

Godfrey

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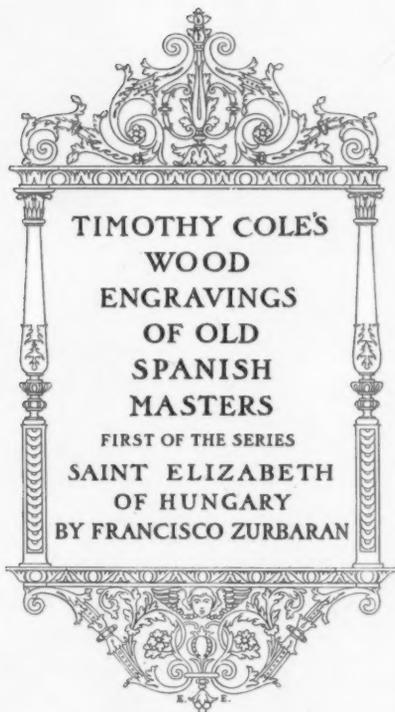
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TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD
ENGRAVINGS
OF OLD
SPANISH
MASTERS
FIRST OF THE SERIES
SAINT ELIZABETH
OF HUNGARY
BY FRANCISCO ZURBARAN

E. C. E.



FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE SMITH-BARRY COLLECTION, LONDON.

SAINT ELIZABETH. BY FRANCISCO ZURBARAN.

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD-ENGRAVINGS OF
OLD SPANISH MASTERS: FIRST OF THE SERIES.)

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIII.

NOVEMBER, 1901.

No. 1.



OUR FOOLISH VIRGINS.

BY ELIOT GREGORY.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING.

IN his flippant moods the younger Dumas was in the habit of paraphrasing Pope, unconsciously, saying: "The natural study of mankind is—woman." As he grew older, the dramatist used to add, with a whimsical smile, "The more experience I have with the dear creatures the less I understand them." This last remark was to prove truer than he knew, for after passing his youth and middle age writing witty things about women, analyzing their moods, diagnosing their symptoms, laughing at their caprices, and warning brother mortals from feminine toils, the great playwright fell, in old age, victim to a charming adventuress of the very type he had so often and so cleverly exposed on the stage for the benefit of others.

The *spirituel* Frenchman, however, was right in one respect. "From the moment a girl begins to put up her back hair and lengthen her skirts, she becomes an un-failing source of delight and puzzlement to members of the *sexe laid*." The fact that they rarely work out a clue successfully in no way discourages the amateur detectives, nor takes the zest from their self-imposed labor. Far from diminishing in interest, the subject grows with study, especially here in America, where the ways

of our girl-kind in general, and of city-bred maids in particular, are undergoing astonishing changes.

During all other periods of the world's history parents have considered it necessary to hold their daughters in subjection and shield them from the rough-and-tumble of life. In antique times a woman did not exist, so to speak, until she had become a wife and mother, when her rôle was chiefly that of housewife. Unmarried women were looked upon as little better than slaves—a view, by the way, still held in the East. In Europe, to-day, the maiden members of a family are not consulted on matters of importance, nor are the movements of a household made subservient to their whims.

We have, within the last twenty-five years, been rushing to exactly the opposite extreme, so now enjoy a society where the young girl rules supreme, and, be it said in passing, sways her scepter with no light hand. It is not until we pause, looking back over the distance covered by the young vagrants within the last decade, that one realizes how far they have strayed from the limits of their mothers' narrow domain.

Setting aside, as above criticism, those modest workers who at home or among the poor are struggling with life's prob-

lems, and, like happy nations, have no history, American maids to-day may be divided into two groups, each of which can again



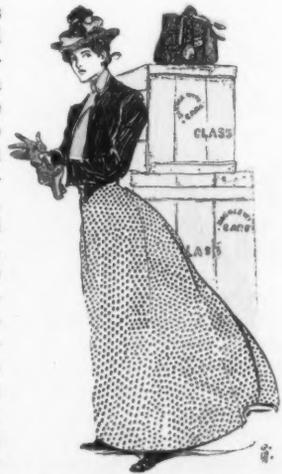
"TO CORRECT PARENTAL FAULTS."

be subdivided *ad infinitum*. In the first category are those who take themselves and their occupations seriously, being convinced that they were sent into the world to correct parental faults and revolutionize things generally. The second,—perhaps the larger class,—on the contrary, emancipate themselves from home duties (as far as circumstances will permit), looking upon household cares as beneath their notice, and resenting, as an injustice, any attempt on the part of parents to restrain their liberty.

While visiting recently in a neighboring city I was placed at dinner next to a diminutive damsel, who entertained me, during the meal, with her opinions on men and matters. The talk had a subflavor of the strong-minded, oddly out of keeping with her winsome face and doll-like figure; but the face was so pretty and the chatter so amusing that after a time one forgot this disagreeable impression. Later in the evening, when the other guests had left, I asked my hostess who the energetic little maiden was. With a half-smile she answered: "Miss B— is a very modern person. I thought you would find her interesting. A couple of years ago her parents, who, I suspect, had begun to find their offspring a handful, yielded to the daughter's request to go abroad and finish her education, naïvely imagining that she

would settle in some quiet old town like Dresden or Hanover. A relative was chosen as a duenna, a bank-account opened, and the couple started with the understanding that their destination should be decided by the girl herself. Well, you will think I am romancing when I tell you that, after a month in Paris and a tentative week at Cannes, Miss B— established herself at Monte Carlo for the winter. It is needless to add that her education was finished with a vengeance, not quite on the lines her parents had intended, but with staggering completeness. When she got back from this eventful journey the traveler proceeded to give her parents the benefit of her experience. They were hustled *volens volens* out of a suburban home and established in a town house, as their daughter announced that she had 'no intention of wasting her life in the country.' Having accomplished this feat, and furnished the new residence with pictures and bric-à-brac picked up during her trip abroad, hired a corps of servants, and made out a visiting-list for her mother's use, the girl, who was not prepared to marry just yet, next turned her attention to the parental investments, upon which she brought the light of her new ideas to bear. 'Il faut être de son siècle,' is her favorite saying. When the family money matters were running to her satisfaction, Miss B—, nothing if not active, devoted her time to organizing a kennel for the breeding of bulldogs of some particular form or color, I forget which. 'A woman,' she says, 'must have some serious object in life,' and she

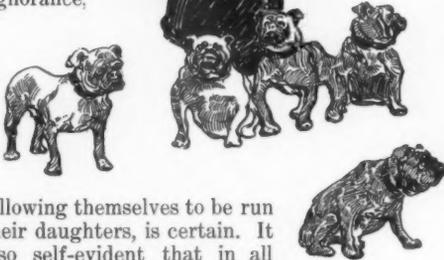
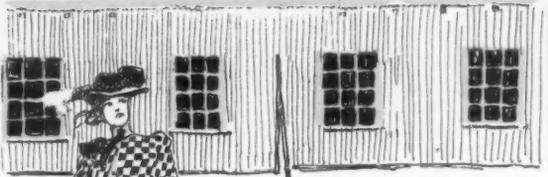
tells me that the way this special breed has been allowed to run down over here is a disgrace to the American people. Fortunately for us, she has leaped into the breach, and proposes to raise the standard, at no matter what personal inconvenience, to the English level. It appears that Minotaur, the famous five-thousand-dollar



"HAD 'NO INTENTION OF WASTING HER LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.'"

prize - winner, is on his way across the ocean to join her kennel."

This girl may or may not be a fair sample of her kind, but that there are hundreds of households in our land to-day where parents, from indolence or ignorance,



are allowing themselves to be run by their daughters, is certain. It is also self-evident that in all classes of society, except certain conservative circles where Continental standards are observed, the Yankee girl has seized the helm. With father and mother comfortably installed in the cabin and male members of the crew forbidden even to approach the bridge, she is guiding the family bark, summer and winter, according to her pleasure.

These voyages are so amazing, when viewed from the terra firma of bachelordom, that I find myself getting out my mental telescope to watch the excursion and making bets with my friends on the finish. It may be doubted, however, if the situation is quite so agreeable to the passengers on board, for the chances appear about even whether the juvenile navigators succeed in guiding their ships into undiscovered harbors, full of new delights, or only dashing them on the rocks in the attempt. As the odds would seem to be rather in favor of shipwreck, one feels moved occasionally to send up small rockets of warning to the daring sea-maidens, signals which, however, are pretty sure to remain unheeded, if not resented.

He walks on thin ice who ventures to criticize feminine shortcomings in this country. Not only do the ladies themselves

push aside, with wrath, all tampering with their liberty, but those willing slaves, the husbands and brothers, are apt to consider any such

comment as little short of lese-majesty. It is perhaps just here that the root of the trouble lies. The Yankee is certainly the most unselfish, industrious, long-suffering of beings. He asks nothing but her love from the girl of his choice, exacts no dot, and, no matter how humble his station in life, dreams not of associating her with his toil, which is vastly to his credit. Yet it looks at times as if this exaggerated unselfishness was working almost as much harm as good.

With curious inconsistency we Americans combine our worship of womankind with a throwing down of the barriers which all other races have considered it necessary to

maintain about unmarried women, if they are to be a something apart from the rest of polluted humanity.

So chivalrous is the attitude of our compatriots toward women that a girl may to-day travel throughout the length of the country, make her toilet in sleeping-cars, go to a

theater by herself, wander unattended in twilight streets, with never an offensive word or glance to disturb her serenity.

Our land is like Ireland of old, when the virgin Una, clothed in white and carrying a golden wand in her hand, walked unharmed through the island. Nothing, it must be confessed, can be finer. Unfortunately, like many good things, this state of affairs has its drawbacks, the hitch in this case being that many pretty wenches take their rôle of Una seriously, and imagine that wandering about the country in immaculate raiment is the principal object of existence. It's ticklish work criticizing saints, yet one can't help thinking the Irish damsel in question would have been quite as well employed if she had stayed at home and helped her mother with the family dinner, or taught her little brothers their lessons.

"A WOMAN MUST HAVE SOME SERIOUS OBJECT IN LIFE."





C. J. ...

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

"IT IS AN EVEN CHANCE THAT SHE . . . IS INVITED TO LUNCH."

My bachelor quarters are occasionally visited by a modern Una who is such a distinctly American product that I cannot refrain from describing, for the benefit of my readers, the existence she has arranged for herself and the ingenious methods by

As she has always "forgotten her purse," a candid offer to share expenses does not count for much. The girl is, however, so gay and entertaining that this little trick, played with variations, provides her with most of her season's luncheons. On leaving



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

"THEY VISIT SOME BACHELOR PAINTER IN HIS STUDIO."

which she enjoys freedom from all cares, and gets a taste of life, without exceeding her meager allowance.

The girl, who is of spotless respectability, lives with a widowed aunt in a tiny apartment somewhere in the upper part of the town, from which altitude she descends, arrayed in dazzling garb, on most fair mornings, in pursuit of her day's sport. After a little shopping, or an hour's inspection of Twenty-third street windows, she arrives toward one o'clock at the Waldorf, or a kindred hostelry, where she trips about as though looking for some one. As soon as she spots a group of her acquaintances preparing to order luncheon, she floats up to them and asks if they "have seen Aunt Maria," which lady, strangely enough, does not materialize. As the girl lingers about their table, or asks—with one of her winning smiles—permission to sit by them until her relative appears, it is an even chance that she achieves her object and is invited to lunch. The little comedy of confusion and annoyance at Aunt Maria's defection is duly played, but the invitation is accepted.

her hosts, Una does a picture-gallery or two, or, if she meets a friend of her own ilk, they visit some bachelor painter in his studio. She never does this alone, being careful that no bad marks shall sully the white pages of her class-book.

Another favorite amusement is being photographed—when it does not cost anything. In consequence, the walls of half the amateur studios in town are graced with presentments of her dainty figure. This and kindred pastimes fill the hours until five o'clock, when she "teas" with a woman friend or drops in at a reception. Thus a day has been cheerfully and economically passed. By seven, when it is quite dark, and there is no further excuse for remaining out, the fair tramp reluctantly mounts an elevated train (her first extravagance), and returns to the society of the uncomplaining relative, who has passed *her* day in cutting, turning, and rearranging the girl's fine clothes, or darning the meager household linen.

It is only fair to point out in excuse of such an existence that the fault lies more with our foolish social conditions and the



"SHE JOINS SOME ART SCHOOL."

detached attitude of parents than with the lassies themselves, who are encouraged to shirk both cares and responsibilities and pass days and evenings in idleness.

An English or a French girl of position is born into a circle of duties and labor from which there is no escape. She learns early that many people are dependent on her

or look up to her as their model. The poor in the neighborhood fall to her lot; it is she who aids her mother in the finances of the house, or when food and linen are being sent to cottages where there are new arrivals. Invalid old women have to be visited; the rector calls on her to furnish music for his village club or help entertain his working-girls of a Saturday night. The fact that life is not and cannot possibly be all holiday is early impressed upon foreign women. The work that lies ready to their hands is a matter of tradition, and can no more be shirked by such maidens than a presentation at court or a first communion. They are integral parts of life.

Few girls on our side of the Atlantic have experiences of this kind. To the majority country life means a hotel or a cottage hired for the summer months, which carries no responsibilities with it.

There is a temporary side to our social institutions, a constant moving on, which proves a power fully dissolvent. The knowledge that next year her family will be living somewhere else or wandering homeless in foreign lands, "because housekeeping fatigues poor mama," naturally detaches the daughter from any plan she may have formed for study or works of charity.

A more powerful factor, however, is the curious habit parents have of so arranging household machinery that their daughters shall be freed from its wheels. It is perhaps a laudable ambition to try to give one's offspring as much enjoyment as possible, but it leads to unexpected results when carried too far.

The average New York miss to-day is little better than a "parlor boarder" in her home, than which it is difficult to imagine a position more detached. From the time she wakes in the morning until retiring for the night she takes no part in household matters. To get through the morning she joins some art school, or attends a reading-club, where she lunches if possible, or else wanders home for that meal late, and disturbs the routine of the kitchen.

After a hasty bite, my lady accomplishes a "quick change," and is out of the house again for the rest of the afternoon. Calls, receptions, or aimless trapesing,—it does n't matter what,—fill her hours, the great point being not to get home until dinner-time. If there is nothing "on" for the evening she passes it over a novel, as undisturbed by any convulsions that may be in progress below-stairs as the most self-respecting "star boarder."

You may smile, dear reader, and put this down as a deliberate exaggeration, but if you take the trouble to look into the matter, you will find that homes where daughters strum the piano while mama cooks the dinner are distressingly numerous.

An insidious little circular has of late been calling the attention of New-Yorkers to certain down-town parlors where a man may keep evening clothes, extra top-coats, and other changes of apparel, avoiding in this way the annoyance of going home to dress. As the colliers of Killingsworth, who witnessed the first journeys of Stephenson's "traveling-engine," did not, in all probability,



"REARRANGING THE GIRL'S FINE CLOTHES."

appreciate the importance of the experiment going on under their eyes, nor foresee the revolution the little machine was destined to work in the habits of mankind, so the recipient of this circular doubtless fails to grasp its real pur-



While MAMA Cooks the DINNER—

port or the possibilities that lie dormant in that innovation. The plan is only a germ as yet, but what changes will ensue when our women have seized upon and elaborated the scheme?

With a wardrobe judiciously distributed in different parts of the city and its suburbs, a demoiselle will be able to go through the successive transformations required by her day's amusement, jump from riding-habit to golf-skirt, into luncheon-, reception-, and ball-dress, without the tiresome necessity of reëntering the family circle. Think what saving of nerves and cab-fare will result! Two of New York's largest department stores already provide bathrooms where customers can take dips between a tussle at the bargain-counter and a quick lunch. The phrase, "All the comforts of home," will soon be as obsolete as the place itself, and returning there except to sleep will be eliminated from the list of a damsel's duties.

A subspecies of the genus parlor boarder existing among us, and among us alone, no other nation disputing our claim to this possession, is—oh, hideous phrase!—the matinée girl, a type one shade less attractive than the tramp.

When of a Saturday afternoon the throngs of idle minxes come trooping, opera-glass in hand, from the elevated stations, I feel as the Elector of Brandenburg must have done when, on his walks

about Berlin, he would shake his cane at the young women he met, calling out, "Go home, you idle wenches; the street is no place for you!"

Without going as far as disgruntled old Frederick, I cannot help feeling a certain



irritation as the crowd pushes into the theaters, for, somehow, each half-grown girl calls up the picture of a neglected Harlem flat or stuffy office where a weary parent is grinding out the price of those theater tickets.

An actor of my acquaintance, most unromantically in love with his wife, tells me that his theatrical life is made weary by girls of this category, who write to him, send him flowers, stand in groups at the stage entrance, or, eluding the janitor's vigilance, appear at his dressing-room door, in quest of autographs and compliments.

"It's a perfect shame!" I hear a fair reader exclaim as she turns these pages. "The writer seems to think that we are little better than dressed-up tramps, with nothing

in our heads but nonsense. He must have a very queer lot of girl friends if that is what he thinks of us. I've half a mind to write to the papers and prove how wrong he is and how unjust. It makes my blood boil when I think of it. Does n't he know that lots of girls are going in seriously for sports, out-of-door exercises, athletics, and other nice healthy things?"

Give me time, my dear. I was just going to speak about your athletic companions when you interrupted me. There are, as you say, quantities of girls who would disdain to wander all day about the streets, and who consider the time passed in shops as wasted. With your permission I will confide to you some observations recently made about this important and growing class.



"A 'QUICK CHANGE' . . . FOR THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON."

Having had the honor, this autumn, to visit in a country house near New York at the same time as a golf champion, whose achievements on the links were thrilling the



"IT'S A PERFECT SHAME."

country, I learned many curious things about athletic damsels and their ways. The young lady in question arrived a week before the tournament that was to decide her supremacy, accompanied by her English trainer, a masseuse, and incidentally by her mama, a feeble-minded lady, so completely demoralized by her daughter's celebrity that she could talk of little else, and would confide, with little thrills of pride, to any one she could get to listen to her, how she could not take a ferry-boat or trolley-car without being pointed out as the mother of the "champion."

Nothing more curious than the habits of the young athlete herself can be imagined. After a morning round of the links in company with the coach, she was handed over to her woman keeper, to be douched and rubbed and curry-combed till luncheon-time. The afternoon was passed exercising in a gymnasium, fitted up in the billiard-room for her use. After her dinner, which, by the way, consisted principally of meat carefully weighed by mama in small scales, the girl was again rubbed and exercised before retiring. Hers was no idle life, you see.

As the great day drew near, envoys from the press appeared on the scene to sketch and snap-shot the celebrity in every pose. Sporty gents in loud clothes followed the morning play surreptitiously, in order that the betting centers might be kept informed as to her condition, and sent to the papers none too delicate accounts of her "form" and general appearance—familiarities it was impossible to prevent or resent, as the girl had for the moment become the property of the betting public, which was putting its money on her, and so expected

to be kept informed as to the chances of success.

The strain of the last twenty-four hours was dreadful on the whole household. We talked of little but the match and "odds." It was rather a shock, I confess, to discover that our fair Diana (on the verge of a breakdown) was being kept to her work by frequent libations of strong "tea," carried by mama in a flask for the purpose. All minor ills, however, were forgotten when at noon on the great day our sportswoman was brought home, collapsed, but victorious. We felt that glory had, indeed, been shed upon the house. Mama, on the thin edge of hysterics, where she had been staggering for a week, sobbed out that her only regret was that "Tom" had not lived to see the day; and that dear "Polly" had always been the joy and comfort of her life!

As all the papers published photos and biographical sketches of the winner, needlessly I add that her portrait adorned most of the railway-stations and hotel lobbies in the country, and that her pet name was on the lips of every stable-boy and bartender in the neighborhood, who may have won or lost their cash through her prowess.

Watching the champion during the week that followed the match, I could not, for the life of me, keep from thinking what a funny wife she would later make for the youth who



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY JOHN A. SCHOELCH.
"THE PRICE OF THOSE THEATER TICKETS."



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

THE MATINÉE GIRL.

should be fortunate enough to win her muscular self in wedlock.

It would not be fair to expect a woman to abandon, on marrying, the interest that had occupied the thoughts and efforts of her girlhood, so the youth who had encouraged his sweetheart (does n't that sweet, old-fashioned name seem out of place in this connection?) in her athletic tendencies would have to face existence at her side in the rôle of amateur coach rather than that of spouse.



"THE MOTHER OF THE
'CHAMPION.'"

There is an amusing Palais Royal farce called "Le Père de la Débutante," which teaches a good lesson in its way; but agitated as that old gentleman's life was, it would compare favorably with the existence of the husband of the champion." Think what a cozy home he and his wife will have. The living-room is a gymnasium: foils and boxing-gloves replace books and prints on the walls; a plunge-bath has superseded the ingle-nook; scales take the place of easy-chairs; and a pneumoscope, for testing his wife's "wind," occupies the corner devoted in less fortunate households to the eight-day clock. As holding a record is no joke, the condition of the lady's muscle will form the chief preoccupation of the household. A dash round the mile track,—which has replaced the rose-garden,—followed by an hour's boxing with a professional, will fill the morning hours. Meals will be casual and ill cooked, as no one can bother keeping the servants in order or selecting food; but such inconveniences will be eclipsed in the husband's mind by delight on receiving his coffee from a hand that has gathered in so many "cups," or having his matutinal muffin buttered by fingers holding the long-driving record.

People's ideas of happiness differ. How many men, do you suppose, would value this particular form of bliss? It has never been proved that prize-fighters make particularly

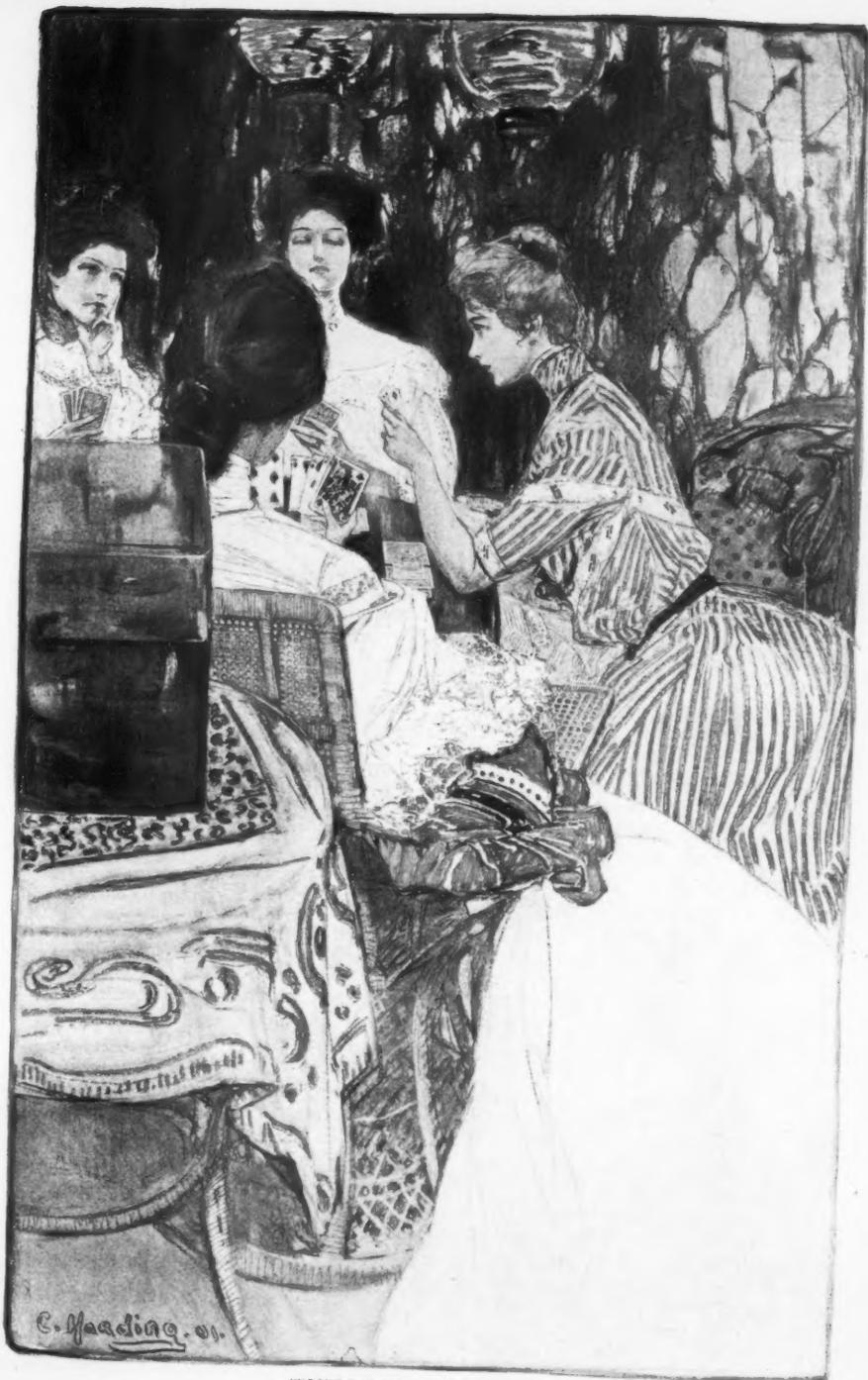
agreeable husbands, so I fail to see how a reputation for cross-country riding or fame at five-barred gates will add to a lady's charm in the family circle, while the drawbacks to a life-companion of this stamp are, on the contrary, quite obvious.

Vitality, like other kinds of stored treasure, is pretty sure to be lacking in middle age if drawn on too lavishly in youth. "It's a significant fact," said a well-known doctor in my hearing the other day, "that the advent of the sporty woman should coincide so closely with the spread of nervous troubles across our country. It is true that this may, to a certain extent, be caused by the climate, which, apparently so invigorating, has a treacherous way of luring the unwary on to efforts beyond their strength, and then, like some malicious will-o'-the-wisp, leaving its victims to flounder in a bog of collapse. Be the causes what they may," he added, "the invalid wife is an institution peculiar to this happy land. Women of no other country flop on the roadside of life. I have yet to see the American who, after an athletic girlhood, developed into a healthy matron. They may exist, but I have never met one, having, on the contrary, remarked that the greater the feats performed in youth the more complete the slump in after years." Which is discouraging, if true, and should give pause to the advocates of sports.

Now, if the lassies are bent on passing their time at games, it would be better to follow the lead of our ultra "smart" ladies, and go in for a lucrative amusement—



"HER PET NAME ON THE LIPS OF EVERY STABLE-BOY."



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"THE HARD-WORKING 'BRIDGEITES.'"

"bridge," for instance, by proficiency at which, it is said, many women add substantially to their incomes. During the long, hot summer afternoons, when the hard-working "bridgetes" sat chained for hours to the card-tables, I said to myself, "Here, at least, are a set of people preparing an

For some time I have been trying to think of a comparison that would correctly picture a New York girl's existence. It was not until the other day, while listening to a patriotic oration, that an idea presented itself. The speech in question turned on the advantages enjoyed by our women over their foreign



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

"SPORTY GENTS IN LOUD CLOTHES FOLLOWED THE MORNING PLAY."

agreeable future for themselves. Old age will have no terrors for these foreseeing ones, who are following Talleyrand's advice. If later in life reverses of fortune throw them on their own resources, these girls will be prepared to support their families in ease, by giving less accomplished mortals lessons in the game or by simply plying their art in society." But this, I fear, however, will prove but a specious hope; we will, with our usual excessiveness, have wrung the new game dry and thrown it into the dust-bin of discarded amusements before any one can have more than reached proficiency, thus leaving the devotees with their painfully acquired knowledge waste upon their hands. If Thackeray, who says in his paper on George III that coaching and card-playing, fashionable at that time, have disappeared forever from polite society, could come back to life and look in on Newport of an August afternoon, he would realize his error, and be astonished to find that his description of London a hundred years or more ago might have been written about America of to-day.

An analogy sometimes expresses shades of thought better than pages of description.

sisters. People of the Old World, we were told, passed their time envying us our emancipated females, and longing to have "new century" girls of their own. The harangue ended with the assertion that "in other countries women are little better than slaves, while in our great republic they have been raised to the rank of goddesses."

This remark struck me as truer than the speaker imagined. Several winters passed in Italy, some study of Greek sculpture and Renaissance frescos, have posted me in the habits of goddesses. The more one looks into the matter, the more one finds a resemblance between our women and Jupiter's fair companions. With the exception of the great toilet question, of such vital importance to modern girls,—but which does not, judging by appearances, seem to have pre-occupied classic dames to any great extent,—the ways of the two groups are identical.

Replace Olympus by one of our larger hotels,—which resembles it in height, if not in grace,—put Oscar in Hebe's place, remember that automobiles are only clumsy substitutes for the swift, clean, inexpensive clouds on which the restless deities rushed

about in search of pleasure or to arrange other people's affairs, and you will have to confess the analogy holds good.

The ladies of either society do not have fixed abodes or hours for their meals. Both combine a fondness for the chase with a love of being up all night and about all day. It is difficult to ascertain to what extent Venus and her peers were addicted to the *matinée* habit, but we may infer that Apollo, the fashionable tenor of that time, drew as crowded houses as the elderly Polish favorite of to-day.

It is, however, time to draw rein. My pen has galloped further than was intended. Criticizing dainty maids is too much like impaling butterflies or dissecting singing-birds. There is always the fear lest some of the bloom be brushed from their wings or a gay plume broken in the process.

Lamartine says somewhere, "When one writes about women, the pen should be dipped in a rainbow and ink dried with the pollen of flowers." Perhaps he's right. He had much knowledge of women, and doubtless found by experience that it was safer in the long run to praise the dear creatures who have a way of revenging themselves when provoked.

Many years ago, when I stood a detected culprit in the maternal presence, awaiting



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY JOHN A. SCHOELCH.
"A CERTAIN EXPRESSION THAT GENERALLY DID THE BUSINESS."

punishment, experience had taught me that it would be light if only the stern face before me could be made to smile. So, with juvenile ruse, I would assume a certain expression that generally did the business. Before long the

grave lips of my judge would quiver, then part in a smile, and I would be kissed and forgiven.

This is not mentioned here as the best way of treating sinning youngsters, but because it illustrates the feelings with which this paper, written with many misgivings, is brought to a close.

Knowing perfectly well that it will get me into a scrape and ruffle the complacency of many readers, I am yet sustained by the hope that its pages will call a smile to some scapegrace faces, in spite of disapproval, for then I may be pardoned, though not quite in the same way. That would be expecting too much!

Although he blusters and frowns a bit, the writer cannot find it in his heart to be seriously provoked with the buoyant hoidens

enjoying a brief springtime in their own wayward fashion. If he has allowed himself to become hypercritical at times, it is because he would fain see the American girl faultless in her ways as she is in face, occupying her rightful place in the world and easily first among women. Not a disheveled sportswoman, weather-beaten and ill kept; not an adventurous navigator, square of jaw and unchangeable of face; not a household tyrant, versed before her time in the sinister lore of the world; not a tramp saint or an idle goddess, but a gentle, home-loving maid:

Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet.





DRAWN BY A. S. FROST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"THE WORK OF INVESTIGATION BEGAN."

MR. APPLEBY'S VOTE.

BY CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN.

MRS. APPLEBY plunged her mop among the cups and saucers, diving at the hot little handles as they came in sight.

"Guess ye 'll hev to tek a towel, pa," she observed to the only other occupant of the room, the old man in the corner. "Cynthia ain't got back."

The old man rose obediently, laying his hands on the arms of the rocker, and straightening up his long back by degrees. Pausing,—it was his habit to stop a moment by the window before proceeding to any action of life, serious or trivial,—he looked out. The morning was gray. The earth was stiff with cold, and the wind, in not unpleasant contrast to the droning of the cook-stove inside, was making a doleful whistling down the road. As he stood, a rattle of wheels was heard, and a buggy, coming suddenly in sight, pulled up before the gate.

"It 's John Dunning," he answered to his wife's inquiry. "Wunner what he wants!" He reached for his hat and hobbled to the door.

The owner of the name, a man in fur cap and ear-tabs, came stamping up on the stoop. "Mornin', Mr. Appleby!" he called jocosely. "Mornin', Mrs. Appleby! Yaas, it 's cold." He took, with many puffings, the chair Mr. Appleby was drawing toward him, and stretched his red hands above the stove.

"Might as waal tell ye what I come fer," he continued, for the old couple were staring at him in expectant silence. "I 'd oughter got around afore. Ye see, it 's jes like this. The boys up our way 's tryin' ter git me in fer sheriff on this ticket, an' the Wes'field boys is tryin' ter git Bob Lucas in, 'n' him an' me 's got jes this pint in common—we 're needin' all our fr'en's. Now, I ain't got anythin' 'g'in' Bob, ye know,—if I don't git it, why, I hope he will,—but I 'd kinder like the place. Fer var'us reasons I 'd kinder like the place."

Mr. Dunning paused out of delicacy, and rubbed his hands.

"O' course I w'u'd n't want ter speak fer Mr. Appleby's vote if it 's alriddy spuk fer,"

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he went on finally, as neither helped him out. "I like ter see things done up square. But, bein' a fr'en' an' neighbor—"

Mrs. Appleby let the suspended mop slide back into the pan.

"Oh, yes," she said; "he 'd vote fer ye. Pa 'd vote fer ye, Mr. Dunning'. He was speakin' jes this mornin' 'bout the votin' comin' off to-day. He ain't got nothin' 'g'in' Bob, neither; but yer a neighbor. He 'd like to see ye git the place. But"—she began to stir again conclusively—"he wa'n't a-goin' out, it bein' so cold."

Dunning coughed.

"Waal, I thought o' that," he answered. "I knowed he ha'n't no rig, an' brought the buggy round. It ain't so cold. If he 'd hop in with me, I 'd hev him back in no time. 'T 'u'd be an awful favor. Mr. Appleby, what d' ye say?"

The old man looked from one to the other, unwilling to offend.

"Why, I—dunno," he wavered. "I 's'pose I might go, ma?"

His wife demurred.

"Ye know that leg o' yourn was wuss las' night," she reminded him, "an' all account this weather comin' on. I 'd hate to resk it. Ye go do somethin' foolish, now, an' ye 'll be on yer back. It 's be'n two weeks come this Sunday," she said to Dunning, "sence he 's hed his foot outside. He 's be'n dreadful twisted up."

Mr. Appleby groaned a little at the recital of his troubles, and the would-be sheriff groaned also.

"Too bad!" he ejaculated. "It 's too blame bad. There 's ole Squire Rob'tson, beyont us, is jes the same. Be'n indoors these las' two month'. But there 's some as says"—his glance strayed toward the buggy—"it ain't so waal ter keep so close cooped up."

"Ye don't tell!" Mrs. Appleby commented.

"Yaas, that 's what I hear. That young doctor, now, they 've got down-town, he 's an awful one on air. I hear he 's bundlin' people right straight out."

"Ye don't tell!" she said again. "That 's what they say. An' they do say he knows what 's what. He gives 'em air fer drugs. Not folks what 's on their backs, ye know, but them what 's jes a leetle—teched: what 's mopin' round an' frettin'-like, an' needs their minds tuk off."

There was a rather vicious click as a dish came into too sudden conjunction with the draining-tray.

"An' I w'u'd n't wunner, either!" Dunning went on, warming to his subject. "It sounds like sense. Why, look at creeters what is allus kep' outside, they never need no drugs. It stands ter reason that a leetle airin' c'u'd n't hurt. Take Mr. Appleby, fer instance, here," he added, applying himself assiduously to the stove, "a-mopin' in the house an' frettin' 'bout his leg—he needs his mind tuk off. I 'd think a turn around 'u'd do him good!"

"Well, I don't know," Mrs. Appleby returned with some asperity. "I 'd call it risky."

"Pertik'ler," he insisted, overlooking it, "if he 's wrapped up. I 've got the new hoss-blanket outside thar, 'n' a buffaler—I sca'cely think he c'u'd git cold."

"I 'd say it was a resk. But I ken see yer in a bad way, Mr. Dunning. I s'pose ye 'd do as much fer him. If ye ken wait"—she rattled out the plates with emphasis—"until we 're righted up I 'll put him in his things." She pushed a red-checked square toward her husband. "Come, pa! Be spry!"

"T 'll be a-moderatin'," Dunning offered, "right straight on."

"Cynthia 's got a good big muffler," she reflected, to show her valuation of the statement, "she 's be'n makin' fer a fr'en'. I 'll git it down. I ain't a-temptin' Providence any further 'n I hev to. Ye 'll be back, I guess, afore she comes."

"Oh, yes! Yes, ma'am. We 'll be good an' back inside an hour. Whar is Miss Cynthy?" he made inquiry, wishing to lead the conversation to safe and pleasant ground.

"She 's up with Mis' Van Atter," her mother answered, diverted. "Mis' Van Atter likes to hev her there fer comp'ny. It 's wunnerful how they get on. She 'll be back, I tek it, arter dinner. I kinder looked fer her las' night. Mis' Van Atter 'll drive her down. I hope yer datter 's well?"

"M-m! Thank ye. Yaas, she 's waal." Dunning fidgeted and clicked the cover of his watch. "Tell ye what, Mrs. Appleby. S'pose I run around an' git Abe Hummer while yer finishin'? He 's goin' with us.

We 'll be here in twenty minutes 'n' ken pick up Mr. Appleby. T 'u'd save some time. We 've got a—sorter busy mornin' on!"

"Well," she assented, "as ye say. I 'll hev pa fixed."

Mr. Appleby stood at the window, waiting, a burdened figure, when the sound of wheels was heard again. His wife, her apron over her shoulders, accompanied him out.

"Keep yer knees underneath the buffaler," was her admonition, as she unhooked the gate, "an' do the best ye ken. I know what there 's in store to-night."

"All right, Mr. Appleby?" Dunning poked his head out. "Guess ye 'll hev ter git in on my lap here, by way o' evenin', Abe." Hummer was not in evidence, save through the way the buggy dipped on the farther side.

"Got yer tax-receipt?" Dunning added suddenly, as the old man paused beside the wagon. "Ye know ye voted up in Union las'."

There was a property requirement in New Jersey at the time of which we write, and a voter who had changed his township since the last assessment must prove that he was qualified by showing a tax-receipt from the place from which he had removed. Mr. Appleby stopped with one foot on the step.

"Why, I—guess so," he answered in his mild, bewildered way. "Ain't I, ma?" He glanced pathetically down at his muffled state. "I guess it 's somewheres here inside."

"T 'u'd be a good thing ter know!" Dunning interpolated. He gave the lines to Hummer. "Young Cox was turned away this mornin' 'cause he had n't hisn. He voted jes whar ye did las' time, at the Furms. It w'u'd n't be no use ter go without it. They 're lookin' sharp this year."

"Come in the house, pa," said Mrs. Appleby, authoritatively, "an' I 'll unloose ye."

The three filed back into the kitchen, and the work of investigation began. The receipt was not in the overcoat; it was not in the coat; it was not in the trousers' pockets (and Dunning's face began to assume a slightly strained expression); it was not in the waistcoat.

"Jes set down," Mrs. Appleby encouraged. "I 'll look it up. Pa mos' likely hes it in his ole cigar-box. He 's liable to put things there."

She brought out the cigar-box and turned its contents on the table. The two men hung above them eagerly—an Easter card, some letters, a razor-strop, a quart or two of squash-seeds, and a lock of Cynthia's hair.

"Well, now," she reiterated, "if that don't beat all! Pa allus puts things in that box.

But if it ain't there, it's in the cupboard. Undo yer coat, ye 'd better, Mr. Dunning; ye 'll git too warm. Set down—ye both."

Dunning, pacing the farther side of the room, stopped at the window and made a speaking-trumpet of his hands. "Drive 'er up an' down!" he halloed. The sight of Mr. Appleby, fingering the strop with childish pleasure at having rediscovered it,—at his expense,—added, it might have been, the peculiar note of injury to his step. He followed Mrs. Appleby, mounted on a chair and moving among the china on the shelves, with dogged eyes.

"Now don't ye fidget, Mr. Dunning." Her manner had a warning of return to tartness as she came down, flushed and unsuccessful. "Pa ain't the hand to lose things. He hes it all safe somewheres, if we c'u'd find it." She put up her glasses for a comprehensive survey. "It ain't fur off."

But the missing scrap, risen so suddenly to such importance, was neither in the work-basket nor the wood-box. It was not behind the clock, nor under the edges of the carpet, nor among the strings and lamp-wicks of the drawers above the dresser, nor tied up with the little rolls of family papers in the "chist." Mr. Appleby, the Bible propped upon his lap, went from Genesis to Revelation, and Dunning—the while the buggy passed and re-passed the windows—thumbed through the "History of the Early Settlers of New Jersey," the only other book.

Mrs. Appleby, wandering resourceless after her review of the up-stairs regions, paused, as a dying hope, by the bureau, and unwrapped her daughter's curl-papers one by one.

"The law sakes!" she ejaculated, sinking into a chair and pushing her glasses up on her head as she descended for the last time to the kitchen, "what *air* we goin' to do?"

"Waal," Dunning responded, rising and buttoning his overcoat around him brusquely, "I s'pose I might as waal go on with Abe. I'm out o' Burgess an' the Carter boys. They c'u'd n't go down arter ten. That's three votes gone!" He stood, a gloomy figure, with his hand upon the knob.

"I tell ye what we c'u'd do," he burst out, tweaking it, "we c'u'd look the tax-c'lector up. He'd oughter give a dupercate—the taxes's be'n paid. We c'u'd take Abe down an' drop him, an' go on ter the Furms. It ain't so fur."

"It's full four mile," objected Mrs. Appleby, "fer I've druv it. An' pa ain't fit to go at all."

