Victoria Louise, was born September 13, 1892; thus all of them are fast getting beyond the childish stage, to the intense vexation of their mother. Nevertheless, the Christmas traditions of their childhood are still kept up, and even the Crown Prince, though now a young benedict, at the Bescheerung is treated and behaves like a youngster.

It is a peculiar Hohenzollern family tradition to teach each son a trade. The Crown Prince is a cabinet maker of considerable skill; his next of age, Eitel Fritz, is a locksmith; and so on. Several times the boys have shown their skill in these handicrafts by turning out a neat bit of workmanship for the use of father or mother—a bookcase, bureau, hanging shelf, work basket, a neatly carved picture frame, or similar object; these would form the principal Christmas gifts to the imperial couple.

When the Bescheerung is in full blast, everywhere are heard cries of "Oh!" and "Ah!" Delight, surprise, and gratitude on all sides. Mother and father smothered under a shower of kisses, their children running to and fro, inspecting breathlessly newly unearthed

treasures or eying those of brother and sister. Most captivating the stern Kaiser is then. Standing before his own "lay-out," he shows all the boyish good-nature and curiosity of his sons—poking his nose into this box or that case, making pretense of being unable to untie a parcel wrapped up with particular cunning, glancing through some new books or a portfolio of rare prints, smiling, laughing, and shouting, and being a child again among children.

Intrinsically, the gifts of the Empress are always of greatest value. Her husband made it a point from the start to present to her, every year, some fine addition to her stock of jewelry, artistic fans, carvings, rare laces, costly knick-knacks, or some *chef d'œuvre* of craftsmanship. Nearly every year, though, he includes some handiwork of his own—an album of sketches, etc. Thus, after the Palestine trip which he and his wife took in 1898, he presented to her at Christmas following a collection of water colors, descriptive of the most memorable scenes they had witnessed.

A supper, served strictly *en famille*, winds up this evening of evenings. Certainly no Christmas in all Germany brings more happiness than that in the imperial family.



THE HOLLY BERRIES

BY MINNA IRVING

I N the summer through the forest
 Came a wood-nymph fair and young,
 And her crimson coral necklace
 On a branch of holly hung,
 And among the quiet shadows
 Of the cedars, dark and cool,
 Took a bath in sweet seclusion
 In the waters of the pool.

But she heard a step approaching,
 And she left the pool and ran,
 And forgot her pretty trinket
 In her terror of a man;
 So the wreath of Christmas holly,
 With its knots of ribbon red,
 Keeps the beads of carven coral
 Which she left it when she fled.

THE MIRACLE AT BENDED SPUR

By Edward Childs Carpenter



DR. BRUCE McFARLAND shook the mercury down into the bulb, and, with the air of an old practitioner, turned to Joe Jennings, foreman of the Bended Spur Gold Mine. "Here," commanded the young physician, "stick that under your tongue, and don't bite it."

Jennings, who was thrashing about on a cot in Fallon's Hotel, snatched the thermometer and flung it savagely across the room. It narrowly missed the proprietor of that famous resort, and broke into fragments against the unplastered wall.

"You're a ijiot!" was Fallon's comment. "If I was the Doc, I'd break your face."

With an oath, the sick man consigned McFarland to eternal damnation. Then, growing indignant, he continued: "I didn't send no sheriff's posse after him. Who the devil asked him to hang up his shingle in the Spur, any way? Was anybody sick here afore he come? No, I guess not! And now Wally's down with the pip, Carson's kids has the measles, and all hell's broke loose in my interior."

"You'd better quit the job," advised Fallon, addressing McFarland, who was bending over his surgical case.

"Not yet," returned the doctor, as he uncorked a small blue bottle and loaded a needle-pointed syringe. "I'm going to give him a hypodermic injection of morphine."

"Morphine? That's poison! Ain't it dangerous?" queried the Irishman.

"Yes, but not in the quantity I'm using."

Jennings was suffering too much to notice the action of McFarland, who deftly caught the miner's wrist and jabbed the needle under the bronzed skin.

With a howl of pain, Jennings struck at the physician, who warded off the blow and pinned his patient's arms to the cot. "If you've got sense enough to keep quiet for a few minutes," he remarked calmly, "you'll feel a lot better. You're a sick man, and

this nonsense will only make you worse. It looks like typhoid," he added, after a little, releasing his hold.

Jennings became quiet and soon passed off into a doze.

"Joe's the popularest man in the Spur," commented Fallon, making for the door. "Do your best for him, Doc. I'm goin' down to the bar to tell the boys how he's doin'."

McFarland sat by the window, looking absently over the mountains, thinking of his bride of six months, left behind in Denver. Presently he took a letter from his pocket and read it through. The last paragraph worried him. It ran:

You have been gone a month now, long enough to know if the place is fit for me. But I shall try to be patient and wait a week longer. Then, if you do not come to me, I shall go to you.

Your lonely one,

KATHARINE.

He was still intent upon his letter when Jennings stirred. The young man went to the cot. Conscious, but still under the calming influence of the drug, the miner permitted him to make a thorough examination.

"Yes, it's typhoid," he muttered. "No more morphine. The disease must run its course without further medication."

McFarland had no sooner made this decision than Jennings, again convulsed with pain, begged for another hypodermic. When it was refused him he reached to a chair close by his cot, fumbled among his clothes, and produced a six-shooter.

"Look here, young feller," he threatened, propping himself up on one elbow and leveling the pistol, "if you don't give me one of them doses quicker than I can count ten, I'll give you a pill that ain't in no way calculated to preserve your health."

McFarland shook his head and laughed. "You can't bully me, old man!"

"Are you goin' to give me that hyper thing?"

"No."

McFarland almost felt the brush of a bullet and was deafened by a pistol shot. He was only assured that he was not deaf when he heard Jennings's mirthful comment, "That's about as close as I can come without hittin'."

The smoke had mostly cleared away when Fallon rushed into the room. He was amazed to see McFarland administering an injection to the belligerent patient. In ten minutes Jennings was asleep again.

"I've had enough of this, Fallon," snapped the young man, packing his surgical case. "I don't propose to practise medicine under mob rule."

"I'll take care of his gun if you'll stay along," the Irishman assured him.

"What'd be the use? One of his friends would come along and fit him out with a brace of them. I know this camp, and I'm sick of it."

Fallon sighed. "I don't blame you, but if I calls at the shack, Doc, you'll advise me concernin' them baths and feedin' fer him, won't you?"

"Oh, I'll do whatever I can in that line as long as I stay, but I won't answer for the result."

It was in an unhappy state of mind that McFarland returned to his cabin. Clearly there was no use in trying to establish a practice in Bended Spur. He would get out as soon as he had the store-keeper's child cured of measles. Calculating that he might get a letter off by the stage, which left that afternoon, he wrote a hasty note to his wife, saying that she might expect him in Denver by the end of the week. But this letter was not mailed. As McFarland approached the post-office, which stood across the road from Fallon's, Jennings, whose cot commanded a view of the thoroughfare, caught sight of his physician, and, in a delirium, seized his pistol and, more by accident than skill, shot McFarland through the leg. The sound of the shot brought Fallon and the loafers at the bar to the door. They picked the wounded man up and carried him into Jennings's room. There they laid him upon a cot beside that of the sick miner, and dressed his wound.

"Good shot—for a loony man, eh, Doc?" laughed one.

"Clipped a neat little hole right through the calf," joked another.

"Never broke a thing," observed Fallon. "You'll be fit to travel on crutches in a couple of days."

"I'll get good and square with Jennings for this," declared McFarland in a passion.

At which the assembly laughed, and Jennings, who had recovered his wits, grinned and said, "In the mean time, havin' collected your tools for you, I'd be obliged fer a jab of dope."

"All right, you idiot," retorted McFarland; "doctor yourself to death, for all I care. Give me that blue bottle and the needle, Fallon."

The Irishman dug them out of the case and examined them critically. "Look here, Doc, will this dope kill him?" he asked.

"No; but that's not the way to treat typhoid. Besides, I don't think he's got half the pain he says he has. It don't go with the disease. I believe he likes the effect."

It was decided, however, that, since they were assured that the

hypodermic injections, given in moderation, would not kill the patient, he should have them whenever the pain became intense.

In five days Jennings was dead; and on the day after his demise a vigilance committee, composed of friends of the late mine foreman, waited upon Dr. Bruce McFarland. It was very clear to the committee that he had hypodermically poisoned Jennings, in revenge for that shot through the leg. Had they not heard him declare that he would get even? And, while granting that he had chosen a clever method, they came to the conclusion that Bended Spur in particular and the country in general would be better off without the ministrations of the young physician from Denver. Even Fallon, who had a sneaking fondness for McFarland, made no protest against the finding of this self-impanelled jury.

About a mile from the camp, and a hundred yards from the trail, stood a great blasted oak, pointing a solitary bare limb southward. In the distance this tree looked like a one-armed scarecrow. The vigilance committee found the spot to its liking. They placed McFarland under the gaunt limb, threw a noose over it, and fastened it about his neck.

"If you've got anything to say, say it quick," enjoined Davis, chairman of the committee. "It's noon, an' your time's up."

McFarland moistened his dry lips with his tongue, and began: "I know there's nothing that I can say which will convince you of my innocence; but I could prove it if you'd give me a chance. I propose to give myself the same sort of an injection as I gave Jennings. There are among you here three or four men who, like Fallon, have been present when I administered hypodermics to Jennings. They have seen me load the syringe. They know the very bottle. Let one of you get my surgical case, bring it here, identify the bottle, and see that I give myself precisely the same dose that I gave him. What do you say?"

Without waiting to hear the committee's decision, Fallon started back to the camp on a run. In the mean time there was a heated discussion of McFarland's proposition, but the majority voted against its acceptance.

"We've come to the conclusion," announced Davis, "that this proposition of yours is square enough, only we think that you'd a darn sight rather die with the dope than accordin' to regulations. And, not to be short with you, I'd remark that we opine as hangin' is jist about good enough for you."

As Davis fastened a handkerchief about McFarland's eyes, the rattle of wheels and the drum of hoofs, coming from the direction of camp, startled the committee for a moment. They concluded, however, that it must be Fallon, who, in haste to return, had doubt-

less pressed a mule team into service. In this surmise they were correct, but, to their astonishment, he did not come alone. Beside him sat a dainty little woman—such a one as had never before invaded the district of Bended Spur—clinging tightly to his driving arm. As the team swung clattering from the trail, she jumped from the wagon and ran toward the committee.