"Waal," retorted Dunning, "an' I'm a-losin' o' four votes. I don't know which is wuss. I'm out o' three alriddy. It's purty hard ter lose the four."

MRS. APPLEBY sat with her knitting, after the buggy had vanished with her husband and the other voters, until the clock struck one. Then she rose and laid the cloth, having given them, as she judged, sufficient time. She hesitated, and finally put on plates for three.

"I won't feel none too good toward Mr. Dunning," she said, setting the last one down a little more energetically, "if pa's the wuss fer this. But I s'pose I'll hev to ask him in. They'll be good an' hungry, too, I wa'nt!" her housewifely vanity made excuse, as she ascended from the cellar with a slight color in her cheeks and some samples of her plum and quince preserves. "I don't b'lieve Mr. Dunning's wife does nothin' up. She never looked the hand."

The aroma of frying chops rose from the skillet, and the cheery trundling of boiling potatoes from the pot.

"Lucky I did n't start out any sooner!" she reflected, while her anxious glance stole up the road in the intervals of preparation. "What on airth ken keep 'em so?"

The clock pointed to a quarter of two when the dinner was dished; moved on, with time's ancient privilege—denied the rest of us—to "wait for no man," to two, half-past, three. The chops, crisp little reefs in the gravy lagoon, had covered themselves with a skin from long standing, and the potatoes, starting in such pearly exuberance, were turned discouraged and sear. Mrs. Appleby, breathing out prognostications, had eaten her solitary portion and set the remainder back on the stove.

"I've druv from the Furms," she repeated, "in forty-five minutes. Pa's be'n tuk wuss in the knees, or the buggy's bruk down under Abe!"

She wandered from window to window. In her heart, perhaps, for the first time she could remember, there was a tinge of relief that Cynthia did not appear. Afternoon turned into evening, and evening to night. The weather had moderated, as Dunning predicted. The snow that had come with the change, the first of that year, was beginning to fall, and by half-past nine she had made up her mind to the worst.

A smothered exclamation brought her to the door. A black thing—it looked a shape of ill rather than a wagon—loomed before the gate.

"Pa," she ventured, staring, rigid, into the darkness, "is that you?"

"Yaas, ma'am,"—the voice that issued from the blot was unmistakable,—"it's us. Now, then, Mr. Appleby! Whoa, there! Back, now! Can't ye stand?"

She shaded her eyes, to assure them of the incoming pair. "What," she inquired,—her voice had not yet shaken off the impression that it was receiving their spirits,— "hev ye to say?"

"Now, then, Mrs. Appleby,"—Dunning was dashing the snow from his sleeves,— "it's all right, now; don't ye fret. We're all right, ain't we? Safe an' sound hum ag'in, arter a leetle outin'." He heaved himself into a chair and indulged in a guffaw. "Ain't we all right, Mr. Appleby, now?"

"Yes," Mr. Appleby cackled in echo, "we're all right, ma."

She set her lips close, and carried his overcoat out to the shed. His looks were against him. His hair clung wet to his forehead, and the muffer had run pink and green on his shirt.

"Put yer feet into the oven," was her only comment, returning, "an' drink this tea down."

"Now, Mrs. Appleby," Dunning kept on protesting, "don't say a word. Don't ye blame Mr. Appleby; 't wa'n't his fault. Ye jes lay it all onter me. Or on the c'lector," he added with another grim chuckle. "How about *him*, Mr. Appleby? Ain't he the one?"

"I—guess that 's so," Mr. Appleby answered. "He 's the one."

Dunning tilted his chair back, while Mrs. Appleby cared for her husband and put his boots to the stove.

"Waal, we started arter that man—whar on airth 'a' we be'n, Mrs. Appleby? Ye remember what time we set out. We put fer the Furms as soon 's we got rid o' Abe. 'T ain't any less 'n four mile, as ye know, bein' ye 've druv it, an' the fust thing the mare did was ter kick off a shoe, goin' through Cranford. That was A No. 1! We tinkered 'er up—we was nigh by a smithy—an' started ag'in, 'n' when we got ter the c'lector's place, at the Furms thar, we found out he'd moved. That was A No. 2! (Mr. Appleby 'll tell ye, he 's livin' way up t'other end o' the town.) Thar wa'n't no folks 'n the ole house, an' it tuk us some time askin' questions, an' when we drewed up at the new place a young wumman come ter the door.

"'S the c'lector at hum?' I called in ter 'er, an' she called back ter us, 'No, I don't think so. I 'll go an' ask ma.'"

"That was Car'line," Mrs. Appleby put in frigidly. "She was by his first wife."

"Waal, she might be," Dunning admitted, "but whar she went ter 's more 'n I ken tell ye, or Mr. Appleby either. She was gone nigh a hull half-hour. An' I thar a-twistin' 'n' turnin'. an' thinkin' o' all the folks thar was yit ter call fer t' hum! Jes 's I 'd med my mind up ter goin' in arter 'er, the ole lady poked 'er head out.

"'S the c'lector inside?' I said, as perlite as I c'u'd, bein' rasped; an' she stud thar a-eyin' us crosswise, as we might 'a' be'n blacklegs. I 've allus heard tell she was quar. 'No,' she says final; 'he ain't. He 's gone out.'"

"She was a Hendershot," Mrs. Appleby observed.

"I guess thar ye 're right, Mrs. Appleby. I guess that 's jes it. 'An' ye ha'n't any notion,' I as'ed, 'whar he 's gone?'"

"'No,' she says, lookin' more crosswise, 'I hain't.' An' then she seen Mr. Appleby here. 'Why, an' it 's Mr. Appleby,' says she, 'up from Wes'field, an' I never knowed ye at all! An' y' ain't met my husband? He 's gone down ter Cranford on bizness, an' taken the sulky. He ain't gone an hour. Ye 've crossed him fer sure on the road. Blest,' she says, 'if I knowed ye!' An' ye never heard sech a set-ter! 'Now yer comin' right in ter tek dinner,' she says, 'an' how 's Mrs. Appleby, now, an' Miss Cynthy, an' why ain't ye be'n up before? Car'line,' says she, 'tell George ter come out fer Mr. Appleby's hoss.'"

"'Thank ye as much,' I said 's soon 's thar was room fer 't, an' Mr. Appleby, too. 'Thank ye as much. But we can't eat or drink till we 've seen the c'lector. We 're runnin' on time!' We got away from 'er, though she 'd med up 'er mind 't we sh'u'd n't, havin' larned he was headed fer Conover's store. Back ter Cranford we went.'"

"That was twict," Mr. Appleby said, "ye know, ma."

"Yaas," Dunning repeated, "that was twict. 'S the c'lector in here?' I called in, when we got down ter Conover's. Conover come out himself.

"'He 's be'n here,' he said, an' he seen we was wantin' ter see him pertik'ler. 'Why, I guess ye 'll find him,' he says, 'at the tavern. He was goin' in thar fer a bite.'"

"That looked ter us as likely a thing as he c'u'd do, an' as sens'ble, it goin' on ha'-past one. 'Jes hold onter the hoss,' I told Mr. Appleby when we got ter the tavern. 'I 'll go git him out.'"

"Waal, I run in. He wa'n't thar by the

fire, an' he wa'n't, as I see, at none o' the tables, an' I spuk ter that thin leetle snip by the desk. 'Ken ye tell me whar ter find the c'lector,' I as'ed, 'from the Furms? He dropped in a minute ago.'

"He must 'a' dropped out, then,' he says, as indiffrent, a-writin' along in his book. I'll hev Bob on him, if Bob 's the nex' sheriff! 'I seen him go,' he called arter me, 'five minutes sence.'

"Ain't he thar?' Mr. Appleby says when he seen me a-comin'. He was lookin' out o' the buggy. Ye sh'u'd 'a' seen Mr. Appleby, ma'am! 'No,' says I, settin' down like I felt, 'he ain't thar!' 'What 'll we do, then?' he says. 'Do?' says I. 'Why, we'll go back ter Conover's.' It was all 't we c'u'd do. Conover told us, as fur 's he knew, he was goin' ter Rahway, an' a chap in with him bein' sartin, ter Rahway we went. When we got 'bout half thar, as true 's yer livin' we spied out a sully, but 't was goin' an oppersite way.

"It 's the c'lector,' says I, 'or I 'm done! I know by his back.' An' Mr. Appleby he thought so too. We yanked the mare round an' we tuk down that road. Waal, he was goin' along purty lively, ter start with, an' he did n't go no slower, fer all 't we yipped. It was a good two mile' afore he turned round ter see what was arter him—an' 't wa'n't the c'lector 't all!"

Dunning paused, with eyes twinkling, and shifted the boots.

"We did n't stop ter mek no explernations," he continued, "n' we did n't foller no more sulkies, gittin' ter Rahway; but we tracked him ter five diffrent places thar, each of 'em tellin' he was sure at the nex', an' it gittin' later each minute, till it seemed 's if summun 't ain't perlite ter mention was ag'in' us, an' bimeby I got mad. Fer all I 'm a church-goin' man, Mrs. Appleby, an' my father afore me, I said, 'I 'll be—dummed!' I says, says I. 'If I don't git another vote in this election I 'll come in with this!' I says ter Mr. Appleby, 'We 'll go back ter the Furms, an' we 'll go inter his house, an' we 'll set thar.' An' we did. We went thar 'n set.

"The wimmin-folks done all they c'u'd ter mek it agree'ble, an' Mr. Appleby he et some pie. But I was that riled I c'u'd n't 'a' swaltered, an' jes 's I 'd med up my mind 't was all up, in he come.

"He give us that duplercate flyin', a-laffin' all the hull time. 'Lemme know if ye git thar!' he hollered arter us. Thar wa'n't no grass growin' unner us gittin' back hum!

"Keep up yer head,' says I, 'Mr. Appleby;

keep up yer head,'—which was differeult, too, with the snow comin' squar' 'n our faces. 'We 'll hev 'er in yit!"

"We come round the corner inn, whar the polls is, jes as Joe Can'less was puttin' up shop. 'Gates is shut!' he sung out, when he seen us; but I 'lowed they wa'n't, quite.

"Joe,' I says,—him 'n' me unnerstand one another,—'I 've be'n chasin' this vote 'crost the State o' New Jarsey, an', by Christmas,' says I, 'she goes in!"

Dunning gave way to a sounding "Ha, ha!" and brought down the legs of his chair. "Ain't she in now, Mr. Appleby? Ain't she went in? Yaas, Mrs. Appleby, ma'am,—if Bob wants ter be sheriff let him hev it,—she went in! The boys did n't mek nothin' much out o' us," he continued, "but they 'll git it to-morrer—the c'lector 'll give 'em the yarn. He 'll think it too good ter be kep'. I ain't used ter be beat when I set out ter do a thing. I ain't used ter be beat!

"No, I thanks; no, I thanks, Mrs. Appleby. Thank ye as much." He buttoned his coat with a relish. "I 've lef' the mare standin', an' the folks 'll be waitin' at hum. I 'll be in 'n the mornin' ter let ye know how it went. Don't ye fret, now, Mrs. Appleby. Don't ye worry 'bout Mr. Appleby. He ain't goin' ter be one bit the wuss. If we 'd come in behind with that ballot,"—his eye glimmered again as he stood in the doorway,—"he might be'n. But we got thar on time!

"Ain't that so, Mr. Appleby? Ain't we done up the job—if we did tek a day ter 't? If you 'n' me don't never do another job together, we done this."

Mrs. Appleby sat looking after him as the door closed, and her pent-up feeling launched one shaft. "An' may it be a satisfaction to ye both," she added fervently, "if ye 've got yer death!"

SHE moved among her supper-things with an air of resignation, while the snow kept up its tapping on the windows, and put the chop she had been saving by her husband's plate.

"Now, pa," she announced at last, "we're ready. Will ye set up an' eat?"

Mr. Appleby, bending toward the stove as Dunning had left him, did not appear to hear the invitation. He held a bit of paper in his hand.

"Ma," he said dreamily,—he turned it over and ran his fingers through his pockets,— "why, ma!"

She crossed to the fire, beside him, to "fix" it, and put her lifter in the lid.

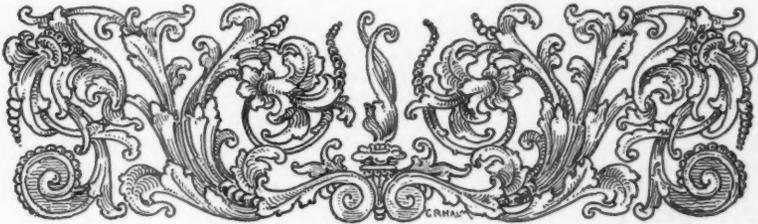
"Well, pa," she responded, "don't come

to me fer symp'thy. Ye 'll hev to tek the suff'rin'. Ye knowed jes how 't 'u'd be. Ye was bound to be tuk in by his talkin', an' now ye may be on yer back till spring. Do ye calc'late 't was wuth it—to help him git that vote?"

"That 's jes it!" He spoke with rueful deprecation. "Ma—I—I dunno how it happened—I must 'a' hed 'em both together—I did n't vote that ballot, arter all!"

Mrs. Appleby dropped the stove-lid, and it spun, clanging, on the stone below. "Ye—did n't—vote—the—ballot? Pa," she asked, the red light illumining her uplifted hands, "what did ye vote?"

The old man rocked back in his chair. "It wa'n't the ballot," he reiterated, while a feeble snicker shook him; "it wa'n't the ballot, fer here 't is. I must 'a' voted that there—tax-receipt!"



SONGS OF THE CHEERFUL PEOPLE.

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

A VIRGINIA REEL.

DE banjo done commence de chune,
You can't git on de flo' too soon;
Lead out yo' pa'dnah to de place,
Don' let de music go to was'e.

Now th'ow dem windows open wide,
An' fo'm a line f'om side to side;
Bow to de lef', bow to de right,
An' lif' yo' feet lak dey was light.

Now all togedah bow an' 'vance,
No draggin' feet in dis hyeah dance;
Lay all yo' sorrows on de she'f,
An' sta't in to enjoy yo'se'f.

Dah, Joe, you tek Miss Sally's han';
Don' be so lazy, goodness lan'!
A body 'd t'ink dat you had foun'
A' int'rus' in a buryin'-groun'.

Come steppin' lively down de line;
Ef you got mannahs, show 'em fine;
Sasshay de lady, bow an' swing,
An' listen to dat banjo sing.

Now show de trim dat you is in
By shufflin' neatly back ergin;
Wipe all de shine f'om off yo' face,
An' swing yo' lady to huh place.

Now op'site ladies bow an' 'cross,
Dah ain't a minute to be los';
Jine han's, all tu'n yo' faces in,
An' tek yo' pa'dnahs back ergin.

Nex' couple forrard, do de same;
Ef you gits mixed, I ain't to blame;
Come glidin' thoo, don' be so slow,
'T ain't no time 'fo' de cock 'll crow.

Salute yo' pa'dnahs ez befo',
Git out an' taih up all dis flo';
Ef you 's got feelin's, show you feel
By steppin' dis Vahginia reel.

THE SUITOR.

MISS MARFY sco'n young Isaac so,
He swaih he sholy die;
He stan' befo' huh cabin do'
An' hol' his hea't an' sigh.
Oh, swing yo' lady roun' an' roun',
An' grant huh gent'man's grace;
Fu' dey 's a smile behine de frown
On evah lady's face.

Miss Marfy cas' huh mantle down;
Young Isaac tek it up.
De smile hit chase erway huh frown;
She ax him in to sup.

Miss Marfy drap huh han'kerchuh;
 Young Isaac pick it up.
 He say he did n't need wid huh
 No sugah in his cup.

Miss Marfy talk; young Isaac smile,
 An' 'mos' fu'git to eat,
 An' kind o' back'ard aftahw'ile
 He daihed to call huh sweet.

Young Isaac ain't a-sighin' now,
 He swaihs he nevah did;
 He lookin' fu' a' o'ange bough
 To deck Miss Marfy wid.
 Oh, swing yo' lady roun' an' roun',
 An' grant huh gent'man's grace;
 Fu' dey 's a smile behine de frown
 On evah lady's face.

NODDIN' BY DE FIRE.

SOME folks t'inks hit 's right an' p'opah,
 Soon ez bedtime come erroun',
 Fu' to scramble to de kiver,
 Lak dey 'd hyeahed de trumpet soun'.
 But dese people dey all misses
 Whut I mos'ly does desiah;
 Dat 's de settin' roun' an' dozin',
 An' a-noddin' by de fiah.

W'en de ol' pine-knot 's a-blazin',
 An' de hick'ry 's crackin' free,
 Den 's de happy time fu' snoozin',
 It 's de noddin' houah fu' me.
 Den I gits my pipe a-goin',
 While I pokes de flames up highah,
 An' I 'tends lak I 's a-t'inkin',
 W'en I 's noddin' by de fiah.

Mebbe some one comes to jine you;
 Well, dat 's good, but not de bes',
 Less'n dat you 's kind o' lonesome,
 Er ain't honin' fu' de res'.
 Den you wants to tell a sto'y,
 Er you wants to hyeah de news
 Kind o' half tol', while you 's stealin'
 Ev'y now an' den a snooze.

W'en you 's tiahed out a-hoein',
 Er a-followin' de plow,
 Whut 's de use of des a-fallin'
 On yo' pallet lak a cow?
 W'y, de fun is all in waitin'
 In de face of all de tiah,
 An' a-dozin' an' a-drowsin'
 By a good ol' hick'ry fiah.

Oh, you grunts an' groans an' mumbles
 'Ca'se yo' bones is full o' col',
 Dough you feels de joy a-tricklin'
 Roun' de co'nahs of yo' soul.
 An' you 'low anothah minute
 'S sho to git you wa'm an' dryah,
 W'en you set up pas' yo' bedtime,
 'Ca'se you hates to leave de fiah.

Whut 's de use o' downright sleepin'?
 You can't feel it while it las',
 An' you git up feelin' sorry
 W'en de time fu' it is pas'.
 Seem to me dat time too precious,
 An' de houahs too short entiah,
 Fu' to sleep, w'en you could spen' 'em
 Des a-noddin' by de fiah.



TWO LITTLE TALES,¹

BY MARK TWAIN.

FIRST STORY: THE MAN WITH A MESSAGE
FOR THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL.

SOME days ago, in this second month of 1900, a friend made an afternoon call upon me here in London. We are of that age when men who are smoking away their time in chat do not talk quite so much about the pleasantnesses of life as about its exasperations. By and by this friend began to abuse the War Office. It appeared that he had a friend who had been inventing something which could be made very useful to the soldiers in South Africa. It was a light and very cheap and durable boot, which would remain dry in wet weather, and keep its shape and firmness. The inventor wanted to get the government's attention called to it, but he was an unknown man and knew the great officials would pay no heed to a message from him.

"This shows that he was an ass—like the rest of us," I said, interrupting. "Go on."

"But why have you said that? The man spoke the truth."

"The man spoke a lie. Go on."

"I will *prove* that he—"

"You can't prove anything of the kind. I am very old and very wise. You must not argue with me; it is irreverent and offensive. Go on."

"Very well. But you will presently see. I am not unknown, yet even *I* was not able to get the man's message to the Director-General of the Shoe-Leather Department."

"This is another lie. Pray go on."

"But I assure you on my honor that I failed."

"Oh, certainly. I knew *that*. You did n't need to tell me."

"Then where is the lie?"

"It is in your intimation that you were *not* able to get the Director-General's immediate attention to the man's message. It is a lie, because you *could* have gotten his immediate attention to it."

"I tell you I could n't. In three months I have n't accomplished it."

"Certainly. Of course. I could know that without your telling me. You *could* have gotten his immediate attention if you had gone at it in a sane way; and so could the other man."

"I *did* go at it in a sane way."

"You did n't."

"How do you know? What do you know about the circumstances?"

"Nothing at all. But you did n't go at it in a sane way. That much I know to a certainty."

"How can you know it, when you don't know what method I used?"

"I know by the result. The result is perfect proof. You went at it in an insane way. I am very old and very w—"

"Oh, yes, I know. But will you let me tell you *how* I proceeded? I think that will settle whether it was insanity or not."

"No; that has already been settled. But go on, since you so desire to expose yourself. I am very o—"

"Certainly, certainly. I sat down and wrote a courteous letter to the Director-General of the Shoe-Leather Department, explain—"

"Do you know him personally?"

"No."

"You have scored one for my side. You began insanely. Go on."

"In the letter I made the great value and inexpensiveness of the invention clear, and offered to—"

"Call and see him? Of course you did. Score two against yourself. I am v—"

"He did n't answer for three days."

"Necessarily. Proceed."

"Sent me three gruff lines thanking me for my trouble, and proposing—"

"Nothing."

"That's it—proposing nothing. Then I wrote him more elaborately and—"

"Score three—"

"—and got no answer. At the end of a

¹ By arrangement with Harper & Brothers.—EDITOR.



THE EMPEROR DROVE THE DOCTORS FROM HIS PRESENCE.

week I wrote and asked, with some touch of asperity, for an answer to that letter."

"Four. Go on."

"An answer came back saying the letter had not been received, and asking for a copy. I traced the letter through the post-office, and found that it *had* been received; but I sent a copy and said nothing. Two weeks passed without further notice of me. In the meantime I gradually got myself cooled down to a polite-letter temperature. Then I wrote and proposed an interview for next day, and said that if I did not hear from him in the meantime I should take his silence for assent."

"Score five."

"I arrived at twelve sharp, and was given a chair in the anteroom and told to wait. I waited till half-past one; then I left, ashamed and angry. I waited another week, to cool

down; then I wrote and made another appointment with him for next day noon."

"Score six."

"He answered, assenting. I arrived promptly, and kept a chair warm until half-past two. I left then, and shook the dust of that place from my shoes for good and all. For rudeness, inefficiency, incapacity, indifference to the army's interests, the Director-General of the Shoe-Leather Department of the War Office is, in my o—"

"Peace! I am very old and very wise, and have seen many seemingly intelligent people who had n't common sense enough to go at a simple and easy thing like this in a common-sense way. You are not a curiosity to me; I have personally known millions and billions like you. You have lost three months quite unnecessarily; the inventor has lost three months; the soldiers have lost

three—nine months altogether. I will now read you a little tale which I wrote last night. Then you will call on the Director-General at noon to-morrow and transact your business."

"Splendid! Do you know him?"

"No; but listen to the tale."

SECOND STORY: HOW THE
CHIMNEY-SWEEP GOT THE
EAR OF THE EMPEROR.

I.

SUMMER was come, and all the strong were bowed by the burden of the awful heat, and many of the weak were prostrate and dying. For weeks the army had been wasting away with a plague of dysentery, that scourge of the soldier, and there was but little help. The doctors were in despair; such efficacy as their drugs and their science had once had—and it was not much at its best—was a thing of the past, and promised to remain so.

The Emperor commanded the physicians of greatest renown to appear before him for a consultation, for he was profoundly disturbed. He was very severe with them, and called them to account for letting his soldiers die; and asked them if they knew their trade, or did n't; and were they properly healers, or merely assassins? Then the principal assassin, who was also the oldest doctor in the land and the most venerable in appearance, answered and said:

"We have done what we could, your Majesty, and for a good reason it has been little. No medicine and no physician can cure that disease; only nature and a good constitution can do it. I am old, and I know. No doctor and no medicine can cure it—I repeat it and I emphasize it. Sometimes they seem to help nature a little,—a very little,—but, as a rule, they merely do damage."

The Emperor was a profane and passionate man, and he deluged the doctors with

rugged and unfamiliar names, and drove them from his presence. Within a day he was attacked by that fell disease himself. The news flew from mouth to mouth, and carried consternation with it over all the land. All the talk was about this awful disaster, and there was general depression,

for few had hope. The Emperor himself was very melancholy, and sighed and said:

"The will of God be done. Send for the assassins again, and let us get over with it."

They came, and felt his pulse and looked at his tongue, and fetched the drug-store and emptied it into him, and sat down patiently to wait—for they were not paid by the job, but by the year.

II.

TOMMY was sixteen and a bright lad, but he was not in society. His rank was too humble for that, and his employment too base. In fact, it was the lowest of all employments, for he was second in command to his father, who emptied cesspools and drove a night-cart. Tommy's closest friend was Jimmy the chimney-sweep, a slim little fellow of fourteen, who was honest and industrious, and had a good heart, and supported a bedridden mother by his dangerous and unpleasant trade.

About a month after the Emperor fell ill, these two lads met one evening about nine. Tommy was on his way to his night-work, and of course was not in his Sundays, but in his dreadful work-clothes, and not smelling very well. Jimmy was on his way home from his day's labor, and was blacker than any other object imaginable, and he had his brushes on his shoulder and his soot-bag at his waist, and no feature of his sable face was distinguishable except his lively eyes.

They sat down on the curbstone to talk; and of course it was upon the one subject—the nation's calamity, the Emperor's disorder.



JIMMY.

Jimmy was full of a great project, and burning to unfold it. He said:

"Tommy, I can cure his Majesty. I know how to do it."

Tommy was surprised.

"What! You?"

"Yes, I."

"Why, you little fool, the best doctors can't."

"I don't care; I can do it. I can cure him in fifteen minutes."

"Oh, come off! What are you giving me?"

"The facts—that's all."

Jimmy's manner was so serious that it sobered Tommy, who said:

"I believe you are in earnest, Jimmy. Are you in earnest?"

"I give you my word."

"What is the plan? How 'll you cure him?"

"Tell him to eat a slice of ripe watermelon."

It caught Tommy rather suddenly, and he was shouting with laughter at the absurdity of the idea before he could put on a stopper. But he sobered down when he saw that Jimmy was wounded. He patted Jimmy's knee affectionately, not minding the soot, and said:

"I take the laugh all back. I did n't mean any harm, Jimmy, and I won't do it again. You see, it seemed so funny, because wherever there's a soldier-camp and dysentery, the doctors always put up a sign saying anybody caught bringing watermelons there will be flogged with the cat till he can't stand."

"I know it—the idiots!" said Jimmy, with both tears and anger in his voice.

"There's plenty of watermelons, and not one of all those soldiers ought to have died."

"But, Jimmy, what put the notion into your head?"

"It is n't a notion; it's a fact. Do you know that old gray-headed Zulu? Well, this long time back he has been curing a lot of our friends, and my mother has seen him do it, and so have I. It takes only one or two slices of melon, and it don't make any difference whether the disease is new or old; it cures it."

"It's very odd. But, Jimmy, if it is so, the Emperor ought to be told of it."

"Of course; and my mother has told people, hoping they could get the word to him; but they are poor working-folks and ignorant, and don't know how to manage it."



"THESE TWO LADS MET ONE EVENING ABOUT NINE."

"Of course they don't, the blunderheads," said Tommy, scornfully. "I 'll get it to him!"

"You? You night-cart polecat!" And it was Jimmy's turn to laugh. But Tommy retorted sturdily:

"Oh, laugh if you like; but I 'll do it!"

It had such an assured and confident sound that it made an impression, and Jimmy asked gravely:

"Do you know the Emperor?"

"Do I know him? Why, how you talk! Of course I don't."

"Then how 'll you do it?"

"It's very simple and very easy. Guess. How would you do it, Jimmy?"

"Send him a letter. I never thought of



THE CAT'S-MEAT MAN AND THE CHESTNUT-WOMAN.

it till this minute. But I'll bet that's your way."

"I'll bet it ain't. Tell me, how would you send it?"

"Why, through the mail, of course."

Tommy overwhelmed him with scoffings, and said:

"Now, don't you suppose every crank in the empire is doing the same thing? Do you mean to say you have n't thought of that?"

"Well—no," said Jimmy, abashed.

"You *might* have thought of it, if you were n't so young and inexperienced. Why, Jimmy, when even a common *general*, or a poet, or an actor, or anybody that's a little famous gets sick, all the cranks in the kingdom load up the mails with certain-sure

quack-cures for him. And so, what's bound to happen when it's the Emperor?"

"I suppose it's worse," said Jimmy, sheepishly.

"Well, I should think so! Look here, Jimmy; every single night we cart off as many as six loads of that kind of letters from the back yard of the palace, where they're thrown. Eighty thousand letters in one night! Do you reckon anybody reads them? Sho! not a single one. It's what would happen to your letter if you wrote it—which you won't, I reckon?"

"No," sighed Jimmy, crushed.

"But it's all right, Jimmy. Don't you fret; there's more than one way to skin a cat. I'll get the word to him."

"Oh, if you only *could*, Tommy, I should love you forever!"

"I'll do it, I tell you. Don't you worry; you depend on me."

"Indeed I will, Tommy, for you do know so much. You're not like other boys; they never know anything. How'll you manage, Tommy?"

Tommy was greatly pleased. He settled himself for reposeful talk, and said:

"Do you know that ragged poor thing that thinks he's a butcher because he goes around with a basket and sells cat's meat and rotten livers? Well, to begin with, I'll tell *him*."

Jimmy was deeply disappointed and chagrined, and said:

"Now, Tommy, it's a shame to talk so. You know my heart's in it, and it's not right."

Tommy gave him a love-pat, and said:

"Don't you be troubled, Jimmy. I know what I'm about. Pretty soon you'll see. That half-breed butcher will tell the old woman that sells chestnuts at the corner of the lane—she's his closest friend, and I'll ask him to; then, by request, she'll tell her rich aunt that keeps the little fruit-shop on the corner two blocks above; and that one will tell her particular friend, the man that keeps the game-shop; and he will tell his friend the sergeant of police; and the sergeant will tell his captain, and the captain will tell the magistrate, and the magistrate will tell his brother-in-law the county judge,



"THE FIRST LORD IN WAITING . . . WILL TELL THE LORD HIGH CHAMBERLAIN."

and the county judge will tell the sheriff, and the sheriff will tell the Lord Mayor, and the Lord Mayor will tell the President of the Council, and the President of the Council will tell the—"

"By George, but it's a wonderful scheme, Tommy! How ever *did* you—"

"—Rear-Admiral, and the Rear will tell the Vice, and the Vice will tell the Admiral of the Blue, and the Blue will tell the Red, and the Red will tell the White, and the White will tell the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the First Lord will tell the Speaker of the House, and the Speaker—"

"Go it, Tommy; you're most there!"



"THAT OLD GRAY-HEADED ZULU."

—will tell the Master of the Hounds, and the Master will tell the Head Groom

of the Stables, and the Head Groom will tell the Chief Equerry, and the Chief Equerry will tell the First Lord in Waiting, and the First Lord will tell the Lord High Chamberlain, and the Lord High Chamberlain will tell the Master of the Household, and the Master of the Household will tell the little pet page that fans the flies off the Emperor, and the page will get down on his knees and whisper it to his Majesty—and the game's made!"

"I've got to get up and hurrah a couple of times, Tommy. It's the grandest idea that



"THE DOCTORS SAT WHISPERING TOGETHER IN THE IMPERIAL SICK-ROOM."

ever was. What ever put it into your head?"

"Sit down and listen, and I'll give you some wisdom—and don't you ever forget it as long as you live. Now, then, who is the closest friend you've got, and the one you could n't and would n't ever refuse anything in the world to?"

"Why, it's you, Tommy. You know that."

"Suppose you wanted to ask a pretty large favor of the cat's-meat man. Well, you don't know him, and he would tell you to go to thunder, for he is that kind of a person; but he is my next best friend after you, and would run his legs off to do me a kindness—*any* kindness, he don't care what it is. Now, I'll ask you: which is the most common-sensible—for you to go and ask him to tell the chestnut-woman about your watermelon cure, or for you to get me to do it for you?"

"To get you to do it for me, of course. I would n't ever have thought of that, Tommy; it's splendid!"

"It's a *philosophy*, you see. Mighty good word—and large. It goes on this idea: everybody in the world, little and big, has one *special* friend, a friend that he's *glad* to do favors to—not sour about it, but *glad*—glad clear to the marrow. And so, I don't care where you start, you can get at anybody's ear that you want to—I don't care how low you are, nor how high he is. And it's so simple; you've only to find the *first* friend, that is all; that ends your part of the work. He finds the next friend himself, and that one finds the third, and so on, friend after friend, link after link, like a chain; and you can go up it or down it, as high as you like or as low as you like."

"It's just beautiful, Tommy."

"It's as simple and easy as a-b-c; but did you ever hear of anybody trying it? No; everybody is a fool. He goes to a stranger without any introduction, or writes him a letter, and of course he strikes a cold wave—and serves him gorgeously right. Now, the Emperor don't know me, but that's no

matter—he'll eat his watermelon to-morrow. You'll see. Hi-hi—stop! It's the cat's-meat man. Good-by, Jimmy; I'll overtake him."

He did overtake him, and said:

"Say, will you do me a favor?"

"Will I? Well, I should say! I'm your man. Name it, and see me fly!"

"Go tell the chestnut-woman to put down everything and carry this message to her first-best friend, and tell the friend to pass it along." He worded the message, and said, "Now, then, rush!"

The next moment the chimney-sweep's word to the Emperor was on its way.

III.

THE next evening, toward midnight, the doctors sat whispering together in the imperial sick-room, and they were in deep trouble, for the Emperor was in very bad case. They could not hide it from themselves that every time they emptied a fresh drug-store into him he got worse. It saddened them, for they were expecting that result. The poor emaciated Emperor lay motionless, with his eyes closed, and the page that was his darling was fanning the flies away and crying softly. Presently the boy heard

the silken rustle of a portière, and turned and saw the Lord High Great Master of the Household peering in at the door and excitedly motioning to him to come. Lightly and swiftly the page tiptoed his way to his dear and worshiped friend the Master, who said: "Only you can persuade him, my child, and oh, don't fail to do it! Take this, make him eat it, and he is saved."

"On my head be it. He shall eat it!"

It was a couple of great slices of ruddy, fresh watermelon.

THE next morning the news flew everywhere that the Emperor was sound and well again, and had hanged the doctors. A wave of joy swept the land, and frantic preparations were made to illuminate.

After breakfast his Majesty sat meditating. His gratitude was unspeakable, and he was trying to devise a reward rich enough

to properly testify it to his benefactor. He got it arranged in his mind, and called the page, and asked him if he had invented that cure. The boy said no—he got it from the Master of the Household.

He was sent away, and the Emperor went to devising again. The Master was an earl; he would make him a duke, and give him a vast estate which belonged to a member of the Opposition. He had him called, and asked him if he was the inventor of the remedy. But the Master was an honest man, and said he got it of the Grand Chamberlain. He was sent away, and the Emperor thought some more. The Chamberlain was a viscount; he would make him an earl, and give him a large income. But the Chamberlain referred him to the First Lord in Waiting, and there was some more thinking; his Majesty thought out a smaller reward. But the First Lord in Waiting referred

him back further, and he had to sit down and think out a further and becomingly and suitably smaller reward.

Then, to break the tediousness of the inquiry and hurry the business, he sent for the Grand High Chief Detective, and commanded him to trace the cure to the bottom, so that he could properly reward his benefactor.

At nine in the evening the High Chief Detective brought the word. He had traced the cure down to a lad named Jimmy, a chimney-sweep. The Emperor said, with deep feeling:



THE CURING OF THE EMPEROR.

"Brave boy, he saved my life, and shall not regret it!"

And sent him a pair of his own boots; and the next best ones he had, too. They were too large for Jimmy, but they fitted the Zulu, so it was all right, and everything as it should be.

CONCLUSION TO THE FIRST STORY.

"THERE—do you get the idea?"

"I am obliged to admit that I do. And it

will be as you have said. I will transact the business to-morrow. I intimately know the Director-General's nearest friend. He will give me a note of introduction, with a word to say my matter is of real importance to the government. I will take it along, without an appointment, and send it in, with my card, and I sha'n't have to wait so much as half a minute."

That turned out true to the letter, and the government adopted the boots.



HOMeward BOUND.

BY L. FRANK TOOKER.

THERE is no sorrow anywhere,
 Or care, or pain. The stinging hail
 Beats on our faces like a flail,
 Green water curls above the rail,
 And all the storm's high trumpets blare,—
 Whistles the wind, and roars the sea,
 And canvas bellows to be free,
 Spars whine, planks creak,—I only smile,
 For home our keel creeps mile on mile.

I bend above the whirling wheel
 With hands benumbed, but happy face.
 Past us the wild sea-horses race,
 Leap up to seize each twanging brace,
 Or slip beneath our lifting keel.
 Dreaming, I see the scudding clouds,
 And ice make in the forward shrouds,
 And all the long waves topped with foam,—
 Yet heed them not: I'm going home.

Nightly our Northern stars draw nigh,
 The Southern constellations sink.
 Soon we shall see along the brink
 Of these cold seas Fire Island blink
 Its welcome in the frosty sky.
 Beyond that light, beyond the glow
 Of our great city spread below,
 Thine eyes now wait to welcome me
 Back where my heart has longed to be.

THE INDISCRETION OF JOHN HENRY.

(CAPTAIN OBED MARCY SPEAKS.)

BY WALTER LEON SAWYER.

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN.

A WOMAN'S club? Yes, marm, we got one; or, considerin' all the sarcumstances, maybe I'd ought to say one has got us. You, bein' a stranger, can take the thing by and large, as the sayin' goes, and I'd reelly like to tell ye about it, and get y'r views. Might be they'd be kind of comfartin' to John Henry.

You've seen John Henry Peaslee; you could n't help it, bein' 's he keeps the store and the post-office; and I cal'late y' ain't had no trouble sizin' him up. High-feelin', John Henry is, and proud-sperited. He takes it from his ma, old Mis' Peaslee, and he acts it out in spite of her; for she done her best to keep John Henry under her thumb, jest 's she kept his poor pa. I s'pose th' old woman and the boy fit scand'lous up to the time he was twenty-five or so. But John Henry was independent of her,—he had three hund'ed dollars of his own, left him by his pa's brother 't he was named for,—and so finally *she* kind o' knuckled. John Henry was a-scared to go to sea, and he did n't take to farmin', and he was gettin' desprut by the time she give in. So th' old lady, aimin' to keep him at home,—so 't she 'd have somebody to wrangle with, folks said,—agreed she 'd put her capittle along with his capittle, and he could buy out the storekeeper, Uncle Barney Williams.

Well, they done so. The post-office kind o' went with the store, and John Henry got that, too. Bein' postmaster swelled him up consid'able, and on the strength of it he went into politics and riz to be one o' the selectmen. But great grief! says I, that was easy as rollin' off a log, the rest of us bein' okkypied with lobsterin' and summer boarders. And then, fust thing we knew, John Henry was runnin' the town. All natural enough, mind ye. Butters and Hodgekins, th' other two selectmen, 'd have their pots to haul, or a passel o' women-folks t' row over t' the

lighthouse, and they 'd say, "You go ahead, John Henry, and 'tend to so-and-so, and we 'll sign the dockymunts when we git round to it." So in three-four months John Henry he was the whole team and the little dog under the wagon, and the rest of us was—was the road, as it ware.

I s'pose by that time John Henry was feelin' that he was cut out for the legislatur', or Congress maybe, and thinkin' he 'd ought to titivate a little, so 's he could be an ornament to either of 'em from the fust ground-hop. Anyway, says he to me, one night along in September, "Cap'n," says he, "I conjecture I've avoided opportunities that, by gracious! ain't ever goin' to cross my pathway ag'in." (You've prob'ly noticed how John Henry talks, marm—a big word hove in once 'n a while to sort o' scatter the little words, same 's if you should chuck a rock into a pool of minners.) "Nevertheless," he says, "I prejudice there 's useful information I can conglomerate, 's long 's my head don't bust with the cares of business and the responsibilities of gover'ment. So bein', I've app'inted ma assistant postmaster, and hired Looney Haskell to help tend store, and I'm goin' to Portland to take a three-months curriculum in a commercial college."

"Be ye?" says I.

"I be," says he. "Ma can keep an optical illusion on Looney, and as long 's he don't have one of his fits when he 's drawin' molasses or reachin' crockery down from the top shelf, he can't do no great violence to—the adjacent premises. But I 'll take it kind of you, cap'n," John Henry says, "if you 'll philosophize around here sometimes, and if you see Looney engagin' in muscular exertion beyond his strength, make him go lay down. By gracious! when there 's one o' them bundles o' salt fish to be lifted, I want ma to do it. Any sech aggravation as that might set Looney off, and like as not he 'd

damnify one o' them neighborin' baskets of aigs."

Well, I promised, and I done it. John Henry was worried, I know. His ma said afterwards he used to write two-three times a week, tellin' her how to carry sail. But great grief! I could n't see 's his intrusts suffered none by him bein' away. When we bought sugar we took fourteen ounces to the pound, and when we sold aigs we give

Portland that was married to a policeman, and they took a shine to John Henry and brung him for'ard. John Henry 's inclined to be pindlin',—poor little cuss, he wa'n't raised on salt water, like most of our boys is,—but he 's got *language*, yes, marm, and when he 's dressed up and his mouth is a-workin' he 's—he 's wuth lookin' at. He learns things quick, too, John Henry does. It was good 's a play to hear him tell about



“SHE DONE HER BEST TO KEEP JOHN HENRY UNDER HER THUMB.”

thirteen for a dozen, same 's we always done. Mis' Peaslee 's an old tyrant, but she 's capable, I 'll say that for her. Talk about her runnin' a gin'ral store and 'a post-office! She 'd run the United States if folks give her the chance, and it would n't sweat her a drop! And Looney was good as gold. Well, yes, there was one day he made too free with John Henry's cider-barrel, and—but then, we ain't any of us angels, not even the women-folks, no, marm! Take it all round, I callate when John Henry got back, in December, he was pretty well satisfied with the way things had been goin'.