“No fool gal ain’t goin’ to butt into this ceremony,” remarked Davis, advancing to meet her.

Just then the girl tripped and fell forward. Every man sprang toward her. Davis, however, reached her first and gathered her up clumsily as the others closed about him.

“Are you hurt?” he inquired, holding her in his arms and quite willing that she should stay here.

“N-no,” she gasped tremulously, clutching his shirt sleeve; “only—only—oh—oh—wait a moment!” She let her pretty head fall wearily upon his arm.

Fallon, with the surgical case in his hand, pushed his way through the group. The girl looked up at his appearance and, still clinging to Davis, said timorously: “Tell them!”

“This is McFarland’s wife,” he announced. The men looked from one to the other grimly. “She came up in the stage. She was waitin’ in his shack for him when I broke in for the dope. I—I told her.”

Davis touched the girl’s shoulder. “It’s tough, little girl,” he muttered, “but—ah, Fallon, take her away.”

She seized Davis, and his cold gray eyes shifted under the appealing look in her blue ones. “No, no,” she entreated. “Listen! You—you believe he did this thing—very well!—but you should give him a chance to—to prove his innocence.”

“We can’t let him give himself no dope,” returned Davis. “That’d be cheatin’ justice. He’s got to—to go the regulation way. We decided that.”

“Of course, of course,” she exclaimed readily; “but I’ve a better plan. Ask him if he is willing to give me an injection of morphine, such as you believe he used to kill your friend; and let its effect upon me determine—what—what you shall do with him.”

She smiled at their astonishment, and added: “While you are consulting—and I know you are all fair enough to agree to my proposal—I should like to speak to Bruce.”

At a nod from Davis, she ran to McFarland and laid her hands on his shoulders. He knew her touch and gave an exclamation of horror.

“Hush, dear,” she began excitedly, trembling; “it’s all right. Not a word. Do whatever they say. I’m not afraid.” She drew his head down and laid her cheek against his.

"Kate! Kate!" he murmured, and tugged at the cord which bound his wrists behind him.

"We've decided to let you try it on," announced Davis, advancing to McFarland and removing bonds and bandage. "We don't want to make no mistakes, and maybe you ain't to blame; at least, we don't calculate you'd run the risk of puttin' this here gal out. Well, go ahead."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" exclaimed Kate.

McFarland looked at her and then at the men surrounding him. "What am I—what are you—to do?" he asked.

"You're to give her the same thing you gave him out of this blue bottle," answered Fallon, passing bottle and syringe for the inspection of the committee.

McFarland brightened up. "That's fair."

"Isn't it!" exclaimed the girl. "They all seem to know that you wouldn't hurt me." She looked at the committee with an all-embracing smile, and the committee grinned back sheepishly.

"You are satisfied that this is the drug and the syringe that I used?" asked McFarland, taking them from Davis.

There was a chorus of "yes" from Fallon and several of the men who had witnessed the administration of hypodermics to the late Joe Jennings.

"Then, I am ready, dear," said the girl.

With a blanket spread upon the ground and with his coat for a pillow, McFarland made a couch for his wife. The committee drew near to where she lay, facing the west and the great gaunt limb of the oak casting its shadow over her. The physician's hand shook as he filled the old-fashioned metal syringe, and he lost count of the drops, for his head was in such a whirl that he scarcely knew what he was doing. After satisfying Fallon that all was regular, McFarland knelt beside his wife and pushed back the sleeve from her white arm. He was pinching up the skin carefully, preparatory to inserting the needle, when Davis suddenly called upon him to stop.

"No, you don't!" he cried, with a catch in his voice. "You'll take that dope yourself." And, strangely enough, the committee agreed with him to a man.

The girl protested that she had absolutely no fear, but Davis would hear of nothing now but that McFarland himself should be given the hypodermic. So it was that he changed places with his wife, and she very daintily, and not a little frightened, administered the injection to him.

"How long will it be before you come out o' that, Doc?" asked Fallon, as McFarland lay back on the blanket, smiling at the girl who sat on the grass beside him, her hand in his.

"Three or four hours at the most," was the reply.

The committee put in the time playing three-card monte. They became so interested in their game that it was nearly five o'clock, by Fallon's Waterbury, when they threw down their cards.

"Ain't it time he was wakin' up?" queried Davis, strolling over to the girl.

She knew quite a little about medicine, having quizzed McFarland in his student days, and now, with a pretty professional air, she felt of his pulse. It was full, slow, and strong. She also noted that his respiration was slow and deep. "I'm afraid that might have been a very large dose, and he's not very strong," she returned, a trifle anxiously. "The effect may not pass off for an hour yet."

The committee dealt another hand around.

The girl kept her fingers on McFarland's wrist.

As the sun dropped lower in the west, a look of great anxiety spread over Kate's features. Bruce's pulse grew feebler, more rapid; his respirations became distant, slower, and imperfect, and were interrupted by intervals of almost death-like quiet. The girl became frightened. She tried to rouse her husband. The men left their cards and stood around her, looking solemnly down at McFarland's pallid face.

"Can't you wake him?" asked Davis.

"N-o!" she sobbed.

Fallon ran to a near-by brook and, filling his hat, dashed the water into Bruce's face. It had no effect. Kate ceased sobbing. She was kneeling beside her husband, staring at him, dumb with horror.

Davis laid his ear to McFarland's breast. Then he rose and, with a sigh, turned away. Fallon bent over the still figure, vainly seeking for some show of life. Finally he looked up at his companions and shook his head.

It was a remorseful vigilance committee that drew aside and consulted as to what should be done. Fallon's suggestion—that he take the girl to his wife and leave the committee to bear the body to the shack—was adopted. But when he asked Kate to go with him, she refused, and begged them to leave her alone.

They left her then, Fallon promising the others that in a little while he would return with his wife.

The sun flung a long russet trail across the plain and up the mountain slope, enveloping the form of the man, lying, like one asleep, upon the greensward, and the girl who knelt silently beside him, staring with wild, dry eyes into that pale face.

Nature was effecting a change in the landscape: the day was

dying. Nature was also effecting a change in the man: he was returning to life. And that return from a period of suspended life, caused by the overdose of morphine, was as gradual as the passing of the day.

With returning consciousness, the man opened his eyes. The first object they beheld was the girl, her head haloed with the lingering light. There was ecstatic wonder—madness, almost—in the look she fixed upon him; and so still she knelt there that, but for the quivering of her half-parted lips, he must have thought her some glorious image, like those niched in cathedral aisles. But he found, when his arms were about her and her head was on his shoulder, that she was only a woman.



CHRISTMAS EVE FANTASIES

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

THE Kings of the East are riding
 To-night to Bethlehem.
 The sunset glows dividing.
 The Kings of the East are riding,
 A star their journey guiding;
 Gleaming with gold and gem,
 The Kings of the East are riding
 To-night to Bethlehem.

To a strange, sweet harp of Zion
 The starry host troops forth;
 The golden-glaived Orion
 To a strange, sweet harp of Zion;
 The Archer and the Lion,
 The Watcher of the North;
 To a strange, sweet harp of Zion
 The starry host troops forth.

There beams above a manger
 The child-face of a star;
 Amid the stars a stranger,
 It beams above a manger;
 What means this ether-ranger
 To pause where poor folk are?
 There beams above a manger
 The child-face of a star.

FROM THE BACKGROUND'S POINT OF VIEW

By Jean Louise West



WE hadn't cared whether we met the new chemistry teacher or not, Carolyn and I. No, we're not sisters. Carolyn's father was my guardian, and I have lived at their house for several years.

Carolyn is a beauty and a subduer of hearts. She has whole basketfuls of masculine ones tucked away somewhere as souvenirs.

I am background. I don't like backgrounding especially, but I can't help it, and one may as well be pleasant background—it doesn't ruin your disposition quite so soon.

But to return to the chemistry teacher. I had noticed that he was shorter than I, which prejudiced me against him. His being a chemistry teacher prejudiced Carolyn. She was firmly convinced that she knew enough scientists as it was. Moreover, the principal of the high school had described him to us in radiant colors, so we knew there must be a tremendous flaw about him somewhere. Besides that, Stewart Ross, who rooms at the same house with him, said he was harmless (poor Stew!) and that prejudiced us all around.

I happened to be the one Stewart was supposed to admire. I never understood why he had not fallen an easy victim to Carolyn, as she seemed, at several different times, to be engaged on his conquest. But accidents will happen.

The town in which we live is one of the Western sort that is neither large nor small—with etiquette according.

One evening as Stewart walked home with me from my studio (I paint) he volunteered to bring Mr. Medford, the chemistry teacher, up to call. I yawned and said, "Very well," with a resigned inflection. Carolyn yawned when I told her, and I am sure Mr. Medford yawned several times that evening before he started, because he had to suppress one or two after he reached the house. That was the last time for a while that any of us yawned.

He was an insignificant-looking man, which was one point in his favor—looks can be spared in a man more easily than anything else. He had sandy hair and light blue eyes, but he was as trim and starched

and creased as it was possible to be. Also he was blasé. No, not the sort of man who *thinks* he is blasé, but the sort that *is*. In spite of this, however, his social qualities developed rapidly. He had a most deferential manner; he was tact personified; he applauded our little witticisms and anecdotes quite immoderately; he hung on our words. In fact, he was an all-around man, and we took to him as to a new style in sleeves or a tally-ho party.

Well, things started out in the usual auspicious way for me. I make a better first impression than Carolyn—I am more harmless looking. At first people are a little distrustful of the brunetteness of Carolyn's eyes and hair; but it isn't long before I see breakers ahead, and begin work on my speech of capitulation to Carolyn. Just now Mr. Medford was addressing his cleverer observations in my direction. You know how it is—no remark of yours, however foolish, escapes notice.

We sat and talked in the reception room a while, then Carolyn proposed that we should go to make a farewell call on a girl up the avenue, who was to leave next morning.

It was a warm evening, and when we had fluttered down the veranda I noticed that Carolyn was walking off with Mr. Medford. I wondered vaguely how it happened, because a minute before he had stood waiting for me and holding my poppy hat at the hall mirror while I pinned up a stray lock of hair. My interest, which had been flagging slightly on account of lack of opposition, came back at once.