Seemed as though it done John Henry good to go away. He 'd seen consid'able, y' understand, and picked up quite a number of p'int. Mis' Peaslee had a niece down to

the rate of exchange and department-stores and trusts and winder-dressin', and how they make asphalt pavements, and the battery at Fort Williams. I was kind o' sorry, though, to see that John Henry 'd been goin' to infidel meetin's and breakin' away from the teachin's of his pa. Old Man Peaslee did n't get wrothy very often, but you jest try to talk Universalism when he was round, and then it was stand from under. 'S he said to me once, he 'd been married thirty year, and *he knowed there was one*. But p'r'aps that 's nuther here nor there. As I was tellin' ye, John Henry 'd grappled a lot of idees, and 'most all kinds, when he was down to Portland. Fust prayer-meetin' night after he got back, he cut loose one of 'em, in front of all of us.

“Feller-citizens,” John Henry sings out,

after we 'd got through with the doxology, and folks was kind o' visitin' round before they went home—"feller-citizens, I want to communicate." He thumped on a desk when he said it, and we could n't very well help noticin'. "If you will resume your preliminary positions," he says, "I will not detain you with pomposity, but I will plunge to the root of the matter." Everybody sot down.

"Woman, lovely woman," says John Henry, "is now aggregatin' in clubs. Men have always had their gatherin'-places, sech as my well-known emporium in our beautiful village and more pollutial structures in larger cities. But women have just begun to see the advantages of—of aggregatin'. Some of the clubs I have heard about study great authors and famous painters, of which, unfortunately, there is none in our midst. Some are only sociable. Some combines the sociable with the godlike attempt to improve the communities in which they spend their shinin' hours. It has occurred to me," says John Henry, "that feliciteratin' ourselves, as we do, that we are a up-and-comin' people, our women-folks had n't ought to be backward about takin' a stand with their sisters—which," he says, "have no more intellects than urn, and are far behind them in apples, doughnuts, and sech, moreover, apparently, never hearin' of sech a luxury as flapjacks on a frosty mornin'. The meetin' is now open. Will any lady move a motion?"

Up jumps Ma Peaslee. Some folks thought it was all cooked up beforehand betwixt her and John Henry, but from what happened afterwards I don't callate that 's so. She was hung on a hair-trigger, anyway, Ma Peaslee was, and she always liked to be the fust to set anything goin'. "I motion," she says, all in a breath, "that we get up a Women's Progress Club to work for the good o' the town, and have Sister Applebee, our pastor's wife, for president."

John Henry grinned all over his face. "Sech enthusiasm ought to be confectionary," he says. "There is many times," says he, "when me and my colleagues in the government of this municipality is—is stuck for the want of a sympathetic union with the—with the female p'int o' view. And if our women-folks will jine to hold up our hands, I ain't no doubt we shall administrate with more prejudicial wisdom than we have ever—ever manufactured."

"I 'd just like to know," Dave Bascom's wife puts in, "whether it 's planned to start a women's club to be run by the men?"

"Not much!" says Ma Peaslee, quick and sharp.

"Well, on that understanding," Dave Bascom's wife says again, "I 'll try to do my share."

So they all said, and they started the club right there and then. Seemed to me John Henry was consid'able set aback by their shuttin' the male sect out. I surmise he 'd been cal'latin' to spread himself more or less. But if anything stuck in his crop he swallowed it like a man, and he chirked up a good deal when the women-folks agreed that one evenin' in a month they 'd make their meetin' a sociable for the men. "We can do a good deal for 'em, cap'n, on that one evenin'," says John Henry to me, as we was moggin' along towards home. "The mazes of parliamentary law is pooty conspicuous to me, bein' as I 'm the only active member of the board o' selectmen. After I 've met, all by myself, and voted myself into the chair, and took up one question after another, arguin' for 'em and then ag'in' 'em, as a fair man had ought to do, and finally voted on 'em,—sometimes doubtin' the vote and demandin' the previous question and a roll-call,—after I 've done them things, I say, I feel competent, by gracious! to dissolve 'most any difficulty. Women, poor creeters, is instinctive, you know; but if we can't learn 'em to reason on that one evenin', we can rise to a p'int of order and reason for 'em!"

We did n't hear much of anything about the women's club for the next three weeks or so. We knew they met reg'lar, and took comfort in it, but they was everlastin' close-mouthed about what they done. Talk about women not keepin' a secret! Great grief! I been tryin' thirty-five year to find out what my woman does with her aig-and-butter money, and I be— But, as I was sayin', John Henry laid his plans, anyway. Looney Haskell said—I told ye 'bout Looney, did n't I, that tended store while John Henry was up to Portland a-gettin' his edjication? John Henry kept him along to deliver goods and sech, and sence he got to earnin' money Looney had growed to be reel dependable. If he felt a fit comin' on he 'd set down his basket and have his fit, all nice and comf'table, and then he 'd pick up the basket ag'in and go about his business. Scarcely ever broke anything. Looney was consid'able tongue-tied, but I gathered from what he said that John Henry was practisin' a speech to say over when the women's club had its men's night. You better

b'lieve I was one o' the early birds at Dave Bascom's place when that evenin' come!

Well, Mis' Bascom she give us a stavin' supper, and then we had some litery exercises. The minister read a story, and Cy Peters's boy spoke a piece, and little Allie Bascom played on the organ, and we all sung a hymn or two. Then Mis' Applebee, the minister's wife,—she was the president,—says, "We have no business meeting to-



"WOMAN, LOVELY WOMAN."

night," she says. "We want everybody to take part in an informal talk about the needs of the town, and the improvements we might bring about. We don't wish to listen to any speeches, and we have no time for any; but let's all say something, and try to be brief and definite and practical."

John Henry gets right up. "Mis' President and feller-citizens," he says, "I am con-sanguineous that any remarks I offer will not fall on stony ground, for I know the temperamental adaptation of our beautiful vil-lage. Meditatin' to-day, in my emporium, about the principles that guide nations, I was hit—I mean struck—struck by the thought that all these combinations of capittle is—"

"Sister President, I rise to a point of order!" says Mis' Dave Bascom, jest then.

"Sister Bascom will state her point of order," says Mis' Applebee, very dignified.

"I make the point that the gentleman is not speaking to the question, the question being, What can be done by *this* combination, which is *without* capital."

"The chair rules the point well taken," Mis' Applebee says. "We shall be glad to hear from our eloquent friend, but we must ask him to remember that we are plain people, trying to strike out some practical plan for the betterment of the town, and that we wish him to speak in his character of successful business man, and not in that of either orator, statesman, or philosopher."

Well, sir,—marm, I should say,—every-body hild their breath for a minute. John Henry had turned more 'n seventeen colors when Mis' Dave Bascom shut off his wind. He did n't hardly know what to make of it, ye see, and he was mad into the bargain. Second thoughts, though, he took it like a major. Kind o' tickled him, I expect, to think of the women fetchin' up a pint of order,—same way, you remember, he 'd schemed to tangle *them* up,—and the way the preacher's wife soft-soaped him must have been almighty soothin'. "Mis' President," says John Henry, after he got his breath, "on further consideration I reelize that while I've been away from home pursuin' my edjication I've lost track of things in our beautiful vil-lage. With your kind permission, I will review my determination, and become an auditorium." So he sot down.

"Cap'n," says John Henry to me, goin' along home that night, "I'm afraid they're a-learnin'!"

"Be they, think?" says I.

"They be," says he. And then he shot right up, and not another word could I get out of him.

All this was at the January men's night, mind ye. Betwixt that and the February evenin', seemed's though things was happenin' all the time. We had a mild winter,—good deal o' snow, but no reel cold weather,—and an early spring, and by the middle o' February, great grief! we was all afloat. No denyin' it, our roads was scand'lous. Selectmen had been a-scared o' taxes, like John Henry was, or careless, like But-ters and Hodgekins, the two men that was j'ined with him, and there was patches all over town, specially that road that runs from the Pint to Marvin's Hill, where ye could almighty nigh sail a boat. I see there was somethin' on the women's minds when we went up to Cy Peters's place to spend our

February evenin' with the club. Sure 's you live, that was what it was!

Mis' Dave Bascom started right up, the minute the liter'y exercises was over. "Sister President," says she, "the caucuses are next week, and town-meeting day is coming right along, and two of our three selectmen are here present" (she meant John Henry and Butters), "and *therefore* I move you, Sister President, that we make the condition of our roads the order of the evening."

Well, they done so with a whoop, as it ware, and the Widder Miller got up. She lives 'way over beyond Marvin's Hill, and when she had to come to meetin' or to the store or anywheres down this way—well, she must a' needed hip-boots or a dory. "Sister President," says she, "I sot out to go to the store t' other mornin', but, not bein' web-footed, I could n't fetch it. I sent a note by one of Eb Allen's young ones, and Looney Haskell brung back my things. He looked like a walkin' pillar o' misery, time he got to my house. But I washed him off and dried him, and then, thinks-says-I, if he 's done it once he can do it ag'in, and I 'll send my butter to the store by him. So he started. After a while, back comes Looney—with some pieces of the crock. He was dirtier and wetter 'n he was the first time, and flustered up so there was no makin' head nor tail out o' what he was tryin' to tell me, but there wa'n't no doubt o' what happened. He got mired—and ten pound o' butter got spiled."

Them 's the kind of yarns we heard from half a dozen. Wa'n't no news in 'em to anybody. But we all pricked up our ears, I bate ye, when Ma Peaslee riz!

"Sister President," Mis' Peaslee says, "I been goin' over the hill way pretty often, lately, to see my cousin Barber's wife, she that was a Whittaker, and has got a white swellin'. I've ruined my clothes and wracked my temper thereby, and I say it ain't right for decent folks to have to go get bogged in mud-holes like—like the beasts that perish. What are we goin' to do about it, says you, Sister President? What 's the *selec'men* goin' to do about it? says I."

"Set down, ma," speaks up John Henry.

"John Henry Peaslee!" says his mother, real fierce, "if you was only twenty years old instead o' twenty-eight, I'd take ye out and spank ye! I can't vote, Sister President," she strikes up ag'in, "but I pay taxes, and I got a right to say that if the *selec'men* won't fix the roads, we women 'd ought to get *selec'men* that will. I motion we do it,

too—'nless them slothful servants promise right here and now that they 'll 'tend to their business!"

Then there was a hooraw, of course. But Mis' Applebee she calmed 'em down after a while, and called on Butters, the other selectman, for his views. Butters is an easy-go'in', know-nothin' kind o' feller that never had no views but sech as was emptied into him. He owed John Henry a store-bill, too. So he hummed and he hawed, and he said he was willin' to carry out the will o' the majority, pervidin' he knowed what it was, and



LOONEY HASKELL.

pervidin' the town could afford it. And bein' road-master as well as selectman, he *had* been thinkin', he said, of haulin' a few load o' gravel to dump along the hill road—when it got to be a little better goin'.

I see the minister grin at that. 'T was kind o' ridic'lous, wa'n't it? But nobody else noticed it, scarcely. They was watchin' John Henry, knowin' John Henry had jest enough of his ma in him so 's 't he would n't be drove. "Mis' President and feller-citizens," he says, "I am willin' to adjudicate and maintain my official acts before the independent tribunal that gave me their suffragists. But on this occasion," says he, "you are infringin' on my constitutional prerogative. And as for makin' any promises that might impugn a slimy burden of taxation upon our beautiful vil-lage, by gracious! I 'll see you—"

"John Henry!" squeals Ma Peaslee. "Remember where you be!"

So John Henry sot down, and the meetin' broke up. He did n't make no talk goin' home, John Henry did n't, but I see that he was a-thinkin'. I was, too. "Great grief!" says I to myself, "where's this thing goin' to end? or ain't there goin' to be no end to it?" And fust along I ca'llated that John

the next week or two. Wust of it was, I did n't dast to take any credit for it, for of course I had to p'tend, before folks, that John Henry 'd git his nomination and election certain. I wa'n't certain, though, not for a minute, even while I was a-usin' a powerful argyment—the bills on John Henry's books. There's times, ye know, when we can't ketch either lobsters or summer boarders, and a



"WE KNEW THEY MET REG'LAR, AND TOOK COMFORT IN IT."

Henry bein' the one that brought the trouble to town, he 'd ought to suffer for it. The women was right, too, in so fur forth that the roads *had* ought to be fixed. But the p'int was, if we give in to 'em once they 'd be our bosses to all everlastin', and thinks-says-I, "Not by a—" But, as I was sayin', marm, we did n't say nothin' till we come to the Peaslee place, and then says I, "I 'm a-goin' to stand by ye, John Henry."

"Thank ye, cap'n," says he. "I counted on you. But they 've only been a-learnin', so fur. Now, I cogitate, they 're a-goin' to practise on it."

"Be they, think?" says I.

"Yes, they be," says he. And he hove a sigh and shot the door easy, as though there was a funeral in the house.

"Well, then," says I, "for the caucus." I swan I never worked any harder 'n I did for

good many of our folks have to be kind o' helped over by the storekeeper, and I worked that for all it was wuth. They see the p'int, too, I bate ye. But great grief! the women-folks had argyments likewise. I know my woman and the girls pretty near deviled the life out o' *me*, knowin' all the time I was a-workin' for John Henry; and you can surmise—you bein' a woman, marm—how they 'd swat the fellers that *had n't* tied themselves up with promises. I ca'llated we was licked when I went into the caucus. And so we was. John Henry missed his nomination by three votes.

"Well, cap'n," says John Henry to me, that night, "it might be more palatable 'n it is, but we got to take things as they come in this sublunary existence, and as long 's I can get up I don't reelly consider, by gracious! that I been knocked down. If you 'll

keep a-stickin' to me, I 'm goin' to run independent."

"I 'll stand by ye, John Henry," says I. "Th' ain't no man livin' can say that Obed Marcy ever went back on his principles. Not-withstandin', John Henry," I says, "I sh'd consider your chances was lookin' up if you 'd commence this here campaign by leadin' your ma down t' the wharf and tippin' her into the drink. She 's wuth more to t' other side than all the rest of 'em put together."

"I can't determinate it," John Henry says. "When I 'm dealin' with ma I never know whether I 'd ought to say, 'Whoa-hishe!' or 'Gee-up!' Pa started her wrong, y' understand. If he 'd took a bed-slat to her 'bout three times a week, I s'picion she 'd been a different woman. But she used to take it to him. Consequently—"

I did n't say no more to John Henry about his ma, because I see that was like hittin' him betwixt wind and water. So the old cuss—

As I was sayin', Ma Peaslee kept a-sash-ayin' round. So did Mis' Dave Bascom and the hull bilin' of 'em, of course, but Ma Peaslee was the wust. The assessors had always thought they knowed how much land she owned, but they 'd missed the places she had a mortgage on. She did n't; not at that p'ticular time she did n't. You may talk about y'r p'litical argyments, but my experience is that a mortgage is a better persuader, in a close campaign, than all the stump-speakers you could pile into a ten-acre lot. It knocked my store-bill argyment galley west every time the two come together. Yes, marm.

Well, Ma Peaslee was trompin' round, jest the same, election day,—in that dinged old carryall of hern that would hold as many as ye mind to hang on,—while we was kind o' short of teams. 'Course we had the delivery-wagon that belonged to the store, but there was a good many of our voters, the hard-cider kind, 't we did n't dast to put into it, for fear they 'd tumble out. We come almighty nigh losin' some vallyble votes jest that way. But we did get 'em all, fin'ly, and we cal'lated they made us safe, and so John Henry and me went down to the store to rest while the votes was bein' counted, leavin' Looney Haskell at the town house to fetch us the news.

"I am dubitateful, cap'n," says John Henry

to me, as we sot down 't the end o' the counter smokin' his best five-cent cigars. "I am dubitateful," says he, when I asked him, "Hey?" "It ain't no suspicion of the integrity of them leadin' citizens that is at present figurin' up the results—I ain't much doubt we 'll git what we got; but say, cap'n, while we was about it, why did n't we do the countin' as well as the votin'?"

Well, that was part my fault, and I had n't no excuse to make.

"Here I be," says John Henry, "a standish of commercial enterprise and a pillaging of society, and yet what be I but dependent, equal, on the votes of men that I can—can absquatulate for a gallon o' ker'sene-oil! 'T ain't right, cap'n, 't ain't right! Suffragists ought to be restricted to the intelligent and the—the indigent! Don't hear any hollerin' up towards the town house, do ye, cap'n?"

"My forefathers fit and bled for this country," says John Henry ag'in, after a while, "but, by gracious! there ain't a word in any encoclopedia about my foremothers. What was they a-doin', you cal'late? Puttin' chocks in front of the laudanum ambitions of their men-folks? Maybe so, but I doubt it! That ganglin' whelp Looney anywheres in sight, cap'n?"

"I believe in the female sect, cap'n," says John Henry, when we 'd set an hour or so. "Th' only fault I find is, by gracious! if you give 'em an inch they 'll up and swear it 's a warranty deed to all y'r reel estate. Now, if I 'd only put ma under the pump when she fust begun to— Well, how 'd it come out, Looney?"

Looney had jumped in, y' understand, all bunged up with hard runnin', but tryin' his best to tell us what the news was from the 'lection.

"Oh, talk slower," says John Henry. Then he leans over the counter and shakes him. "Consarn ye, ye tongue-tied loonatic, 't can't say nothin' but 'Gobble, gobble, gobble!'" John Henry says. "Am I beat?"

"Uh-huh!" says Looney.

Well, I looked at John Henry, and John Henry he looked at me. Then he smiled kind o' mournful.

"Natural enough," says John Henry. "I s'pose ye might prejudicate 't it serves me right, moreover. I roused a sleepin' lion, and, by gracious! she 's bit me!"



BY ST. MARY'S BAY.

(ACADIAN.)

BY EDITH MARGARET WHERRY.

GOD'S Mother held the bay that night
In the palm of her white hand.
The waters flowed in melted light
Along the milky sand,
And swift and high
The tide ran by
Where Philomène did stand.

*O mad, mad maid of Acadie,
Why lingerest in the cold?
Since Prospère sailed that virgin sea
A thousand moons are old.*

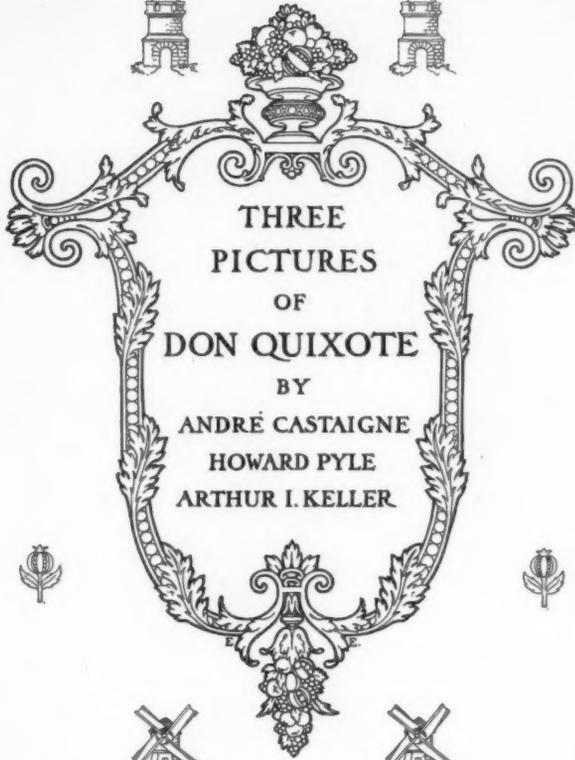
She took brown kelp from off the shore
And twined a fringed zone;
She bound with dulse her hag locks hoar,
Then stalked by gaunt and lone;
And every wave
In mournful stave
Made answer to her moan.

*O mad, mad maid of Acadie,
It is the shearers' feast:
With mirth and song they call to thee,
The lambs have all been fleeced.*

"Prospère! Prospère! Thy Philomène,
For fourscore years and more,
With wild mad dreams of what hath been
Doth watch this weary shore.
Mary, thy grace!
—Again, his face!
'T is as it was of yore!"

*O mad, mad maid of Acadie,
The moon hangs low and full;
Within are wine and revelry
Where they comb out the wool.*

God's Mother threw a close-spun veil,
Woven with stars for flowers.
It glanced along the milky trail,
And fell across the Hours;
And where it made
A lucid shade,
Two sat in heavenly bowers.



THREE
 PICTURES
 OF
 DON QUIXOTE
 BY
 ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE
 HOWARD PYLE
 ARTHUR I. KELLER.





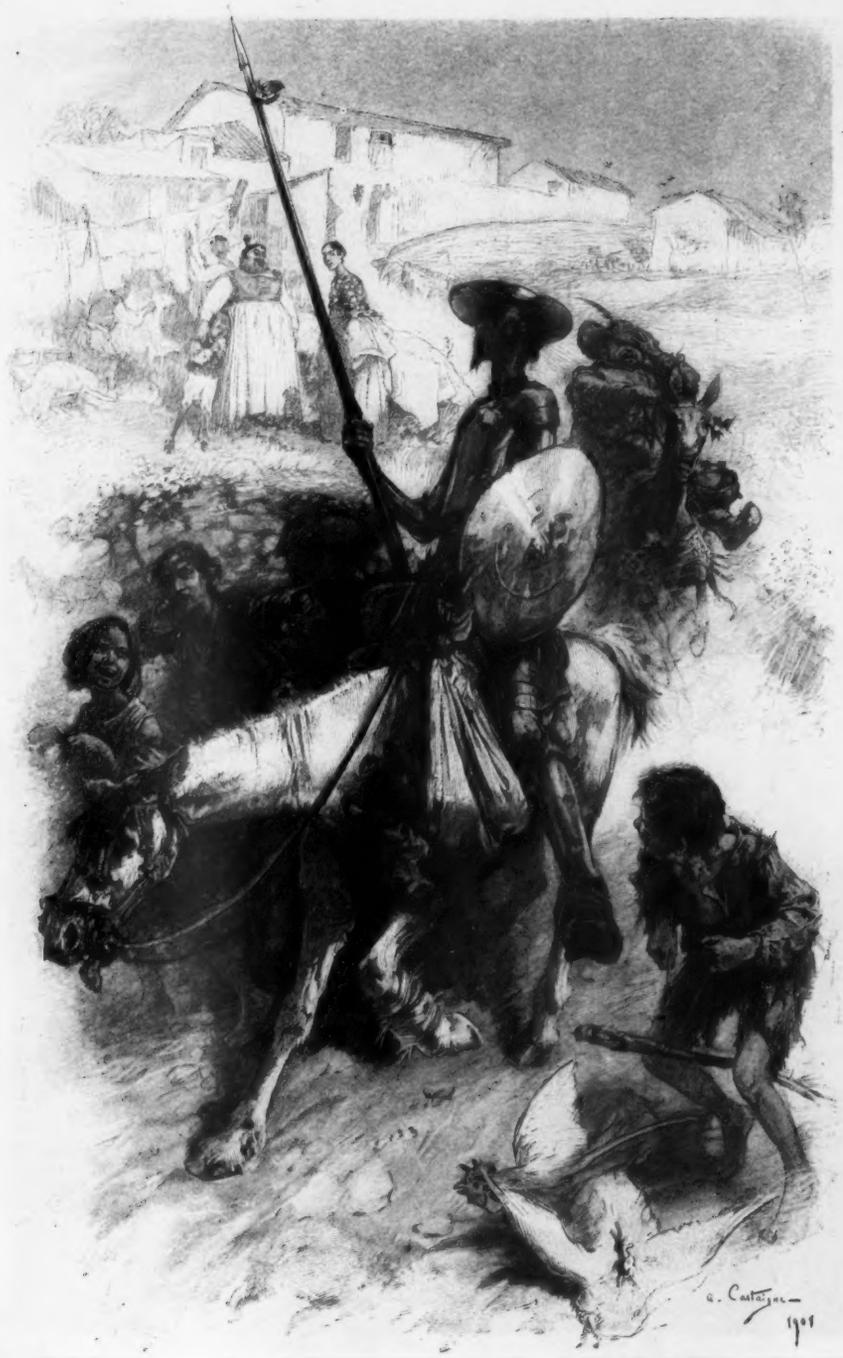
DRAWN BY ARTHUR I. KELLER. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

DON QUIXOTE RESOLVES TO TRAVERSE THE WORLD IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE.



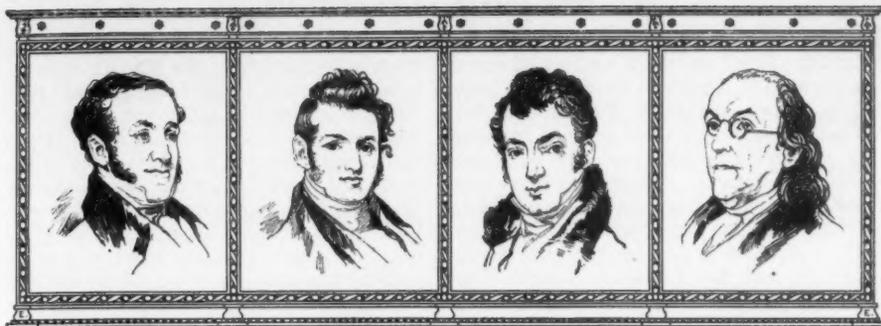
DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

DON QUIXOTE'S ENCOUNTER WITH THE WINDMILL.



DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO PANZA ENLIVEN A HAMLET.



HALLECK.

DRAKE.

IRVING.

FRANKLIN.

A RETROSPECT OF AMERICAN HUMOR.

BY W. P. TRENT,

Professor of English Literature, Columbia University.

IT is obviously not easy, and it almost seems impertinent, to subject humor to criticism. Yet butterflies are pinned and catalogued, and flowers are dissected. How, then, shall even the lightest forms of literature escape classification and evaluation, unless, indeed, through their very airiness, they elude the clumsy critic?

To some extent wit and humor have eluded the critic, and will continue to do so until the psychologist is able thoroughly to analyze the complex emotions that induce laughter and smiles. Yet perhaps this is a consummation not devoutly to be wished. Should the physical basis of these emotions be laid bare, it might at once appear that our sense of humor depended upon our food and our digestion. The consequent explanation of hitherto inexplicable differences between national standards of humor would not be altogether grateful to us if it were to become clear that American humor should be regarded as merely a by-product of American dyspepsia. Perhaps, after all, the student of literature may not find in the psycho-physicist the ally he craves.

But when he turns to his old ally, the rhetorician, the help he gets is more apparent than real. The numerous attempts to distinguish wit from humor, and to define them both, are seemingly little more satisfactory and authoritative than the distinction between the imagination and the fancy, of which so much used to be made. For example, a famous rhetorician tells us that jesting at one's own expense is humorous, and that in wit we have a combination of unexpected ideas. When Franklin re-

marked to one of his fellow-Signers, "We must all hang together or we shall all hang separately," was he humorous, or witty, or both?

The late Mr. Haweis thought that humor might properly be likened to the atmosphere, wit to the electric flash. Wit sometimes seems to its victims like forked lightning, humor like harmless sheet-lightning. Probably one is safe enough in using the terms without reference to attempted definitions or substituted metaphors, although perhaps the underlying unity and common aims of wit, humor, and ridicule may be expressed by saying that together they make up a weapon used by wisdom and good nature against folly and moroseness—a weapon in the shape of a stick pointed at one end for prodding, just thick enough in the middle for castigating without severe results, and knobbed at the other end for knocking the adversary completely out. It goes without saying that all save very dull and very sensitive men delight to see this weapon used effectively, except upon themselves.

It is generally agreed that there is a special employment of this weapon peculiar to Americans. As we are a kind-hearted people, we seldom prod; but as we are healthy and full of common sense, we knock out extreme folly and moroseness, and we castigate all forms of eccentricity. A reason for our conduct in this respect may be found in the fact that we had a new world to settle and subdue, and hence could tolerate no ineffectiveness and repining. The weapon metaphor may be dropped, however, and reliance may be placed on the old rhetorical

claim that incongruity is a basal element of humor. There has been no lack of the incongruous in American life from the beginning. Even the early Puritans of New England, although their religion repressed their animal spirits, probably contrasted their aspirations, spiritual and material, with their actual surroundings, and did not refrain from innocent forms of grim humor. Their literature, in the main, is serious enough; but the fantastic Samuel Ward evidently thought that his "Simple Cobbler of Agawam" might be taken humorously, for he protested that he wrote in all earnestness. There are also passages in the writings of the topographers and travelers that seem to indicate that the modern process known as "stuffing" is of considerable antiquity. Some one must have "stuffed" John Joselyn with the notion that the Indians conducted their extempore discussions in perfect hexameter verse.

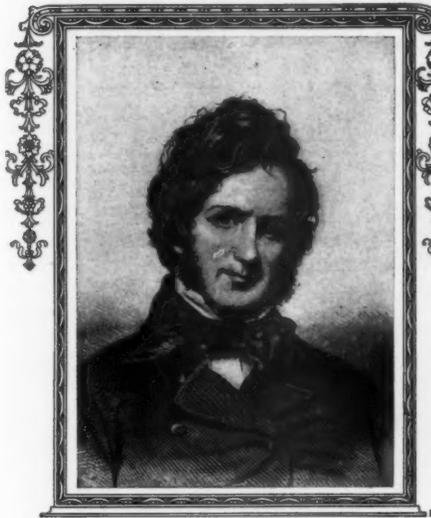
But, to leave our seventeenth-century pioneers for a moment, it seems clear that a new phase of incongruity in our life is observed to be contemporaneous with each new phase of our humorous literature. For example, much of Franklin's early humor was probably dependent upon the contrast between rural and slowly evolving urban life, while his later humor often depended upon the contrast between the actual American life he knew and the absurd views of it held by Europeans—a department of our humor by no means yet exhausted. War always furnishes incongruities and ample reasons and opportunities for indulging in ridicule; hence humor and satire play important parts in the literature of the Revolution and of the Civil War. Later, the contrast between the pretensions of the new government and the tendency to anarchy represented by "Shays' Rebellion," as well as between the aspirations and the unsophisticated character of the people at large, gave rise to satiric and humorous effusions, mainly in verse and now completely forgotten, but doubtless beneficent in their day. Then came the rise of the democracy to power under Jackson, and the incongruities involved in the assumption of leadership by those who had previously been led inspired a literature of political humor which culminated in the "Biglow Papers," but has surely suffered no grievous decline in the hands of "Mr. Dooley" (P. F. Dunne). Almost immediately afterward our eyes were opened wide to the incongruities between the life led in our centers of culture and that led in our primitive

outlying districts. Perhaps the satire heaped upon us by foreigners like Mrs. Trollope and later by Dickens, while stinging us into petulance, taught us to laugh at our own oddities. At least, it is clear that the Down-Easter, the Georgia Cracker, the Flush-timer of Alabama and Mississippi, soon made their bows to laughing audiences. The discovery of California brought other reckless specimens of humanity to the front, and as the country has filled up, the contrast between the life of the settled East and of the various Wests has given birth to fresh phases of a humorous literature constant in its main features. The Mormon, the Pike County man, the Mississippi boatman, have all contributed to the gaiety of the nation, largely, it is needless to say, through the agency of the ubiquitous newspaper. Side by side with this extensive growth of our humor, there has been an intensive growth, classes of characters forced into prominence by a developing civilization, such as the freed negro, the vulgar millionaire, the commercial traveler, the immigrant of whatever nationality, and the suburbanite, having furnished themselves as objects of good-natured banter. Writers of local fiction have also left few odd nooks unexplored, until it may be truly said that the American who is in want of something to smile at cannot have long been naturalized. And most of this wide-spread humor has been practically based upon incongruities, themselves based upon a rapidly extending and evolving democratic society.

Naturally the earliest settlers had no such broad field for the display of whatever sense of humor they possessed. Yet the anonymous poem, "New England's Annoyances" (1630), shows a disposition on the part of the Puritans to bear smilingly the discomforts of their bleak abode; and it is quite certain that from the beginning the Southerner loved his jest. With the eighteenth century humor takes a permanent place in our literature. Madam Sarah Knight, traveling on horseback from Boston to New York, and Colonel William Byrd, watching the drawing of the line between Virginia and North Carolina, smiled at all the odd things they saw, and wrote diaries that afford fresh and amusing reading to-day. By the middle of the century, Mather Byles and Joseph Green were making puns and writing skits in that sedate Boston where shortly before Cotton Mather had ejaculated a prayer every time he washed his hands. With urban growth, material development, and political

progress, humor was bound to emerge—a humor shrewd enough to represent a shrewd people, full of an exaggeration in keeping with the physical vastness of the country, essentially good-natured, as befitted a primitive democracy in which every man must help his neighbor. These characteristics, which have remained fairly constant in American humor, are seen almost in full development in Franklin. “The very tails

world of letters; but, like the poets, his predecessors and contemporaries, as well as the Knickerbocker coterie he dominated, Paulding, Sands, Verplanck, and the rest, Irving was continually showing in his writings the influence of literary models. This fact suggests that American humorists may be conveniently classified under three heads—the writers of humorous verse, the academic humorists, and the socio-political humorists,



FROM AN ENGRAVING OF THE PAINTING BY C. L. ELLIOTT.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF ABOUT 1855 BY BLACK, LENT BY FRANCIS J. GARRISON.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

of the sheep are so laden with wool, that each has a little car or wagon on four little wheels, to support and keep it from trailing on the ground.” Here we have that combination of imagination, matter of fact, good nature, and exaggeration in which we Americans so delight, and at which foreigners so often gasp.

The sixty years that cover the old age of Franklin, the maturity of Washington Irving, and the youth of Oliver Wendell Holmes need not detain us long. During the period quite a quantity of fair, but only fair, humorous and satiric verse was produced by writers of whom Hopkinson and Freneau and Trumbull, together with Drake and Halleck, are probably the only ones honored by being even half remembered. Irving, of course, especially through the inimitable “History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker” and the genial “Sketch-Book” and “Bracebridge Hall,” gave American humor, along with American literature, a standing in the

the last-named class containing most of those amateur depictees of local oddities and those professional purveyors of fun who represent the raciest and most characteristic phases of our national humor.

Not one of these classes—to which we might add a fourth, including those writers of fiction who, from the days of Hugh Henry Brackenridge, author of “Modern Chivalry” (1796–1806), to those of Mr. Stockton, Mr. Cable, and Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, have either made their humor an excuse for writing stories or have infused it into everything they have written—should be overlooked in a careful survey of American humorous literature. But a sketch cannot be thorough, and when the question arises on which class special emphasis should be laid, it would seem that there is only one answer. However truly American Irving, Dr. Holmes, George William Curtis, Mr. Mitchell (“Ik Marvel”), and the late Charles Dudley Warner really are, it can scarcely be denied that



CHARLES AUGUSTUS DAVIS.

FROM PRINTS.

SEBA SMITH.

they are primarily citizens of the world of letters, that they have their literary analogues, that they are not professed humorists of the type of "Artemus Ward"—a type as distinctively and originally American as the most chauvinistic patriot could desire. So with the writers of humorous verse, with Albert Gorton Greene, author of "Old Grimes," with John Godfrey Saxe, whose popularity was once great and not undeserved, with Charles G. Halpine ("Private Miles O'Reilly"), with Charles Follen Adams ("Leedle Yawcoob Strauss"), and even with

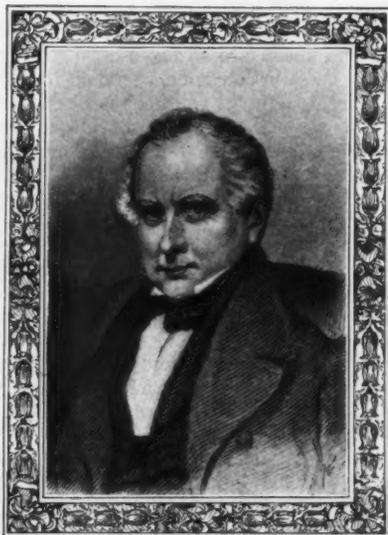
the versatile author of "Hans Breitmann's Ballads," Charles Godfrey Leland,—with all their genuinely national humor, these writers are to be classed with Hood and Thackeray—a fact which is not in the least discreditable to them, but which has obvious bearings upon the scope of the present paper. Yet it is truly an ungrateful procedure to pass over a class of writings represented by such an exuberantly burlesque stanza as

Hans Breitmann gife a Barty—
Wo ist dot Barty now?



FROM THE ORIGINAL PORTRAIT IN EMORY COLLEGE, OXFORD, GA.

AUGUSTUS BALDWIN LONGSTREET.

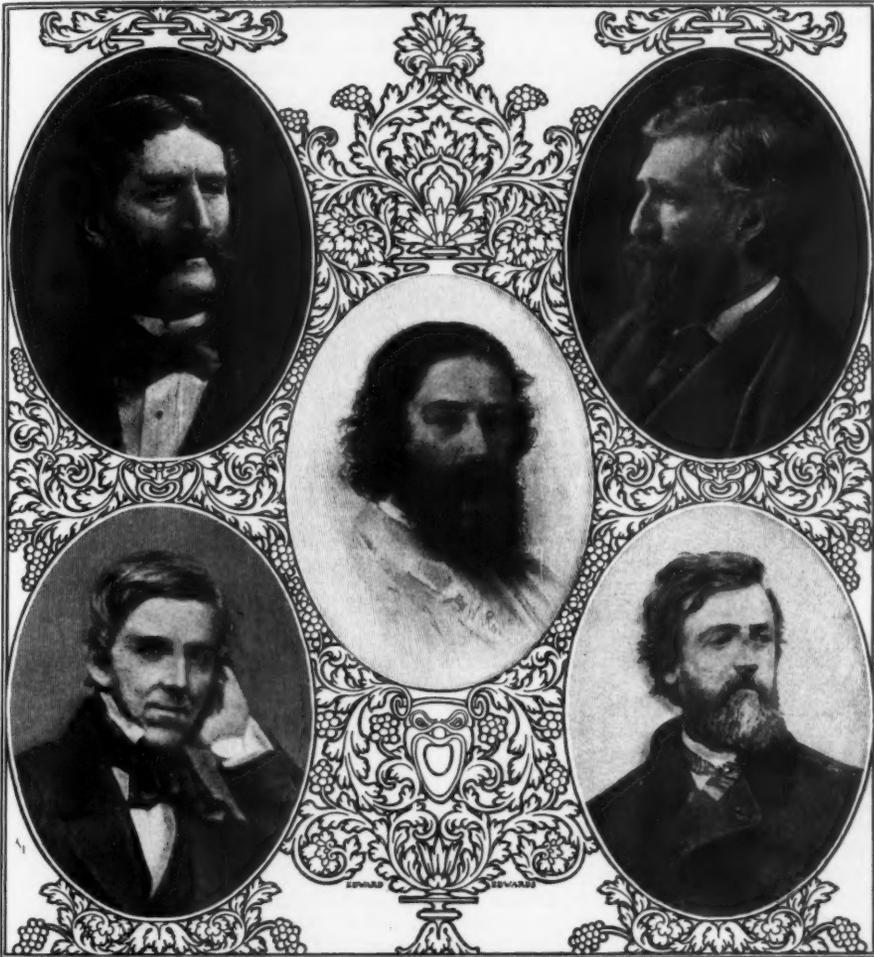


FROM A PRINT.

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON ("SAM SLICK").

Wo ist de lofely golden cloud
 · Dot float on de moundain's prow?
 Wo ist de Himmelstrahlende Stern—
 De shtar of de shpirit's Light?
 All goned afay mit de Lager Bier,
 Afay—in de Ewigkeit!

Mr. Stedman and other poets to our national stock of *vers de société*. Courage may be found for this, but it is impossible to treat so cavalierly a writer whom many competent readers regard as the greatest humorist



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL OF ABOUT 1863, LENT BY STANFORD WHITE.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD OF ABOUT 1870, LENT BY MRS. GEORGE WARNER.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

AFTER THE DRAWING BY ROWSE IN POSSESSION OF CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SPADY, LENT BY ROBERT COSTER.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXANDER GARDNER OF ABOUT 1860, LENT BY MRS. B. A. YOUNG.

FREDERICK S. COZZENS.

It is fully as ungrateful to pass over the humorous verses of Bret Harte and Eugene Field, the more than humorous poems of Mr. John Hay, the early dialect rhymes of the ill-fated Irwin Russell (1853-79), and the many charming contributions made by

America has ever produced—James Russell Lowell. Against this ranking of the author of the "Fable for Critics" and the "Big-low Papers" no protest shall be entered here, although it is conceivable that the less ebullient humor of the genial "Auto-

crat" should seem more delightful to certain minds. But even Lowell, original and great humorist though he be, has his literary analogues. His prolegomena may well seem to throw all previous similar apparatus in the shade, but the similar apparatus existed previously. So, too, one has but to read Coleridge's "Talleyrand to Lord Grenville" and to remember that Seba Smith and his imitator Charles Augustus Davis had already made a Down-East rustic deal, in his own vernacular, with current politics, in order to perceive that while no more truly original production than the "Biglow Papers" exists in any literature, its author never ceased to be more than what we know technically as a "humorist"—never ceased to be a great man of letters, whose humor deserves an essay or a volume, not a mere paragraph in an article.

Turning now to our third class of humorists, whose special designation, socio-political, seems portentously serious, it is easy to discover from their biographies one reason at least why they are separated by quite a gap from the other two classes. Nearly every one of them has had a variety of typically American experiences, if, indeed, he has not been a "rolling stone." Set over against Dr. Holmes, physician, professor, and man of letters in cultured Boston, Henry Wheeler Shaw ("Josh Billings," 1818-85),¹ who left the East to work on Ohio steamboats, then became a farmer, and finally an auctioneer, before he ever published an article or an almanac, or delivered, with affected awkwardness, a lecture full of pithy humor. In the contrast between these two men's lives we have a key to the contrast between their writings. If, when Dr. Holmes, after the lapse of years, resumed his "Autocrat" papers, he had found himself addressing an obdurate public, is it likely that he would have accommodated himself as Josh Billings did to similar circumstances, changed his spelling, and won popularity? That was the trick of a typical American determined to make his wares sell, just as his phenomenally successful "Farmers' Allminax" was a joint product of his humor and his "hoss-sense." Yet none the less was the critic right who declared that Josh Billings's bad spelling hid but did not obliterate his kinship with La Rochefou-

cauld. "Cunning, at best, only does the dirty work ov wisdom; tharfore I dispize it," is a saying worthy of any moralist. On the other hand, the following advertisement is worthy only of the "enterprising" American that wrote it: "Kan the leopard change his spots? i answer it kan, bi using Job Sargent's only klensing sope. Job Sargent never told a lie—so did George Washington."