Reaching Miss Hunter's drawing-room, Carolyn seemed more determined than customary on monopolizing the conversation and shutting out all competition. Usually she is a very entertaining talker, and scores by it right along, but when she goes in for monopolization she overdoes it. To-night, with tirelessness and dexterity, Carolyn brought out her narratives, at whose recital I had sat a listener time after time. I was tired of them; moreover, I had a few things to say myself and wanted to say them, so I roused up and plunged in for the glory of the clan. Conversation was fast and furious. Miss Hunter is a pompous young woman who likes to be accorded the middle of the stage, and no opposition. Well, she was in a position now where one had to fight for the middle—and then didn't get it. She retreated into her corner and looked stiffly on. This should have disturbed us, but it didn't. We entertained ourselves. Then I began to remember (from experience) how Miss Hunter must feel, so at intervals I tried to throw her a rope from the conversational whirl. But she would have none of it.

When we rose to go Mr. Medford, at my elbow, whispered that he had a story to tell me on the way home. Then Carolyn called

him to her to inspect an etching, and a minute later I beheld her again walking off with him. So I walked home with Stew, and didn't hear the story. I couldn't tell how she did it—but that I have never been able to do. I have rather admired Carolyn's skill in this line—when it was directed at some one else. I have been tempted to laugh on seeing some airy new girl get trippingly in Carolyn's way. I foresaw what would happen. Before the girl knew it she would be gagged and bound, so to speak, and parcelled off with poor feather-brained Donald Cooper—not even guessing how the first string came about her. As for me, Carolyn doesn't partner me off with Donald Cooper any more. I am still in the chrysalis stage, but I am past Donald Cooper.

It was still early when we reached home, and Stewart and Mr. Medford came in and stayed a while longer. After they went Carolyn's mother, who sat embroidering in the sitting-room, said some very pointed things about the steady flow of conversation, and that she noticed the gentlemen's chances to say anything had been very small. I began to feel myself shrinking towards the size of a—*a beetle*, perhaps. Then she added that she had timed Carolyn and found she monopolized three-fourths of the conversation; the other fourth, only, she attributed to me. So I stopped shrinking at about the size of a sheep.

We went up to our little sitting-room without parley. Carolyn turned and riveted her black eyes upon me. "Did you think I talked too much, Nerissa?" she flashed.

I answered that I thought we should have allowed Miss Hunter to make a few remarks during our call there.

There wasn't any more conversation after that.

The next day, in the park, Carolyn walked up to Mr. Medford and told him I said she had talked too much.

It is lucky that I think so much of my painting, and that I am bent upon a career. That, of course, eliminates any man, though I know the masculine sex can be very interesting, and I like them.

Carolyn hates careers. It is absolutely necessary to her to have three or four men hanging about doing homage. Having this sort of thing under my nose so much, I got sucked into the vortex, so to speak. You always want to try the interesting-looking things you see other people doing, if you stand by and look on long enough. So, just as an experiment, I started in to understudy Carolyn and to gather data.

I got the data.

A few evenings later Mr. Medford again came up with Stewart to call; we had rather expected that he would. Carolyn did not come down from her room until after they had arrived, then she

appeared in a soft, rose-figured, trailing gown. I had on my street walking-skirt and a checked gingham waist. Carolyn had not told me she was going to elaborate, though it was an unwritten rule that one should signify to the other when she intended any flourishes of toilet.

Carolyn really possesses a conscience, but it is different from other people's.

To-night she was full of tricks. A favorite *coup* of hers was to send Stewart and me off to find a magazine, or the chafing dish, or some nuts. Carolyn knows I never can find anything; besides that, she usually told me the wrong place. I wouldn't know I'd been sent until I got back and found Carolyn off in an alcove, talking in a low voice to Mr. Medford. And of course we couldn't interrupt.

This particular evening I felt quite brisk and energetic. I said to myself with enthusiasm: "Here's where I do a *coup* after Carolyn's own heart! Watch me!" So I remarked (Mr. Medford was showing me some music at the piano): "Carolyn, do get those snapshot pictures of you, that are upstairs in the library, and show them to Stew. He hasn't seen them."

Whereupon Carolyn called her small brother Winston, gave him full directions, and sent him. Of course Winston couldn't find them, and, after calling out to him for a long time about drawers and doors and keys, Carolyn proposed that we all go up and execute Winston and bring them down ourselves. When we reached the library Carolyn handed the pictures to me. "Nerissa, I'll let you show them to Stewart," she said, "and, since Mr. Medford has seen them, I'll take him to the tower-room for a view of the river."

So I showed them to Stew after all, and bade good-by to *coups*.

Even at the close of that evening, however, Mr. Medford's preferences didn't seem to run particularly to Carolyn, who hinted darkly that she was tired of answering his observations about Miss Morris (which is I). So I took heart. I was becoming thoroughly interested, not on account of the rivalry now, but because Mr. Medford seemed to be the philosophical, well-balanced man that I had been sure existed somewhere, a man who was a real satisfaction to one's judgment of people.

Poor Stew! He never showed by a word or look that he realized he had been his own undoing. I guess he intended to die with his boots on. But he shouldn't have told us the man was harmless!

At home we discussed Mr. Medford's many sterling qualities for the delectation of Carolyn's mother, father, and sister. We wore the family out. We prejudiced them forever against him.

Well, I was being partnered off with Stew right along. Then Stew had to leave town for a little while on business. That stayed

Carolyn's hand somewhat, for when Mr. Medford came up to call all three of us must necessarily sit and talk together. The conversational contest still went on. Carolyn had taken to discoursing on her own exclusive interests in a way that seemed in very bad taste to me. I kept getting more wrought up right along, as I sat and listened to monologues on Carolyn's height, Carolyn's weight, Carolyn's fright of lightning, of mice, of high places. But I was helpless.

As Mr. Medford was leaving after the third evening's call, Carolyn said sweetly: "I do wish Stewart would hurry up and come back!" Mr. Medford looked at me, and I looked at him. I didn't wish it. Neither did he at that stage of affairs.

The next day Stewart returned. Wherever the four of us were, I was bundled off with Stew. I began fairly to hate Stew. I wasn't even allowed to talk with Mr. Medford—and it was no use to try to upset things, for I wouldn't know what to do after I got them upset.

The following incident jarred upon me for some time, I take lunch and dinner down-town at a café; but the café had to close a few days for remodelling, so, for the interim, I went to a hotel across the street. At my first lunch there I was sitting beside an open window when Mr. Medford passed in the street just outside and bowed. A few minutes later he entered the hotel and came over to my table. He said he also was starting, that noon, to board there. It happened quite by accident, I feel sure, for he said it did. He took a chair at my table, and we had a very enjoyable tête-à-tête.

Of course I mentioned it to Carolyn. The next day she came down to my studio just before lunch-time and suggested that she should go to lunch with me. I responded cordially, while I straightened up some easels and hunted up my white duck jacket. When we reached the hotel Mr. Medford was already at my table. I offered Carolyn the vacant seat near him, where I had sat formerly. She took it at once, while I went around to the foot. Then Carolyn promptly proceeded to forget that I was a castaway at the bottom of the table. I couldn't even hear what they talked about, though Mr. Medford tried to span the distance with a condoling remark now and then.

The next day Carolyn again came to my studio before lunch-time, and again offered to go to lunch with me. I began to realize that Carolyn had a connectedness of plan and a superbness of nerve that even I had underestimated.

This time Carolyn took the seat next to Mr. Medford without waiting for me to offer it. At the end of that lunch it became evident to me that Carolyn was rapidly gaining ground. I was sorry now that I had explained the propinquity theory to her—you know what it is: that a man and a woman having similar tastes and being

thrown together to the exclusion (!) of others, come to care for one another.

By the third day I had grown to expect Carolyn's company to lunch. I couldn't decide whether she wanted to use up my set of meal-tickets (which would insure my leaving the society of Mr. Medford at meal-time, for my own already reopened café) or whether she was testing the propinquity proposition.

But the climax was Carolyn's old-rose party dress. There was to be a reception, given by an eccentric woman, and, for some unknown reason, I didn't receive an invitation. You know how you feel when a woman leaves you off her invitation list—no matter how much you dislike the woman, or how little you or any one else wants to go. Carolyn had firmly decided not to go, for several reasons: there was to be no dancing; she abhorred this particular kind of reception, also the woman; also a number of the people who would be there. I encouraged her to go. No, I didn't do it as a means of getting even—I was really trying to be magnanimous.

Well, Stewart walked home with me from dinner the evening of the reception; incidentally, he mentioned that Mr. Medford was going to the affair. I was disgusted with Stewart for telling me, for I felt obliged to go and tell Carolyn (because I'm afraid of that old saying—something about ill deeds, like chickens, coming home to roost). I knew she would at once decide to go. I knew also that she was irresistible in a party gown, and that she would make every stroke count. I bade Stew a curt good-night at the door and went in.

Everything happened exactly as I expected. Later that evening, when Carolyn came down-stairs in the gauzy old-rose party gown, looking like—well, like Cleopatra, I knew it was all over with me.

Carolyn went, and I worked on a water-color till late that evening, and thought about virtue being its own reward and hoped faintly for some other. Just merely feeling good and self-righteous gets tiresome after a while.

When I heard the carriage driving up with the girls, I went down to the veranda. Carolyn swept sparkingly up to me, her black hair flying in little wavy streaks across her eyes. "Mr. Medford has asked me to go to the theatre with him to-morrow night," she said.

"That will be charming," I responded. I presume I overdid the cordiality part. Then I went up to the tower room and looked out at the oaks and the moonlight, and thought about my career.

The next morning I happened to remember a line from "Othello" about "The robbed that smiles steals something from the thief"—

so I went in for smiles. It really seemed to baffle Carolyn, for she observed sweetly: "You're such an amiable girl, Nerissa!" I felt like making a face at her, but I didn't; I had to go on being amiable.

Well, in short order, Mr. Medford became so occupied with Carolyn that he didn't know I was around. I whisked off to my room and hunted up more recipes in "Othello." The worse things grew, the more pleasant and gay and agreeable I was obliged to be; and what with Carolyn's commenting on it, this conduct became very tiresome.

Then what should happen but that Carolyn's aunt, away off in Minnesota, should get sick and send for Carolyn, in whose favor her will is made out.

After Carolyn's departure, Mr. Medford happened to remember me and sought me out and walked home with me seven nights from dinner. He seemed to have forgotten which one of us he'd been smitten on last; probably he has a short memory—I should think he'd need to have. Stew was gone now, too. Mr. Medford also came up to my studio seven afternoons; also he invited me to attend the theater four evenings. I didn't go.

I knew Carolyn was fretting and fidgeting and chafing over being away just then, and I couldn't help but laugh in my sleeve, for she would be remembering that there was a vice versa side to propinquity.

The seventh night that Mr. Medford walked home with me was an exquisite moonlight evening. We turned off onto a leafy-roofed street that stretched ahead in a straight, elm-arched vista. Here and there, through the high tree tops, were gold-edged wisps of cloud that looked like enchanted islands.

We began to talk of painting. Mr. Medford seemed in a blue and serious mood. From painting we drifted to careers. He was looking forward to having one, too, and I told him about mine. He seemed interested. He asked quietly if I realized how much patience and perseverance and renunciation it required for a woman to win in that sort of thing. I answered that I supposed I didn't, but that I should probably know before I got through. He had such a logical way of saying things that it made me feel like a high-school girl talking metaphysics to Swedenborg.

He was silent a while. Then he said coolly: "You haven't any business in the world with a career, little girl."

"Little girl"!—I am taller than he, you know.

The moon was peering down into the street from a narrow streak of sky between the tree tops, and, almost before I knew it, Mr. Medford was telling me that old, old story that goes with moonlight and

such things. He told it gently and seriously. I answered as gently as I could, but in the negative, not reminding him of the time when he had forgotten I was around.

Finally he said: "Think about it a while, Nerissa."

"I did quite a bit of thinking," I said, "some time ago." Then, to help things out, I asked: "Do you remember that *envoi* of Kipling's that starts out, 'He travels the fastest who travels alone'?"

"Yes," he said, looking straight at me; "I remember it." Pause. "Do you imagine, Nerissa, that you're the sort of woman who will travel alone?"

"I will," I retorted—"unless Carolyn sends Stew along."

As he left me at the porch he said gravely: "Well, good luck to your brush and palette!"

"*Bon voyage* to Heidelberg," I said. "Perhaps we'll meet on Mount Parnassus—with our laurels!"

And lo! when Carolyn came home, two weeks later, Mr. Medford was deeply in love with a pretty little music-teacher. It turned out that, with all his philosophy, he couldn't keep his mind on a girl forty-eight hours after he lost sight of her.

For my part, I was thinking that, though I had had a bedrabbled sort of inning, Carolyn would never know (for I don't even talk in my sleep), and off in a dark, shameless corner of my heart it seemed kind of a pity.

The third day after Carolyn got back, however, she came up to our little sitting-room with her eyes ablaze. "Winston has just been telling me that as he came home from papa's office one evening a couple of weeks ago, he saw you and Mr. Medford ahead of him, and heard Mr. Medford trying to persuade you to marry him. *Why* didn't you tell me?"

"I think it would have been too crude," I said. I stood up straight and looked Carolyn over—and the blaze sort of went out of her eyes. Then I began to want to say things I had never said to Carolyn before. So I went at it. I said all that good manners allowed and a balance over. Carolyn didn't reply at all; she walked to the door and went out, and there wasn't any more conversation between us for a while.

So now neither one of us would take him as a gift. Anyhow, I am going to marry Stew after all. I have discovered that, if he isn't the most philosophical man in the world, at least he has good staying qualities. Carolyn has offered to be maid of honor, and now I've got to keep my head about me or, if she takes a notion, she'll step in and be the bride.

CHILO

A MODERN SEA YARN

By Aldridge Evelyn



CHILO was not his real name. When a midshipman some one nicknamed him; now he was a lieutenant—moreover, one of nearly three years' seniority—yet still Chilo.

To our captain—a dear old thing in his dotage—Chilo was at once a delight and a nightmare. Should he call in his apologetic way for the officer of the watch, then Chilo would appear instantaneously, and, like the clown in pantomime, apparently from nowhere.

“Officer of the watch.”

“Sir,” a guttural voice would answer instantly, and Chilo, stiff, alert, and motionless, was at the old man's elbow, thereby frightening him out of his five senses.

Another pretty trick had Chilo. On watch in harbor he always carried a telescope. Now, much practice had enabled him to drop that telescope from under his arm and, while keeping his eyes straight to the front and body perfectly rigid, to catch the glass in his hand before it reached the deck. The captain had seen him do it many times, yet the polite old man could never refrain from dashing forward to save the glass from what seemed instant destruction.

So much for introduction; now for the yarn.

We, the Channel Fleet, had that afternoon weighed our muddy anchors, and had steamed out of the muddiest harbor in the world—that of Vigo. Frantic efforts had our old Cup-of-Tea made to imperil not only our own safety, but that of the whole fleet. How he escaped ramming three ships and being rammed by a fourth only the “little cherub that sits up aloft” knows. The standing luck of the British Navy, coupled with the strenuous efforts of our navigator—second to none—must have saved us. Now, however, we were outside; third ship in the second division, and, for us, in station.

Benignly the old captain beamed on the fleet and world in general. We had got out of harbor, and save for a few pages of sarcastic writing in our Signal Book—admiral's private opinion of ourselves—were none the worse for the experience.

Now, it was the captain's custom to celebrate such feats as the

foregoing escape by asking the navigator to join him in a quiet discourse of mutual appreciation in the chart-house. For that purpose two sacred and identical pipes, one marked "C," the other "N," also a tin of superlatively sacred tobacco, were kept in a chart-house drawer. Such a red-letter day as this could, of course, be no exception to the rule. For nearly an hour the two puffed and praised one another, before at length going below at about three o'clock.

At six o'clock Chilo and I took over the bridge and settled down to the monotony of the second dog-watch. It is law unalterable that the lieutenant of the second dog asks his midshipman to dine with him at eight. Consequently Chilo and I passed half an hour pleasantly enough discussing the ward-room menu and making substantial additions thereunto.

Then two bells struck. "Place bow and steaming lights," shouted Chilo.

I rushed to see it done, returning, in about a minute, to find my senior seriously bored.

"Snottie," said he, "being under eighteen and not allowed to smoke, have you perchance a cigarette?"

"Search me!" I said, turning out all my pockets in vain.

"A miracle!" cried Chilo. "Yet what in the deuce shall I do for a smoke?"

"The skipper's pipe is in the chart-house," I squeaked. Midshipmen of tender years are known as squeakers.

"Good boy!" cried Chilo. "Look out for the ship and the skipper—chiefly the skipper;" and he dived down the ladder.

Now, the chances of the captain coming on the bridge at such an hour—gin-and-bitters time—were of the remotest. Nevertheless, keeping half an eye on the fourteen-thousand-ton battle-ship ahead of us, I kept one and a half glued on the fore-and-aft bridge.

Suddenly, to my amazement, I saw the old man coming. My dive down the port ladder equalled Chilo's, while the way he shoved the pipe in its drawer and nipped up the starboard has never been beaten.

By that time the enemy was on us. I saluted gravely, and fervently prayed he might go on up to the bridge. Not a bit of it! He put his gray head into the chart-house and then started back.

"Some one has been smoking in this chart-house!"

I said nothing, and kept on saying it.

"The chart-house is full of smoke, sir." This time he addressed me directly.

I again said nothing.

"Who is the officer of the watch, sir?"

My lips moved, but words failed to come.

"Officer of the watch!" he shouted.

That was fatal. The suddenness of Chilo's appearance almost flabbergasted me; while the way he clicked his heels, saluted, dropped his telescope, and then calmly ignored the captain's frantic effort to save what was already safe, were a combined masterpiece.

Had the gods been with us, the old boy's nerves would have been so shattered that he would have forgotten what he had intended to say and gone below to steady them. But now he waited a few seconds to recover breath, and then opened the ball with a vengeance.

"Some one has been smoking in that chart-house, sir;" and he eyed Chilo as sternly as he was able.

Chilo's astonishment knew no bounds. "Really, sir!"

"That chart-house is full of smoke, sir." The captain was working himself up.

Chilo looked in and sniffed loudly—its atmosphere you could barely have cut with a razor; so, removing his cap, he went through the motions of thinking profoundly.

Then the captain entered the chart-house, and, opening a drawer, placed the sacred pipe marked "C" in his mouth. I thought he would have apoplexy. Between the clouds of smoke which curled from his mouth he at length sputtered: "My—my—my pipe's alight, sir."

The face of Holmes—Sherlock Holmes—at the bottom of a world-paralyzing mystery was nothing to Chilo's. "Ah!" (It was an "ah" of vast relief.) "Ah! now I see, sir," said he.

"You see, sir? What do you see?" demanded the captain.

"It confirms, sir, what I have often told the navigator." The quiet conviction in Chilo's voice would have converted a Turk. "That that tobacco you and he use is simply chock-full of saltpetre, sir; once you light it, it will simply never go out."

The captain first gaped, then gasped, and at last groaned. "But—I—that is to say, we might have burnt the ship down."

"You might indeed, sir," acquiesced the solemn Chilo.

"Extraordinary—most extraordinary! Ask the—er—navigator to kindly speak to me." Poor old captain! He felt he needed support.

I rushed to obey.

Cursing softly, the navigator got up from dinner and followed me on deck.

"Navigator," almost shouted the quaking old skipper, "my pipe I left in that drawer has kept alight for—for—nearly four hours, and Mr.—Chilo—tells me it's because the tobacco we use is simply full of saltpetre. Why, we might have burnt the ship down."

The navigator said nothing. What could he say? But he slowly raised his fist behind the captain's back, and, shaking it in Chilo's grinning face, his lips formed the unspoken words, "Chilo—you—brute!" But how he paid Chilo back is another yarn.

WALNUTS AND WINE



THE RESTORATION

“You want a piece for the paper?”

The *Chronicle* reporter, poring over the long list of trivial accident cases on the hospital blotter, turned and found a solemn-visaged orderly at his elbow.

“What’s doing, Buckley?” he asked eagerly. “Murder? Suicide?”

“Murder!” sniffed Buckley. “I got a piece for your paper that would make a murder look like a lacerated thumb. ’Member the man we put a new ear on?”

The *Chronicle* man remembered. Columns had been written about Dr. Hoffman’s achievement.

“Well,” the orderly continued, “we been turnin’ out new ears on the average of one a month ever since. Never dreamed there was such a mob o’ people without ears. It’s as bad as when new noses was the fad. Yes, sir, ears is in great demand, and the price is risin’ every day.”