So does biography, one is almost tempted to add when one considers the lives led by Josh Billings's compeers. Where they have not tried several trades or professions, they have generally stuck to one profession that is almost as wide in its scope as American life itself—the profession of journalism. One of the first of our group to attain great popularity, Seba Smith (1792-1868), the creator of "Major Jack Downing," won his fame as a Portland journalist before he served on the metropolitan press. Joseph Clay Neal (1807-47), whose long-forgotten "Charcoal Sketches" described various ridiculous urban types, was a Philadelphia journalist who won the favor of Dickens. Judge Augustus B. Longstreet (1790-1870) would surely not have described Georgia life with such hearty humor if he had not been lawyer, judge, editor, Methodist minister, planter, lecturer, politician, and president of at least four colleges. His co-editor and fellow-depictor of Georgia oddities, William Tappan Thompson (1812-82), creator of that famous lover and traveler "Major Jones," seems to have been the first white child born in the Western Reserve, but to have served later as a volunteer against the Seminoles and as an editor in most of the important towns in Georgia, when he was not making an experiment in journalism in Baltimore. Add to this career a little politics and service in the Confederate ranks, and we have a far from monotonous life. Other examples are scarcely needed, but it is hard to resist citing Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber (1814-90), exploiter of the famous and delightful "Mrs. Partington," who was a printer before he began a varied newspaper career; George Washington Harris (1814-69), who was a jeweler's apprentice, captain of a Tennessee River steamboat, inventor, and political writer, as well as the creator of that egregious East Tennesseean, "Sut Lovengood"; and George Horatio Derby (1823-61), better known as

¹ "Josh Billings" was a frequent contributor to the humorous columns of this magazine under the title of "Uncle Esek's Wisdom." A business agreement prevented the use of Mr. Shaw's usual pen-name. Dr. J. G. Holland, then editor, keenly enjoyed

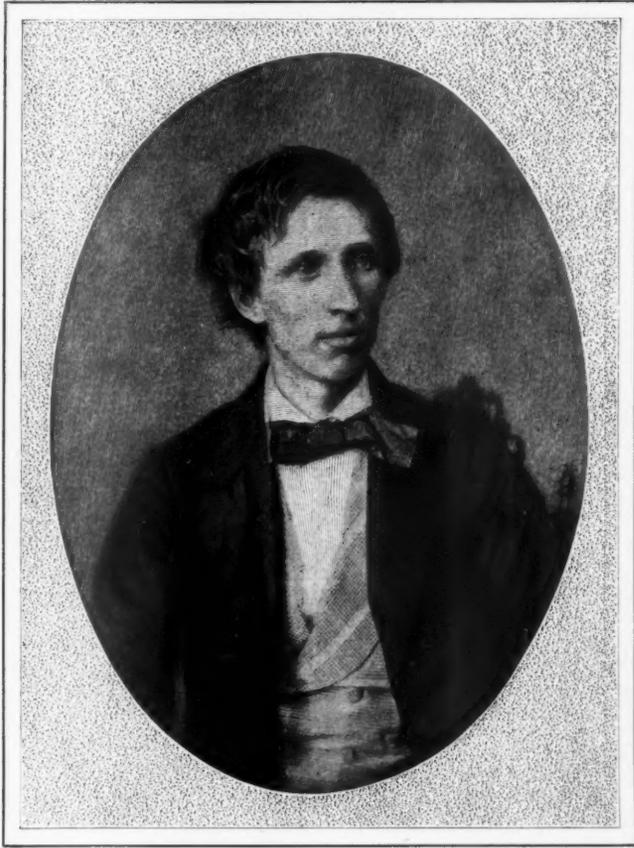
Uncle Esek's pithy sentences, but insisted upon their being printed with the ordinary spelling. To this the author cheerfully agreed, though he always composed them in the phonetic method of "Josh Billings."—THE EDITOR.



DRAWING BY CHARLES L. POST, BASED ON A PHOTOGRAPH BY WATSON & POST (1901). HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, "MARK TWAIN."

"John Phœnix," who, after graduating at West Point, saw life in Minnesota, on the Pacific coast, in Texas, and in Florida. Such has been the training these benefactors of Mississippi pilot, Nevada pioneer, journalist, traveler—what wonder that Mr. Clemens, with his native genius, has evolved from a humorist into a great writer of picaresque



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE AND LENT BY JAMES F. RYDER, TAKEN ABOUT 1857.

"ARTEMUS WARD."

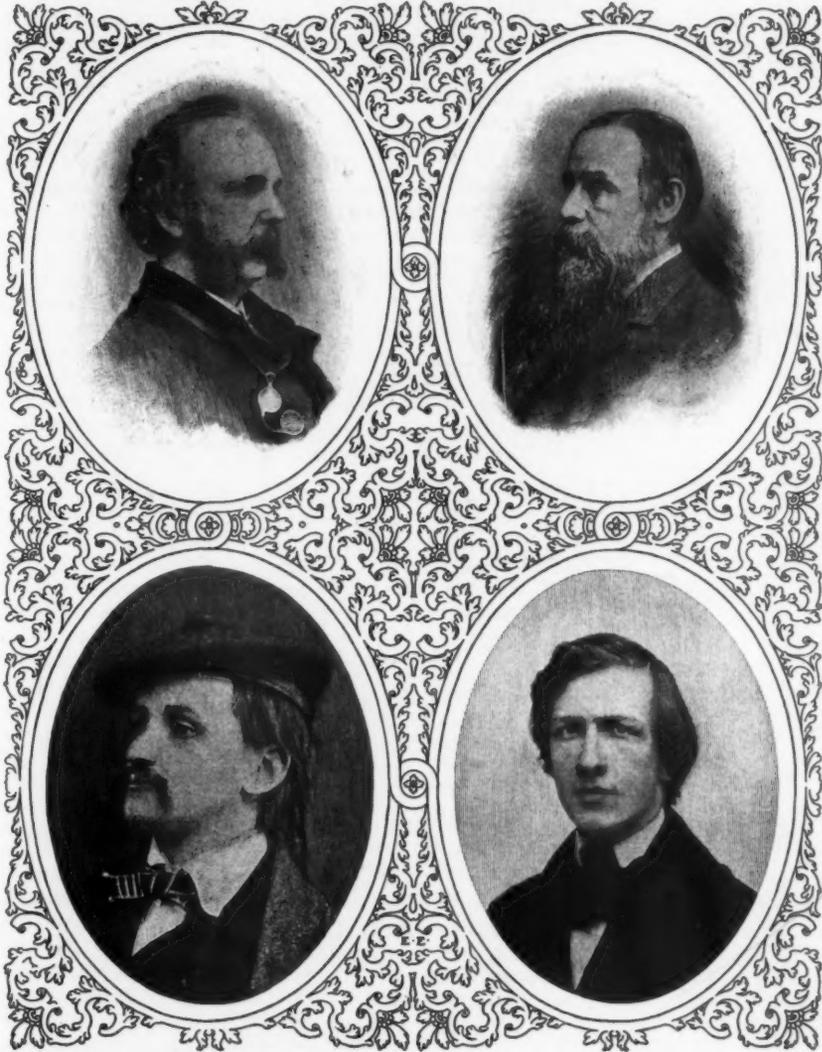
Yours till death,

Artemus Ward.

their country have received; nor are the two representative humorists, who have been best welcomed abroad, "Artemus Ward" and "Mark Twain," exceptions to the rule. What an experience the latter has had, and to what a good use he has put it! Printer's apprentice, fiction and something of an international *ensor morum!* But we are chiefly concerned with the humor of these men, not with their lives; and although the task of describing it is difficult, it must not be shirked. It is, on

the whole, a broad humor that frequently does not disdain the aid of bad spelling and bad puns. It deals in incongruities of expression; it accentuates oddities; it sets the

ness; it sometimes approximates sheer though innocuous mendacity—but why attempt to describe this Protean something which does not get beyond our national borders often



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MURD, PROVIDENCE, R. I., LENT BY FRANK J. SAXE.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY COLONEL CLIFFORD THOMSON.

MORTIMER THOMSON ("Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.")

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTERKUNT.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

FROM A DAGUERRETYPE LENT BY MISS CORDELIA S. NEWELL.

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

commonplace in ridiculous relief; it burlesques pretensions; it laughs at domestic, social, and political mishaps, when they are not too serious; it makes game of foibles and minor vices; it delights to shock the prim, but sedulously avoids all real gross-

enough to make an elaborate passport description necessary? In its lowest forms it can be found in almost any newspaper, in the shape of what is called "comic copy," receipts for writing which are said to be easily obtained and followed. In intermedi-

30 Days.		APRIL.		1870.	
Q.—How long can a goose stand on one leg?				A.—Try it,—that's the way the goose found out.	
<p><i>Jethro Sparks cum tew town, Akwart a kussid mule, He wound his ears around his nek, And called him April Phule.</i></p>					
5	m	Prognostix.		EMBERS ON THE HARTH.	
1	F	Showery ☽ expect ☽		<p>He whom the good praze, and the wicked hate, ought tew be satisfied with hiz reputashun.</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p>The less a man knows, the more he will guess at, and guessing iz nothing more than suspicion:</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p>It is a statistikal fakt, that the wicked work harder tew reach Hell, than the righteous do tew git to heaven.</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p>When i git thoroughly ritch, the first thing i intend to do, iz tew bekum respektable.</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p>Men generally, when they whip a mule, sware, the mule remembers the swaring, but forgits the licking.</p>	
2	S	☽ rain ☽ stern			
3	G	winter iz ☽ Δ ☽			
4	M	o'ervsow peas ☽			
5	T	and plant lambs ☽			
6	W	now ☽ Washington			
7	T	waz the ☽ father ☽			
8	F	☽ ov hiz ☽ (country)			
9	S	☽ wet rain ☽ ☽			
10	G	Washington ☽ when			
11	M	a little boy had ☽ ☽			
12	T	☽ a little ☽ ☽			
13	W	ax ☽ ☽ gentle			
14	T	☽ showers ☽ ☽ with			
15	F	which he ☽ ☽			
16	S	☽ tomahawked			
17	G	a tree ☽ sighns ov			
18	M	☽ moisture but ☽ ☽			
19	T	when ☽ asked ☽			
20	W	☽ if he did the tree			
21	T	cut ☽ big rain ☽ the			
22	F	☽ owned the			
23	S	korn ☽ ☽ lager			
24	G	beer diskovered ☽			
25	M	☽ not to be ☽ ☽			
26	T	intoxicating ☽ ☽ ☽			
27	W	1845 ☽ patent taken			
28	T	out ☽ now dig ☽			
29	F	for umbrellers ☽ ☽			
30	S				

A PAGE OF "JOSH BILLINGS' FARMERS' ALLMINAX," BY PERMISSION OF THE G. W. DILLINGHAM CO.

ate forms it can be found in collections of squibs and sketches like those illustrative of the broader phases of New York life written nearly half a century ago by Mortimer Thomson (1832-75), actor, drummer, lecturer, journalist, who adopted the whimsical pen-name of "Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. B.," the initials standing for "Queer Kritter," "Perfect Brick." It is needless to say that such things, which were perhaps as amusing to contemporaries as most of our own humorous effusions are to us, cannot now be read

in extenso without considerable exertion. Finally, in its higher forms this humor can be found in such political satire as that directed against the "copperhead" Democracy by David Ross Locke (1833-88), better known, in the words of Lowell, as "that genuine and delightful humorist, the Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby," and in such sketches of primitive manners as those contained in Judge Joseph G. Baldwin's (died 1864) "The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi." Probably, if only on the ground of their wide-spread popularity, we should include among these higher forms of American humor the diverting lucubrations of "A. Ward, Showman," and the less distinctively national naïvetés of Mrs. Partington.

Further classification is probably unnecessary; but it may be remarked that Mr. Watterson's division of American humor into "that which relates to fighting and that which relates to money," while suggestive, is far too narrow. Political humor, provincial humor, social type and class humor, and the humor of whimsicality—even these broad divisions hardly suffice to include all the important productions of the Americans in this very flexible genre. Under these heads may be placed, however, such of

our humorists as we shall be able to consider in any detail.

Lowell being put to one side, there are at least five political humorists of importance belonging to the eventful forty years 1830-70. These are Seba Smith, Charles Augustus Davis (1795-1867), Robert Henry Newell (1836-1901), the "Orpheus C. Kerr" whose letters gave Lincoln needed relaxation, and whose sad life was recently unveiled in the daily press, Charles Henry Smith ("Bill Arp," born 1826), and David R. Locke. To

these one is almost tempted to add Richard Grant White, whose "New Gospel of Peace," describing "the war in the land of Unculpalm," somewhat belied its title by being a clever and very popular parody of the style of the historical books of the Old Testament.

Seba Smith's excellent creation, Major Jack Downing of Downingville, who is well worthy of the modern reader's attention, had his origin in political disputes in Maine, where his letters began to appear in a local newspaper in January, 1830. They won instant popularity, and the Major soon began to contribute to the New York "Daily Advertiser," and took it upon himself to act as confidant of General Jackson, and to inform the eager public of all the doings of its hero. Later he took part in the Mexican War, and had some interesting things to say about politics in the days of Polk. The humor and wisdom lavished by him on the public throughout his long career may be found in his far from Bentonian "Thirty Years Out of the Senate" (1859).

So successful was Smith's experiment in humorous political satire that a second Jack Downing soon began to contribute letters to the New York "Daily Advertiser." This Major Downing, the creation of C. A. Davis, who represented the somewhat unusual combination of humor and the iron trade, may be followed in "Letters of J. Downing, Major, Downingville Militia, Second Brigade" (New York, 1834). Like his prototype, this pseudo and less-known Major Downing makes a triumphal tour with Old Hickory, during which Mr. Van Buren shows his political agility and his consideration of the dear public by landing on his feet after a tremendous toss from his horse, and making a graceful bow to the awe-struck bystanders. The Major also enlightens his readers as to the standing of the United States Bank, against which Jackson has fulminated, for did he not visit that institution, slate in hand, and perform some wonderful computations? But let us hear him describe in his own words how Mr. Van Buren tried on the coat of the sleeping President, a scene which looks backward to Shakspeare and forward to an Executive supposed to be too small to wear his grandfather's hat:

"Mr. Van Buren's turn came next: as soon as he put on the coat, he riz on his toes; but it would not do; it kivered him to his heels, and the hat fell on his shoulders, and you could n't see nothin' on earth of him. 'How

does that look, Zekil?' says he. 'Why,' says Zekil, 'it looks plaguy curious.' 'Is the coat too long, or am I too short?' says Mr. Van Buren. 'Well, I don't know exactly which,' says Zekil. 'I 'll think on 't to rights.' 'That 's right, Zekil,' says I, 'don't commit yourself.' And then they all kinder snickered; and the laugh went ag'in' Mr. Van Buren."

The humor of the "Orpheus. C. Kerr Papers" is not so homely as that of the "Downing Letters," whether of Smith or Davis, and although the events they treat of are nearer to us and more important, it is conceivable that the older books might draw more smiles from the reader fairly well versed in American history. Journalistic exaggeration and facetiousness, together with rapid use of the unexpected in matter and phrase, constitute, perhaps, the chief notes of the rather formidable array of pages. There are some clever parodies, and the criticism of men and events is often bright and apt; but not infrequently the humor seems forced. At its best, although droll, it is seldom crisp enough to afford good short quotations. This is not the case with the more direct and racy letters of Bill Arp, Newell's Southern counterpart, who lacks some of the latter's literary merits, but is nearer, as it were, to the soil, and has his affiliations also with whimsical makers of mirth like Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, and his own Southern contemporary, George W. Bagby ("Mozis Addums," 1828-83), whose work should be more widely known. Arp's letters to "Mr. Linkhorn" must be read in the light of the fierce struggle of forty years ago to prove palatable to many readers to-day; but surely the great President himself must have smiled if his eye ever fell upon the following account of how Confederate regiments were recruited in the neighborhood of Rome, Georgia: "Most of 'em ["the boys round here"] are so hot that they fairly sizz when you pour water on 'em, and that 's the way they make up their military companies here now—when a man applies to jine the volunteers, they sprinkle him, and if he sizzes they take him, and if he don't, they don't." Lincoln would have relished, also, the following apt use of a good story—a phase of American humor which ought not to be overlooked:

"We can't run ag'in, for the reessin urged by the Texin, who, when he got into trubble, took advise of a lawyer as to what he orter do. His kase was so bad that the faithful attorney advised him to run away. 'The



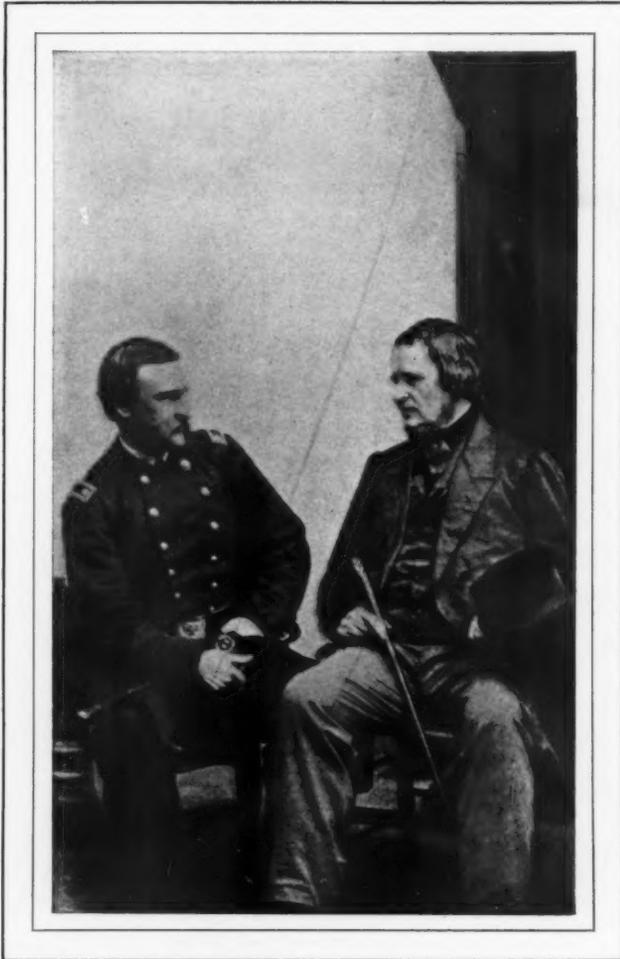
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY ROBINSON LOCKE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"PETROLEUM V. NASBY," "MARK TWAIN," "JOSH BILLINGS."

devil!' says he; 'where shall I run to? I'm in Texas now.'

But doubtless the most important member of our political group is David R. Locke,

Dispensation, whose name illustrates some of the absurd features of his autobiography, is made to give unblushing utterance to the worst sentiments that supra-loyal Union



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH AT THE TIME OF THE CIVIL WAR BY BLACK, LENT BY MISS CAROLINE SHILLABER.

GENERAL HALPINE ("MILES O'REILLY") AND B. P. SHILLABER ("MRS. PARTINGTON").

journeyman printer, reporter, and editor of Union papers in Ohio. His "Nasby" letters began to appear in 1861, and were useful to the administration. They were continued to cover the tumultuous years following the war, the various volumes being collected in 1872 into "The Struggles—Social, Financial, and Political—of Petroleum V. Nasby." The late pastor of the Church of the New

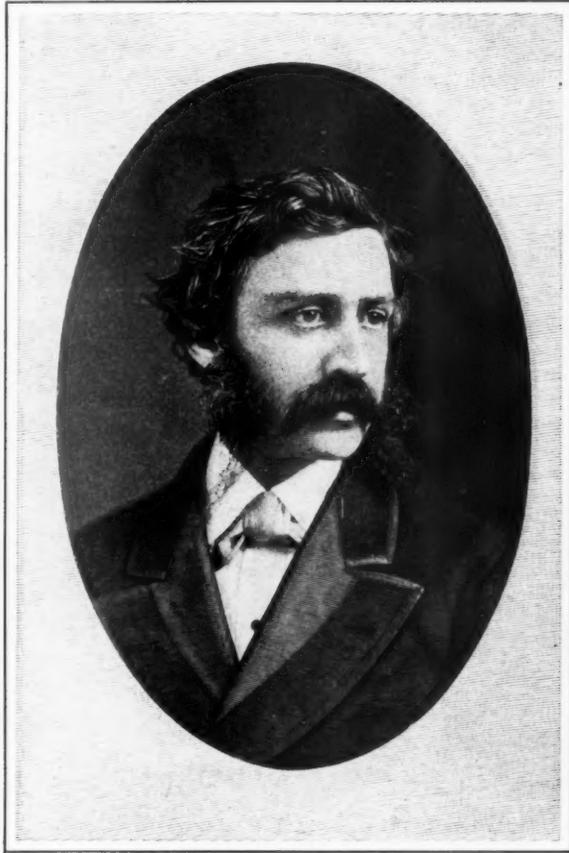
Vol. LXIII.—8.

men assumed to characterize the embarrassed Democrats of the North, particularly of the State of New Jersey. His situation is naturally not a comfortable one, and he finds no rest for the soles of his feet until he reaches Confederate X Roads, Kentucky, where he gets his indispensable whisky on credit, preaches to such orthodox Democrats as Deekin Pogrom and his compeers, and

deluges Andrew Johnson with applications for the local post-office. His zeal is finally rewarded, and he becomes the confidant of the President, much as Major Jack Downing had done before him. His experiences must be sought in "Swingin' Round the Circle," which, with the illustrations of Thomas Nast, is one of the most readable of all the pro-

cessions in honor of the new postmaster, whose salary was hypothecated for his numerous debts, and the following characteristic utterance may be culled for the light it throws upon Mr. Nasby's notions of finance:

"I give him the note becuz he furnished the paper, and it made him easy in his mind



FROM AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH BY B. S. RULOFROW. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

BRET HARTE.

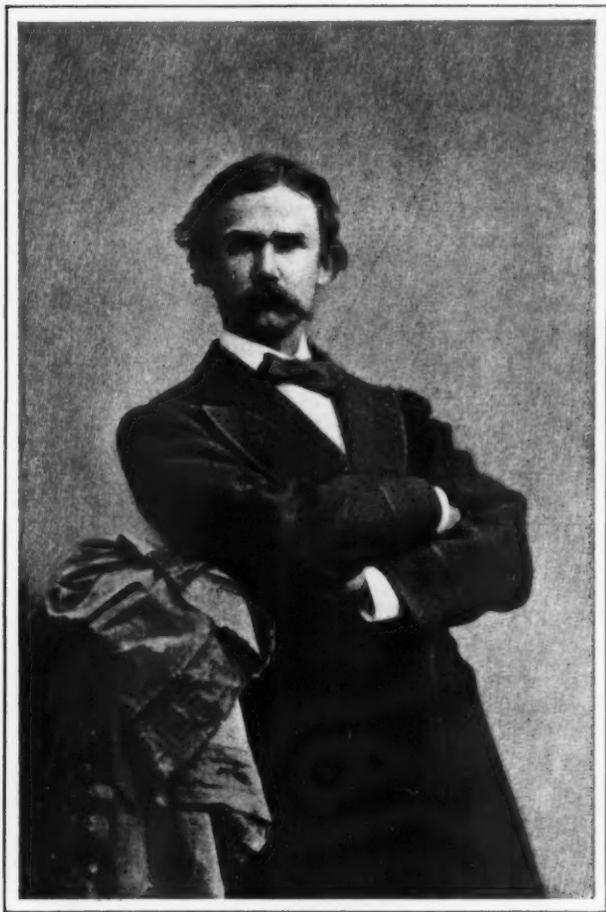
ductions of our older humorists. For pungent satire, for good-humored though often unjust exaggeration of party and sectional weaknesses, for clever scriptural parodies and visions, for diverting whimsicalities, the book is almost unique, nor should it be forgotten that few of our humorists have been gifted with an imagination so sustained as that of Locke. No short quotation can do justice to his merits, but the reader may be referred to such typical pages as those that

—I put down the memorandum becuz it looked businesslike. Benevolence is a prominent trait in my karacter. When givin' my note for borrered money will do a man good, I never begrudge the trouble uv writin' it."

Passing now to the provincial group, the humorists whose specialty it is to depict local oddities, we find considerable embarrassment of riches so far as authors and books are concerned, but not with regard to available specimens of their work. The only

way to appreciate "Georgia Scenes," for example, is to read at least four or five of the sketches. One humorist of this class, Judge Thomas Chandler Haliburton (1796-1865) of Nova Scotia, whose well-deserved

Far West was to show later. The Middle West was more orderly in its development, although it also furnished some local humor, and it is needless to add that virtually no corner of the country has since escaped the



FROM AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH BY BARONY.

JOHN HAY.

fame is being kept green by his compatriots, does not strictly belong to us except on the principle that, as the United States was the native land of the immortal "Sam Slick," we have as much right to appropriate Judge Haliburton as he had to appropriate the shrewd clock-maker. The rest of these humorists are for our period mainly Southern, because the South, or rather the Southwest, was then filling up rapidly and presenting the mixture of eccentric types which the

local humorist or his brother, the provincial novelist. It is worth while to add that the humor of the Southwest was much affected by the extensive use of the Mississippi as a highway of travel, and that over this and other highways jocose stories and quaint extravagances of speech spread to the still more or less unsettled half of the continent. The humor of Bret Harte and Mark Twain may not claim kin with that of Longstreet and Johnson J. Hooper, but this is mainly due

to the fact that the family tree has not been drawn.

It is hard to assign the palm among these Southwestern humorists. "Sut Lovengood," "Captain Simon Suggs," "Major Jones," and "Ned Brace" are all worthies whom it is well to have known at one time or another, provided one is not squeamish or puritanical. Captain Suggs, the creation of Johnson J.

joker of Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes," he is, in some respects, nearer to life than any of his compeers; but the scenes in which he figures are hardly those that make the deepest impression upon readers of a book that deserves to be reprinted, if only for its historic importance as the fountain-head of that racy Southern, and especially Georgian, fiction given us since the war by such



FROM THE ORIGINAL PORTRAIT BY F. B. CARPENTER IN THE MILITARY SERVICE INSTITUTE, FORT COLUMBUS, NEW YORK HARBOR.

CAPTAIN GEORGE HORATIO DERBY, U. S. A. ("JOHN PHENIX").

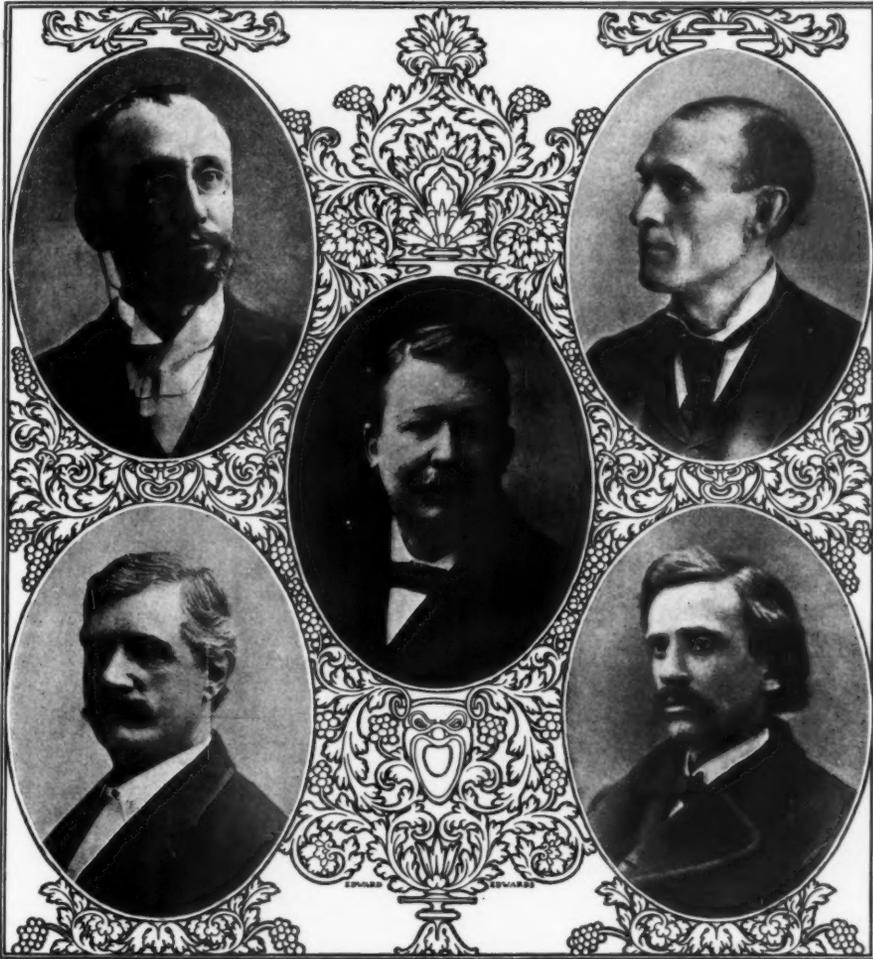
Hooper (1815(?)–63), a lawyer of Alabama, was a blackleg such as only the new Cotton States of those turbulent times could have furnished, and is fairly worthy of comparison with Jonathan Wild himself, although he would certainly have worsted Fielding's hero at seven-up or in a "horse swap." Major Jones is not so artistic a creation, but he is amusing, as most readers of his courting experiences given in the extract in the "Stedman-Hutchinson Library" will probably admit. As for Ned Brace, the practical

writers as the late Richard Malcolm Johnston and Mr. Joel Chandler Harris. The scenes that are most characteristic of versatile Judge Longstreet, and of the rough but sterling people he sketched, are those that describe the horse trade, the fight, the dancing-party, and, to name no others, the "gouging" rehearsal. Unless he was mystifying his readers, one of the best scenes in his book was not from Judge Longstreet's hand—that admirable description of the militia company drill which Mr. Thomas

Hardy seems to have made free with in the twenty-third chapter of "The Trumpet Major." Almost as amusing as the apparently plundered sketch is the fact that when the "lifting" was exposed by the "Critic"

the "Critic" was forced to explain that by an unlucky (*sic*) mistake the authors' names at the tops of the columns had been transposed!

If Mr. Thomas Hardy, or any other novel-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.
H. C. BUNNER.

FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BY OGDON.
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAX PLATZ.
EUGENE FIELD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FOLSOM OF ABOUT 1823-24, LENT BY GEORGE W. FLINT.
JAMES MONTGOMERY BAILEY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KURTZ TAKEN ABOUT 1873.
FRANK R. STOCKTON.

in parallel columns, a writer in the "Daily News"—was it Mr. Andrew Lang?—came to the rescue of the British novelist by pointing out how far the latter had improved upon the crude sketch of the American provincial. But alas! no sooner had this convincing proof of British superiority been given than

ist, will turn to Judge Baldwin's "Flush Times," he will doubtless find things well worth working over. In some respects the book has more literary merit than any of its companion volumes. The experiences of a legal neophyte in that paradise of litigation are told with leisurely humor; the artistic

lying of Ovid Bolus, Esq., is described with due elaboration; the pathetic fate of the Virginian emigrants who had no weather eye open for sharpers is set forth with artistic skill; and, finally, the fabulous exploits of Cave Burton, Esq., of Kentucky yield place to the astounding triumphs of the eloquence of Sargent S. Prentiss. If the fighting, swearing, drinking, gambling, hail-fellow-well-met Southwest had produced no other literary monument than this, it would not have broken the Ten Commandments in vain. One wonders whether Judge Baldwin, who died Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, ever saw on the Pacific coast any life more picturesque than that he left behind him. Surely he never examined a more amusingly ignorant candidate for admission to the bar than Mr. Thomas Jefferson Knowly.

Of social type and class humorists the number is so large as to be fairly disconcerting, especially at the close of an article. Fortunately, such humorists constitute the rank and file of their profession at all times, and the reader, by allowing for changes in fashions and manners, can infer from the similar humor of to-day the kind of jests and skits his father laughed at. A few of the more prominent representatives of the class deserve, however, to be mentioned. Among the earliest are George D. Prentice (1802-1870), the witty Louisville editor, and Frances Miriam Witcher (1811-52), the only woman on our list,—if the writers of fiction were included this would not be the case,—author of the amusing "Widow Bedott Papers." As Miss Berry she won notoriety by contributions to newspapers and magazines, without dreaming that, when she married, the clamors of the supposed models for her characters would drive her clerical husband from his charge. No such effects seem to have been caused by the mild humor of the "Sparrowgrass Papers" of Frederick Swartwout Czzenz (1818-69), whose work is now but faintly remembered. After the Civil War the humorists of this type, profiting perhaps by the example set them by Artemus Ward and Petroleum V. Nasby, become more aggressive and certainly more attractive to the modern reader. Prominent among them are Melville D. Landon ("Eli Perkins," born 1839), C. H. Clark ("Max Adler"), Charles B. Lewis ("M. Quad," born 1842), well known for the "Lime-Kiln Club" papers in the Detroit "Free Press," and James M. Bailey (1841-94), the popular "Danbury News Man." The

mention of the last-named shows us at once that we have reached the golden age of humorous journalism (*circa* 1875). Hitherto humorous articles had been copied widely by the various newspapers. Now the paper that secured an original humorist on its staff would obtain a large circulation throughout the country. Mr. Bailey, for example, soon carried his "Danbury News" up to a circulation of thirty thousand. Later it was found profitable to establish journals like "Peck's Sun" in Milwaukee and the "Texas Siftings" of Alexander E. Sweet, recently deceased, which existed for and by their humor alone. This type of "funny paper" has passed; but "Puck," founded in 1877, the first really successful comic periodical in the country, still holds its own, although deprived of the guidance of its genial editor, the late H. C. Bunner, himself a humorist of a refined and most attractive type.

The humor of whimsicality alone remains to be treated briefly, its main representatives being John Phœnix, Josh Billings,—who is too large for any one class, and has been dealt with already,—and Charles Farrar Browne (1834-67), better known as "Artemus Ward." Derby's books, "Phœnixiana" and the "Squibob Papers," have been lately republished, which is perhaps a sign that his fame is emerging from its comparative eclipse. Whether he will hold latter-day readers is a moot point. When at his best, as when he lectures on astronomy, plays the editor, proposes a new system of English grammar, and writes a musical review extraordinary, he is a very delightful John Phœnix to some of us—in his own San Diego French, "il frappe toute chose parfaitement froid." But often his fantastic humor seems forced and becomes tiresome. Still it cannot be denied that he introduced the humor of the Pacific coast to the American public, and that he taught his fellow-humorists new tricks of extravagance in expression and thought. As a fair but not thoroughly satisfactory specimen of his quips and cranks, the following description of the moon must suffice:

"This resplendent luminary, like a youth on the Fourth of July, has its first quarter; like a ruined spendthrift, its last quarter; and, like an omnibus, is occasionally full and new. The evenings on which it appears between these last stages are beautifully illumined by its clear, mellow light."

The fame of Artemus Ward, showman, lecturer, practical joker, and whimsical writer, is perhaps more persistent than that



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VAN DER WEYDE, LONDON, LINT BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

EDGAR WILSON ("BILL") NYE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY POTTER.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

of most of the other humorists we have dealt with, but it is to be feared that few persons are tempted even to glance through his "Works," and some who have done this confess to having been not a little disappointed.

Indeed, it is not certain that Artemus Ward, typical American though he was, has not, on the whole, fared better in England, where he died at what seemed but the opening of a brilliant career, than he has in his native



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER & CO.
P. F. DUNNE ("MR. DOOLEY").

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BROCK.
GEORGE ADE.

country. Be this as it may, it is impossible to read even a meager sketch of him without yielding him one's heart, yet at the same time realizing that, as in the case of a great orator, no one who did not see and hear the man is at all competent to judge him. His literary remains, although it would be easy to underrate their true wit and extravagant humor, do not of themselves explain his once tremendous vogue; but when to them we add the testimony of men who knew and loved him, it is not difficult to conclude that as a whimsically witty genius, although not as a broad, hearty humorist, he has had no equal in America. It is impossible to prove this conclusion, and it would be useless to attempt to support it by quotations even from his account of his famous visit to Brigham Young, or from his lecture on the Mormons. Perhaps a better test of the man's real greatness is supplied by the fact that his contemporaries at home and abroad, and our later selves, let and still let him say anything he will with impunity. He writes from Stratford to "Punch": "I've been lingerin' by the Tomb of the lamentid Shakspeare. It is a success." "It's Artemus Ward," is our involuntary comment, if we have learned to understand him.

Artemus Ward and Shakspeare are good names to close with, for they help to show us that humor makes the whole world akin. And

poor Artemus's fate reminds us that American humor, as, for example, in Eugene Field's "The Old Man," is constantly tending to run into pathos. But the bare mention of Field recalls George Ade, Oliver Herford, Charles Battell Loomis, and the many true humorists whom we have omitted,¹—not forgotten,—some of whom will contribute to these pages, but more of whom, like Edgar W. Nye ("Bill Nye," 1850-96), have passed to a place where their smiles find no counterparts in tears. Living or dead, they have been the benefactors of their people. It may suggest a coarse taste, it may even be uncritical, as superfine criticism now goes, to maintain that their work is an integral and not the least valuable part of American literature; but, however this may be, it seems safe to prophesy that whenever America ceases to produce good humorists, and men and women ready to smile and laugh with them, the country will cease to be the great nation that now engages our love and pride. Yet it is equally safe to prophesy that a people that has a jest for everything—even for political corruption—will sooner or later have more need of writers who, like Milton and Dante, rarely smile.

¹ From a working list of eighty—itsself a product of selection.

YOU AND TO-DAY.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

WITH every rising of the sun,
Think of your life as just begun.

The past has shrived, and buried deep,
All yesterdays; there let them sleep.

Nor seek to summon back one ghost
Of that innumerable host.

Concern yourself with but to-day.
Woo it, and teach it to obey

Your will and wish. Since time began,
To-day has been the friend of man;

But, in his blindness and his sorrow,
He looks to yesterday and to-morrow.

You, and to-day! a soul sublime,
And the great pregnant hour of time,

With God himself to bind the twain!
Go forth, I say, attain, attain!



AN OLD-TIME GARDEN.

BY ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

ONCE I knew a garden plot
 Filled with fragrant flowers.
 None was rare, but all were fair.
 After summer showers,
 Up from beds of mignonette
 In the sunlight steeping,
 Up from beds of mint and thyme,
 Perfume sweet came sweeping.
 Crimson peony glowed beside
 Purple flaunting mallow;
 Marshaled by the garden wall,
 Hollyhocks grew trim and tall,
 Red and white and yellow.

All along that garden's walk
 Sweet pinks were blooming;
 In among the columbines
 Brown bees were humming.
 Lad's-love and larkspur
 And daffydowdilly,
 Scarlet poppy, marigold,
 And spotted tiger-lily,
 Sweet alyssum, grew therein,
 And the pansy tender,
 Great blush-roses pearly-pink.
 Oh, my heart is sick to think
 On the vanished splendor!

Foxglove and four-o'clock
 Caught the sunlight sifted
 Through trumpet-flower and virgin's-bower
 On the trellis lifted.
 Lavender and bergamot
 Strayed beyond the border,
 And privet prim towered over all,
 Like some ancient warder.
 Oh, that garden did abound
 In all rich completeness!
 Even now, across the years,
 Summer's breeze unto me bears
 Its scent of summer sweetness.

Long ago that garden fair
 From the earth departed.
 Up and down I sought it long,
 Half broken-hearted.
 Oh, its very place was gone!
 And one mocked me: "Never
 More your eyes shall look upon
 Its lost bloom, forever!"
 But I *know* my garden now,
 Somewhere, still is blooming;
 And the kindly angels flit
 In and out, and tend on it
 Till my tardy coming.



THE DIRIGIBLE BALLOON OF M. SANTOS-DUMONT.

BY STERLING HEILIG.

This article is published with the knowledge and consent of M. Santos-Dumont. Because he is resolved not to be drawn into a local controversy, and, more particularly, because he considers himself to be still in the experimental period, M. Santos-Dumont refuses to write any article, popular or technical, or to give diagrams of the inventions with which he is constantly experimenting, and which are, therefore, subject to continual changes. In the following interview, however, the writer, who has been a great deal with him during the past four years, was permitted by M. Santos-Dumont to take down questions and answers in shorthand.—S. H.

M. ALBERTO SANTOS-DUMONT, a young Brazilian resident in Paris, after four years of invention, construction, and constant experiment, has been navigating a cigar-shaped balloon with a sixteen horse-power petroleum motor under it, capable of making way against any wind that is less than forty kilometers (twenty-five miles) an hour. What this means may be imagined when it is remembered that a wind of fifty kilometers an hour is called a storm.

At the outset, a word should be allowed the inventor concerning two very different factors of his success—inventing and managing a dirigible balloon. Indeed, the factors are three,—inventing, constructing, and managing,—as inventors on paper are likely to discover before they find themselves navigating the air. M. Santos-Dumont has occupied four years with invention and construction. Now he is learning to manage the perfected air-ship.

“Suppose you buy a new bicycle or automobile,” he says. “You will have a perfect machine to your hand; but it does not necessarily mean that you will go spinning with it over the highways. You may be so unpractised that you fall off the bicycle or blow up the automobile. The machine is all right, but you must learn to run it. That is what I am doing with my air-ship.”

This is what the crowds of Parisians who have been following M. Santos-Dumont's aerial evolutions take but imperfectly into account; and the readers of the daily papers in far-off lands, who hear of his trials and narrow escapes only by way of garbled and hurriedly written cable despatches, are still less likely to appreciate it. Everything about the navigation of the air is new; newest of all is the art—practised only by this daring

youth—of diving and mounting obliquely in the air by means of his propeller force. In the complicated and novel task of putting an air-ship through its best paces, much must necessarily be at the mercy of chance details. Thus a trial trip whose start and finish were witnessed by scarcely twenty-five persons was much more satisfactory than the succeeding day's official trial before the Technical Committee of the Deutsch Prize Foundation and a brilliant *tout-Paris* assemblage.

On this occasion (the morning of July 13, 1901) M. Santos-Dumont sped straight through the air above western Paris to the Eiffel Tower, turned round it, and returned to his starting-point, a distance of eleven kilometers (nearly seven miles), in thirty-nine minutes, and this in spite of a new petroleum motor that was discovered to be working imperfectly shortly after starting. The day before, while going over the same course, he found that his right-hand rudder-guide had become loose. This happened near the Eiffel Tower. Without sacrificing a cubic inch of gas, he descended to the ground by means of his shifting-weights; that is to say, he pointed the nose of his cigar-shaped balloon obliquely downward and navigated to the surface of the earth by means of his propeller. There he procured a ladder and repaired his rudder-guide. Then he mounted into the air and resumed his course without sacrificing a pound of ballast; that is to say, he pointed the balloon's nose obliquely upward by means of the shifting-weights, and so navigated on high again by the force of his propeller.

To those who know anything about dirigible balloons, these evolutions, simple as they appear, constitute M. Santos-Dumont's greatest triumph. They have never been

accomplished by any other *aéronaut*. The ease and precision with which he executes them have called forth the special admiration of competent authorities. Thus M. Armgand *jeune*, the engineer, who, with the late M. Hureau de Villeneuve, was one of the founders of the Société de Navigation Aérienne, and was for a long time its vice-president, owns frankly: "I can say that what most strikes me is the ease with which M. Santos-Dumont, by inclining his *aérostat* at will, is able to dive or rise so readily in the air, and thus bring himself on a level with the more favorable layers of the atmosphere by crossing through contrary currents."

How M. Santos-Dumont made his sensational trips between St. Cloud and the Eiffel Tower, to show Paris what he could do, and incidentally to win the Deutsch Prize of one hundred thousand francs for the first dirigible balloon or flying-machine that should make the round trip in half an hour, is a matter of common knowledge. At the first official trial he missed winning the prize by only nine minutes. At the second he covered the distance from St. Cloud to the Eiffel Tower in eight minutes fifty seconds, turned the tower in forty seconds more, and in twelve minutes from his start was over the Bois de Boulogne on his return, with eighteen minutes to spare for the short distance remaining, when an accident, which might have been tragic, brought him to the ground with a wrecked air-ship.

The fact that M. Santos-Dumont really navigates the air is in itself the all-sufficient explanation of the universal chorus of wonderment that has gone up in response to the news of his performances. In Paris they have also excited recriminations from friends of the official military balloonists of the Chalais-Meudon Park, reaching to denial of the new air-ship's novelty of invention and superiority of action. These military balloonists have been for many years the supposed possessors of the secret of dirigible ballooning. In a spirit of emulation more admirable than their first movement of detraction, they now announce the rapid construction of a steerable balloon of their own, expected to offer "great resistance to the wind" and to be "capable of facing any weather." In this way the young inventor will have to his honor not only his own performances, but the renewed efforts to which they shall have excited others. As for himself, he is occupied with his new balloon, the "Santos-Dumont No. 6," his perfected model embodying all that he has

learned from experimenting with the five which preceded it.

THE YEARS OF PREPARATION.

THIS young Brazilian inventor works for the love of the thing, not for lucre. He has never felt moved to apply for a single patent. He is a son of the "Coffee King" of Brazil, the proprietor of the Santos-Dumont plantations of São Paulo, the friend of the former Emperor Dom Pedro, and the benefactor and adviser of whole populations. Santos-Dumont, the father, although a Brazilian by birth and nationality, was French by descent, and had his technical education at the *École Centrale* (Arts and Industries) in Paris. Thanks to this education, he was the first to apply scientific methods to Brazilian coffee-culture, so that his plantations became the most flourishing in the land, having four million coffee-plants, occupying nine thousand laborers, comprising towns, manufacturing, docks, and steamships, and served by one hundred and forty-six miles of private railroads. It was on these railroads that the young Santos-Dumont, before he was twelve years of age, drove locomotive-engines for his pleasure, and developed the taste for mechanics and invention which saved him, coming young and rich to Paris, from a life of mere sporting leisure. Until eighteen years of age, when he completed his education at the University of Rio de Janeiro, he remained in Brazil, always returning in vacation-time to the wild back-country of the plantation, where he became a mighty hunter, killing wild pigs and small tigers by preference, and great snakes out of a sense of duty.

Arriving in Europe in 1891, he made a tourist trip and ascended Mont Blanc. A part of 1891 and 1892 he spent between London and Brighton, perfecting his English, which he now speaks as well and as often as French; but he always returned to Paris, where in 1892 he was already driving automobiles. In 1894 he made a short trip to the United States, visiting New York, Chicago, and Boston. He did not begin ballooning until 1897, in the summer of which year he made his first ascent in company with the late M. Machuron. In the same year he made twenty other ascensions, a number of them unaccompanied, and became a reliable pilot of spherical balloons. He has, indeed, an ideal figure for the sport, uniting remarkable strength, agility, and coolness to his jockey's weight of scarcely one hundred pounds. For this reason he was

able to lower the volume of the "Brazil," his first spherical balloon, to the unusual minimum of one hundred and thirteen cubic meters. The little "Brazil" was always filled with hydrogen, and after each ascension he never failed to bring it back with him in his valise.

This Brazilian has neither the structure, the complexion, nor the exuberant gestures of the men of his country. He is pale, cold, and phlegmatic, even, if the word may be applied to one so active. In his moments of greatest enthusiasm and of most lively disappointment he is always the same; and he is as free from affectation as a child. He has a weakness for driving dog-cart tandems, and—something which has had a vital influence over his career as a balloonist—he has been an intrepid automobile *chauffeur* from the first.

He began with a Peugeot roadster of two and a half horse-power. He has since owned and driven half a dozen automobiles of continually increasing speed and power, his longest trip without stop being taken in 1898, between Nice and Paris, and accomplished with a six horse-power Panhard in fifty-four hours. Latterly he has abandoned petroleum in favor of electricity, in a dainty light-running American buggy manufactured in Chicago. It serves him, he says, better than the more troublesome *teuf-teuf* for his morning spin through the Bois and his afternoon errands from the balloon-maker's at Vaugirard to his apartment in the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, and from the Aéro Club's ground at St. Cloud to the Automobile Club in the Place de la Concorde. "I was once enamoured of petroleum automobiles, because of their freedom," he explains. "You can buy the essence everywhere; and so, at a moment's notice, one is at liberty to start off for Rome or St. Petersburg. But when I discovered that I did not want to go to Rome or St. Petersburg, but only to take short trips about Paris, I went in for the electric buggy.

"I got my first idea of putting an automobile motor under a cigar-shaped balloon filled with hydrogen gas while returning from the Paris-Amsterdam automobile race in 1897," he said when he began giving me this interview. "From the beginning everybody was against the idea. I was told that an explosive gas-engine would ignite the hydrogen in the balloon above it, and that the resulting explosion would end the experiment with my life. Lachambre, my balloon-constructor, went to work without enthusiasm. So far

from others 'convincing me that their notions were worth taking up,' as has been said, I met with nothing but discouragement."

Such a categorical statement ought to dispose of the legend of a young "Mæcenas of balloon-builders," who "does not set up himself to invent machines, only to judge of those which inventors bring to him, and of the work done by the mechanics he employs."¹ Colonel Renard's assertion that M. Santos-Dumont is not a man of science, but *un sportsman de l'aérostation qui a beaucoup de crânerie* (an aërostatic sportsman who has a great deal of swagger), is equally inexact. Sufficiently at home in mathematical mechanics to make the calculations which necessarily preceded not only the construction of his various air-ships, but their very idea, sufficiently practised and ingenious to make his own models, the young inventor owes no more to his constructors and hired mechanics than he does to his theoretical friends.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE INVENTION.

"I ORDERED my first dirigible balloon from Lachambre in the summer of 1898," M. Santos-Dumont said. "It was in the form of a cylinder terminated at each end by a cone; it was eighty-two feet long and almost six feet in diameter, with a capacity of sixty-four hundred cubic feet of gas, which gave it a lifting-power of four hundred and fifty pounds. Being of varnished Japanese silk, it weighed only sixty-six pounds. This left me some three hundred and eighty pounds for basket, motor and other machinery, ballast, and my own weight.

"There was a time when any piece of silk of seemingly good quality was accepted in balloon-construction, without subjecting it to preliminary tension; to-day each piece is experimented with, and if its dynamometric resistance does not attain the number of kilograms necessary to offset the maximum force of gas dilatation, it is pitilessly rejected. It is the same for all ropes and cords; they are tried with the dynamometer up to the greatest strain that may ever come to be put on them."

This minute painstaking in the construction of his air-ships has served M. Santos-Dumont to good purpose more than once—most of all in the accident of August 6, 1901, when nothing but a long and slender "keel" of thin pine scantlings and piano-

¹ London "Truth," July 18, 1901.

wire, resting its extremities on the roofs of two houses, interposed between him and a fall of eight flights to the ground.

"While the balloon envelop was being minutely pieced together," continued M. Santos-Dumont, "I succeeded in getting the rest of the air-ship completed. Hanging beneath the cigar-shaped balloon, it consisted simply of a light basket containing motor, propeller, ballast, and myself. The motor was one of the De Dion-Bouton tricycles, of an early type, with one cylinder, and giving about one and a half horse-power. You know how they work? Reduced to their greatest simplicity, you may say that there is gasolene in a receptacle. Air passing through it comes out mixed with gasolene gas, ready to explode. You give a whirl to a crank, and the thing begins working automatically. The piston goes down, sucking combined gas and air into the cylinder. Then the piston comes back and compresses it. Then it goes down again, striking an electric spark. There is an immediate explosion; and the piston goes up again, discharging the used-up gas. Thus there was one explosion for every two turns of the piston. In order to get the most power out of the least weight, I joined two of these cylinders end to end, and realized a three and a half horse-power motor."

"I have heard that joining end to end spoken of as a most ingenious invention," I said.

"I was rather proud of it at the time; but it heated too rapidly, and I abandoned the idea in subsequent constructions. The motor, being fixed at the back of the basket, acted directly on the screw-propeller placed below it, but projecting a few feet out. Basket and machinery weighed one hundred and forty pounds, while I weighed one hundred pounds. This left one hundred and forty pounds for ballast and my primitive shifting-weights; for I saw from the beginning that if I would navigate the air seriously I must be able to dive and mount without expending gas and ballast. Otherwise the very life of my little air-ship would be oozing away with every evolution. A rope hung down from the fore part of the cigar-shaped balloon and another from the after part. I had in the basket with me a rather heavy bag of ballast. When I wished to point the balloon's nose upward, I had only to pull in the after rope and attach the bag of ballast to it. When I wished to point it downward, I had only to pull in the forward rope and attach the bag to it. In either case the center of gravity was changed, and the horizontal

cigar-shaped balloon inclined as desired. The device worked well from the first day, and has since become one of the essential features of my air-ship.

"My 'Santos-Dumont No. 1,' as I called it, foreseeing that it was going to be the first of a series of constructions, was torn at the start, getting caught in a tree at the Jardin d'Acclimatation. It was from this pleasure-ground in the Bois that I made my first ascents, because it had a gas-plant to serve its own captive balloon. During the second trial, which was successful, the little air-pump on which I depended to keep the balloon taut refused to work. Condensation and dilatation are the two enemies of ballooning, the former causing the gas in the balloon to shrink and the latter to expand too rapidly. Caused by changes in temperature and atmospheric pressure, they continually react upon each other in the ordinary spherical balloon, necessitating continual losses of ballast and gas.

"Suppose you are in equilibrium at five hundred meters height. All at once a little cloud, almost imperceptible, masks the sun for a few seconds. The temperature of the gas in your balloon cools down a little; and if, at the very moment, you do not throw out enough ballast to correspond to the ascensional force lost by the condensation of the gas, you will begin descending. Imagine that you have thrown out the ballast—just enough, for if you throw too much, you will become too light and go too high. The little cloud ceases to mask the sun. Your gas heats up again to its first temperature and regains its old lifting-power. But, having less to lift by the amount of ballast thrown out, it now shoots higher into the air, and the gas in the balloon dilates still more, and either escapes through the safety-valve or has to be deliberately sacrificed to prevent the balloon going too high. Then, the balloon having overshot its equilibrium and lost too much gas, it begins descending,—to condense its gas again,—when more ballast must be sacrificed, and the trouble recommences. These *montagnes-russes* (or 'shoot-the-chutes') vagaries of spherical ballooning must be avoided to the utmost with my air-ship.

"Thanks to my shifting-weights, I was never obliged to sacrifice gas or ballast to combat them; but condensation and dilatation are, on the other hand, peculiarly dangerous to a cigar-shaped balloon, which absolutely must keep its form. I had, therefore, placed a little compensating air-balloon

inside the other. It was connected with the air-pump by a tube, so that when the cigar-shaped balloon began to shrink, I could swell it out again by pumping in atmospheric air. *Hélas!* the air-pump refused to work at the critical moment. The balloon began to double on itself as it grew flabby; and soon I was falling at the rate of sixteen feet per second. The air-ship fell thirteen hundred feet to the ground, and it would have ended fatally for me had I not called out to some people who had spontaneously caught hold of my guide-rope to pull hard in the direction opposite to that of the wind. By this manœuver I diminished the final speed of the fall and the worst part of the shock."

All his friends remember this sensational trip in the autumn of 1898. The air-ship rose above us in the Jardin d'Acclimatation. For a while we could hear the motor spitting and the propeller churning the air. Then, when he had reached his equilibrium, we could still observe Santos manipulating the machinery and the ropes. Around and around he manœuvered in great circles and figure 8's, showing that he had perfect control of his direction. Then, according to the program, he started in a straight line for the west. As the air-ship grew smaller in the distance, those who had opera-glasses began crying that it was "doubling up." We saw it coming down rapidly, growing larger and larger. Women screamed. Men called hoarsely to one another. Those who had bicycles or automobiles hastened to the spot where he must be dashed to the ground. Yet within an hour M. Santos-Dumont was among his friends again, unhurt, laughing nervously, and explaining all about the unlucky air-pump.

"I made a third trial with No. 1, this time with a long rope, like a captive balloon," he continued, "but I saw that I should have to build another. I built it, but never made a proper ascension in it. It was the same type as No. 1, but larger. After a few trials with the rope, I definitely abandoned this long and slender balloon model, so seductive from certain points of view, but so dangerous from others.

"My No. 3, which was completed in the summer of 1899, was a shorter and very much thicker balloon, sixty-six feet long and eleven and a half feet in its greatest diameter. Its gas capacity was seventeen thousand six hundred cubic feet, which gave it three times the lifting-power of No. 1, and twice that of No. 2. On the other hand, I had decided to fill it with common illuminat-

ing-gas, whose lifting-power is not nearly so great as that of hydrogen. The hydrogen-plant at the Jardin d'Acclimatation was badly served. It had cost me vexatious delays and no end of trouble. With illuminating-gas I should be more free. In this model I also suppressed the compensating air-balloon. I had gone through a bad experience with its air-pump already; and the changed form of the new balloon, so much shorter and thicker, would help to do away with the danger of doubling up. For the rest, I wanted to try the stiffening qualities of a thirty-foot bamboo pole fixed lengthwise to the suspension-cords above my head and directly beneath the balloon.

"*This was my first keel.* It supported basket and guide-ropes, and it brought the shifting-weights into play still more effectually.

"Being filled with ordinary illuminating-gas, the new balloon (No. 3) lifted basket, machinery, my own weight, and two hundred and thirty pounds of ballast—ballast which I might now reserve for great emergencies.

"On November 13, 1899, I started from Lachambre's atelier in Vaugirard with the No. 3 on the most successful trip I had yet made. From Vaugirard I went directly to the Champ de Mars, over which I practised describing figure 8's. The air-ship obeyed the rudder beautifully. After circling round the Eiffel Tower a number of times, I made a straight course to the Parc des Princes at Auteuil; then, making a hook, I navigated to the manœuver-grounds of Bagatelle, where I landed. At this time, remember, neither I nor the Aéro Club had a balloon-park to start from or return to. To go back to Lachambre's at Vaugirard, surrounded as it is by houses, presented too many dangers.

"Considerations like these made it desirable to have a plant of my own. The Aéro Club had now acquired some land on the newly opened Côteaux de Longchamps at St. Cloud; and I decided to become my own master by building on it a great shed, high enough to contain my air-ship with the balloon fully inflated, and furnished with a modern hydrogen-gas generator. Even here I had to contend with the conceit and prejudice of the Paris artisans, who had already given me so much trouble at the Jardin d'Acclimatation. It was declared that the high sliding-doors of my shed could not be made to slide. I had to insist. 'Follow my directions,' I said, 'and do not concern yourselves with their practicability. I will answer for the sliding.'

"I made other successful trips in the 'Santos-Dumont No. 3,' the last time losing my rudder and landing, luckily, on the plain at Ivry. I did not repair it. The balloon was too clumsy and the motor was too weak. I now had my own 'stable' and gas-plant; and, anxious to profit by past experience, I gave Lachambre the order for my No. 4."

"That was the air-ship of the Exposition year and the International Congress of Aëronauts, was it not?"

"Yes, the one with the bicycle-saddle."

This is also the model with which the foreign public has been made most familiar, because most of the newspapers came out with old cuts and photographs of it during M. Santos-Dumont's sensational trips, with a quite different keel, in July, 1901. In No. 4 the thirty-foot bamboo pole became part of a real keel, no longer hanging above the navigator's head, but amplified by vertical and horizontal cross-pieces and a system of tightly stretched cords. It sustained motor, petroleum-reservoir, propeller, and navigator in a spider-web frame without a basket. It was a daring innovation. The navigator himself must sit on a simple bicycle-saddle in the midst of the spider-web, where the absence of the traditional balloon-basket seemed to leave him astride a pole in the midst of a confusion of ropes, tubes, and machinery.

It was more than a bicycle-saddle, however; it was a whole bicycle-frame, around which the inventor had united cords and other means for the controlling of the shifting-weights, the striking of the motor's electric spark, the opening and shutting of the balloon's valves, the turning of the water-ballast's spigots, and all the other functions of the air-ship. The rudder, for example, was controlled by the handle-bars; and the propeller was started, as in a petroleum tricycle, by working the pedals. Even the bicycle's wheels were put to use for moving the air-ship about on the ground. They were, of course, detachable.

"My balloon No. 4," the inventor went on to explain, "was, both in form and capacity, a compromise between No. 3 and its predecessors. With a gas-capacity of fourteen thousand eight hundred cubic feet, it was ninety-five feet long and nine feet in its greatest diameter, but no longer a cylinder terminated by two cones. It was, rather, elliptical in form, and while not a return to the slender straightness of No. 1, it had so little of No. 3's podgy compactness that I thought it prudent to put the compensating

air-balloon inside it again, this time fed by a rotary ventilator of aluminium. Being smaller than No. 3, it would have less lifting-power; but this I made up by going back to hydrogen gas.

"A new seven horse-power two-cylinder motor, made for me by Bouchet, turned the propeller at the rate of one hundred revolutions per minute, furnishing a traction effort of sixty-six pounds. It made a great improvement in my speed, and for two weeks during the summer of 1900 I enjoyed, almost daily, what seemed to me then ideal trips. On September 19 I made a kind of official trial in presence of the International Congress of Aëronauts, and received the felicitations of its members, among whom came later Professor Langley of the Smithsonian Institution.

"By this time I felt that I had gained enough experience to justify materially increasing my motive power, and a new type of sixteen horse-power motor with *refroidissement à ailettes* (i.e., without water-jacket) having just been created, I set about adapting it to the air-ship. It had four cylinders instead of two. This increased the weight to be lifted to such an extent that I must either construct a new balloon or enlarge the old one. I tried the latter course. Cutting the balloon in half, I had a piece put in, as you put a new leaf in an extension-table; and the length was thus brought to one hundred and nine feet. I then found that my balloon-shed was too short by ten feet.

"In prevision of a 'Santos-Dumont No. 5,' I added thirteen feet to the shed. Motor, balloon, and shed were transformed in fifteen days. It was wasted pains, for no sooner had I got the enlarged balloon filled with hydrogen than the autumn rains set in. After two weeks of the worst possible weather, I let out the hydrogen and began experimenting with the motor and propeller from a fixed point. This was not lost time; for bringing the speed up to one hundred and forty turns per minute, I realized one hundred and twenty-one pounds of traction. In truth, the motor turned the propeller with such force that I contracted pneumonia in the current of air, and found myself laid up for the winter."

"Then you went to Monte Carlo?"

"Yes. I cured myself automobiling in the mistral. At the same time I found a broad-minded carpenter at Nice who, for a consideration, allowed me to work out a new idea in his atelier. The idea took the form of my present keel, a long triangular-sec-

tioned pine framework, of great lightness and rigidity, sixty feet in length and weighing only ninety pounds. Its joints were in aluminium, and its rigidity was reinforced by tightly drawn piano-wires. Into this keel, twenty feet from the stern, I fixed the new sixteen horse-power four-cylinder motor, connecting it with the propeller by a long hollow steel shaft. My own place was in a very light basket, twenty-three feet from the front or stem.

"In one way this was a disadvantage, for I had now to command the motor at a distance by means of cords. I could not put it in movement en route, although I could stop it. For this reason I longed for the bicycle-frame's pedals of No. 3; and I am still studying a device to replace them. In all other respects, however, the new keel was a great improvement, distributing the weight and lending great tautness to the balloon above it.

"The interior air-balloon I now retained definitely, it being fed by an aluminium ventilator. Both balloon and air-balloon were furnished with valves whose springs, of unequal force, were so arranged that in case of an excess of pressure the air, and not the gas, would first escape. Valves, motor, fuel-reservoir, rudder, and all other functions of the air-ship were connected with my little basket by means of ropes and pulleys. I will not deny that it required coolness and experience to handle them. Still, at the worst, I could always climb out and along the framework of the keel to the spot needing attention.¹

"You know what the end of my No. 5 was. In the early morning of August 8, having called together the Technical Committee of the Deutsch Foundation, I navigated from St. Cloud to the Eiffel Tower in eight minutes and fifty seconds, turned round the tower in forty seconds more, and was just reaching the Bois on the home stretch, with eighteen minutes to the good, when the catastrophe happened. The balloon had already begun losing gas before I reached the tower.

"Had I not been making a kind of official trial, I should have returned to the shed to examine the balloon. Going round the tower it was manifestly deflated; but I had made

¹ "The balloon made a curve and began to come back to the Parc. It was the prettiest sight imaginable to see the steadiness with which it followed its course . . . until it was exactly overhead, when M. Santos-Dumont stopped the propeller and began his preparations for descending. Something, however, had gone wrong. This was evident, for at a certain moment the

such good speed that I risked continuing. I had not been four minutes on the home stretch, however, when the balloon began swinging like an elephant's trunk, it was so flabby. I felt myself falling, and was about to switch the motor-power to the air-pump to stiffen it out again, and so come to earth as gently as possible, when the aft ropes, losing their rigidity, caught in the propeller. I stopped the propeller instantly. The rapidly emptying balloon now obeyed nothing but the vagrant winds. I came down, without much of a shock, between the roofs of the Trocadéro hotels, the balloon ripping up with the noise of an explosion. The new keel saved my life. Its two extremities rested on the two roofs, one lower than the other; and there I hung, sustained by the keel, until I could be pulled up to the higher roof by means of a rope."

"Do you know the cause of the accident?" I asked.

"I am not certain of it yet," he answered, "though I suspect the automatic valves, whose reacting on each other is a very delicate affair. Or it may have been the interior air-balloon that refused to fill out properly. Yesterday Lachambre's man came to me for the plans of the air-balloon for my No. 6. From something he said I gathered that the air-balloon of No. 5, not having been given time for its varnish to dry before being adjusted, might have stuck together or to the side of the outer balloon. Next time we shall be more careful, although with so many things to think of, and all new, it is scarcely human not to overlook something."

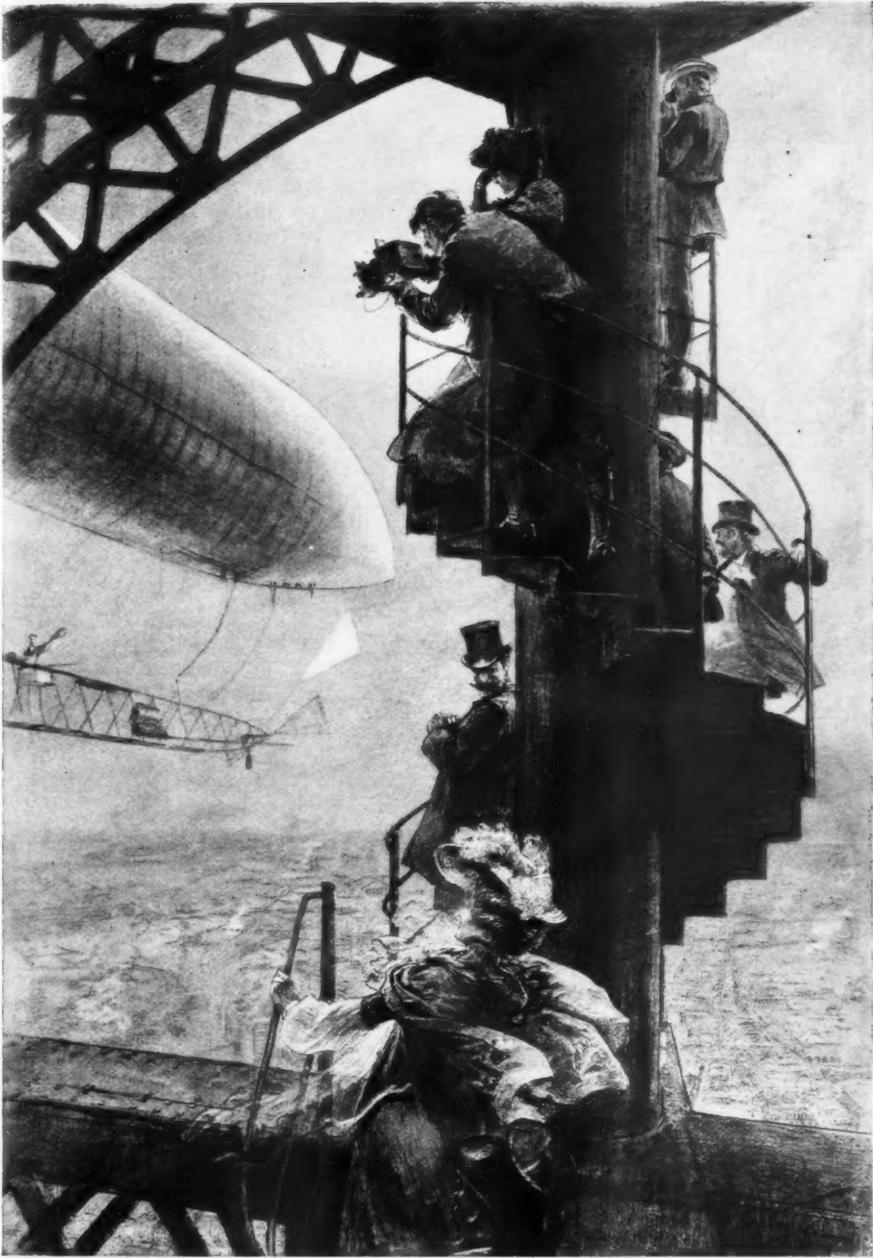
"In what will No. 6 differ from its predecessors?" I asked.

"It will be longer, thicker, and consequently of considerably greater gas-capacity than No. 5, and more closely ellipsoidal in form. In it I shall try to take advantage of all past experience, even the most unpleasant—which is not always the least valuable."

"So far you have done everything alone," I said. "Shall you be prepared to take up a passenger in No. 6?"

"I want more weight-carrying power in order to take up more petroleum and a passenger—that is to say, an aid. There is a great deal of work, really too much for one man, and up in the air, whatever must be

fearless aeronaut was seen to clamber out of the little car on to the framework supporting the motor. A shudder ran through the crowd of onlookers at the sight; and it was with a sentiment of relief that he was seen to climb into the car again and start the propeller once more."—Paris edition of the New York "Herald," August 5, 1901.



DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAGNE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY GEORGE H. LEWIS.

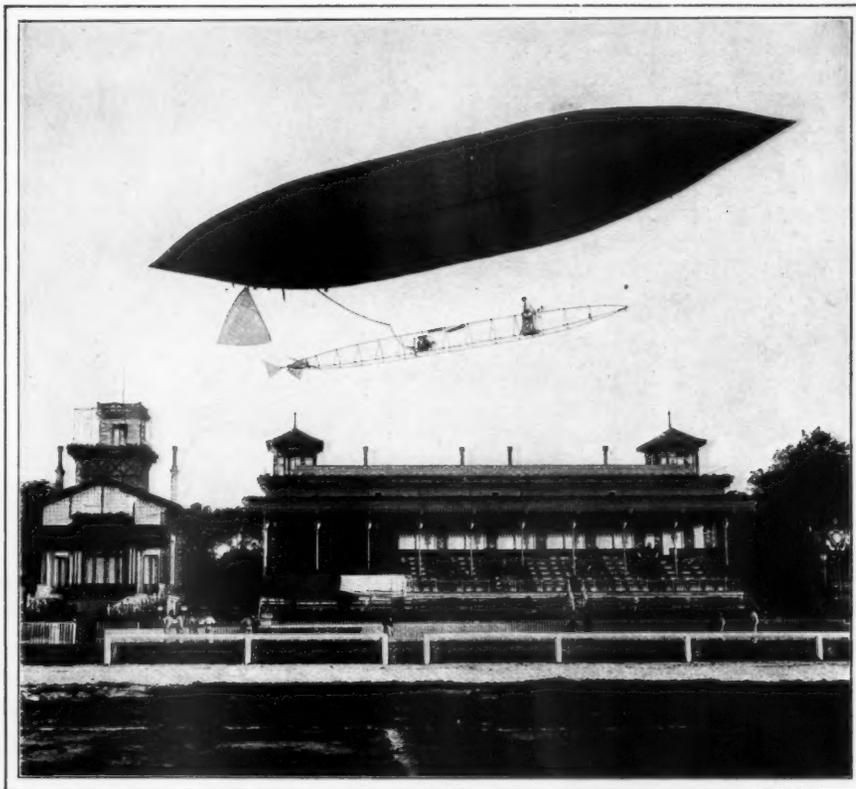
VIEWING THE BALLOON FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER.

done must be done promptly. But I shall not want a nervous passenger, a fearful passenger, or even a useless passenger. Also I want more motive power for my propeller; for when I have obtained a more complete mastery of the air-ship I shall wish to begin the great battle with the wind. But, as a model, I consider my Nos. 5 and 6 already perfect. The rudder, which was the last part to persist in giving trouble, now works beautifully."

RESULTS AND PROSPECTS.

"BEFORE we get any further," was my next question, "what do you consider you have accomplished?"

"Everything I set out to accomplish. I have gone up dozens of times and, in the presence of half Paris, I have followed the route laid down in advance and returned to my starting-point. I was nine minutes late in my first trial for the Deutsch Prize.¹ Put



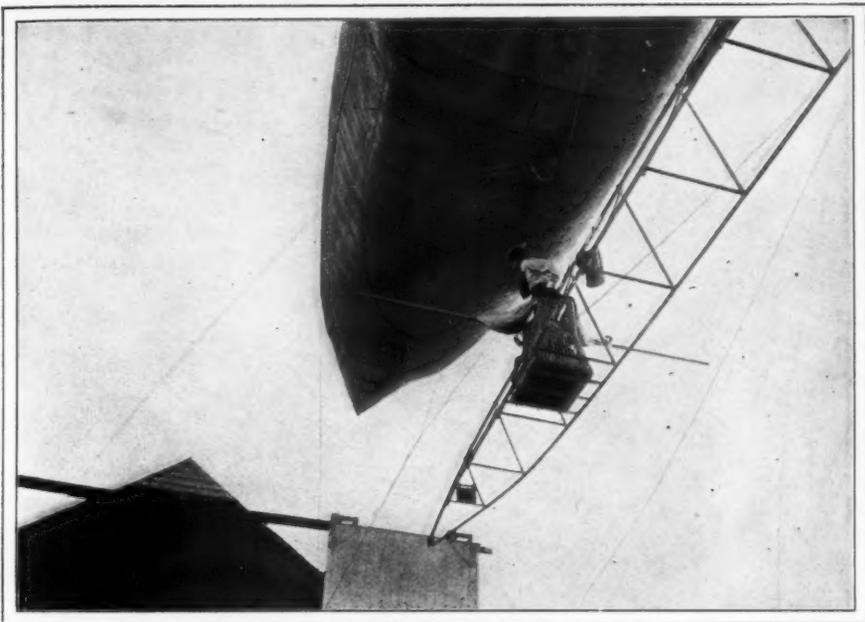
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY P. RAFFAELE.

ASCENDING FROM THE LONGCHAMPS RACE-TRACK, JULY 12-13, 1901.

On the occasion of the first trial, M. Santos-Dumont, after a few evolutions to gain control of his machine, proceeded from the grounds of the Aéro Club to the near-by race-track of Longchamps. There, before mounting in the upper air for a long flight, he tried his paces around the track. He went around the circular course a number of times, and on each occasion descended and alighted exactly in front of the grand stand. In this picture he is seen just after mounting again, the stem of the balloon being still pointed upward.—S. H.

¹ M. Henry Deutsch (de la Meurthe), a wealthy petroleum-refiner and pillar of the Aéro Club, has offered a prize of one hundred thousand francs for the first dirigible balloon or air-ship that, between May 1 and October 1 of 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, and 1904, shall rise from the Parc d'Aérostation of the Aéro Club at St. Cloud, and without touching ground and by its own self-contained means describe a closed curve in such a way that the axis of the Eiffel Tower shall be within the interior of the circuit, and return to the point of

departure in the maximum time of half an hour. A special committee of prominent Aéro Club members, sometimes called the Technical Committee, was named to formulate M. Deutsch's conditions and judge of their fulfilment. By reason of certain of these conditions, trying for the prize is a more formidable undertaking than would appear at first glance. The course from the Aéro Club's grounds to the Eiffel Tower and back is eleven kilometers; and these eleven kilometers plus the turning round the tower must be accomplished in



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.

M. SANTOS-DUMONT DESCENDING TO HIS BALLOON-SHED, JULY 12-13, 1901.

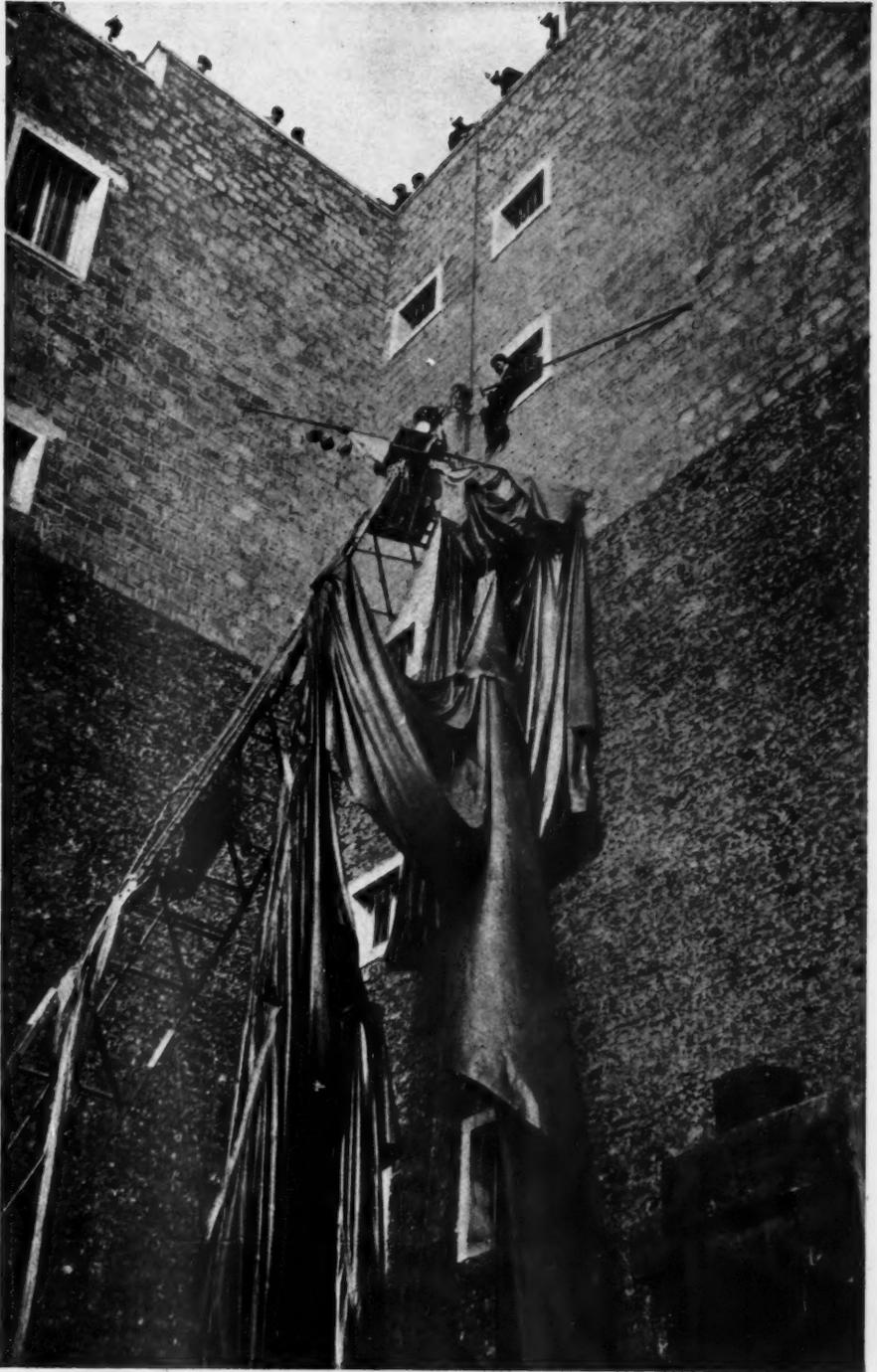
this down to the poor work of a motor which had, nevertheless, worked well the day before—petroleum motors are like the ladies, capricious, and nobody knows what to do with them. But look at the Paris-Berlin automobile race," he continued with animation; and here M. Santos-Dumont gave what is almost a complete general answer to all the criticisms made concerning his experiments. "Of the one hundred and seventy automobiles registered for it, only one hundred and nine completed the first day's run, and of these only twenty-six got to Berlin. The others broke down or stopped on the way. And of the twenty-six arriving, how many do you imagine made the trip without a serious accident? It is perfectly natural, and people think nothing of it. But if I break down while up in the air, I cannot stop for repairs—I must go on."

thirty minutes, no matter what the force of contrary winds may be. This means, in a perfect calm, a necessary speed of thirty kilometers an hour for the straight stretches. Then the Technical Committee must be informed twenty-four hours in advance of each intended trial; and when it has met together at St. Cloud there is a kind of moral pressure to go on, no matter how the weather may have changed or in what condition the balloon or its machinery may be found to be. Yet a previous day's preliminary spin may easily derange so uncertain an engine as the present-day petroleum mo-

"Many people will ask why you select favorable days when you have an air-ship capable of making way against any wind less than forty kilometers an hour."

"I am waiting until practice shall make me a better navigator. Do you think I want to break the air-ship often?" he inquired—"never mind what it has cost me, or the value of the Deutsch Prize, or my labors, my disappointments and hopes, and the pleasure the balloon gives me every time I take it into the air? Suppose I am obliged to land in Paris; how many of those great chimney-pots might I not bring down on people's heads before I came to ground, say, in a public square? I cannot get a company to insure me against the damage I might do on a squally day. Then there is danger in bringing the inflated balloon out of its shed on a windy day. The

tor. When M. Santos-Dumont last spring won the four thousand francs annual Prize of Encouragement of the Aéro Club, he handed the money back to the club for the foundation of a Santos-Dumont Prize clogged by no such vexatious conditions. The Santos-Dumont Prize is to go to the first dirigible balloon or flying-machine (other than the founder's) that shall navigate the air from the Aéro Club's grounds to the Eiffel Tower, turn round it, and return to the Aéro Club's grounds, in no matter what time and under the observation of no matter what witnesses.—S. H.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY V. GRIBATÉDOFF.

THE RESCUE OF M. SANTOS-DUMONT, AUGUST 6, 1901.

grounds are small and encumbered, nothing like the grounds of a balloon club of the future, when clear, wide, elevated terraces will be considered essential to the aerial navigator's safety and convenience."¹

"I expect the great contest now will be the battle with the air," I said. "I have seen you go against it."