“What’s this leading up to—an Ear Trust?” the reporter incautiously inquired.

Buckley transfixed him with a stony glare.

Walnuts and Wine

“ Feller come in here one day with both ears shy,” he resumed, ignoring the interruption; “ *both*, mind you. We never put but one on a man before. Doc Hoffman was kind o’ scared o’ the job. ‘ Sir,’ says he, ‘ this is like to cost you twenty thousand dollars for the goods alone.’ ‘ Very well,’ says the man; ‘ fill out this signed check to suit yourself,’ says he. ‘ An’ you’ll be three months in bed,’ says the Doc. ‘ Hang it, man!’ says the feller with the check, ‘ can you do this job or can’t you?’ ”

“ So the Doc put an ad. in the ‘ Personal ’ columns, like this: ‘ Sound, healthy, cleanly men in reduced circumstances, willin’ to undergo a sacrifice in return, for a comfortable fortune, may hear of something to their advantage by callin’ at Rooms 408-9 Brown Building, Friday afternoon, between 1 an’ 3.’ Say! I wish you could have seen the push! Looked like the whole town was in reduced circumstances an’ hankerin’ to undergo a sacrifice.

“ Yet of all that mob there wasn’t thirty that was both clean an’ healthy lookin’, an’ when ears was mentioned the whole bunch was scared to death. But there was two—a German an’ a Eyetalian—that was willin’ to talk business for ten thousand dollars per ear. The Doc talks Dutch, an’ come to terms with the German in ten minutes; but he couldn’t buy but one ear off of him. So I got an interpreter, an’ him an’ the Doc an’ the Eyetalian jabbered all afternoon. It was five o’clock before the deal was finished. ‘ Buckley,’ says the Doc, ‘ we’ve got ’em. One off the German an’ one off the Eyetalian—first-class stock.’ ”

“ Well, the next day we took an ear off the Eyetalian an’ put it on the patient. Six weeks later we fitted our feller with the German’s ear, an’ in another six weeks we discharged him as good as new, only that he was a little lumpy where the ears grewed onto his head, an’ one stuck out a trifle more than the other.

“ The Doc was so cocky you couldn’t get within a mile o’ him. But in about a week, back comes the man with the new ears, kickin’ an’ growlin’. Said he was stone deaf. Knowed when you was talkin’, because he could hear a sort o’ jumble o’ words, but could only understand what was wrote out on a bit o’ paper.

“ Me an’ the Doc was simply knocked silly. Every other man we put a new ear on could hear better than ever, an’ we never had

Walnuts and Wine

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Walnuts and Wine

no call to exchange the goods. Day after day that feller kept comin' in, an' the Doc pryin' into his ears, but no use.

"By an' by he began to get melancholy, so finally we decided that a trip across the water might help him, an' we shipped him off. 'If it don't do *him* any good,' says the Doc, 'at least it'll be good for us. *We'll* get a rest.' Oh, he was sore!

"First thing when he reached Southampton the man cabled Doc that he wasn't no better. An' every day after that he'd cable twice, askin' what to do, an' threatenin' to come home. Doc used to tear them cablegrams up in little pieces an' jump on 'em. Fourth day he cabled back: 'Travel. Keep on the move. Make the grand tour'—'an' go to Jericho,' he says to me. 'If we keep him busy, maybe he'll have no time to pester us with these fool cables,' says he.

"It was a month ago the Doc sent that cable, an' from that time to this mornin' we never heard a word from his nibs. 'I don't wish him no harm,' the Doc was sayin' to me, 'but if unfortunately he should have died'—when in walks the man himself. You'd never knowed it was the same feller but for the funny lookin' ears. He seemed bright an' cheerful, an' stepped like a two-year-old.

"'Bless you, doctor,' says he, shakin' the Doc by the hand like as if he would wring his arm off. 'Bless you! How are you? Is there anybody here that speaks German?'

"'Why, yes, I can make a stab at it,' says the Doc.

"'Hey?' says the patient. 'Don't sit there an' mumble. Get somebody that speaks German or Eytalian.'

"Doc pulls out a pad an' writes: 'I can talk German. What do you want?'

"'Talk it, then,' says the man with the new ears, 'an' we'll get along all right.'

"'Yes?' says the Doc, in Dutch. 'Do you mean to say that you can hear an' understand all right when I talk German?'

"'That's what I mean, exactly,' says he.

"An' then the whole thing come out. My boy, that feller had a German's ear an' an Eytalian's ear. He couldn't make out a word o' English. When he was travelin' in Europe, the minute he sets foot in Germany he finds he can understand the lingo of the natives with one ear as if he was born an' bred in the country. It

Walnuts and Wine



Chuck it

If you have been wearing an ugly mask put it away and let your friends enjoy seeing the *real* person now and then, at least. A physician describes some of the effects of coffee thus :

"In some cases the skin becomes sallow and more sensitive to cold ; digestion is impaired ; appetite gradually wanes ; sleep is obtained with difficulty and does not refresh the individual ; liver and kidney complaints occur and a kind of joylessness that throws a dark shade all over God's lovely nature."

It is easy to lay aside the "Coffee face" if well-made

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takes him a week to tumble to the truth, an' then he makes a bee-line for Italy an' tries the other ear. It works like a charm—he's as good as a native-born Eytalian. Now he's come back to settle up his affairs on this side, an' then he's goin' over to live in Germany or Italy—he hasn't made up his mind which. Soon as he learns to speak the jargon he can hear he'll be all right."

The *Chronicle* man, forgetful of the press hour of his paper, heedless of the importance of the story, conscious only of the marvellous genius of Dr. Hoffman—and of Buckley—had long since ceased to take notes, and sat there stupefied. The orderly shook him gently by the shoulder and pointed to the clock.

"My boy," said he, "it's gettin' late—better run along. When you put this piece in the paper, keep me out of it—I might lose my job. Just say you got it from the family of the patient, an' that as they don't like publicity, they asked you not to print his name."

Melville F. Ferguson

SPECIALIZED SCIENCE

(WITH ABJECT APOLOGIES TO SAXE NOLM)

By Carolyn Wells

Three—only three, my darling;
Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the unskilled, shapeless ones
We used to know
When we kissed because we loved each other,
Heedless of style or size;
And lavished kisses as the summer
Lavishes flies.

The first of these, my darling,
Is Hobson's. We are told
'Tis calm, correct, and finished,
Though somewhat cold.
I kiss thee, dear, in Hobson style;
'Tis meet that we should be
Conversant with the various schools
Of kissery.

Walnuts and Wine



*Is there
any more?*



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When it's Quaker Oats, one helping is seldom enough. You may like rolled oats, but you will never realize *how much*, until you eat Quaker Oats.

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You will recognize and appreciate this difference once you eat Quaker Oats. Order a package of your grocer, serve it for breakfast and your family will remark upon its extra goodness.

At grocers everywhere.

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Walnuts and Wine

The second kiss, my darling,
Is Andrew Carnegie's;
'Tis bountiful and thrilling—
It seems to please.
Observe then, oh, my darling,
This kiss resemblance bears
To the rich osculation
Of millionaires.

The last kiss—oh, my darling,
I've had enough of this!
Hereafter I'm contented with
Our same old kiss.



THE WISE MAN

Once upon a time there was a poor overworked Muck Raker who had become tired of his job. He was ambitious, and felt that his efforts were not appreciated. He had a long nose and wore magnifying glasses. One day while raking assiduously he was accosted by a stranger whose aspect was even worse than his own. This man was a Herald of Light. His mission was to seek out sweetness and virtue in a naughty world, and he was admirably equipped with a dark-lantern without any oil, and wore spectacles with smoked lenses. "What are virtue and honesty?" inquired the Muck Raker. "I can't tell you," answered his companion sadly. "I have never seen any." While thus conversing, they were joined by a wise man who proved to be a real reformer disguised as an oculist, and who, perceiving their error, persuaded them to exchange glasses. The remedy was simple but effectual. The Muck Raker is now working union hours and is happy and contented, while the other has already made some most astonishing discoveries.

MORAL: A small ray of sunshine, if welcomed and encouraged, will often destroy an army of offending microbes.

W. F. Rice



THE POINT OF VIEW

Old Neighbor: "So you liked the old home well enough to come back and die here."

Wanderer: "Yes, you see, there's no place on earth I would so willingly leave."

Eleanor Root

Walnuts and Wine

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Walnuts and Wine

PADEREWSKI VERSUS MOZART

The story of how one of Paderewski's most popular compositions came to be written was told recently in London by the famous composer's wife.

It was in those earlier days when the master pianist was a professor at the Warsaw Conservatoire, and the scene was the home of the Polish poet Swietzochowski, who had just expressed the opinion that no living composer could compare in beauty and simplicity with Mozart. At the moment Ignace Paderewski merely shrugged his shoulders, but the following evening he appeared, asking permission to play for the poet a little Mozartian thing which perhaps he did not know. Then he played his own now famous minuet.

"Ah!" exclaimed Swietzochowski triumphantly, as the last note died away, "now you must acknowledge that a composition like that could not have been written in our time."

"Perhaps," came the quiet reply; "only it happens that I composed it this very forenoon."

Warwick James Price



ART OR NATURE?

She had just turned from the blackboard where for five minutes she had been demonstrating a "sum" which to her very youthful pupils seemed difficult.

"Now, children, are you perfectly sure that you understand?"

There was a murmur of assent.

"Do any of you wish to ask a question?"

In the back of the room a small hand was raised aloft. The teacher, looking into the earnestly eager face, felt that glow of satisfaction which we all experience in assisting a budding intellect.

"What is it, Annie? What do you wish to know?"

"Miss M——, are your teeth false?" demanded the earnest little seeker in a shrill treble.

Sheppard Stevens



A QUERY

Why is the writer of a new song in danger of arrest by Anthony Comstock?

Because he is the producer of a nudity.

A. C. H.

Walnuts and Wine

J. E. Caldwell & Co.

Jewelers and Silversmiths — Philadelphia

Suggestions for Gifts

It is impossible in an advertisement to convey an adequate idea of the immensity and variety of our stock. For that reason we have prepared loose leaf portfolios of photographic selections from our various departments, which we shall be pleased to forward on receipt of information as to the articles in which you are interested.

Below are a few suggestions of gifts combining intrinsic value with artistic merit—all at moderate prices:

Solid Gold Belt Buckles

Plain finish, \$22 to \$68, according to weight. Old English engraved, \$25 to \$70. Jeweled, solid gold with diamonds, \$50 to \$150. Combination of diamonds and sapphires, \$160.