"One scarcely goes 'against' the wind in a balloon," replied M. Santos-Dumont. "You are in the wind itself; you are part of it, and so you do not feel it blowing against you. The old adage, 'Il n'y a pas de vent en ballon,' is not completely true, because a steamer attached even to a spherical balloon will sometimes flutter, while if there were no wind at all, it would point to the ground; but the saying is true enough for practical purposes. The navigation of the air, for me, is like the navigation of a river," he went on. "It is not like the navigation of the ocean; and to talk about 'tacking' is a mistake. With my propeller pushing me at the rate of, say, thirty miles an hour, I am in the position of a river-steamboat captain whose propeller is driving him up or down the river at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Suppose the current to be ten miles an hour. When he goes up-stream he will accomplish thirty less ten, or twenty miles an hour with respect to the land. When he goes down-stream he will accomplish thirty plus ten, or forty miles an hour with respect to the shore. It is the same in the air, a question of plus or minus. Like any river-steamboat captain, I would prefer to go with the current or navigate the calm, say, of a lake; but when the time comes that I must navigate 'up-stream' I will do it. I have done it."

At the Chalais-Meudon Military Balloon Park they have gathered statistics of the wind over Paris. In every instance its force was measured by means of a registering anemometer situated on the plateau of Châtillon, at the summit of a mast ninety-two feet high. Thus it has been found that the winds vary from five and a half miles to one hundred miles an hour; but as a wind of a hun-

dred miles an hour has been noted only once in eleven thousand six hundred and forty-nine hours of observation, analysis of the data has shown that a dirigible balloon possessing a speed of its own of forty-five kilometers (twenty-eight miles) an hour will be able to navigate the air above Paris eight hundred and fifteen times out of a thousand, and make almost six miles an hour straight ahead in the wind seven hundred and eight times out of a thousand. The military balloonists, therefore, conclude that: "The conquest of the air will be practically accomplished on the day when there shall be constructed a dirigible balloon having a speed of forty-five kilometers an hour and able to sustain this speed all day."

"What was your speed with No. 5?" I asked of M. Santos-Dumont.

"Forty kilometers an hour," he replied, without expressing an opinion of the above figures which I cited; "and my No. 6 will be still more powerful."

"M. Henry Deutsch is building a sixty horse-power air-ship modeled on your own," I suggested. "He ought to get great speed out of it. What do you think of it?"

"Yes, it ought to furnish great speed," he answered; "but I think it too much for any one to begin with. Such a balloon will be sixty yards long, where mine, after four years of growth based on experience, is still only thirty-five yards long. In every way it will be hard for a beginner to manage. I am afraid M. Deutsch will not be able to get any one to drive it. So far every professional chauffeur has refused to go up with him. 'To think that they are willing to risk their necks daily on the highways,' he exclaims, 'and yet they are afraid to go a few hundred feet into the air!'"

"But shall you never build a sixty horse-power dirigible balloon yourself?"

"Why not? And why not one of six hundred horse-power? My experience demonstrates that the thing itself is practicable; then why not go on improving in mere size and strength?"

¹ The grounds of the Aéro Club are peculiarly encumbered by the gigantic skeleton of M. Henry Deutsch's own balloon-shed, designed to "stable" the great air-ship he is having built on the exact lines of the "Santos-Dumont No. 5." Rising as it does directly opposite the sliding-doors of M. Santos-Du-

mont's shed, and at scarcely two balloon-lengths' distance, it constitutes a veritable peril to the latter's air-ship on any but the calmest days.

Once in the air, with its propeller working, the balloon is far safer than on the surface in the midst of such encumbrances.—S. H.

NOTE TO THE PICTURE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

M. Santos-Dumont is seen sitting on a window-sill, to which he climbed, unaided, from his basket. A rope has been lowered to him from the roof above, but M. Santos-Dumont, who is being supported against the barred window by a pole held by a person on the inside of the building, surveys the wreck for a few minutes before allowing himself to be pulled up to the roof.—S. H.



SONGS OF THE SECOND YOUTH:

A PRELUDE.

BY MARY ADAMS.

SO THEY WERE MARRIED.

I.

LOVE will go where it is sent.
Dear! My dear! To you it went.
The moon of joy swings in the sky.
For living love, who would not die!

II.

Of fates astray or found, I choose but this:
To sip the brim of rapture from your kiss,
To cast for you the pearls of peace away;
Yours be the sacred night, the royal day.
For you, ideals be not what they seem.
Perish for you the glory of a dream
Of faith more lofty, and of love more true
Than yours—I know it—yet I come to you.
In earth or heaven, who takes, escapeth not
The sentient tendrils of a common lot.
I lay my life in yours to ban or bless.
A famished soul, I drink your tenderness.

III.

There are so many ways to kill a woman!
Divine, or demon ways, or chances human;
The bruise that slowly blinds the life with wonder,
The stroke that smites and shocks the heart asunder,
The subtler pain, the direst of invention,
That slays, yet slaying, stabs without intention;
The throbbing pang to which the nerve is bidden,
The unprobed wound, the deepest felt if hidden.
Go nameless, blameless, ancient hurts and human—
There are too many ways to kill a woman!

IV.

The moon of joy wastes in the sky.
Be kind again before I die!
Love will go where it is sent.
Oh, my dear, to you it went!

HAVING LOVED THE KING.

THE wind besieged the castle.
(Now barricade the soul!)
The moon against the lattice
Broke like a silver bowl.
Her lord slept on his pillow.
On her pale hand his ring
Gnawed deep—a tooth of fire:
“Oh, once I loved the King!”

Her eyes outwatched the dawning,
Too wan, too wise to weep.
One honest sob would waken
The dreamer from his sleep.
Her lips, to prayer apprentice,
Could frame this only thing:
“God of mistakes forgiven!—
I loved, I loved the King!”

DARE NOT, IF DESOLATE.

THE broken stair of love winds round your house. I say,
If friendship set a ladder in its place,
And climbing, lift to you a quiet face,—
Stay not, nor parley. Turn your own away.

Servant to him who hath, shall joy on joy attend.
Who hath not, misseth ever all his own.
For this is graven, being law, on stone:
“Dare not, if desolate, to need a friend.”



THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE REINDEER.

BY ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON,
Author of “Wahb: The Biography of a Grizzly,” etc.

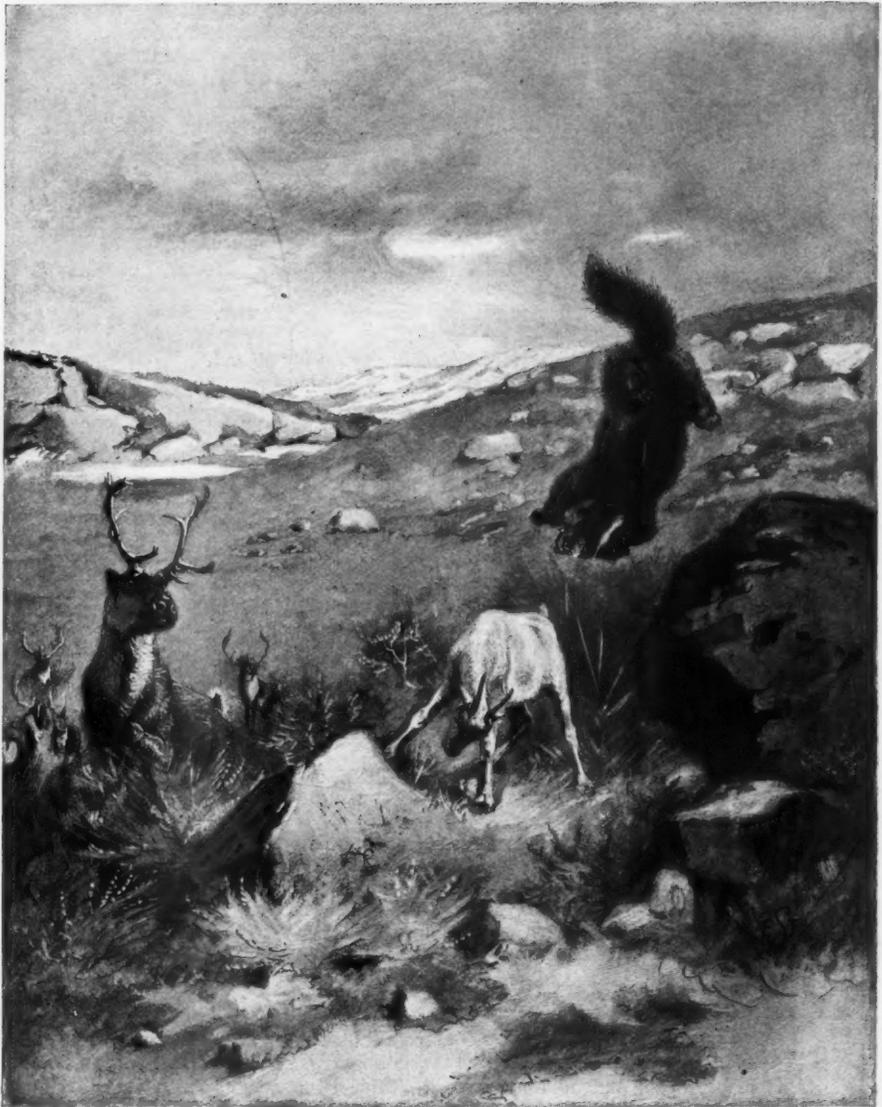
WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

Skoal! Skoal! For Norway Skoal!
Sing you the song of the Vand-dam troll.
When I am hiding
Norway's luck
On a White Storbuk
Comes riding, riding.

THE SETTING.

BLEAK, black, deep, and cold is Utrovand, a long pocket of glacial water, a crack in the globe, a wrinkle in the high Norwegian mountains, blocked with another mountain, and flooded with a frigid flood, three thousand feet above its Mother Sea, and yet no closer to its Father Sun. Around its cheerless shore is a belt of stunted trees, that sends a long tail up the high valley, till

it dwindles away to sticks and moss, as it also does some half-way up the granite hills that rise a thousand feet, encompassing the lake. This is the limit of trees, the end of the growth of wood. The birch and willow are the last to drop out of the long fight with frost. Their miniature thickets are noisy with the cries of Fieldfare, Pipit, and Ptarmigan, but these are left behind on nearing the upper plateau, where shade of rock and sough of wind are all that take



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

"THE BROWN BRUTE LANDED WITH A DEEP-CHESTED GROWL, TO BE RECEIVED
ON THE YOUNG ONE'S SPIKES."

their place. The chilly Hoifjeld rolls away, a rugged, rocky plain, with great patches of snow in all the deeper hollows, and the distance blocked by snowy peaks that rise and roll and whiter gleam, till, dim and dazzling in the north, uplifts the Jötunheim, the home of spirits, glaciers, and lasting snow.

The treeless stretch is one vast attest to the force of heat. Each failure of the sun by one degree is marked by a lower realm of life. The northern slope of each hollow is less boreal than its southern side. The pine and spruce had given out long ago; the mountain-ash went next; the birch and willow climbed up half the slope. Here nothing grows but creeping plants and moss. The plain itself is pale grayish green, one vast expanse of reindeer-moss, but warmed at spots into orange by great beds of polytrichum, and in sunnier nooks deepened to a herbal green. The rocks that are scattered everywhere are of a delicate lilac, but each is variegated with spreading frill-edged plasters of gray-green lichen or orange powder-streaks and beauty-spots of black. These rocks have great power to hold the heat, so that each of them is surrounded by a little belt of heat-loving plants that could not otherwise live so high. Dwarfed representatives of the birch and willow both are here, hugging the genial rock, as an old French habitant hugs his stove in winter-time, spreading their branches over it, instead of in the frigid air. A foot away is seen a chillier belt of heath, and farther off, colder, where none else can grow, is the omnipresent gray-green reindeer-moss that gives its color to the upland. The hollows are still filled with snow, though this is June. But each of these white expanses is shrinking, spending itself in ice-cold streams that somehow reach the lake. These *snö-fläcks* show no sign of life, not even the "red-snow" tinge, and around each is a belt of barren earth, to testify that life and heat can never be divorced.

Birdless and lifeless, the gray-green snow-pied waste extends over all the stretch that is here between the timber-line and the snow-line, above which winter never quits its hold. Here this snow-line is a couple of thousand feet above the timber-line, but farther north both come lower; the plains there replace the mountains, and all the land is within the space called the Tundra in the Old World, the Barrens in the New, but in both it is the Realm of the Reindeer-moss and the Home of the Reindeer.

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I.

IN and out it flew, in and out, over the water and under, and it sang, as the Varsimlé, the leader doe of the Reindeer herd, walked past on the vernal banks.

"*Skoal! Skoal! Gamle Norge Skoal!*" and more about "a White Reindeer and Norway's good luck," as though the singer were gifted with special insight.

When old Sveggum built the Vand-dam on the Lower Hoifjeld, just above the Utrovand, and set his *ribesten* a-going, he supposed that he was the owner of it all. But some one was there before him. And in and out of the spouting stream this some one dashed, and sang songs that he made up to fit the place and the time. He skipped from *skjæke* to *skjæke* of the wheel, and did many things which Sveggum could set down only to luck—whatever that is; and some said that Sveggum's luck was a Wheel-troll, a Water-fairy, with a brown coat and a white beard, one that lived on land or in water, as he pleased.

But most of Sveggum's neighbors saw only a Fossekal, the little Waterfall Bird that came each year and danced in the stream, or dived where the pool is deep. And maybe both were right, for some of the very oldest peasants will tell you that a Fairy-troll may take the form of a man or the form of a bird. Only this bird lived a life no bird can live, and sang songs that men never had sung in Norway. Wonderful eyes had he, and sights he saw that man never saw. For the Fieldfare would build before him, and the Lemming fed its brood under his very eyes. Eyes were they to see; for the dark speck on Suletind that man could see was a Reindeer, with half-shed coat, to him; and the green slime on the Vandren was beautiful green pasture with banquet spread.

Oh, Man is so blind, and makes himself so hated! But Fossekal harmed none, so none were afraid of him. Only he sang, and his songs were sometimes mixed with fun and prophecy, or perhaps a little scorn.

From the top of the tassel-birch he could mark the course of the Vand-dam stream past the Nystuen hamlet to lose itself in the gloomy waters of Utrovand; or by a higher flight he could see across the barren upland that rolled to Jötunheim in the north.

The great awakening was on now. The springtime had already come in the woods; the valleys were a-throb with life; new birds coming from the south, winter sleep-

ers reappearing, and the Reindeer that had wintered in the lower woods should soon again be seen on the uplands.

Not without a fight do the Frost Giants give up the place so long their own; a great battle was in progress; but the sun was slowly, surely winning, and driving them back to their Jötunheim. At every hollow and shady place they made another stand, or sneaked back by night, only to suffer another defeat. Hard hitters these, as they are stubborn fighters; many a granite rock was split and shattered by their blows in reckless fight, so that its inner fleshy tints were shown and warmly gleamed among the gray-green rocks that dotted the plain, like the countless flocks of Thor. More or less of these may be found at every place of battle-brunt, and straggled along the slope of Suletind was a host that reached for half a mile. But stay! these moved. Not rocks were they, but living creatures.

They drifted along erratically, yet one way, all up the wind. They swept out of sight in a hollow, to reappear on a ridge much nearer, and serried there against the sky we mark the branching horns, and know them for the Reindeer in their home.

The band came drifting our way, feeding like sheep, grunting like only themselves. Each one found a grazing-spot, stood there till it was cleared off, then trotted on crackling hoofs to the front to seek another. So the band was ever changing in rank and form. But there was one that was always at or near the front—a large and well-favored Simlé, or hind. However much the band might change and spread, she was in the forefront, and the observant would soon have seen signs that she had an influence over the general movement—signs that mark the leader. Even the big bucks, in their huge velvet-clad antlers, admitted this untitular control; and if one, in a spirit of independence, evinced a disposition to lead elsewhere, he soon found himself uncomfortably alone.

The Varsimlé, or leading hind, had kept the band hovering, for the last week or two, along the timber-line, going higher each day to the baring uplands, where the snow was clearing and the deer-flies were blown away. As the pasture zone had climbed she had followed in her daily foraging, returning to the sheltered woods at sundown, for the wild things fear the cold night wind even as man does. But now the deer-flies were rife in the woods, and the rocky hillside nooks warm

enough for the nightly bivouac, so the woodland was deserted.

Probably the leader of a band of animals does not consciously pride itself on leadership, yet has an uncomfortable sensation when not followed. Still there were times when all would wish to be alone. She had been fat and well through the winter, but now was listless, and stood with drooping head as the grazing herd moved past her.

Sometimes she stood gazing blankly while the unchewed bunch of moss hung from her mouth, then roused to go on to the front as before; but the spells of vacant stare and the hankering to be alone grew stronger. She turned downward to seek the birch woods, but the whole band turned with her. She stood stock-still, with head down. They grazed and grunted past, leaving her like a statue against the hillside. When all had gone on, she slunk quietly away; walked a few steps, looked about, made a pretense of grazing, sniffed the ground, looked after the herd, and scanned the hills; then downward fared toward the sheltering woods.

Once as she peered over a bank she sighted another Simlé, a doe Reindeer, uneasily wandering by itself. But the Varsimlé wished to be alone. She did not know why, but she felt that she must hide away somewhere.

She stood still until the other had passed on, then turned aside, and went with faster steps and less wavering, till she came in view of Utrovand, away down by the little stream that turns old Sveggum's ribesten. Up above the dam she waded across the limpid stream, for deep-laid and sure is the instinct of a wild animal to put running water between itself and those it shuns. Then, on the farther bank, now bare and slightly green, she turned, and passing in and out among the twisted trunks, she left the noisy Vand-dam. On the higher ground beyond she paused, looked this way and that, went on a little, but returned; and here, completely shut in by softly painted rocks, and birches wearing little springtime hangers, she seemed inclined to rest; yet not to rest, for she stood uneasily this way and that, keeping off the flies that settled on her legs, heeding not at all the growing grass, and thinking she was hid from all the world.

But nothing escapes the Fossekål. He had seen her leave the herd, and now he sat on a gorgeous rock that overhung, and sang

as though he had waited for this and knew that the fate of the nation might turn on what passed in this far glen. He sang:

Skoal! Skoal! For Norway Skoal!
Sing you the song of the Vand-dam troll.
When I am hiding
Norway's luck
On a White Storbuk
Comes riding, riding.

There are no storks in Norway, and yet an hour later there was a wonderful little Reindeer lying beside the Varsimlé. She was brushing his coat, licking and mothering him, proud and happy as though this was the first little Renskalv ever born. There might be hundreds born in the herd that month, but probably no more like this one, for he was snowy white, and the song of the singer on the painted rock was about

Good luck, good luck,
And a White Storbuk,

as though he foresaw clearly the part that the white calf was to play when he grew to be a Storbuk.

But another strange thing now came to pass. Before an hour there was a second little calf—a brown one this time. Strange things happen, and hard things are done when they needs must. Two hours later, when the Varsimlé led the white calf away from the place, there was no brown calf, only some flattened rags with calf-hair on them.

The mother was wise: better one strongling than two weaklings. Within a few days the Simlé once more led the band, and running by her side was the white calf. The Varsimlé considered him in all things, so that he really set the pace for the band, which suited very well all the mothers that now had calves with them. Big, strong, and wise was the Varsimlé, in the pride of her strength, and this white calf was the flower of her prime. He often ran ahead of his mother as she led the herd, and Rol, coming on them one day, laughed aloud at the sight as they passed, old and young, fat Simlé and antlered Storbuk, a great brown herd, all led, as it seemed, by a little white calf.

So they drifted away to the high mountains, to be gone all summer. "Gone to be taught by the spirits who dwell where the Black Loon laughs on the ice," said Lief of the Lower Dale; but Sveggum, who had always been among the Reindeer, said:

"Their mothers are the teachers, even as ours are."

When the autumn came, old Sveggum saw a moving snö-fläck far off on the brown moorland; but the Troll saw a white yearling, a Nekbuk; and when they ranged alongside of Utrovand to drink, the still sheet seemed fully to reflect the white one, though it barely sketched in the others, with the dark hills behind.

Many a little calf had come that spring, and had drifted away on the moss-barrens, to come back no more; for some were weaklings and some were fools; some fell by the way, for that is law; and some would not learn the rules, and so died. But the white calf was strongest of them all, and he was wise, so he learned of his mother, who was wisest of them all. He learned that the grass on the sun side of a rock is sweet, and though it looks the same in the dark hollows, it is there worthless. He learned that when his mother's hoofs crackled he must be up and moving, and when all the herd's hoofs crackled there was danger, and he must keep by his mother's side. For this crackling is like the whistling of a whistler's wings: it is to keep the kinds together. He learned that where the little Bomuldblomster hangs its cotton tufts is dangerous bog; that the harsh cackle of the Ptarmigan means that close at hand are Eagles, as dangerous for fawn as for bird. He learned that the little troll-berries are deadly, that when the *verra*-flies come stinging he must take refuge on a snow-patch, and of all animal smells only that of his mother was to be fully trusted. He learned that he was growing. His flat calf sides and big joints were changing to the full barrel and clean limbs of the yearling, and the little bumps which began to show on his head when he was only a fortnight old were now sharp, hard spikes that could win in fight.

More than once they had smelt that dreaded destroyer of the north that men call the Gjerv or Wolverene; and one day, as this danger-scent came suddenly and in great strength, a huge blot of dark brown sprang rumbling from a rocky ledge, and straight for the foremost—the white calf. His eye caught the flash of a whirling, shaggy mass, with gleaming teeth and eyes, hot-breathed and ferocious. Blank horror set his hair on end; his nostrils flared in fear: but before he fled there rose within another feeling—one of anger at the breaker of his peace, a sense that swept all fear away, braced his legs, and set his horns

at charge. The brown brute landed with a deep-chested growl, to be received on the young one's spikes. They pierced him deeply, but the shock was overmuch; it bore the white one down, and he might yet have been killed but that his mother, alert and ever near, now charged the attacking monster, and heavier, better armed, she hurled and speared him to the ground. And the white calf, with a very demon glare in his once mild eyes, charged too; and even after the Wolverine was a mere hairy mass, and his mother had retired to feed, he came, snorting out his rage, to drive his spikes into the hateful thing, till his snowy head was stained with his adversary's blood.

Thus he showed that below the ox-like calm exterior was the fighting beast; that he was like the men of the north, rugged, square-built, calm, slow to wrath, but when aroused "seeing red."

When they ranked together by the lake that fall, the Fossekall sang his old song:

When I am hiding
Norway's luck
On a White Storbuk
Comes riding, riding,

as though this was something he had awaited, then disappeared no one knew where. Old Sveggum had seen it flying through the stream, as birds fly through the air, walking in the bottom of a deep pond as a Ptarmigan walks on the rocks, living as no bird can live; and now the old man said it had simply gone southward for the winter. But old Sveggum could neither read nor write: how should he know?

II.

EACH springtime when the Reindeer passed over Sveggum's mill-run, as they moved from the lowland woods to the bleaker shore of Utrovand, the Fossekall was there to sing about the White Storbuk, which each year became more truly the leader.

That first spring he stood little higher than a hare. When he came to drink in the autumn, his back was above the rock where Sveggum's stream enters Utrovand. Next year he barely passed under the stunted birch, and the third year the Fossekall on the painted rock was looking up, not down, at him as he passed. This was the autumn when Rol and Sveggum sought the Hoifjeld to round up their half-wild herd and select some of the strongest for the sled. There was but one opinion about the Storbuk. Higher than the others, heavier, white

as snow, with a mane that swept the lowest drifts, with breast like a horse and horns like a storm-grown oak, he was king of the herd, and might easily be king of the road.

There are two kinds of deer-breakers, as there are two kinds of horse-breakers: one that tames and teaches the animal, and gets a spirited, friendly helper; one that aims to break its spirit, and gets only a sullen slave, ever ready to rebel and wreak its hate. Many a Lapp and many a Norsk has paid with his life for brutality to his Reindeer, and Rol's days were shortened by his own pulk-Ren. But Sveggum was of gentler sort. To him fell the training of the White Storbuk. It was slow, for the buck resented all liberties from man, as he did from his brothers; but kindness, not fear, was the power that tamed him, and when he had learned to obey and glory in the sled race, it was a noble sight to see the great white mild-eyed beast striding down the long snow-stretch of Utrovand, the steam jetting from his nostrils, the snow swirling up before like the curling waves on a steamer's bow, sled, driver, and deer all dim in flying white.

Then came the Yule-tide Fair, with the races on the ice, and Utrovand for once was gay. The sullen hills about reëchoed with merry shouting. The Reindeer races were first, with many a mad mischance for laughter. Rol himself was there with his swiftest sled deer, a tall, dark five-year-old, in his prime. But over-eager, over-brutal, he harried the sullen, splendid slave till in mid-race—just when in a way to win—it turned at a cruel blow, and Rol took refuge under the upturned sled until it had vented its rage against the wood; and so he lost the race, and the winner was the young White Storbuk. Then he won the five-mile race around the lake; and for each triumph Sveggum hung a little silver bell on his harness, so that now he ran and won to merry music.

Then came the horse races,—running races these; the Reindeer only trots,—and when Balder, the victor horse, received his ribbon and his owner the purse, came Sveggum with all his winnings in his hand, and said: "Ho, Lars, thine is a fine horse, but mine is a better Storbuk; let us put our winnings together and race, each his beast, for all."

A Ren against a race-horse—such a race was never seen till now. Off at the pistol-crack they flew. "Ho, Balder! (*eluck!*) Ho, hi, Balder!" Away shot the beautiful racer,

and the Storbuk, striding at a slower trot, was left behind.

"Ho, Balder!" "Hi, Storbuk!" How the people cheered as the horse went bounding and gaining! But he had left the line at his top speed; the Storbuk's rose as he flew—faster—faster. The pony ceased to gain. A mile whirled by; the gap began to close. The pony had over-spurred at the start, but the Storbuk was warming to his work—striding evenly, swiftly, faster yet, as Sveggum cried in encouragement: "Ho, Storbuk! good Storbuk!" or talked to him only with a gentle rein. At the turning-point the pair were neck and neck; then the pony—though well driven and well shod—slipped on the ice, and thenceforth held back as though in fear, so the Storbuk steamed away. The pony and his driver were far behind when a roar from every human throat in Filefjeld told that the Storbuk had passed the wire and won the race. And yet all this was before the White Ren had reached the years of his full strength and speed.

Once that day Rol essayed to drive the Storbuk. They set off at a good pace, the White Buk ready, responsive to the single rein, and his mild eyes veiled by his drooping lashes. But, without any reason other than the habit of brutality, Rol struck him. In a moment there was a change. The racer's speed was checked, all four legs braced forward till he stood; the drooping lid was raised, the eyes rolled—there was a green light in them now. Three puffs of steam were jetted from each nostril. Rol shouted, then, scenting danger, quickly upset the sled and hid beneath. The Storbuk turned to charge the sled, sniffing and tossing the snow with his foot; but little Knute, Sveggum's son, ran forward and put his arms around the Storbuk's neck; then the fierce look left the Reindeer's eye, and he suffered the child to lead him quietly back to the starting-point. Beware, O driver! the Reindeer, too, "sees red."

This was the coming of the White Storbuk for the folk of Filefjeld.

In the two years that followed he became famous throughout that country as Sveggum's Storbuk, and many a strange exploit was told of him. In twenty minutes he could carry old Sveggum round the six-mile rim of Utrovand. When the snow-slide buried all the village of Holaker, it was the Storbuk that brought the word for help to Opdalstole and returned over the eighty miles of deep snow in seven hours, to carry brandy, food, and promise of speedy aid.

When over-venturesome young Knute Sveggumsen broke through the new thin ice of Utrovand, his cry for help brought the Storbuk to the rescue; for he was the gentlest of his kind and always ready to come at call.

He brought the drowning boy in triumph to the shore, and as they crossed the Vanddam stream, there was the Troll-bird to sing:

Good luck, good luck,
With the White Storbuk.

After which he disappeared for months—doubtless dived into some subaqueous cave to feast and revel all winter; although Sveggum did not believe it was so.

III.

How often is the fate of kingdoms given into child hands, or even committed to the care of bird or beast! A she-wolf nursed the Roman Empire. A wren pecking crumbs on a drum-head aroused the Orange army, it is said, and ended the Stuart reign in Britain. Little wonder, then, that to a noble Reindeer Buk should be committed the fate of Norway: that the Troll on the wheel should have reason in his rhyme.

These were troublous times in Scandinavia. Evil men, traitors at heart, were sowing dissension between the brothers Norway and Sweden. "Down with the Union!" was becoming the popular cry.

Oh, unwise peoples! If only you could have been by Sveggum's wheel to hear the Troll when he sang:

The Raven and the Lion
Long held the Bear at bay;
But he picked the bones of both
When they quarreled by the way.

Threats of civil war, of a fight for independence, were heard throughout Norway. Meetings were held more or less secretly, and at each of them was some one with well-filled pockets and glib tongue, to enlarge on the country's wrongs, and promise assistance from an outside irresistible power as soon as they showed that they meant to strike for freedom. No one openly named the power. That was not necessary; it was everywhere felt and understood. Men who were real patriots began to believe in it. Their country was wronged. Here was one to set her right. Men whose honor was beyond question became secret agents of this power. The state was honeycombed with

mines; society was a tangle of plots. The king was helpless, though his only wish was for the people's welfare. Honest and straightforward, what could he do against this far-reaching machination? The very advisers by his side were corrupted through mistaken patriotism. The idea that they were playing into the hands of the foreigner certainly never entered into the minds of these dupes—at least, not into the rank and file. One or two, tried, selected, and bought by the arch-enemy, knew the real object in view, and the chief of these was Borgrevinck, a former lansman of Nordlands. A man of unusual gifts, a member of the Storthing, a born leader, he might have been prime minister long ago but for the distrust inspired by several unprincipled dealings. Soured by what he considered want of appreciation, balked in his ambition, he was a ready tool when the foreign agent sounded him. At first his patriotism had to be sopped, but that necessity disappeared as the game went on, and perhaps he alone, of the whole far-reaching conspiracy, was prepared to strike at the Union for the benefit of the foreigner.

Plans were being perfected,—army officers being secretly misled and won over by the specious talk of "their country's wrongs," and each move made Borgrevinck more surely the head of it all,—when a quarrel between himself and the "deliverer" occurred over the question of recompense. Wealth untold they were willing to furnish; but regal power, never. The quarrel became more acute. Borgrevinck continued to attend all meetings, but was ever more careful to center all power in himself, and even prepared to turn round to the king's party if necessary to further his ambition. The betrayal of his followers was to be the price of his own safety. But proofs he must have, and he set about getting signatures to a declaration of rights which was simply a veiled confession of treason. Many of the leaders he had deluded into signing this before the meeting at Lærsdalsoren. Here they met in the early winter, some twenty of the patriots, some of them men of position, all of them men of brains and power. Here, in the close and stifling parlor, they planned, discussed, and questioned. Great hopes were expressed, great deeds were forecast, in that stove-hot room.

Outside, against the fence, in the winter night, was a Great White Reindeer, harnessed to a sled, but lying down with his head doubled back on his side as he slept,

calm, unthoughtful, ox-like. Which seemed likelier to decide the nation's fate, the earnest thinkers indoors, or the ox-like sleeper without? Which seemed more vital to Israel, the bearded council in King Saul's tent, or the light-hearted shepherd-boy hurling stones across the brook at Bethlehem? At Lærsdalsoren it was as before: deluded by Borgrevinck's eloquent plausibility, all put their heads in the noose, their lives and country in his hands, seeing in this treacherous monster a very angel of self-sacrificing patriotism. All? No, not all. Old Sveggum was there. He could neither read nor write. That was his excuse for not signing. He could not read a letter in a book, but he could read something of the hearts of men. As the meeting broke up he whispered to Axel Tanberg: "Is his own name on that paper?" And Axel, starting at the thought, said: "No." Then said Sveggum: "I don't trust that man. They ought to know of this at Nystuen." For there was to be the really important meeting. But how to let them know was the riddle. Borgrevinck was going there at once with his fast horses.

Sveggum's eye twinkled as he nodded toward the Storbuk, standing tied to the fence. Borgrevinck leaped into his sleigh and went off at speed, for he was a man of energy.

Sveggum took the bells from the harness, untied the Reindeer, stepped into the pulk. He swung the single rein, clucked to the Storbuk, and also turned his head toward Nystuen. The fast horses had a long start, but before they had climbed the eastward hill Sveggum needs must slack, so as not to overtake them. He held back till they came to the turn above the woods at Maristuen; then he quit the road, and up the river-flat he sped the Buk, a farther way, but the only way to bring them there ahead.

Squeak, crack—squeak, crack—squeak, crack—at regular intervals from the great spreading snow-shoes of the Storbuk, and the steady sough of his breath was like the *Nordland* as she passes up the Hårdanger Fjord. High up, on the smooth road to the left, they could hear the jingle of the horse-bells and the shouting of Borgrevinck's driver, who, under orders, was speeding hard for Nystuen.

The highway was a short road and smooth, and the river valley was long and rough; but when, in four hours, Borgrevinck got to Nystuen, there was in the throng a face that he had just left at Lærsdalsoren. He appeared not to notice, though nothing ever escaped him.

At Nystuen none of the men would sign. Some one had warned them. This was serious; might be fatal at such a critical point. As he thought it over, his suspicions turned more and more to Sveggum, the old fool that could not write his name at Laersdalsoren. But how did he get there before himself with his fast horses?

There was a dance at Nystuen that night; the dance was necessary to mask the meeting; and during that Borgrevinck learned of the swift White Ren.

The Nystuen trip had failed, thanks to the speed of the White Buk. Borgrevinck must get to Bergen before word of this, or all would be lost. There was only one way, to be sure, of getting there before any one else. Possibly word had already gone from Laersdalsoren. But even at that, Borgrevinck could get there and save himself, at the price of all Norway, if need be, provided he went with the White Storbuk. He would not be denied. He was not the man to give up a point, though it took all the influence he could bring to bear, this time, to get old Sveggum's leave.

The Storbuk was quietly sleeping in the corral when Sveggum came to bring him. He rose leisurely, hind legs first, stretched one, then the other, curling his tail tight on his back as he did so, shook the hay from the great antlers in a way that made them seem like twigs, and slowly followed Sveggum at the end of the tight halter. He was so sleepy and slow that Borgrevinck impatiently gave him a kick, and got for response a short snort from the Buk, and from Sveggum an earnest warning, both of which were somewhat scornfully received. The tinkling bells on the harness had been replaced, but Borgrevinck wanted them removed. He wished to go in silence. Sveggum would not be left behind when his favorite Ren went forth, so he was given a seat in the horse-sleigh which was to follow, and the driver thereof received from his master a secret hint to delay.

Then, with papers on his person to death-doom a multitude of misguided men, with fiendish intentions in his heart as well as the power to carry them out, and with the fate of Norway in his hands, Borgrevinck was made secure in the sled, behind the White Storbuk, and sped at dawn on his errand of desolation.

At the word from Sveggum the White Ren set off with a couple of bounds that threw Borgrevinck back in the pulk. This angered him, but he swallowed his wrath on

seeing that it left the horse-sleigh behind. He shook the line, shouted, and the Buk settled down to a long, swinging trot. His broad hoofs clicked double at every stride. His nostrils, out level, puffed steady blasts of steam in the frosty morning as he settled to his pace. The pulk's prow cut two long shears of snow, that swirled up over man and sled till all were white. And the great ox-eyes of the King Ren blazed joyously in the delight of motion, and of conquest too, as the sound of the horse-bells faded far behind.

Even masterful Borgrevinck could not but mark with pleasure the noble creature that had balked him last night and now was lending its speed to his purpose; for it was his intention to arrive hours before the horse-sleigh, if possible.

Up the rising road they sped as though downhill, and the driver's spirits rose with the exhilarating speed. The snow groaned ceaselessly under the prow of the pulk, and the frosty creaking under the hoofs of the flying Ren was like the gritting of mighty teeth. Then came the level stretch from Nystuen's hill to Dalecarl's, and as they whirled by in the early day, little Carl chanced to peep from a window, and got sight of the Great White Ren in a white pulk with a white driver, just as it is in the stories of the Giants, and clapped his hands, and cried, "Good, good!"

But his grandfather, when he caught a glimpse of the white wonder that went without even sound of bells, felt a cold chill in his scalp, and went back to light a candle that he kept at the window till the sun was high, for surely this was the Storbuk of Jötunheim.

But the Ren whirled on, and the driver shook the reins and thought only of Bergen. He struck the white steed with the loose end of the rope. The Buk gave three great snorts and three great bounds, then faster went, and as they passed by Dyrskaur, where the Giant sits on the edge, his head was muffled in 'scud, which means that a storm is coming. The Storbuk knew it. He sniffed, and eyed the sky with anxious look, and even slacked a little; but Borgrevinck yelled at the speeding beast, though going yet as none but he could go, and struck him once, twice, and thrice, and harder yet. So the pulk was whirled along like a skiff in a steamer's wake; but there was blood in the Storbuk's eye now, and Borgrevinck was hard put to balance the sled. The miles flashed by like rods till Sveggum's bridge appeared. The storm-

wind now was blowing, but there was the Troll. Whence he came now none knew, but there he was, hopping on the keystone and singing of

Norway's fate and Norway's luck,
Of the hiding Troll and the riding Buk.

Down the winding highway they came, curving inward as they swung around the corner. At the voice on the bridge the Deer threw back his ears and slackened his pace. Borgrevinck, not knowing whence it came, struck savagely at the Ren. The red light gleamed in those ox-like eyes. He snorted in anger and shook the great horns, but he did not stop to avenge the blow. For him was a vaster vengeance still. He onward sped as before, but from that time Borgrevinck had lost all control. The one voice that the Ren would hear had been left behind. They whirled aside, off the road, before the bridge was reached. The pulk turned over, but righted itself, and Borgrevinck would have been thrown out and killed but for the straps. It was not to be so; it seemed rather as though the every curse of Norway had been gathered into the sled for a purpose. Bruised and battered, he reappeared. The Troll from the bridge leaped lightly to the Storbuk's head, and held on to the horns as he danced and sang his ancient song, and a new song, too:

Ha! at last! Oh, lucky day,
Norway's curse to wipe away!

Borgrevinck was terrified and furious. He struck harder at the Storbuk as he bounded over the rougher snow, and vainly tried to control him. He lost his head in fear. He got out his knife, at last, to strike at the wild Buk's hamstrings, but a blow from the hoof sent it flying from his hand. The speed they had made on the road was slow to that now: no longer striding at the trot, but bounding madly, great five-stride bounds, the wretched Borgrevinck strapped in the sled, alone and helpless through his own contriving, screaming, cursing, and praying. The Storbuk, with bloodshot eyes, madly steaming, careered up the rugged ascent, up to the broken, stormy Hoifjeld; mounting the hills as a Petrel mounts the rollers, skimming the flats as a Fulmar skims the shore, he followed the trail where his mother had first led his tottering steps, up from the Vand-dam nook. He followed the old familiar route that he had followed for five years, where the white-winged Rype flies aside, where the black rock mountains, shining

white, come near and block the sky, "where the Reindeer find their mysterie."

On like the little snow-wreath that the storm-wind sends dancing before the storm, on like a whirlwind over the shoulder of Suletind, over the knees of Torholmenbræ—the Giants that sit at the gateway. Faster than man or beast could follow, up—up—up—and on; and no one saw them go, but a Raven that swooped behind, and flew as Raven never flew, and the Troll, the same old Troll that sang by the Vand-dam, and now danced and sang between the antlers:

Good luck, good luck for Norway
With the White Storbuk comes riding.

Over Tvindehoug they faded like flying scud on the moorlands, on to the gloomy distance, away toward Jötunheim, the home of the evil spirits, the land of the lasting snow. Their every sign and trail was wiped away by the drifting storm, and the end of them no man knows.

THE Norse folk awoke as from a horrid nightmare. Their national ruin was averted; there were no deaths, for there were no proofs; and the talebearer's strife was ended.

The one earthly sign remaining from that drive is the string of silver bells that Sveggum had taken from the Storbuk's neck—the victory bells, each the record of a triumph won; and when the old man came to understand, he sighed, and hung to the string a final bell, the largest of them all.