Gold Stock or Belt Pins

Polo Mallets, \$5.75 to \$8.50. Coaching Horns, \$4.50 to \$8.50. Crop with lash, \$15. Crop, Bit, and Stirrup, \$37. Fox head on bar with diamond eyes, \$15. Diamond-handle Crop, \$25 to \$43; bar with pearl on blade, \$11. English Crystals with fox, horse or dog head, in natural colors, \$21.50, \$25 and \$29. Semi-precious stone settings, \$8, \$10, \$12, \$15, up to \$21.

Gold Beads and Bead Collarettes

Strings of gold beads, \$7, \$9, \$10, up to \$20. Egg and bead pattern, \$11, \$15 and \$20. New green-gold finish, \$11, \$13 and \$15. Collarettes of gold beads, 4 to 12 strands, \$45, \$50, \$72 and \$85.

Men's Watch Fobs

Solid gold buckle and ring, to attach old charms, \$4.75, \$5.75, up to \$11. Solid gold seals, \$12, \$14, \$15, \$18 and \$21. Semi-precious stone settings—amethyst, topaz, carnelian, jade, sard, bloodstone, \$12 to \$75. Gold chains to take place of ribbon, \$18 to \$60.

Sterling Silver (925/1000 fine) Toilet Articles

An infinite variety of finishes and decorations. Hair brushes, \$3.50 to \$16. Mirrors, \$10 to \$26. Cloth brushes, \$3 to \$12. Velvet or bonnet brushes, \$1.50 to \$8.00. Combs, \$1.00 to \$5.60. Military brushes, \$6.50 to \$23 per pair.

Men's and Women's Watches

For Men: Thin model, solid gold, with gold cap, at \$35, \$45, \$50 and \$65. Repeaters from \$115 up to \$700.

For Women: Solid gold cases, gold inside cap, fine movements, for chain or chatelaine, \$25, \$30, \$35, \$40, \$50, up to \$160. Enameled and jeweled cases, from \$80 to \$900.

No matter where you reside

we can serve you satisfactorily by mail. Assortments of goods forwarded anywhere on receipt of customary business references.

906 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia



Walnuts and Wine

THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT

By Arnold M. Anderson

What did I git fer Christmas? Wal, I guess ye got me there!
I got er present, Jerry—the shape is kind er square;
It's made o' silk an' ribbons, with lots o' lace an' such—
O' all gol dern contraptions, it cert'nly beats the Dutch!

My daughter Jennie sent it—she wrote it was fer me,
But Gosh! she didn't mention what the thing was meant ter be!
We've hed a sight o' callers here since that dern present came;
They's been a sight o' guessin' about the fool thing's name.

Maw thinks it's meant fer slippers, but I don't guess it's that,
Becuz it's trimmed too fancy—jest like er woman's hat!
“Most likely it's a shoppin' bag,” said Wilkins' hired man;
Yit Wilkins said himself 'twas some new-fangled kind o' fan!

But Laws! it can't be them! It's plain ernough ter see
It ain't no bag ner fan that Jennie'd send ter me.
When Lindy Perkins hed a look, she riz her voice an' said:
“Why, that's fer handkerchiefs, you know, er jest a cap fer bed!”

Some said 'twas jest fer looks, ter hang upon the wall,
An' some jest shook their heads an' didn't say at all;
Then some looked knowin'-like, an' some was purty mad
An' took ter cussin' it like fun—it puzzled 'em so bad.

Yit 'tain't no use ter worry, ner fret an' make er fuss
About a thing like that what ain't a bit o' use ter us;
I never keered fer fancy work—I never want ter keer!
Why, Jennie must be daft, I think, ter send that fool thing here!



PERPETUAL MOTION

A young countryman who had arrayed himself in festive garments, and had spruced up his overworked horse, started out for an evening drive to town. He drove through the main street with a flourish, and as he reined up in front of the corner store the horse dropped dead. A sympathetic bystander called out to him: “Served you right, Si! You hadn't oughter stopped.”

H. H. Bassett

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The pen with the Clip-Cap

Solves the Xmas problem



STYLES A AND D Plain and Chased

No.	No.	Price
A 12 or D 22	-	\$3.50
A 13 or D 23	-	\$3.50
A 14 or D 24	-	\$4.00
A 15 or D 25	-	\$5.00
A 16 or D 26	-	\$6.00
A 17	-	\$7.00
A 18	-	\$8.00

STYLE B Plain or Chased German Silver Clip

No.	Price
B 12 With Clip	\$2.75
B 13	\$3.75
B 14	\$4.25
B 15	\$5.25
B 16	\$6.25
B 17	\$7.25
B 18	\$8.25

STYLE C GOLD BANDS Plain or Chased

No.	Price
C 12 G. M.	\$3.50
C 13 G. M.	\$4.50
C 14 G. M.	\$5.00
C 15 G. M.	\$6.00
C 16 G. M.	\$7.00

*See price of Clips in next column

STYLE E GOLD BANDS Plain or Chased

No.	Price
E 22 G. M.	\$3.50
E 23 G. M.	\$4.50
E 24 G. M.	\$5.00
E 25 G. M.	\$6.00
E 26 G. M.	\$7.00

STYLE F SILVER FILIGREE With Name-plate

No.	Price
F 12 Fil.	\$5.00
F 14 Fil.	\$7.00
F 15 Fil.	\$8.50
F 16 Fil.	\$9.50
F 18 Fil.	\$12.00

STYLE G GOLD BANDS Plain or Chased

No.	Price
G 2 G. M.	\$3.50
G 3 G. M.	\$4.50
G 4 G. M.	\$5.00
G 5 G. M.	\$6.00
G 6 G. M.	\$7.00

CLIPS ADD TO COST—
German Silver 25c.
Sterling Silver 50c.
Rolled Gold \$1.00.
Solid Gold \$2.00.

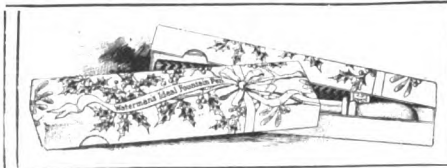


Unit figure in number indicates size of gold pen contained in holder.

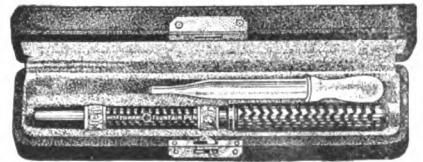
For Man or Woman - Boy or Girl

The Christmas problem is to find a suitable gift. Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen solves this problem because it means pleasure to the giver and satisfaction to the user, whether man or woman, boy or girl. To the woman in search of a gift for a man this pen will come as a particularly appropriate suggestion. It is of service everywhere and becomes more valuable as time goes on. With a present of this kind goes the satisfaction of having given the best because—there are imitations. Insist on the genuine.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTATION BOXES



FOR UNMOUNTED PENS



FOR GOLD MOUNTED PENS

For Sale Almost Everywhere. If your town has no dealer write for Xmas booklet

L. E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, N. Y.

8 SCHOOL ST., BOSTON · 209 STATE ST., CHICAGO · 136 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL · 742 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO · 12 GOLDEN LANE LONDON, E. C.

Walnuts and Wine

THE BEREAVEMENT

Pallid and trembling, the grief-stricken wife met her husband at the door.

"She is gone!" came the wail from her set lips.

The man's face blanched, and he reeled as if from a heavy blow. Half dazed, he sank into a chair.

"Gone!" he echoed vaguely.

"Gone," repeated the wife, with a brave effort at self-control. "Oh, what shall I do without her! I had learned to lean upon her so, she was so much to me, and now——" Her courage forsook her quite, and she burst into tears.

Her husband drew her to him.

"Don't weep, dear heart," he said tenderly. "Tell me about it. I had feared that it might happen, but the blow has fallen so suddenly."

The wife raised her head, her eyes flashed fire.

"How did it happen?" she reiterated in a changed voice. "Why, that cat of a Mrs. Jenkins offered her five dollars a week and no washing or ironing. So of course Bridget jumped at it, and left without notice."

And the man sighed heavily, for he knew that for him it meant a weary round of intelligence offices.

Elsie Duncan Yale

A NOVEL REPORT

The Superintendent of Streets in Cleveland recently summoned to his presence an Irish officer, to whom he said:

"It is reported to me that there is a dead dog in Horner Street. I want you to see to its disposition."

"Yis, sor," said the subordinate, who immediately set out upon his mission.

In half an hour the Irishman telephoned his chief as follows: "I have made inquiries about the dog's disposition, and I find that it was a savage one."

E. T.

MISAPPREHENSION

Would-be purchaser in a country store: "Have you any black hose?"

Clerk: "No, we haven't a hoe in the store."

Eleanor Root



A New Refinement in Stationery

WHITING'S

French Chambray

Just another addition to that unique class of *fabric finish* correspondence papers which the WHITING PAPER COMPANY has made famous. It ranks with WHITING'S FRENCH ORGANDIE and ORGANDIE GLACE in exquisiteness of quality and style as an ideal correspondence paper. WHITING'S WOVEN LINEN remains the standard paper for the personal or club correspondence of gentlemen. A comparison with any other papers represented to be the same as WHITING'S will show the marked superiority of our product.

For sale by leading dealers in stationery.

The largest manufacturers of fine stationery in the world

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BOSTON

PHILADELPHIA

CHICAGO

Mills: HOLYOKE, MASS.

Walnuts and Wine

HE HADN'T CAUGHT UP

Several years ago, when the University of Chicago held its decennial celebration, John D. Rockefeller was its guest for several days. A bewildering succession of functions followed one another in such quick succession that each affair was from one to four hours late.

At the great banquet on the closing day, Mr. Rockefeller in his after-dinner speech told the following story:

"I have felt for the past twenty-four hours like the Boston business man who lived in the suburbs and came in to his office every day. One winter afternoon he took the train for his home, but a terrific snow-storm was raging, and about half way to his suburb the train was snowed in. All night the passengers were imprisoned, but early in the morning they managed to reach a near-by telegraph station, and the Boston man sent the following despatch to his office:

Will not be in the office to-day. Have not got home yesterday yet.

E. B.

WISE JOHN

By Sam S. Stinson

Said a youngster whose name was John Hurd:

"It has frequently to me occurred

That my parents so keen

Might have named me John Seen,

For a child should be seen and not heard."