Nothing more was ever seen or heard of the creature who so nearly sold his country, or of the White Storbuk who balked him. Yet those who live near Jötunheim say that on stormy nights, when the snow is flying and the wind is raving in the woods, there sometimes passes, at frightful speed, an enormous White Reindeer with fiery eyes, drawing a snow-white pulk, in which is a screaming wretch in white, and on the head of the Deer, balancing by the horns, is a brown-clad, white-bearded Troll, bowing and grinning pleasantly at him, and singing

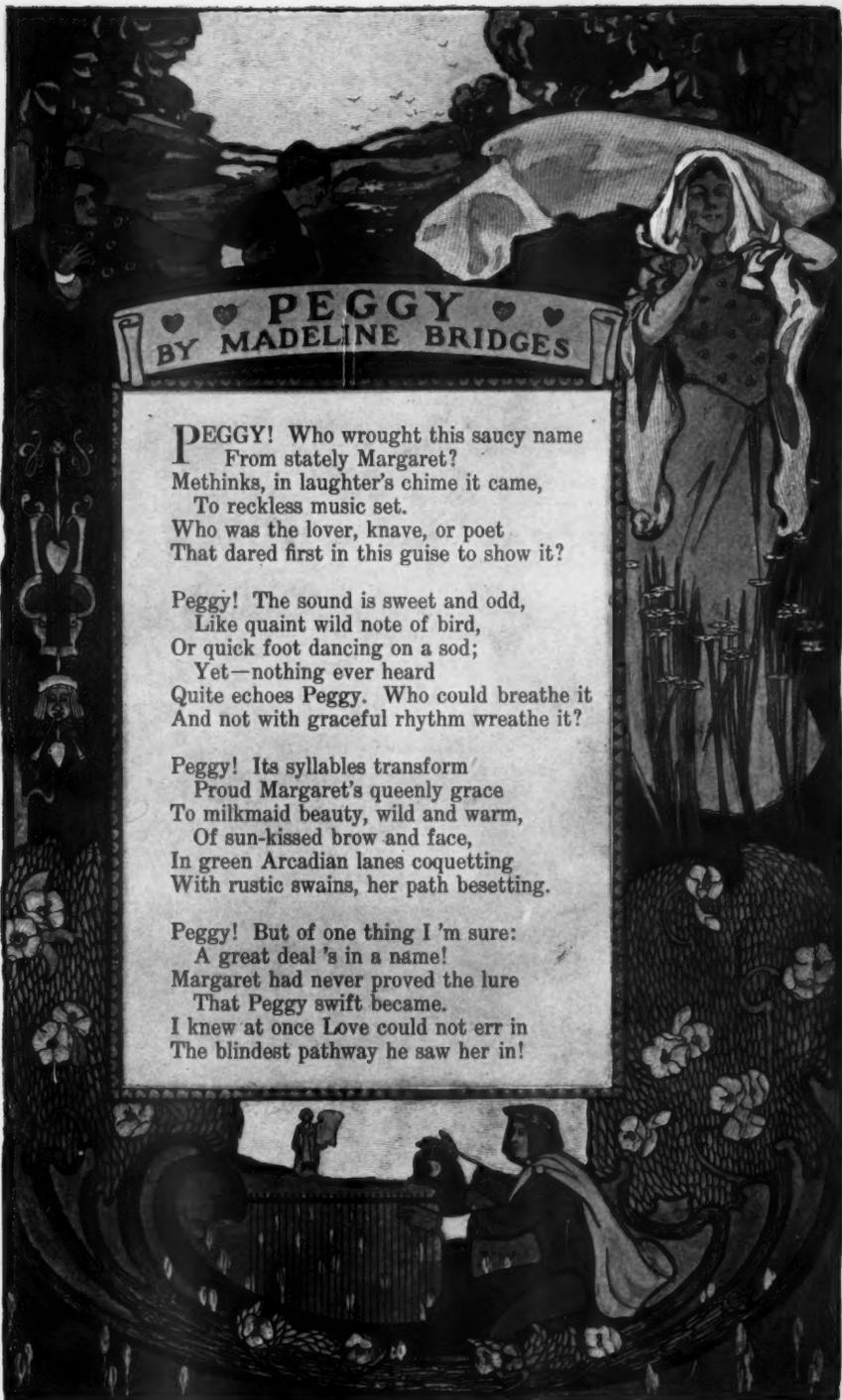
Of Norway's luck
And a White Storbuk—

the same, they say, as the one that with prophetic vision sang by Sveggum's Vand-dam on a bygone day when the birches wore their springtime hangers, and a great mild-eyed Varsimlé came alone, to go away with a little white Renskalv walking slowly, demurely, by her side.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

BORGREVINCK'S RIDE.



♥ ♥ PEGGY ♥ ♥
BY MADELINE BRIDGES

PEGGY! Who wrought this saucy name
From stately Margaret?
Methinks, in laughter's chime it came,
To reckless music set.
Who was the lover, knave, or poet
That dared first in this guise to show it?

Peggy! The sound is sweet and odd,
Like quaint wild note of bird,
Or quick foot dancing on a sod;
Yet—nothing ever heard
Quite echoes Peggy. Who could breathe it
And not with graceful rhythm wreath it?

Peggy! Its syllables transform
Proud Margaret's queenly grace
To milkmaid beauty, wild and warm,
Of sun-kissed brow and face,
In green Arcadian lanes coquetting
With rustic swains, her path besetting.

Peggy! But of one thing I'm sure:
A great deal 's in a name!
Margaret had never proved the lure
That Peggy swift became.
I knew at once Love could not err in
The blindest pathway he saw her in!

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE WEST: A STUDY IN TRANSPORTATION.

BY EMERSON HOUGH.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

I. THE PATHWAY OF THE WATERS.

ITEM, A PLAINSMAN.

UPON a busy street of a certain Western city there appeared, not long ago, a figure whose peculiarities attracted the curious attention of the throng through which he passed. It was a man, tall, thin, bronzed, wide-hatted, long-haired, clad in the garb of a day gone by. How he came to the city, whence he came, or why, it boots little to ask. Here he was, one of the old-time "long-haired men" of the West. His face, furrowed with the winds of the high plains and of the mountains, and bearing still the lines of boldness and confidence, had in these new surroundings taken on a shade of timorous anxiety. His eye was disturbed. At his temples the hair was gray, and the long locks which dropped to his shoulders were thin and pitiful. A man of another day, of a bygone country, he babbled of scoutings, of warfare with savages, of the chase of the buffalo. None knew what he spoke. He babbled, grieved, and vanished.

ITEM, A BOOMER.

INTO the same city there wandered, from a somewhat more recent West, another man grown swiftly old. Ten years earlier this figure might have been seen over all the farming-lands of the West, most numerous near the boom towns and the land-offices. He was here transplanted, set down in the greatest boom town of them all, but, alas! too old and too alien to take root. He wore the same long-tailed coat, the same white hat that marked him years ago—tall-crowned, not wide-rimmed; the hat which swept over Kansas in the early eighties. His beard was now grown gray, his eye watery, his expression subdued, and no longer buoyantly and irresistibly hopeful. His pencil, as ready as ever to explain the price of lots or land, had lost its erstwhile convincing

logic. From his soul had departed that strange, irrational, adorable belief, birth-right of the America that was, by which he was once sure that the opportunities of the land that bore him were perennial and inexhaustible. This man sought now no greatness and no glory. He wanted only the chance to make a living. And, think you, he came of a time when a man might once have been a carpenter at dawn, merchant at noon, lawyer by night, and yet have been respected every hour of the day, if he deserved it as a man.

THE WEST FROM WHICH BOOMER AND PLAINSMAN CAME.

It was exceeding sweet to be a savage. It is pleasant to dwell upon the independent character of Western life, and to go back to the glories of that land and day when a man who had a rifle and a saddle-blanket was sure of a living, and need ask neither advice nor permission of any living soul. These days, vivid, adventurous, heroic, will have no counterpart upon the earth again. These early Americans, who raged and roared across the West, how unspeakably swift was the play in which they had their part! There, surely, was a drama done under the strictest law of the unities, under the sun of a single day.

No fiction can ever surpass in vividness the vast, heroic drama of the West. The clang of steel, the shoutings of the captains, the stimulus of wild adventure—of these things, certainly, there has been no lack. There has been close about us for two hundred years the sweeping action of a story keyed higher than any fiction, more unbelievably bold, more incredibly keen in spirit. And now we come upon the tame and tranquil sequel of that vivid play of human action. "Anticlimax!" cries all that humanity which cares to think, which dares to regret, which once dared to hope. "Tell us of

the West that was," demands that humanity, and with the best of warrant. "Play for us again the glorious drama of the past, and let us see again the America that once was ours."

WHAT WAS THAT WEST?

HISTORIAN, artist, novelist, poet, must all in some measure fail to answer this demand, for each generation buries its own dead, and

HOW TO GET AT THAT WEST
FUNDAMENTALLY.

IN the pursuit of this line of thought we need ask only a few broad premises. These premises may leave us not so much of self-vaunting as we might wish, and may tend to diminish our esteem of the importance of individual as well as national accomplishment; for, after all and before all, we are but



"ONE OF THE OLD-TIME 'LONG-HAIRED MEN' OF THE WEST."

each epoch, to be understood, must be seen in connection with its own living causes and effects and interwoven surroundings. Yet it is pleasant sometimes to seek among causes, and I conceive that a certain interest may attach to a quest which goes further than a mere summons on the spurred and booted Western dead to rise. Let us ask, What was the West? What caused its growth and its changes? What was the Western man, and why did his character become what it was? What future is there for the West to-day? We shall find that the answers to these questions run wider than the West, and, indeed, wider than America.

flecks on the surface of the broad, moving ribbon of fate. We are all, here,—Easterner and Westerner, dweller of the Old World or the New, bond or free, of to-day or of yesterday,—but the result of that mandate which bade mankind to increase and multiply, which bade mankind to take possession of the earth. We have each of us taken over temporarily that portion of earth and its fullness which was allotted or which was made possible to him by that Providence to which both belong. We have each of us done this along the lines of the least possible resistance, for this is the law of organic life.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

EARLY PIONEERS ON THE BLUE RIDGE.

HOW THE EARTH WAS SETTLED.

THE story of the taking over of the earth into possession has been but a story of travel. Aryan, Cimri, Goth, Vandal, Westerner—it is all one. The question of occupying the unoccupied world has been only a question of transportation, of invasion, and of occupation along the lines of least resistance. Hence we have at hand, in a study of transportation of the West at different epochs, a clue which will take us very near to the heart of things.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE QUESTION OF TRANSPORTATION.

WE read to-day of forgotten Phenicia and of ancient Britain. They were unlike, because they were far apart. The ancient captains who directed the ships that brought them approximately together were great men in their day, fateful men. The captains of transportation who made all America one land are still within our reach, great men, faithful men, and they hold a romantic interest under their grim tale of material things. You and I live where they said we must live. It was they who marked out the very spot where the fire was to rise upon your hearth-stone. You have married a certain Phœnician because they said that this must be your fate. Your children were born because some captain said they should be. You are here not of your own volition. The day of volitions, let us remember, is gone. The West was sown by a race of giants, and reaped by a race far different and in a day dissimilar. Though the day of rifle and ax, of linsey-woolsey and hand-ground meal, went be-

fore the time of trolley-cars and self-binder, of purple and fine linen, it must be observed that in the one day or the other the same causes were at work, and back of all these causes were the original law and the original mandate. The force of this primeval impulse was behind all those early actors, Cavalier and Roundhead, praying man and fighting man, who had this continent for a stage. It was behind the men who followed inland from the sea the first prophets of adventure. It is behind us to-day. The Iliad of the West is only the story of a mighty pilgrimage.



DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON, AFTER A SKETCH BY F. B. MAYER.
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINNEY.

A FRENCH-CANADIAN VOYAGEUR.

WHAT, THEN, WAS THE FIRST TRANSPORTATION OF THE WEST?

WHEN the Spaniard held the mouth of the Great River, the Frenchman the upper sources, the American only the thin line of coast whose West was the Alleghanies, how then did the West-bound travel, these folk who established half a dozen homes for every generation?

The answer would seem easy. They traveled as did the Cimri, the Goths—in the easiest way they could. It was a day of raft and boat, of saddle-horse and pack-horse, of ax and rifle, and little other luggage.

Mankind followed the pathways of the waters.

THE RECORD OF THE AVERAGE LINE OF WEST-BOUND TRAVEL.

BISHOP BERKELEY, prophetic soul, wrote his line, "Westward the course of empire takes its way." The public has always edited it to read that it is the "star of empire" which "takes its way" to the West. If one will read this poem in connection with a govern-

ment census map, he will not fail to see how excellent is the amendment. Excellent census map, which holds between its covers the greatest poem, the greatest drama ever written! Excellent census map, which marks the center of population of America with a literal star, and which, at the curtain of each act, the lapse of each ten years, advances this star with the progress of the drama, westward, westward, ever westward! Excellent scenario, its scheme done in red and yellow and brown, patched each ten years, ragged, blurred, until, after a hundred years, the scheme is finished, and the color is solid all across the page, showing that the end has come, and that the land has yielded to the law!

WHY THIS AVERAGE LINE TOOK THE COURSE IT DID.

THE first step of this star of empire (that concluded in 1800) barely removed it from its initial point upon the Chesapeake. The direction was toward the southwestern corner of Pennsylvania. The government at Washington, young as it was, knew that the Ohio River, reached from the North by a dozen trails from the Great Lakes, and running out into that West which even then was coveted by three nations, was of itself a priceless possession. It was a military reason which first set moving the Pennsylvania hotbed of immigrants. The restless tide of humanity spread from that point according to principles as old as the world. Having a world before them from which to choose their homes, the men of that time sought out those homes along the easiest lines. The first thrust of the outbound population was not along the parallels of latitude westward,

as is supposed to have been the rule, but to the south and southeast, into the valleys of the Appalachians, where the hills would raise corn, and the streams would carry it. The early emigrants learned that a raft would eat nothing, that a boat ran well downstream. Men still clung to the seaboard region, though even now they exemplified that

great law of population which designates the river valleys to be the earliest and most permanent centers of population. The valleys of Virginia and Maryland caught the wealthiest and most aristocratic of the shifting population of that day. Daniel Boone heard the calling of the voices early, but not until long after men had begun to pick out the best of the farming-lands of North and South Carolina and lower Virginia. The first trails of the Appalachians were the waterways, paths which we do not follow or parallel, but intersect in our course when we go by rail from the Mississippi valley to that first abiding-place of the star.

NEW ENGLAND AND NEW YORK WERE NOT PARENTS OF THE WEST.

DEAR old New England, the land sought out as the home of religious freedom, and really perhaps the most intolerant land the earth ever knew, sometimes flatters herself that she is the mother of the West. Not so. New England holds mortgages only upon the future of the West, not upon its past. The first outshoots of the seaboard civilization to run forth into the West did not trace back to the stern and rock-bound shore where the tolerants were punishing those who did not agree with them. New York, then, was perhaps the parent of the West? By no means,



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTHAM.
DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON, AFTER A SKETCH BY F. S. MAYER.
A MISSOURI HUNTER.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY M. C. MERRILL.

IN THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS: THE RETREAT TO THE BLOCKHOUSE.

however blandly pleasant that belief might be to many for whom New York must be ever the first cause and center of the American civilization, not the reflection-point of that civilization. The rabid Westerner may enjoy the thought that neither New England nor New York was the actual ancestor. Perhaps he may say that the West had no parent, but was born Minerva-like. In this he would be wrong.

WHY NEW ENGLAND AND NEW YORK WERE NOT THE PARENTS OF THE WEST.

THE real mother of the West was the South. It was she who bore this child, and it has been much at her expense that it has grown so large and matured so swiftly. If you sing "arms and the man" for the West, you must sing Cavalier and not Roundhead, knight errant and not psalmodist. The path of empire had its head on the Chesapeake. There was the American Ararat. But let us at least be fair. New England and New York did not first settle the West, not because the Chesapeake man was some superhuman being, but because the rivers of New England and New York did not run in the right direction. We may find fate, destiny, and geography very closely intermingled in the history of this country, or of any other. Any nation first avails itself of its geography, then at last casts its geography aside; after that, politics.

PORTRAIT OF THE FIRST WEST-BOUND AMERICAN.

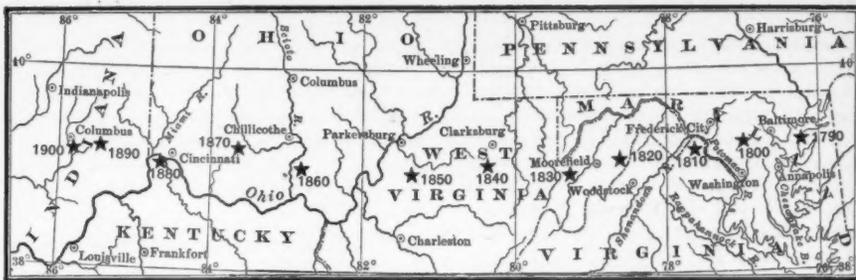
LET us picture for ourselves this first restless American, this West-bound man. We must remember that there had been two or three full American generations to produce him, this man who first dared turn away from the seaboard and set his face toward the sinking of the sun, toward the dark and mysterious mountains and forests which then encompassed the least remote land fairly to be called the West. Two generations had produced a man different from the Old-World type. Free air and good food had given him abundant brawn. He was tall, with Anak in his frame. Little fat cloyed the free play of his muscles, and there belonged to him the heritage of that courage which comes of good heart and lungs. He was a splendid man to have for an ancestor, this tall and florid athlete who never heard of athletics. His face was thin and aquiline, his look high and confident, his eye blue, his speech reserved. You may see this same man yet

in those restricted parts of this country which remain fit to be called America. You may see him sometimes in the mountains of Tennessee, the brakes of Arkansas or Missouri, where the old strain has remained most pure. You might have seen him over all the West in the generation preceding our own.

THE EQUIPMENT OF THE EARLY AMERICAN— HIS SKILL WITH IT.

THIS was our American, discontented to dwell longer by the sea. He had two tools, the ax and the rifle. With the one he built, with the other he fought and lived. Early America saw the invention of the small-bore rifle because there was need for that invention. It required no such long range in those forest days, and it gave the greatest possible amount of results for its expenditure. Its charge was tiny, its provender compact and easily carried by the man who must economize in every ounce of transported goods; and yet its powers were wonderful. Our early American could plant that little round pellet in just such a spot as he liked of game-animal or of red-skinned enemy, and the deadly effect of no projectile known to man has ever surpassed this one, if each be weighed by the test of economic expenditure. This long, small-bored tube was one of the early agents of American civilization. The conditions of the daily life of the time demanded great skill in the use of this typical arm, and the accuracy of the early riflemen of the West has probably never been surpassed in popular average by any people of the world. Driving a nail and snuffing a candle with a rifle-bullet were common forms of the amusement which was derived from the practice of arms. Another was that of "squirrel-barking," a sport which no rifleman today habitually practises, though it appears to have been common in early times. The famous pioneer Daniel Boone was in his time a good rifleman, and a writer who met him in his later life gives the following description of the skill of Boone at the difficult art of barking the squirrel:

I first witnessed this manner of procuring squirrels while near the town of Frankfort, Kentucky. The performer was the celebrated Daniel Boone. We walked out together and followed the rocky margins of the Kentucky River, until we reached a piece of flat land, thickly covered with black walnuts, oaks, and hickories. As the general mast was a very good one that year, squirrels were seen gamboling on every tree around us. My companion, a stout, hale, athletic man, dressed in a



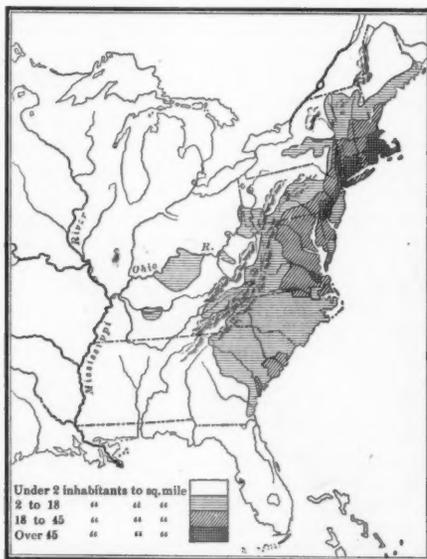
WESTWARD MOVEMENT OF THE CENTER OF POPULATION FROM 1790 TO 1900, INDICATED BY STARS.

homespun hunting-shirt, barelegged and moccasined, carried a long and heavy rifle, which, as he was loading it, he said had proved efficient in all of his former undertakings, and which he hoped would not fail on this occasion, as he felt proud to show me his skill. The gun was wiped, the powder measured, the ball patched with six-hundred-thread linen, and a charge sent home with a hickory rod. We moved not a step from the place, for the squirrels were so thick that it was unnecessary to go after them. Boone pointed to one of the animals which had observed us, and was crouched on a bank about fifty paces distant, and bade me mark well where the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually until the bead, or sight, of the barrel was brought in a line with the spot he intended to hit. The whip-like report resounded through the woods and along the hills in repeated echoes. Judge of my surprise when I perceived that the ball had hit the piece of bark immediately underneath the squirrel, and shivered it into splin-

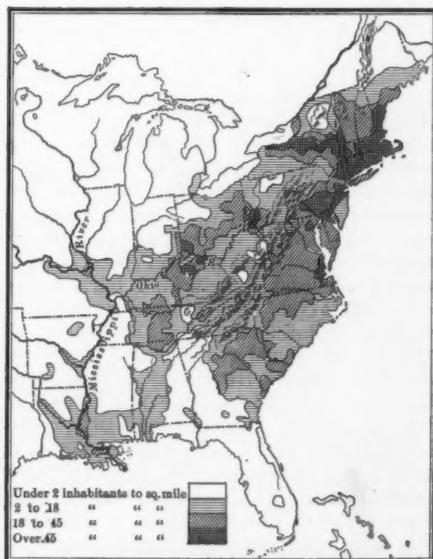
ters, the concussion produced by which had killed the animal and sent it whirling through the air, as if it had been blown up by the explosion of a powder-magazine. Boone kept up his firing, and before many hours had elapsed he had procured as many squirrels as he wished. Since that first interview with the veteran Boone I have seen many other individuals perform the same feat.

THIS AMERICAN, SO EQUIPPED,
MOVES WESTWARD.

WHEN the American settler had got as far West as the Plains he needed arms of greater range, and then he made them; but the first two generations of the West-bound had the buckskin bandoleer, with its little bullets, its little molds for making them, its little worm which served to clean the interior of the barrel with a wisp of flax, its tiny flask



MAP OF THE CENSUS OF 1790.



MAP OF THE CENSUS OF 1820.

of precious powder, its extra flint or so. The American rifle and the American ax—what a history might be written of these alone! They were the sole warrant for the departure of the outbound man from all those associations which had held him to his home. He took some sweet girl from her own family, some mother or grandmother of you or me, and he took his good ax and rifle, and he put his little store on raft or pack-horse, and so he started out; and God prospered him. In his time he was a stanch, industrious man, a good hunter, a sturdy chopper, a faithful lover of his friends, and a stern hater of his foes.

HOW HE FINDS THE WATERWAYS EASY AS PATHS WESTWARD.

IN time this early outbound man learned that there were rivers which ran not to the southeast and into the sea, but outward, across the mountains toward the setting sun. The winding trails of the Alleghanies led one finally to rivers which ran toward Kentucky, Tennessee, even farther out into that unknown, tempting land which still was called the West. Thus it came that the American genius broke entirely away from salt-water traditions, asked no longer "What cheer?" from the ships that came from across the seas, clung no longer to the customs, the costumes, the precedents or standards of the past. There came the day of buckskin and woolsey, of rifle and ax, of men curious for adventures, of homes built of logs and slabs, with puncheons for floors, with little fields about them, and tiny paths that led out into the immeasurable preserves of the primeval forests. A few things held intrinsic value at that time—powder, lead, salt, maize, cowbells, women who dared. It was a simple but not an ill ancestry, this that turned away from the sea-coast forever and began the making of another world. It was the strong-limbed, the bold-hearted who traveled, the weak who stayed at home.

EXAMPLE OF ONE EARLY WEST-BOUND MAN.

OF this hardy folk who left home when yet there was no need of so doing, and who purposed never to come back from the land which they discovered,—types of that later proverb-making Western man who "came to stay,"—let us seek out one where there were

many, some distinct Phenician, some master of ways and means, some captain of his time. One man and one community may serve as typical of this epoch, and if you read of these, accept full promise that your blood will thrill, even after the latest novel of high-strung heroics.

HOW THE NEW LAND WAS CHOSEN OUT.

IN 1779 one James Robertson, of the Wautoga settlements of North Carolina, a young but steadfast man, heard certain voices that called him to the West. At that time John Sevier was still struggling to safeguard his once famous Free State of Frankland, and fighting at the same time for the safety of North Carolina and of the United States. Kentucky and Tennessee were still in the West. Far out in that West, across the ranges of wild mountains, some of these "long hunters," far-traveling scouts of the settlements,¹ had found that grand hunting-ground known even then as the French Licks, so called because in the year 1714 the French hunters from the North had hunted and built cabins in the good game country near the salt-springs of the Cumberland Plateau. Time was not so rapid in those days, and matters had advanced but calmly on that beautiful plateau in the sixty-five years since Charleville's French wood-rangers had discovered the streams which the deer and buffalo loved so well. The "long hunters" from east of the mountains saw this land, and knew it would raise corn as well as venison. To journey thither was at the peril of one's life; to live there was at peril of the life of one's wife and babes. The Indians of the North and of the South had always prized this midway hunting-ground. That this region could perhaps be held, that it would supply corn and venison, was enough for the men who set out on this greater quest of a Golden Fleece.

HOW THE EMIGRANTS WENT TO THE CHOSEN PLACE.

JAMES ROBERTSON, not yet thirty, forming his company for this uncertain, perilous enterprise, said: "We are the advance-guard of a civilization, and our way is across the continent." Simple words. Yet that was 1779.

Now, for the building of this one town

¹ In 1766 Colonel James Smith, "with five others," went as far as Middle and Western Tennessee. His companions continued their journey into Illinois. Smith

returned home to North Carolina after an absence of eleven months, in which he "saw neither bread, money, women, nor spirituous liquor."

(the town which is now the city of Nashville, and the capital of Tennessee) this leader had gathered three hundred and eighty persons, men, women, and children. All the women and children, one hundred and thirty in number, in charge of a few men, went by boat, scow, pirogue, and canoe, in the wintertime, down the bold waters of the Holston and Tennessee rivers. The rest traveled as

Their corn began to grow among the green stumps. In one hunt they brought home one hundred and fifty bears, seventy-five buffalo, and ninety deer.

The path of empire in America, the path of corn and venison, was a highway which never ran backward. These men would never leave this country now that they had taken it. But what a tax was this that the bar-



FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF CRAYON SKETCHES IN THE POSSESSION OF R. T. DURRETT, ESQ.

JAMES ROBERTSON.

JOHN SEVIER.

best they might over the five hundred miles of "trace" across Kentucky. Of this whole party two hundred and twenty-six got through alive. The boat party had many hundreds of miles of unknown and dangerous waters to travel, and the journey took them three months, a time longer than it now requires to travel around the world. They ran thirty miles of rapids on the shoals of the Tennessee, pursued and fired upon by Cherokees. Of this division of the party only ninety-seven got through alive, and nine of these were wounded. One was drowned, one died of natural causes and was buried, and the rest were killed by the Indians. Their voyage was indeed "without a parallel in modern history." Among those who survived the hardships of this wild journey was Rachel Donelson, later the wife of Andrew Jackson.

HOW THEY LIVED AND WENT NOT BACK.

THE men who now built their cabins on the rolling bluffs of the Cumberland region began forthwith to exploit its possibilities of corn and venison. They scattered, as was the irresistible though fatal custom of that time,

baric land demanded of them! In November of 1780, less than a year after the party was first organized, there were only one hundred and thirty-four persons left alive out of the original three hundred and eighty. In the settlement itself there had not yet been a natural death. The Indians killed these settlers, and the settlers killed the Indians. Death and wounds meant nothing to the adults. The very infants learned a stoic hardihood. Out of two hundred and fifty-six survivors, thirty-nine were killed in sixty days. Out of two hundred and seventeen survivors, the next season saw but one hundred and thirty-four left. The spring of 1781 found only seventy persons left alive. But when the vote was cast whether to stay or return, not one man voted to give up the fight. In that West corn was worth one hundred and sixty-five dollars a bushel, and in its rearing the rifle was as essential as the plow. Powder and lead were priceless. Man and woman together, fearless, changeless, they held the land, giving back not one inch of the West-bound distance they had gained!

In 1791 there were only fifteen persons

left alive out of the three hundred and eighty who made this American migration. There had been only one natural death among them. In such a settlement there was no such thing as a hero, because all were heroes. Each man was a master of weapons, and incapable of fear. No fiction ever painted a hero like to any one of these. One man, after having been shot and stabbed many times, was scalped alive, and jested at it. A little girl was scalped alive, and lived to forget it. An army of Indians assaulted the settlement, and fifteen men, with thirty women, beat them off. Mrs. Sally Buchanan, a forgotten heroine, molded bullets all one night during an Indian attack, and on the next morning gave birth to a son.

OTHER DISTANCES, OTHER CUSTOMS,
OTHER VALUES.

THIS was the ancestral fiber of the West. What time had folk like these for powder-puff or ruffle, for fan or jeweled snuff-box? Their garb was made from the skin of the deer, the fox, the wolf. Their shoes were of buffalo-hide, their beds were made of the robes of the bear and buffalo. They laid the land under tribute. Yet, so far from mere savagery was the spirit that animated these men that in ten years after they had first cut away the forest they were founding a college and establishing a court of law! Read this forgotten history, one chapter, and a little one, in the history of the West, and then turn, if you like, to the chapters of fiction in an older world. You have your choice of lace or elkskin.

In those early days there were individual opportunities so numerous in the West that no opportunity had value. A tract of six hundred and forty acres, which is now within the limits of the city of Nashville, sold for three axes and two cow-bells. Be sure it was not politics that made corn worth one hundred and sixty-five dollars a bushel, and sold a mile of ground for the tinkle of a bell. The conditions were born of a scanty and insufficient transportation.

THE WEST CONTINUED TO GROW DOWN
STREAM, NOT UP.

THERE was a generation of this down-stream transportation, and it built up the first splendid, aggressive population of the West—a population which continued to edge farther outward and farther down-stream. The settlement at Nashville, the settlements of

Kentucky, were at touch with the Ohio River, the broad highway that led easily down to the yet broader highway of the Mississippi, that great, mysterious stream so intimately connected with American history and American progress. It was easy to get to New Orleans, but hard to get back over the Alleghanies. Therefore, out of the mere fact that water runs downhill arose one of the earliest and most dangerous political problems this country ever knew. The riflemen of Sevier and Robertson saved Tennessee and Kentucky to the Union only that they might well-nigh be lost again to Spain. The Indian-fighters of the West knew little how the scales trembled in the balance for the weak young government of the United States of America, lately come into the place of an independent power. The authorities at Washington dared not be too firm with France or Spain, or even with England. Diplomacy juggled across seas, while the riflemen of the West fought for the opening of that Great River which meant everything for them. Below them lay the savage federation of the Southern tribes, led by that strange character, Alexander McGillivray, half Cherokee and half Scotchman, half scholar and half soldier, one fourth gentleman and three fourths devil, courted by three great nations, and at the same time an officer in the armies of Great Britain, Spain, and the United States. While the settlers of the Cumberland clamored for the head of this McGillivray, the government at Washington asked him East, dined him, fêted him, and gave him one hundred thousand dollars on his simple promise to behave himself, which, however, he never did. The league of Spain and the Cherokees kept up the covert warfare against these early Westerners. The stark, stanch men of Robertson and Sevier hunted down the red fighters of McGillivray and killed them one by one over all the Western hunting-grounds and corn-grounds; and then they rebelled against Washington, and were for setting up a world of their own. They sent in a petition, a veritable prayer from the wilderness, the first words of complaint ever wrung from those hardy men.

"We endured almost unconquerable difficulties in settling this Western country," they said, "in full confidence that we should be enabled to send our products to the market through the rivers which water the country; but we have the mortification not only to be excluded from that channel of commerce by a foreign nation, but the In-

dians are rendered more hostile through the influence of that nation."

ONE WOULD BREAK THE WEST FROM
THE PARENT BOUGH.

To add to the intricacy of this situation, now came one General James Wilkinson, late of a quasi-connection with the Continental army, who early discovered the profit of the trade to the mouth of the Mississippi. Discovering, likewise, the discontent of the West, which was almost wholly dependent upon that river for its transportation, he conceived the pretty idea of handing over this land to Spain, believing that in the confusion consequent upon such change his own personal fortunes must necessarily be largely bettered. The archives show the double dealings of Wilkinson with Spain, Great Britain, and the United States. He played fast and loose with friend and foe, until at length he found his own level and met his just deserts.

HAVING THE MISSISSIPPI FOR ITS ROAD,
THE WEST IS CONTENT.

MEANTIME the stout little government at Washington, knowing well enough all the dangers which threatened it, continued to work out the problems of the West. Some breathless, trembling years passed by—years full of wars and treaties in Europe as well as in America. Then came the end of all doubts and tremblings. The lying intrigues at the mouth of America's great roadway ceased by virtue of that purchase of territory which gave to America forever this mighty Mississippi, solemn, majestic, and mysterious stream, perpetual highway, and henceforth to be included wholly within the borders of the West. The year which saw the Mississippi made wholly American was one mighty in the history of America and of the world. The date of the Louisiana Purchase is significant not more by reason of a vast domain added to the West than because of the fact that with this territory came the means of building it up and holding it together. It was now that for the first time the solidarity of this New World was forever assured. We gained a million uninhabited miles—a million miles of country which will one day support its thousands to the mile. But still more important, we gained the right and the ability to travel into it and across it and through it. France had failed to build roads into that country,

and thereafter neither France nor any other power might ever do so.

HOW LITTLE STATESMEN KNEW THE FAST
BINDING WHICH TRANSPORTATION
WAS TO EFFECT.

WE who have the advantage of the retrospect understand the Mississippi and its tributaries far better than did the statesmen of a hundred years ago. Indeed, it was then the belief of many of the ablest minds that we ought not to accept this Louisiana Purchase even as a gift. John Quincy Adams, senator from Massachusetts, in discussing the bill for the admission of Louisiana as a State, said: "I am compelled to declare it as my deliberate opinion that if this bill passes, the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved; that the States which compose it are free from their moral obligations; and that, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, to prepare definitely for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must."

This from Massachusetts, later to be the home of abolition and of centralization! It may sit ill with the sons of Massachusetts to reflect that their own State was the first one deliberately to propose secession. Still more advanced was the attitude of James White, who painted the following dismal picture of that West which was to be:

HOW LITTLE THEY KNEW OF THE
COMING WAY OF TRAVEL.

Louisiana must and will be settled if we hold it, and with the very population that would otherwise occupy part of our present territory. Thus our citizens will be removed to the immense distance of two or three thousand miles from the capital of the Union, where they will scarcely ever feel the rays of the general government; their affections will become alienated; they will gradually begin to view us as strangers; they will form other commercial connections, and our interests will become distinct.

These, with other causes that human wisdom may not now foresee, will in time effect a separation, and I fear our bounds will be fixed nearer to our houses than the waters of the Mississippi. We have already territory enough, and when I contemplate the evils that may arise to these States from this intended incorporation of Louisiana into the Union, I would rather see it given to France, to Spain, or to any other nation of the earth, upon the mere condition that no citizen of the United States should ever settle within its limits, than to see the territory sold for a hundred millions of dollars and we retain the sovereignty. . . . And I do say that, under existing cir-

cumstances, even supposing that this extent of territory was a valuable acquisition, fifteen million dollars was a most enormous sum to give.

HOW MUCH RICHER WAS THIS WEST THAN DREAMED.

How feeble is our grasp upon the future may be seen from the last utterance. The sum of \$15,000,000 seemed "enormous." To-day, less than a century from that time, one American citizen has in his lifetime made from the raw resources of this land a fortune held to be \$266,000,000. One Western city, located in that despised territory, during the year last past showed sales of grain alone amounting to \$123,300,000; of live stock alone, \$268,000,000; of wholesale trade, \$786,205,000; of manufactures,—where manufactures were once held impossible,—the total of \$741,097,000. It was once four weeks from Maine to Washington. It is now four days from Oregon. The total wealth of all the cities, all the lands, all the individuals of that once despised West, runs into figures which surpass all belief and all comprehension. And this has grown up within less than a hundred years.

IGNORANT INFANCY OF TRANSPORTATION.

THE immense significance of this question of transportation could not be more forcibly presented than in this debate of the statesmen of a century ago upon the acceptance of the peerless Western empire. Yet the men of that day were not so much to blame, for they were in the infancy of transportation, and as no army is better than its commissary-trains, so is no nation better than its transportation. We were still in the crude, primitive, down-stream days. Steam had not yet come upon the great interior waterways. The West-bound mountain roads across the Alleghanies were still only narrow tracks worn by the feet of pack-horses that carried mostly salt and bullets. The turnpikes fit for wagon traffic were Eastern affairs only. The National Road, from Wheeling to Cumberland, was only restricted in its staging possibilities. Between the hardy Western population and its earlier home there rose the high barrier of the Appalachians, to ascend the streams of which meant a long, grievous, and dangerous journey, a journey commercially impracticable. The first traffic of the Old Mountain Road was in salt and bullets, and it was a traffic which all went one way. The difficulties of even this crude commerce led to the establishment, as the very first manufacture ever begun in the West,

of works for the production of salt. Bullitt's Lick, on Salt Creek, was one of the earliest, if not the earliest, manufacturing community west of the Alleghanies, and part of the down-stream trade of the day was in carrying kettles from Louisville down the Ohio and up Salt Creek to the lick. This route was in hostile Indian country, and every voyage held its own terrors.

TYPICAL PERILS.

ONE such venture, of a flatboat loaded with kettles, was undertaken in the spring of 1788, by a party of twelve men and one woman, led by Henry Crist and Solomon Spears, who owned the cargo in common. After entering the narrow channel of the creek, they were assailed by a large party of Indians, who shot down some of the boatmen at the first fire. The white men used their kettles as bulwarks, and fought the savages for more than an hour. At the end of that time five of the boatmen were dead and four wounded. The boat was at last abandoned, though it was not until after the death of Spears, who, fatally wounded, begged his friends to leave him and to save themselves. The woman was captured by the Indians and carried to Canada, though eventually she reached her home in Kentucky. The Indians told her that thirty of their men were killed in this fight. Four of the whites escaped, every one badly wounded. Christian Crepps and Henry Crist got a short distance from the boat, but were shot down. They both struggled on for a time, but Crepps soon found himself unable to travel. Moore, the only man to escape unhurt, got to the settlement, and neighbors found Crepps the following day, but too late to save his life. Crist had his heel shot off, and was unable to walk. He put his moccasins on his knees, strips of his shirt upon his hands, and so crawled for three days and nights, in the utmost torture, over the eight miles that lay between him and the settlement at the salt-lick. He was discovered just in time to save his life, while yet half a mile from the haven he sought. His wounded limb was entirely useless, and the flesh was worn from his hands and knees. Yet in time he recovered. Later he was a member of the legislature of Kentucky, and in 1808 he was a member of Congress for Kentucky. He died in 1844. A posthumous child of Crepps, one of the heroes of this fight, became the wife of the Hon. Charles A. Wickliffe. Such were some of the first families of Kentucky, and such were some of the first commercial enterprises of the West.

THE WESTERNER RAISES MORE
THAN HE CAN EAT.

WE may note, then, the beginning of the commercial West in the local necessities of that West. For the first West-bound generation the problem of transportation had been largely a personal one. The first adventurers, with small baggage but the rifle and the ax, able to live upon parched corn and jerked venison, with women almost as hardy as the men, neither had nor cared for the surplus things of life. They subsisted upon what nature gave them, seeking but little to add to the productiveness of nature in any way. But now we must conceive of our Western man as already shorn of a trifle of his fringes. His dress was not now so near a parallel to that of the savage whom he had overcome. There was falling into his mien somewhat more of staidness and sobriety. This man had so used the ax that he had a farm, and on this farm he raised more than he himself could use—first step in the great future of the West as storehouse for the world. This extra produce could certainly not be taken back over the Alleghanies, nor could it be traded on the spot for aught else than merely similar commodities.

Here, then, was a turning-point in Western history. There is no need to assign to it an exact date. We have the pleasant fashion of learning history through dates of battles and assassinations. We might do better in some cases did we learn the times of happenings of certain great and significant things. It was an important time when this first Western farmer, somewhat shorn of fringe, sought to find market for his crude produce, and found that the pack-horse would not serve him so well as the broad-horned flatboat which supplanted his canoe.

HOW HE MIGHT SELL THIS SURPLUS
FAR FROM HOME.

THE flatboat ran altogether down-stream. Hence it led altogether away from home and from the East. The Western man was relying upon himself, cutting loose from traditions, asking help of no man; sacrificing, perhaps, a little of sentiment, but doing so out of necessity, and only because of the one great fact that the waters would not run back uphill, would not carry him back to that East which was once his home. So the homes and the graves in the West grew,

and there arose a civilization distinct and different from that which kept hold upon the sea and upon the Old World. The Westerner had forgotten the oysters and shad, the duck and terrapin, of the seaboard. He still lived on venison and corn, the most portable food ever known for hard marching and hard work. The more dainty Easterners said that this new man of the Western territory was a creature "half horse and half alligator." It were perhaps more just to accord to him a certain manhood, either then or now. He prevailed, he conquered, he survived, and therefore he was right.

WASHINGTON SEEKS TO GAIN HOLD
UPON THE WEST.

THE government at Washington saw this growing up of a separate kingdom, and it sought to shorten the arc of this common but far-reaching sky; it sought to mitigate the swiftness of these streams, to soften the steepness of these eternal hills. Witness Washington's forgotten canal from the headwaters of the James River—a canal the beginning or the end of which it would puzzle the average American of to-day to define without special study. Witness many other canal and turnpike schemes, feeble efforts at the solution of the one imperishable problem of a land vast in its geography. Prior to the Louisiana Purchase no man could think of a civilization west of the Mississippi; but there were certain feeble attempts made by the government to bind to itself that part of the new lands which lay in the eastern half of the Mississippi valley. The "Ordinance of the Northwest" (done by the hand of Thomas Jefferson himself) makes interesting reading to-day. This ordinance sought to establish a number of States in the great valley "as soon as the lands should have been purchased from the Indians." It was proposed that each State should comprehend, from north to south,

Two degrees of latitude, beginning to count from the completion of thirty-one degrees north of the equator, but any State northwardly of the forty-seventh degree shall make part of that State next below; and eastwardly and westwardly they shall be bounded, those on the Mississippi by that river on one side, and the meridian of the lowest point on the rapids of the Ohio on the other; those adjoining on the east by the same meridian on their western side, and on their eastern by the meridian of the western cape of the mouth of the Great Kanawha; and the territory eastward of this last meridian between the Ohio, Lake Erie, and Pennsylvania shall be one State.



MULTI-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.
THE DOWN-RIVER MEN.