WILLIE'S QUESTION

Little Willie's sister was being baptized. Everything went well until Willie happened to catch a glimpse of the water in the font, when he began peering about anxiously, and finally exclaimed in a piping voice, audible to the whole congregation: "Where's the soap?"

Charles Lee Sleight

SLIGHTLY AWRY

Visitor in the Art Gallery (pointing to the wolf suckling Romulus and Remus): "What is that?"

Attendant: "That is Romeo and Juliet."

Eleanor Root

Beauty Is Skin Deep

A YOUNG lady went golfing the other day—arrived on the field with a brilliant complexion, *noticeably brilliant*.

Played around the links a couple of times, wiped a good deal of perspiration from her face—And lo—our brilliant complexioned young friend became sallow and yellow—altogether a different looking creature.

Do you know what was the matter? Well our young friend was simply a victim of the Paint and Powder Habit—the curse of many a fair satiny skin—the *ruination* of many a young girl's beauty.

You see, most of us have a wrong idea about our skin. We think it is simply a covering for the body.

Well, our skin does act

in that manner. But its most important function is to act as a sanitary drainage for the Body.

There are 28 miles of sanitary drainage system in the skin—the glands or pores—and every 24 hours this drainage system should discharge at least 2 pounds

of waste matter. When Miss Brilliant Complexion covers her face and sometimes her body with a fine, dusty, pore-choking powder, she simply clogs up the skin pores altogether. Then the trouble starts.

Now, it's the easiest thing in the world to preserve that great gift of beauty—all you need is simply pure, high-grade soap and water.

But, for mercy's sake, don't use any old soap.

The best soap is not merely a "pure" soap, for soap can be pure and yet made of cheap and injurious materials. It must be made from the *highest grade* of the purest materials.

There is only one such soap and that is Fairy Soap.

Fairy Soap is made of the same kind of sweet and fresh beef fat that you get from your butcher on your roast of beef, together with the purest of vegetable oils properly balanced.

It will dissolve out all impurities in your pores—so that they can readily perform their daily function. Its use keeps the complexion fresh, clear, bright and healthful—almost indefinitely.

Fairy Soap is sold everywhere.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago

Fairy Soap was granted highest possible awards at both St. Louis and Portland Expositions.



"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"

Walnuts and Wine

IRVING AS A BARNSTORMER

During his last American tour the late Sir Henry Irving told the following story on himself one evening at the Players' Club:

"My barnstorming days seem very distant, and yet very dear to me now. I recall with particular pleasure a melodrama of crime in high life wherewith I barnstormed the provinces for two successful seasons.

"My part called, in the first act, for a dark stage. In this darkness I fought with an old earl, threw him heavily, and, when he did not rise after the loud thud of his fall, I cried out:

"Great heavens! What have I done?"

"Usually this scene impressed and moved my audience tremendously, but I remember one night in Birmingham when a coster, with one little witticism, turned my outcry and the darkness and the old earl's tragic fall into ridicule and laughter. I have never seen that coster, but I remember his voice well. It was a slow, dry voice, like Mark Twain's, and it manifested itself just after the fall of my aged and noble antagonist. The old earl had dropped heavily, and in the silent obscurity I had cried: 'Great heavens! What have I done?' when the coster spoke up:

"Strike a match, young fellow, and we'll have a look.'"

Owen Kildare



BUSINESS HONESTY

Last winter the proprietors of a hardware store in a country town hung out this sign:

JONES & SMITH

Cheap Skates

It was several days before its double meaning dawned on them.

L. B. Coley



THE PROPER CAPE

Mary: "Florence is certainly 'making hay while the sun shines.'"

Jane: "Well, isn't she a grass-widow?"

A. C. H.



HE WAS EXCUSED

"Jones," said the head book-keeper, "you are late this morning."

"Yes, sir," answered Jones. "My wife is out of town."

James H. Lambert, Jr.

This Artloom Couch Cover \$5.00

A perfectly reversible Gobelin cover, rich and heavy. Three yards long and sixty inches wide in the cloth with a heavy knotted fringe on all sides. Art colors—soft reds and greens.



Here is something new
—the first time a Gobelin

pattern has been reproduced in this country in a tapestry that is perfectly reversible.

It is a cover of remarkable beauty and we want Lippincott readers to have the first chance at it. It is a good example of Artloom value. It is our desire to have an Artloom curtain, a couch cover or a table cover, or some bit of Artloom service and beauty in every Lippincott home. Ask your dealer to show you Artloom couch covers the very next time you go shopping (*identify by label Artloom on every piece*).

We have the largest tapestry works in America, and every home-maker should have our Style Book J of Artloom curtains, couch covers and table covers. We'll send it when you write.

Philadelphia Tapestry Mills, Philadelphia

Walnuts and Wine

THE MODEST BURGLAR

By R. R. Kirk

The burglar is a modest man;
He's never seen by day,
And if accosted late at night
He tries to steal away.

Whene'er he has to make a call
He never makes a fuss;
He keeps as quiet as he can
So's not to trouble us.

He is so modest, if you'd say,
"Why, you are Burglar Jim!"
He'd say, with evident distress,
"No, mister, I ain't him!"



AN OLD GAME

Fiancée: "Oh, dearest, we have already received a hundred wedding gifts."

Fiancé: "All right, let's go in and guess what they're used for."

J. T.



THE HIGHWAY-WOMAN

By Harold Susman

She held me up! She stole my heart!
Her method it was simple:
She blushed! She drew her lips apart!
She then displayed a dimple!



PROBABLY

Teacher, to Little Boy: "Freddie Brooks, are you making faces at Nellie Lyon?"

Freddie Brooks: "Please, teacher, no, ma'am; I was trying to smile, and my face slipped."

Clarence Birch

Walnuts and Wine

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER



Any Child

who has enjoyed the benefit of **Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder** daily since birth is free from the painful **chapping** and **chafing** which comes with winter weather.

Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

soothes and heals, and if used daily, enables the most tender skin to resist the ill effects of changing conditions of weather.

Put up in **non-refillable boxes**, for your protection. If **Mennen's** face is on the cover, it's **genuine**, that's a **guarantee of purity**. Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25c. **Sample Free.**

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N. J.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Powder.
It has the scent of fresh cut Violets.



Walnuts and Wine

OPPORTUNE

"What are you doing?" harshly demanded the brutal husband, abruptly entering the room.

"I'm just going to trim this forty-nine cent hat I bought yesterday," replied the trembling wife.

"Extravagant woman, you will ruin me with your everlasting bargain hunting!" he exclaimed, enraged, and, seizing the hat, he crumpled it in his hands, trampled it underfoot, and, finally flinging it into the corner of the room, strode away.

Weeping, the wife stooped to pick up her insulted property, but her tear-stained face was irradiated by an ecstatic rapture as her eyes fell upon it.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in delight, "now it is the exact shape of that forty-dollar French hat I saw yesterday, and I never could have gotten it that way myself. All it needs is a couple of blue roses and a bunch of lavender buttercups."

Elsie Duncan Yale

INFLECTION

The wife of an army officer at a Western post recently had occasion to visit a small neighboring town, to do some shopping at what is called the General Store. She was much entertained by the variety and antiquity of the stock of goods, and as she passed out her eyes were attracted by a pile of mottoes, elaborately lettered and ornately framed, the upper one being the Scriptural passage: "Walk in love."

As she paused, the clerk, a dapper young man of more affability than advantages, stepped forward with the remark, "Them are the latest things in mottoes. This top one is swell to put over a young lady's door—"Walk in love."

Abigail Robinson

A LITERARY CAT

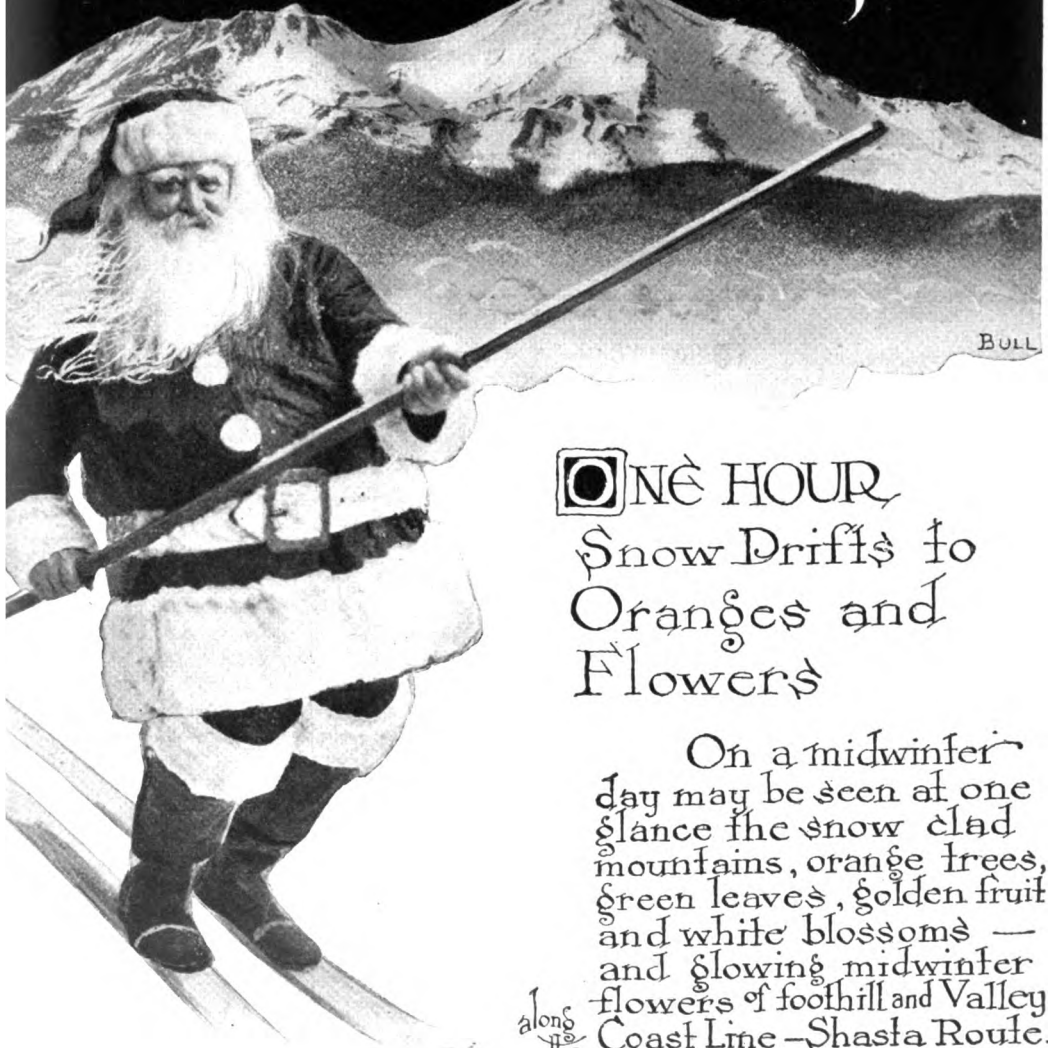
Two little girls of a small town in the interior of Ohio were presented with a kitten, and a dispute arose as to the name it should be given. Edith had a little boy friend named William, and demanded that the kitten be given that name, but Mabel, whose friend's name was Dean, protested vigorously; so the matter was compromised by calling the pet "William Dean."

The animal's vocal powers were unusually well developed. It squalled constantly. So the family decided to give the kitten an additional name and call it "William Dean Howells."

Dwight Spencer Anderson

Road of a Thousand Wonders

through California and Oregon
over the Southern Pacific



ONE HOUR Snow Drifts to Oranges and Flowers

On a midwinter day may be seen at one glance the snow clad mountains, orange trees, green leaves, golden fruit and white blossoms — and glowing midwinter flowers of foothill and Valley Coast Line — Shasta Route.

Road of a Thousand Wonders is a charming story book of over one hundred beautiful pictures in colors, telling of the wonderful journey from Los Angeles, California, through Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Paso Robles Hot Springs, Del Monte, Santa Cruz, Big Trees, San Jose, San Francisco, Sacramento, Shasto Region, Rogue River and Willamette Valley to Portland, Oregon; along the trail, a hundred years old, of the Franciscan friars. For a copy and a sample copy of the beautiful illustrated magazine, Sunset, send 15 cents to Chas. S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager, Dept. I., Southern Pacific Co., Union Ferry Building, San Francisco, California.

Walnuts and Wine

SIGNS OF THE SEASON

By Rebekah Burnett

When the white Snowdrops away
And the Freesia does not freeze;
When the Crocus croaks all day,
Spring of course has come to stay.

When the Cowslips out so gay,
And the Larkspur sweetly sings,
Trumpet Flower and Blue Bells play,
For the perfect summer day.

When Snapdragons snap and run,
When the Bay Trees bay the moon,
And the Poppies in the Sun
Pop, dog-days have surely come.

Autumn follows summer fast.
Smilax smiles a sad good-by;
Daisies' days are done at last,
Wildly blow the windflowers past.

Winter's cold is brisk and keen,
And the Snowballs fast do fly,
Yet the Christmas Rose is seen,
And the Evergreens are green.

RESOURCEFUL

Wife: "I hope, doctor, that you may be able to do something for Henry."

Physician: "What is the nature of his complaint?"

Wife: "He is forever worrying about money."

Physician (grimly): "I think I can relieve him of that."

T.

HE SHOULD HAVE CUT IT

"That old duffer was unexpectedly asked to speak at our class dinner, and he got up and talked for forty minutes."

"Do you think he had his speech all cut and dried?"

"Well—it may have been dried."

J. M. Hendrickson

Walnuts and Wine



Razac at the Office

HUNDREDS of letters are reaching us—letters of congratulation from users of the Razac; business and professional men, Army and Navy people, actors, editors, workers in every industry.

We find the business man ordering an extra Razac to keep at the office. He can shave there on occasion as quickly and easily as at home.

The Razac means relief from barber-shop bondage, a saving of time, of money, and temper. It means freedom from tools and towels that reek of other faces, and, best of all, a cool, smooth shave for every man no matter how tough or wiry his beard. No beard is a hard beard for the Razac.

Any one can use a Razac, and use it with impunity—shave against the grain, clean up all the corners, shave the back of the neck. It shaves smooth as velvet and does not irritate the skin.

The Razac outfit complete, ready for

instant use, packed in handsome genuine leather case, price \$3.50. Use the Razac for thirty days and if for any reason you are willing to part with it, send it back and we will promptly refund your money, without argument or question. No strings to this offer, and we pay express charges both ways. We authorize all dealers to make the same offer. If yours doesn't, send to us.

No more beautiful or acceptable gift for a man than our combination set containing triple silver-plated holder, twelve double-edge blades, genuine Badger hair-brush and Razac shaving-stick, each in triple silver-plated box, all securely packed in genuine leather case, with strong clasp, price \$5.00. Same as above, quadruple gold-plated, \$8.50.

Whatever you do, send your name on a postal card for our two books—RAZAC USE and RAZAC REASON. They explain and illustrate everything you'd like to know about shaving.

HAPGOODS SALES COMPANY, Suite 110-305 Broadway, N. Y.

THE LAUGH ON FATHER

Mother and father were having a somewhat animated discussion, to which the five-year-old listened with alternating apprehension and delight. Finally she chimed in.

"I know whose side I'm on," she chirruped.

"Be still," said her father sternly.

"I know whose side I'm on," repeated the young lady, sidling up to her mother.

The father's annoyance increased at this threatened division in the family. "Be still," he commanded more sternly.

But the young lady was not to be squelched so easily. "I know whose side I'm on," she declared again, as her father arose to meet the occasion. "I'm for Roosevelt."

And in the laugh which followed, the difference of opinion was forgotten.

Francis R. Singleton

THE REASON WHY

Recently a bashful young woman from a backwoods county in Virginia went into a local store carrying three chickens. She inquired the price of chickens, and at the same time put them on the counter.

"Will they lay there?" asked the clerk, who did not know that the chickens' legs were tied.

She bit her handkerchief in embarrassment a moment, and said:

"No, sir; they are roosters."

Will M. Huntley

GOOD REASONS

Mrs. Ready: "I wonder why the De Swells have stopped inviting us to their dinners?"

Mr. Ready: "I suppose it was because we always went."

T. E. McGrath

THE EFFECT

"There's a man living on our street who's had his stomach taken out."

"Good gracious! Should you know it to look at him?"

"No. To tell you the truth, he looks disheartened."

C. A. Bolton

Londonderry LITHIA WATER

Londonderry
Lithia Water
will carry you
through an ardu-
ous social season
and over many of
the difficulties
that too often
assail the
home en-
tertainer.

A pad of
"Londonderry"
bridge whist score
sheets will be mailed
free to any address on
request.

Londonderry Lithia Water is
served at all first-class hotels and
clubs, and is sold by druggists, gro-
cers and wine merchants. The Spark-
ling comes in quarts, pints and splits; the
Still in half-gallon bottles.

LONDON DERRY LITHIA SPRING WATER CO.,
Elm Street, Nashua, N. H.

Lippincott's Magazine

A DIFFERENT PROPOSITION FROM ANY OF THE OTHERS

It never gets old, as each number contains a complete novel, in addition to the usual miscellaneous reading-matter, unlike others with serials. The advertising pages, being the only illustrated ones, are necessarily much more prominent than in the pictorial journals. Our advertising section is interspersed with full-page illustrations and reading-matter.

IN MAKING UP YOUR LIST, BEAR THIS IN MIND



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

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The Bishop of Albany, the Right Reverend W. C. Doane, follows the custom of English bishops in signing formal communications, using "William of Albany" instead of giving his name in full. In this connection an amusing story is told. It appears that the bishop alighted from an express train in the station at Albany, to find himself besieged on all sides by cabmen, with the usual "Cab, cab, cab! Right this way, sir! Here's yer cab!" One of the "cabbies," on perceiving the bell-crowned hat, long clerical coat, and other indications of the calling of the passenger, evidently recognized Bishop Doane, for he suddenly held up his finger, exclaiming:

"Cab, William of Albany? Cab? Right this way, William!"

Fenimore Martin



A DISTINCT ADVANTAGE

Next to a big black cigar and billiards, books are Mark Twain's chief diversion. Aside from the pleasure he gets out of them, the humorist has discovered that they possess an unusual trait.

"My books are my best friends," said he not long ago at "Quarry Farm," his summer home near Elmira, N. Y., as his eyes swept row after row of attractive looking volumes. "When I tire of them I can shut them up."

J. Maxwell Beers



WHAT TO AVOID

By Sam S. Stinson

In building castles in the air,
Be up to all the tricks,
And most of all, pray, have a care,
And do not buy gold bricks.



MIXED METAPHORS

Leonard, aged four, was watching the drum major.

"Mother, what does the man with the big stick do?"

"He beats time, my son."

The next band that passed had no drum major. Leonard watched it inquiringly until it was out of sight and then asked:

"Mother, where was the man what—what hits the clock?"

H. G.

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AN EXCHANGE OF APOLOGIES

The night Mr. and Mrs. Elton held their reception at the Inside Club, Mr. Elton, whose eyesight is very poor, bowed politely to every one he saw, including the waiters. Mrs. Elton remonstrated with him for this, and so the remainder of the evening he was more careful in distributing recognitions. But the following unfortunate accident occurred, nevertheless.

At nine-thirty Mrs. Elton came to him with a wild look in her eye and delivered herself of the alarming news that the silverware they had brought to be used for buffet lunch was in a box downstairs in the cloak room. Would he hurry down to get it, and come up the *back* way?

Mr. Elton turned to a man at his elbow. "Follow me," he said.

In a moment the box was opened and Mr. Elton fished out an armful of spoons. "Take these," he said, thrusting them at the man. "Fill your pockets as fast as you can; somebody might come and catch us. I wouldn't have this known for the world. Here's another handful—tie it up in your napkin."

"Napkin!" exclaimed the man. "Do you suppose I brought a napkin to this reception?"

"Oh, my dear sir," cried Mr. Elton, realizing his error, "I beseech you to pardon me—I entreat you to forgive me—why—er—I took you for a waiter."

"That's all right," responded the guest, with a deprecatory gesture. "Don't give the matter another thought. I took *you* for a thief!"

Dwight Spencer Anderson

HOW "PULL" WORKS

By E. G. Nedloh

The horse with strongest pull
Must do most of the work.
A smart man's no such fool;
It's "pull" that lets him shirk.

NEEDED IT

"He is a diamond in the rough."
"That is why we cut him."

T. E. McGrath

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