DID NOT EVEN GIVE PERMANENT
NAMES TO ITS STATES.

WHAT WAS THE WEST AT THIS
TIME OF DOWN-STREAM?

THE ordinance even went so far as to propose names for these future States, and quaint enough were some of the names suggested for those which are now Illinois,

It may now prove of interest to take a glance at the crude geography of this Western land at that time when it first began to produce a surplus, and the time when it had perma-



A BOOMER. (SEE PAGE 91.)

Ohio, Indiana, Michigan: "Sylvania," "Cheronesus," "Assenisipia," "Metropatamia," "Pelesipia"—these are names of Western States that never were born, and in this there is proof enough of the fact that, though the government at Washington had its eye upon the West, it had established no control over the West, and under the existing nature of things had no right ever to expect such control. As a matter of fact, the government never did catch this truant province until the latter, in its own good time, saw fit to come back home. This was after the West had solved its own problems of commercial intercourse.

nently set its face away from the land east of the Alleghanies. The census map (see page 98) will prove of the best service, and its little blotches of color tell much in brief regarding the West of 1800. For forty years before this time the fur trade had had its depot at the city of St. Louis. For a hundred years there had been a settlement upon the Great Lakes. For nearly a hundred years the town of New Orleans had been established. Here and there, between these foci of adventurers, there were odd, seemingly unaccountable little dots and specks of population scattered over all the map, product of that first uncertain hundred years. Ohio, directly west

of the original hotbed, was left blank for a long time, and indeed received her first population from the southward, and not from the East, though the New-Englander Moses Cleveland founded the town of Cleveland as early as 1796. Lower down in the great valley of the Mississippi was a curious, illogical, and now forgotten little band of settlers who had formed what was known as the "Mississippi Territory." Smaller yet, and more inexplicable, did we not know the story of the old water-trail from the Green Bay to the Mississippi, there was a dot, a smear, a tiny speck of population high up on the east bank of the Mississippi, where the Wisconsin emptied. These valley settlements far outnumbered all the population of the State of Ohio, which had lain directly in the path of the star, but the streams of which lay awkwardly on the scheme of travel. The West was beginning to be the West. The seed sown by Marquette the Good, by Hennepin the Bad, by La Salle the Bold, by Tonti the Faithful,—seed despised by an ancient and corrupt monarchy,—had now begun to grow.

ANOTHER WEST BEYOND.

YET, beyond the farthest families of the West of that day, there was still a land so great that no one tried to measure it, or sought to include it in the plans of family or nation. It was all a matter for the future, for generations much later. Compared with the movements of the past, it must be centuries before the West—whatever that term might mean—could ever be overrun. That it could ever be exhausted was, to be sure, an utterly unthinkable thing. There were vague stories among the hardy settlers

about new lands incredibly distant, mythically rich in interest. But who dreamed the import of the journey of strong-legged Zebulon Pike into the lands of the Sioux, and who believed all his story of a march from Colorado to Chihuahua, and thence back to the Sabine? What enthusiasm was aroused for the peaceful settler of the Middle West, whose neighbor was fifty miles away, by that ancient saga, that heroically done, misspelled story of Lewis and Clark? There was still to be room enough and chance enough in the West.

THE WEST HAS BEGUN TO DO SOMEWHAT FOR HUMANITY.

THE progress of civilization, accelerated with the passing of each century, was none the less slow at this epoch. There was an ictus here in the pilgrimage of humanity. It was as though the Fates wished that for a brief time the world might see the spectacle of a land of help and hope, of personal initiative and personal ambition. The slow-moving star of the West trembled and quivered with a new and unknown light, caught from these noble lakes and rivers, reflected from these mountains and these skies. The stars of a new heaven looked down upon another king, a king in linsey-woolsey. France kicked him forth a peasant, and, born again, he scorned the petty limitations of her seigniories, and stood upon her rejected empire, the emperor of himself. England rotted him in her mines and ditches, but before the reversed flags of England were borne home from her war which did not subjugate, this same man, under another sky, was offering hospitality, and not obeisance, to her belted earls.

(To be continued.)





Hope and Memory.

by Howard Pyle.

(Scene: the Student's closet. Time: the dead of night. The candle wanes and flickers. The cock crows, and a cold breath from starry spaces breathes into the room. Shrouded Memory stands patiently behind the chair. In her hand she holds a cup. Suddenly Hope, a jocund spirit, appears: a rainbow bubble out of the shadows of the night.)

HOPE (*speaking in chanting cadence*). Art thou weary, O Mortal Soul? Lift up thine eyes! How dark the brooding night; yet in her solemn womb there stirs and moves the promise of a new and glorious day about to dawn.

MEMORY. And when it dawns, what then, O Mortal? Will it be different from all the other empty, shallow days that have gone before?

HOPE. And as the new day breaks forth from the dark matrix of the night, so from thy present faintness and fatigue some great achievement maybe shall arise that shall illuminate the gloomy world of toiling men with the great glory of a winged thought—that shall make bright, perhaps, those souls that were so dark before. Lift up thine eyes!

MEMORY. Be not cheated, O Mortal, by those foolish whisperings! What great achievement hast thou yet performed that thou mayst amuse thyself with such bootless imaginings? What work hast thou yet done that has been worthy of all the weary hours that thou hast spent upon it?

HOPE. And, haply, Fame and Glory shall be thine. Perhaps it shall be thine to hear the marvelous anthem of a world's applause, that, rising from ten hundred thousand lips, rouses the echoes from Parnassian altitudes whereon the Singer stands, and sends the chant reverberating down through hollow, vaulted spaces of futurity, there to be caught up





by lips unborn, and be by them transmitted down to other lips unborn, until the vibrant echo sings itself away into the empty ether of Eternity.

MEMORY. "Fame," "Glory," and "Applause"! That fruit hast thou already tasted to thy small degree. Hath it so satisfied the longings of thy soul that thou shouldst appetite for more?

HOPE. And maybe wealth shall pour a golden flood into thy lap, and so thou mayst stretch forth a gilded palm and purchase all the glories and delights of this great earth.

MEMORY. And shall the pleasures thou shalt buy be different, then, from the pleasures thou hast already bought? Thinkest thou the tree of pleasure shall somewhere bear a lucky apple that shall not turn to ashes at thy lips?

HOPE. And Love! And Love shall maybe come with shining wings and face, and all the Universe shall catch his golden light—a light like to the light of vernal Spring, when all the dull, dead earth bursts forth in blooming verdure. Love, with his honey dream in which melts all the past and present and to come.

MEMORY. And shall Love stay with thee longer this time than he has stayed with thee before? And when he has gone shall the dull earth be brighter than it was yesterday? . . . Harken not, Mortal, to that foolish whispering voice. This cup is thine, and thou must drink of it. It is the chalice of thy mortal life. The past is thine, and not the future: drink of this cup!

HOPE. Oh, stay, O Mortal! Oh, taste it not! Lift up thine eyes! Behold me! I am Hope! That other voice is of the earth and earthy, and when the earth shall die for thee, then shall it die too. I am of spirit, and I come to thee from those exalted, glistening altitudes of ceaseless day and ceaseless life, of bright and radiant Eternity. 'T is thence I bring thee light. Lift up thine eyes and see, for I am Hope.

(The iridescent light that envelops the spirit of Hope grows brighter and brighter, and Memory dissolves into the shadows of the night. Once more the cock crows, this time to herald the dawning of the new-born day.)



BARBAROSSA

A DRAMATIC SKETCH IN FOUR PARTS.

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY,

Author of "For Love of Country," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY WERNER ZEHME.

PART I. AT THE CASTLE OF VOBURG.

WAITING THE ROYAL VISITOR.

EVEN the fascinations of chess seemed to have no power to distract the mind of the Countess Matilda von Voburg. Her companion, who was but an indifferent player at best, was plainly getting the advantage of her in her preoccupation, when she stopped the game and dismissed the waiting-woman for the night. Leaving the carved ivory chessmen standing upon their squares, she presently rose from the table, and—for the autumn night was chill—stepped over to the fire of great logs crackling and blazing in the huge fireplace which, with its massive chimney, nearly filled one side of the room.

She stood in silence, gazing at the flames, twisting her hands together from time to time in a gesture of mingled perplexity and anxiety. Presently her meditations were interrupted by the entrance of her old steward, who announced the arrival of a royal messenger from the kaiser. Giving brief direction to admit him forthwith, the countess walked across the rush-strewn floor to the dais against the wall opposite the fireplace. She seated herself in the great carved chair with the wolf's head hanging above it, and there awaited the arrival of the king's despatch-bearer. When he came into the hall she signed to him to approach nearer, and, as he knelt lowly before her, she received from him the bulky parcel sealed with the imperial lions. Dismissing him with an inclination of her head, she waited in assumed calmness until he had left the hall. As he disappeared behind the tapestry hangings, however, her seeming indifference was abandoned, and with eager, impatient hands she broke the seal, tore off the confining ribbons of the wrapping, and opened the packet.

The Countess Matilda had been well educated. She was able to read—nay, more, to

read somewhat rapidly and with ease. A few moments, therefore, sufficed to put her in possession of the brief message scrawled in great, ungainly characters across the sheet of parchment. She read it over again, frowning with displeasure as she did so, although it conveyed an intimation of an honor which most subjects would have prized highly.

The document, although purporting to be only an announcement, was in effect a royal order. It informed her that his Majesty the emperor purposed visiting the castle of Voburg that night, and begged that due preparation on the part of the countess might be made to receive him. It was signed by a name which, though it was but little known at that time, was destined to become one of the most famous in history.

There were many other more important things than these, however, which the message did not explicitly state, but which it nevertheless conveyed in a perfectly unmistakable way to the Countess Matilda, and doubtless it was these unwritten facts which ruffled the brow of the fair lady; and it was these unwelcome tidings which caused her to spring to her feet and descend from the dais while she proceeded to crumple and crush the inoffensive parchment between her strong, white hands. Her apprehension of what was behind the letter it was, surely, that so clouded the hospitality of a loyal subject to her king.

The countess was alone in the world, save for her admirers, and they were many. The last of a great and ancient race, the representative of a proud and distinguished line, the mistress in her own right of vast possessions, she was one of the most desirable of women, from a matrimonial point of view, in Germany, or even in the Roman Empire. In addition to all these advantages, Heaven



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

COUNTESS MATILDA AT THE FIREPLACE.

had endowed her with a magnificent person, which did not diminish her potential value.

A splendid picture she made standing tall and queenly in the great vaulted room. She wore a tight-fitting bodice, which emphasized, rather than concealed, every swelling curve and rounded outline of her splendid figure. Her skirt was confined by a loose belt studded with gems, which fell low over the hips in front, and over which the kirtle dropped in graceful folds. The fabric of her dress was of rich silver tissue, and embroidered upon it in vivid scarlet were the rampant wolves of the Voburgs. The underskirt she wore, which swept the rush-covered stone flagging of the hall, was of blue cloth; and soft, heelless cloth shoes, richly jeweled, covered her shapely, if not very small, feet. Her bodice, which was bordered with scarlet, was cut square at the neck above her magnificent bust, disclosing a throat of dazzling whiteness; her thick blond hair was confined about her brows by a band, or fillet, of gold, mounted with rudely cut turquoises, and fell far down her back in two long, heavy braids.

Pride, strength, power, were stamped on her noble features, sparkled in her eyes, quivered in her nostrils, curled in her lips, flushed in her cheek. She appeared as Britomart or Brunhild might have looked—typically German, splendidly strong, brilliantly fair, yet possessing, in spite of all this, a subtle something that proclaimed the woman. For all her size and strength, her movements were as graceful, her step was as light, her carriage as easy, as a swan in the water or a bird in the air. She stood forth a heroic woman for a historic age, a potential mother for Homeric races of medieval days.

The recently elected kaiser was madly in love with her, although a married man was Frederick when he first realized his passion for his noble ward. According to the feudal law, and by the will of her father as well, she had been left to the guardianship of that fountain of honor, the then Duke of Swabia. She had grown to womanhood in Waiblingen, at the court of the Hohenstaufens, and it was not until Frederick had been for some time married to the noble Adelheid—a marriage of policy and convenience, be it said—that he became aware of her matchless beauty.

With the easy morality of the age—and, indeed, of any age, so far as kings have been concerned—he had at once offered her the questionable position of mistress of his heart, a dubious offer which she spurned with the native purity of her Teutonic race. Fred-

erick had persisted in his attention, and his passion had only grown stronger under the opposition with which it had been received. Finally, carried beyond all reason by the fervor of his feelings, for he was still a young man, he had actually contrived to secure a divorce from his unfortunate wife through the complaisance of the Pope. The Vicegerent of Heaven did not yet wish to break with the rising sun of secular power, and precipitate that long struggle between church and state which did not end until the waters of the swollen Kalykadnos River closed over the head of the dying crusader emperor. As soon as he was freed, Frederick proposed to make the countess his wife.

The dazzling prospect before her—for there had been no secrecy about the kaiser's plans—had not charmed her, and she had taken advantage of the absence of the emperor on an expedition to bring into submission some of the refractory nobles of the great empire, which he held at that time by no very certain tenure, to leave the court and fly to her own castle. It is not probable, however, that even a woman of the heroic mold of the Countess Matilda would have been able, or indeed willing, to reject an alliance of so brilliant a character if, with the perversity of women of all ages, she had not fallen madly in love with another man.

It had been some years now since the young Count Conrad von Hohenzollern—destined to be the founder of a most illustrious line, and whose descendants would in time wear the imperial purple—had come riding down, like the simple soldier of fortune he was, from the high mountains from which, as a younger son, he took his name. He had been attended by but a single esquire, and had carried all his earthly possessions on his person in the shape of his lance, his sword, and his armor. He had entered the service of the powerful Duke of Swabia, in whose following, in those turbulent days, there was always room for a good blade. By his prowess and courage he had found favor with his ducal and afterward imperial master until he ventured to eclipse the royal sun in the attempt to enkindle the flame of love in the heart of the Countess Matilda.

A rivalry none the less intense because between monarch and man had presently arisen between them. Hohenzollern had presumed to cross the will of the emperor. Forgetful of the obedience due to his liege lord, he refused to stand aside, and had persisted in his suit. The king, doing a little forgetting on his own account, disregarded the fact that

the young count should receive every consideration from him because he had saved his master's life in one of the border frays of the period, and at last became so incensed at him that he drove him from the court. Nay, more; he deprived him of his offices, abrogated his privileges, stripped him of his emoluments, withdrew the grants he had made, nullified the rewards he had given him, and left him penniless. Unmindful of all these things, or rather in despite of them, Count Conrad had persevered in his love chase, and had found means to intrench himself so firmly in the affections of the countess that the emperor was almost forced to acknowledge that he was beaten.

One weapon still was left him, and having made use of it, the king felt that he had indeed launched the last bolt in his quiver. He put Hohenzollern under the ban of the empire, making it lawful for any one to take him prisoner and deliver him to the monarch, promising rich reward therefor, and, in case of resistance, full immunity if the unlucky count were killed. He was made an outlaw among men from that day forth, a wanderer and a vagabond on the face of the earth, with no asylum anywhere. After perpetrating this ingenious piece of infamy, the emperor promptly despatched the letter in question to the Countess Matilda. Having, as he considered, disposed of Hohenzollern, it was evident that he purposed coming himself and securing the person, if not the heart, of the object of his passion.

Things boded ill for the Countess Matilda. Standing alone in the great hall of the ancient castle, in the flickering, uncertain light of lamp and torch, she looked a fitting part of the ancient picture, as she thought hard and desperately as to what should be done.

Her castle of Voburg was a strong one, but resistance would be fruitless. She had not anticipated the visit; the place was not provisioned for a siege or garrisoned for defense. Indeed, there was no one there save a few old retainers and lackeys. Her feudal retainers, her guards and troopers, were then actually with the army of the kaiser. Also it was too late to fly. She had no place to which she could escape, except the gloomy depths of the Black Forest, which stretched far to the southward of the castle, and even that she could not try unaccompanied. The Schwarzwald was the haunt of every rascal and vagrant in the empire; there her life alone would scarce be worth a moment's purchase. She was helpless.

As for Conrad von Hohenzollern, his case

was indeed desperate. The course of their true love ran rough over rocks, and bade fair in the end to be swallowed up altogether. Still, she did not entirely give up. In spite of herself, there yet remained to her some lingering faith in the kaiser. She did not know where Conrad von Hohenzollern was; she had not yet, in fact, become aware that he was under the ban of the empire, but she knew that he was a fugitive and in disgrace. There was nothing to do but to wait, and to do what she could by matching her woman's wit against the kaiser's power.

Women of her stamp are not good waiters. Patience was left out of her fiery soul. The impotent helplessness of her position exasperated her beyond measure. She threw the crumpled letter from her hand, and tramped restlessly up and down the length of the long, sparsely furnished apartment. A rough, bare table, a few rudely carved, uncomfortable chairs, a settle and some stools, were lost in the dim, bare expanse. In one neglected corner stood a dusty spinning-wheel, evidently not a favorite article with the countess. Here and there on the walls, where the quaint tapestry or the hangings of skins of wild beasts, slain by former lords, gave space, hung rude suits of armor and the massive weapons of the period.

There was her father's mighty sword. She stopped before it, and drew it from its scabbard. She poised it lightly in the air, some vain fleeting hope filling her breast. A modern woman could scarce have lifted the huge brand, yet she mastered it easily, and, indeed, was not without some skill in the rude fence of the day; but she could do nothing against a warrior like Barbarossa.

"Give me blade rather than distaff!" she cried at last, thrusting the sword reluctantly into its sheath. "Oh, that I were a man! I would—but an I were a man there would be no need for doing. I would be nothing to the kaiser nor to Count Conrad. Where can he be, I wonder? Hath sworn thousands of times he loved me, and splintered many lances in the tourney in my honor, and now, when I want him most, he is not here."

She stepped over to the table, and, with the hilt of a dagger which she drew from a sheath hanging at her side, struck a sharp blow upon a metal gong standing thereon. Immediately the arras parted, and the gray-haired majordomo bowed before her to receive her commands.

"The emperor stops here to-night. Make what preparation you can with the little that we have here," she cried.

"Comes he alone, your Highness, or with much retinue?"

"I know not. But stay; hand me yon parchment," she added. Unfolding the crumpled message once more as the steward obeyed her, she continued: "His Majesty writes me that he will be accompanied by only one attendant, Baron Eckhardt. See that all needful be done. The messenger who arrived a moment since—hath he been provided for?"

"He hath drunk deep in the refectory, your Highness, and is gone but a moment since."

"T is well. See that nothing you can compass be lacking for the emperor's welcome. Go!"

After the old man left her, the countess sank down on a low stool, clasped her hands in her lap, and, leaning forward, gazed into the crackling fire.

The night wind howled around the old turrets of the castle, and the rain drum-tapped on the long lancet-windows, new-filled with horn to keep out the coming cold. In an hour, perhaps, the emperor would be there. She would be alone, helpless, in his hands. What might not happen then? It was a barbarous age, and might meant right more often than not, especially with a king. When power, desire, and opportunity were conjoined, little care was had of consequence. She was a bold, resolute woman, but she shivered at the dire possibilities of the situation. Presently a relieving thought came to her. She was not quite helpless, after all; she had a refuge. She unclasped her fingers and slipped her dagger from its sheath. It was a rare Spanish blade, Toledo-tempered, keen and true. The fire-light played fitfully on its polished surface. Although it lay in a woman's hand, it was a man's weapon. With that in hand, at least she was master of destiny—in the end.

"Daggers and love," she murmured sadly; "they go not well together by right, I think. And yet—oh, that I were a man, or that my knight were here! Where is the count? Why comes he not in this my hour of need?"

As she spoke she was aware of a clinking step in the antechamber to the hall, a vibrant ringing as of rustling links of steel. She sprang to her feet, dagger still in hand, her soul aflame for resistance, defense, death, if need be.

"So early!" throbbed her beating heart. "It cannot be!"

THE COUNTESS MATILDA ENTERTAINS A LOVER.

THE tapestry was parted again. A tall, blond giant, in full war panoply of linked mail, stepped lightly within the room. The hood, or coif, of his hauberk was thrown back upon his shoulder. As he entered he removed the ogival-pointed cap of burnished steel which covered his light-brown curls. Then he allowed the heavy, pointed war-shield that he carried to slip from his left arm and rest against the wall. His sleeveless blue surcoat, open at the breast, was richly embroidered with a royal golden stag passant, the heraldic cognizance of his princely house; the same device appeared painted on the face of his shield.

His legs and feet were covered with the same ringed mail, and on his heels he wore the golden spurs of knighthood. He carried no weapons save a heavy sword and a dagger swinging from a loose belt; his lance, ax, and cumbrous war-helmet he had left outside with his steed. Raindrops sparkled on the polished iron of his equipment. The light showed a fair face, red-cheeked, handsome, bold.

He set down his steel cap, tore the iron-plated gauntlets from his hands, threw them on a stool, and extended his arms toward the maiden, such a look of passionate devotion in his laughing gray eyes as filled her heart with flooding feeling.

"Oh," she cried, running toward him, her joy and relief at his presence shining in her face, "is it thou?"

"Didst not expect me, sweet?" answered the man, smiling buoyantly down upon her as he swept her to his heart.

After a moment of rapturous embrace she drew away from him slightly, and gazed at him lovingly while she answered his question:

"Nay; the king comes here to-night."

"The king?" he cried in amazement, releasing her in sudden jealous suspicion.

"Yes, Sir Count—but not the king of my heart," she added daringly.

"Lady Matilda!" he cried, opening his arms again, and as she fled therein he fairly crushed her against his mail-clad breast. She thought she loved to feel the touch even of that hard iron over that iron heart, since it beat for her alone.

"Conrad," she said at last, clinging passionately to him, "I have longed for thee. Thou comest in a fitting hour. The kaiser has divorced the noble Adelheid. He rides here to-night to—to claim me."

"And dost thou not belong to me, sweetheart?"

"Yea, lord, thou knowest it; and no power on earth could pluck thee from my heart. But how stand you with the empire, Sir Count?"

"Disgraced; fled from the court in fear of my life; stripped of honors and emoluments—a poor match indeed for thee, noble Matilda," he answered, slightly releasing her in tentative fear as he spoke.

"Thou hast still my heart," answered the countess, looking up at him with swimming eyes.

"Rich indeed in that am I. And, in truth, I had naught but sword and armor, steed and squire, when I came over the mountains to serve this Redbeard," he added gloomily. "With them I can at least go back again to the eyrie of my fathers, there to defy the world."

"Thou shalt take back with thee a wife, an thou wilt, lord, even though she come to thee but empty-handed."

"Know, sweet maiden," answered the count, his face flushed, his eyes filled with thankfulness, "that not even the empire itself would I exchange for thy possession. Give me but thyself and the world may go its way. I shall be envied."

Their lips met again, but their embrace was suddenly interrupted.

"Pardon, lord," exclaimed a deep, gruff voice, as another huge figure, clad in complete armor like to but less rich than that of his master, entered the room. He was a gray-mustached veteran of great size and strength, who seemed to carry his years as lightly as if he had been a boy. A heavy iron battle-ax swung easily in his hand.

"Degerberg!" exclaimed the count, releasing the lady and turning quickly. "You here!"

"You ordered me to meet you here, sir," answered the soldier, tersely. "I am come."

"What news?"

"This, lord," replied the grizzled warrior, thrusting a parchment into his master's hand. "I tore it from the wall in Waiblingen this morning, where a scrivener read it to a gaping crowd of churls and villains."

"Read it, thou, fair countess; thou hast more skill in the cunning characters than a rude soldier," said the count, handing the paper to her.

Hohenzollern could at least write his name, and could manage, albeit with some difficulty, to indite a letter or spell out a document if he had plenty of time, but he had not the fluency of the lady.

"Sir, the ban of the empire!" she cried, dismayed, as her eye glanced over the parchment. "A price on thy head, exile, death!"

She dropped the proclamation, and turned to him, terrified.

"Is 't so?" cried Conrad, his face flushing darkly. "The emperor begins early. A ban! By the mass, the empire stretches everywhere, and now I have no haven!"

"Save in my heart," answered Matilda, devotedly.

"And in mine," echoed old Degerberg.

"What, old friend!" cried Conrad, turning to his old servitor again, and smiling bitterly. "I cannot fight against this. Take my sword and make me prisoner. Deliver me up. Thou shalt gain rich reward, honors—"

"Master," burst out the veteran, fiercely, "stop! Say you so to me? By Heaven, sir, if I take thy sword under such dishonorable terms it would be but to pass it through my heart!"

"He speaks well," said Matilda. "Keep thy sword, noble Conrad. In the last event we can at least use it together. Death—mine and thine—the power of the empire goes not beyond."

"Here are love and friendship," said the count, extending his hands to sweetheart and servitor, "things men find hard to leave behind. But the blow is crushing. An outlaw in the world! And for no cause but loving thee, lady. By Heaven, I 'll seek service with the Turk!"

"Better death than allegiance to the foul Mahoun, my lord," answered Matilda, softly.

"Rememberest thou not, my lord," said Degerberg, promptly, "that we have sworn, when time serves, to take the cross to win back the Christ, His Holy Sepulcher, from the thieving dogs of Saracens?"

"Thou speakest truly; yet it were better done with life then. Left without a foot of ground upon which to stand, without a coign of vantage upon which even to wait attack!" He spoke gloomily, and as his eyes fell upon the set of chessmen upon a table, he added, with an assumption of his former lightness: "The emperor hath beaten me. 'T is new chess. The king hath checked the knight."

"Then let the knight take the king!" cried Matilda, boldly.

"Nay, love; 't is not permitted in chess, according to the rule."

"Aye, but in war—and in love."

"The maid speaks well, sir," responded the veteran. "There are left us some twenty bold men whom not even the ban of empire

can turn against thee. I have brought them here; they wait without. With twenty men, and thee and me, much may be done. They have eaten thy bread and salt. Their fathers have served in the castle upon the hill whence we came for centuries. They are thy men. Where you say strike, they strike."

for forgiveness. I would not have thy damnation on my soul. Meanwhile I will consider."

As old Degerberg, shaking his head, but not daring disobedience to orders so positive, turned to leave, his master called after him:



"THOU HAST STILL MY HEART."

"Even against the king?"

"Against the empire, against the Holy Father himself," exclaimed the old soldier, recklessly.

"Thou blasphemer!" cried the young count, horrified.

"Doubtless," answered the old man, hardily. "Bid me blaspheme for thee an thou wilt, and I'll e'en do it."

"Silence!" thundered the count, sternly. "To the oratory yonder, and say a prayer

"When thou hast said thy prayer, dismount the men and bring them hither."

"My prayers will be short, then, I fear, craving your pardon," answered the old man, smiling at the prospect of action.

"See that they be the more fervent, then," the count called out as he disappeared, then, turning to Matilda, he continued: "Your suggestion is a noble one, and a hardy, dearest lady, and perhaps our only safety. But how bring it about?"

"Hast thou forgot this letter?" she answered, picking up the royal message. "The kaiser writes he will be here to-night, alone and unattended save by Baron Eckhardt. You have a force devoted to you. Take him in the hall. Conceal yourselves behind the arras. There is room for all the men. I will meet him alone here, make one last appeal to his knightly heart, and if that fail, at the favorable moment I will give a signal, and—"

"Aye, but when we take him, what then? I have no cage strong enough to hold so big a bird."

"The gloomy forest lies over there," she answered, pointing. "Within its confines are thousands of trackless glades, unknown shelters, where we can hold the kaiser."

"Enough; thy woman's wit hath solved the problem. And—didst say 'we,' sweet?"

"Aye," answered the countess, bravely. "What haven is there, would there be, in any case, for me save in your arms? Whom have I now but thee? Whither thou goest I will go."

"The kaiser would deny thee nothing," he cried, looking at her standing gloriously before him.

"He shall not have the opportunity. Sooner than sue for his pardon or favor, I would—"

She hesitated; her glance fell to the dagger at her side.

"My brave countess!" cried Hohenzollern, following her glance and divining her thought.

"'T was in my hand when you entered the hall," she whispered from the shelter of his circling arm. "Didst thou not see? Hadst thou not come, sooner than yield to the emperor, I should have sheathed it in my heart."

At this moment Degerberg reëntered the hall. There was a busy tumult in the ante-chamber.

"Thy orisons?" cried the count.

"Performed, your Lordship. The men are there at your command."

"By your leave, fair lady, may I not have them in here?" asked Conrad.

"Gladly. This poor house—and I—are yours. Do what you will."

"Bid them enter," said Hohenzollern to Degerberg, who had watched the Countess Matilda with a grim look of approbation.

He stepped into the hall, and presently came back with the troop crowding upon his heels. There were old veterans there, and younger men, sons of gray-haired sires

who had followed the Hohenzollerns long since, and had gone to their rest, leaving a heritage of service to their children; and all looked hardy, bold, and resolute.

"Men," cried the count, as they ranged themselves about the three, "this lady is the Countess Matilda von Voburg. The kaiser, whose ward she is, is in love with her. I, too—as who could help it?—have given her my heart, and unwisely hath she chosen to bestow her affections upon me, and so hath slighted the kaiser. You know the tale; because I would not give up the woman of my heart, he hath stripped me of every honor and left me penniless and alone, save for old Degerberg and ye."

"Thou wilt find us with thee wherever thou goest, Sir Count," answered Hans, the old sergeant of the little company.

"Say ye all so?"

"Aye; so say we all, sir," came in a ready chorus from the men. Some of them struck their swords hanging at their sides, and the words burst forth with a brave sound of ringing steel.

"Here are true hearts indeed. But wait; ye have not heard the worst. I am this day put under the ban of the empire. Degerberg, your captain, hath brought the proclamation. Attention, all, while the countess reads!"

How much of the language of the proclamation the rude men understood as the Countess Matilda translated it to them may be imagined; but they heard enough to realize that their master was branded an outlaw, and the news served to stir in their sturdy breasts naught but rage and indignation. Oaths and cries of "Shame!" broke from them as the reading finished.

"Now, my men, you have heard," continued Conrad, his face lighting up with pleasure at these manifestations of devotion. "You have been true to me since you entered my service. I now release you from your obligations. You may go back to your brothers on the mountains at Zollern. Nay, more than this: if there be one among you who would secure the favor of the empire by delivering me to the kaiser, here am I—let him stand forth."

It was a bold appeal. A look of avarice shone in the dark eyes of an Italian mercenary, the only foreign member of the band; but in the face of the vehement protestations of the others he joined in their acclamations.

"Well for ye," said old Degerberg, presently, lifting his battle-ax, "that no one

hath decided to step out to betray his Lordship, for I would have stricken him down."

"That 's well, brave men," said the count, his face mantling with pleasure again; "but an you stay with me, know that I shall re-

stupendous nature of the proposition dawned upon the men. The count stood with careless indifference before them, his eye, however, taking in every shade of emotion that swept across every feature, the Countess



THEY KISS THE HAND OF THE COUNTESS.

quire of you great service. I purpose not to lie and rot under this ban; to be at the chance of hazard; to allow any one to strike at me and I not strike back. The emperor hath thrown himself against me in the final issue. The Hohenzollern hath nothing left but God—and thou, fair lady. Men, I take the king. Art with me?"

There was a momentary hesitation as the

Matilda by his side with clasped hands, a world of entreaty in her face, gone pale with the stress of the moment. Old Degerberg, with clenched teeth and battle-ax still quivering in his mighty hand, waited grimly for dissenting voices. It was a rare picture in the firelight.

"Master," said the spokesman of before, "we are thy men. We will follow thee to hell

an thou sayest. What's king or empire to us if thou art here? Say I well, comrades?"

"Aye, well, indeed. We are thine. What wouldst thou have us to do, lord?"

"First, flagons of Rhenish," cried Matilda, striking the gong and giving quick direction to the majordomo on his entrance; "and then get ye behind the arras. The king comes here alone to-night to take me. He's likelier to lose his head than win me under thy protection, my brave friends. Ye are to come forth when commanded by his Lordship, then for the Black Forest! We will form the court of his Majesty; every man shall be a noble; and we will keep him there until he make us free."

"A health, men," cried old Degerberg, lifting his flagon, "to the noble Conrad of Hohenzollern and the most gracious lady the Countess Matilda! May she soon mate with the eagle in his eyrie, and give to the world men with the courage of their father and women with the beauty of their mother, whom may we all live long to serve!"

"I thank you," answered the countess, joyously, lifting her own silver goblet. "Here's to the valiant men who cannot be forced from their allegiance by the threat of empire. I thank you for your gracious words," she continued, smiling, no whit abashed by the frankness of the ancient servitor's speech. "Thou wilt permit me, Conrad?" she added, extending her hand to old Degerberg, who bent low over it, brushing it with his grizzled lips.

"Certainly, lady; 't is noble of thee. We are to be devoted together, perhaps to the death. Therefore, come forward, men, and pledge your lady on her fair hand."

It was a great condescension for that day, and the men appreciated the significance of the unusual privilege as they knelt

before the countess and humbly kissed her extended hand and then disappeared in the appointed places of their concealment. The Italian came last, and bent over the hand with the grace and fervency of his courtly nation. As he crossed the room and took his place with the others, the countess frowned and rubbed her hand, remarking:

"I like not that dark-visaged man."

"He is least to be depended upon, perhaps," answered the count, lightly; "but what can one do among so many?"

"'T was but a single man who betrayed our Lord," answered Matilda, gravely.

"Well, dearest, 't is too late now."

"Captain Degerberg," said the countess, "please you go to the anteroom and inform the majordomo that after he hath admitted the kaiser he is to disappear with the other servants, so that they will neither see nor know aught of the happenings. I would not involve them in our peril."

"Degerberg, old friend," said the count, extending his hand, "when thou hast finished thy task, bid the men pray and make ready for death, for sure never before did a score of men and one woman engage in so desperate an enterprise."

Left alone together, the two lovers stood in quiet embrace before the fire, whispering sweet nothings and exchanging caresses in spite of the seriousness of the issue soon to be determined.

"Sweetheart," said the count at last, withdrawing from her embrace, "I hear the trampling of horses. The king comes. Another kiss. I leave thee here until thou dost call me. Hesitate not too long; let not majesty lay upon thy loved person a soiling hand."

With a kiss upon her lips, the count withdrew from the hall.

PART II. A DESPERATE HAZARD.

AN IMPERIAL SUITOR.

LEFT alone in the vast apartment, the Countess Matilda made ready to meet the king. In that she was a Christian, she sent a swift prayer to Heaven for succor in this time of need; in that she came of a race of warriors, she loosened the dagger that hung at her side; and in that she was a woman, she gave a furtive pat or two to the golden hair under the diadem about her forehead, more by guess than otherwise, for she lacked a mirror in the castle; and then she waited.

Horses came to a restless stop in the

courtyard; men dismounted. She heard again the ringing tread on the pavement; in the antechamber a deep voice issued a sharp command:

"See that the horses are lodged and fed. You, Eckhardt, are thirsty after your long wet ride. You may repair to the refectory with the house-steward here, and when you have finished take guard in the antechamber. Admit no one. We like not this strange silence, Sir Steward. There be but few to welcome the king!"

"He gives orders like a master and a monarch already," murmured the countess, within.

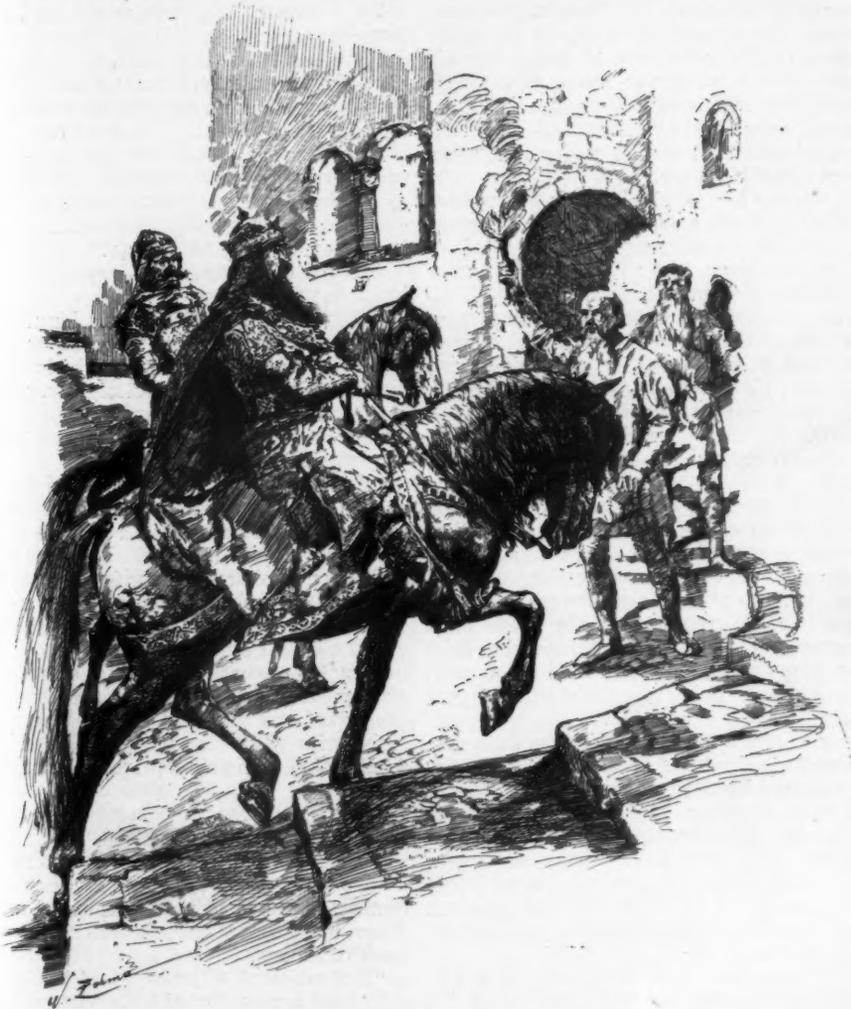
“And, knave, your mistress,” continued the masterful voice—“where is she? I like not this cold welcome, I say!”

“Your Majesty,” returned the old steward,

drew it back and stood at attention, announcing in a loud voice:

“His Majesty the Kaiser Frederick!”

A tall and splendid figure, following hard



BARBAROSSA RIDES INTO THE COURTYARD.

humbly, “my lady awaits you within the hall. Your Majesty’s arrival was so sudden—our men are even now with your Majesty’s army—that I crave your pardon for the seeming poverty of our hospitality. It comes from no lack of loyalty to your Majesty.”

“Peace! Show me the way.”

Again the hanging curtain masking the doorway was lifted by the majordomo, who

upon the heels of the ancient servitor, strode into the hall. Like Hohenzollern, he was clad from head to foot in the complete armor of the day. His hauberk was of the finest leather, covered thickly with interlacing rings of steel gleaming with silver and gold. The close-fitting hood was drawn up around his shoulders and over his head, which was covered in addition with a round

cap of burnished steel surmounted by a golden crown. Over his hauberk he wore a rich surcoat of tissue of silver with three lions-leopards of vivid scarlet, one above the other, rampant, upon his breast. From a heavy silver-plated belt hung a ponderous sword in a jeweled scabbard, the hilt richly chased and set with priceless gems. His left arm bore a triangular shield plated with steel and emblazoned like the tunic with the royal lions of the Hohenstaufens. Steel-plated gauntlets and pointed golden spurs completed his attire.

He was a ruddy, highly colored, massive man. Beneath a noble brow he surveyed the world in lordly way from out a pair of fiery red-brown eyes with a glint of humor lurking in them behind their heat. Veiling, but not concealing, the firmness of mouth and strength of jaw, flowed a magnificent auburn beard far down his breast, whence his name. Pride, strength, ability, self-will, courage, generosity, and passion strove for mastery in his magnificent personality. Power and majesty were in his port. Here was one who would bear the ancient name of Cæsar worthily with the best, if he could but conquer his deadliest enemy—himself. The mighty shoulders seemed well fitted to carry the weight of empire, the mighty arm strong to defend his imperial prerogative, the broad brow cunning to plan. Here was one who, if he could not reign, would at least die gloriously. No one who looked upon him would forget him.

He stood a moment before the door, gazing at the countess. Presently a slight smile irradiated his features, and when he smiled he was charming. He threw his shield from him, stepped forward, and bowed low before her.

"I thank you, fair countess, for the hospitality which, if somewhat enforced upon you, and scanty withal, shall be not less gratefully enjoyed by me."

"Comes the emperor in peace or war to the poor house of the Voburgs?"

"In love, your Ladyship."

"And that means both."

"Nay, not so, I trow. Let there be no question of strife between us. When last I saw you, madam, I made—proposals—which—"

"Which were an insult to any honest woman, my lord," interrupted the haughty countess, looking at him scornfully from under level brows.

Wincing under her disdain, the eye of the

king sought the floor abashed. His disengaged hand played with the hilt of his sword in some embarrassment.

"There be some indifferent honest women, madam," at last he answered, somewhat hotly, it seemed, too, "who might not have thought so, perchance."

"I belong not to that class, sire," she replied contemptuously. "Infamy hath never even been whispered against the women of my race till you breathed it in my ear."

"But let that pass, I beg you, lady," returned the king, with deference and deprecation in his voice. "May I not ask its dismissal from thy mind when, acknowledging my error, I sue for pardon?"

"Words of entreaty and appeal do not lessen the shame, my lord!"

"Not even when uttered by a king?" he cried, bending toward her.

"When a king woos a woman he is but a man, I think," she answered straightly. "But I forgive you, my lord, and so far as an honest German maiden can, I forget your proposition."

"And perhaps you will let me complete my apologies, fair countess, by making what reparation I can. I come as a suppliant once more. Nay, start not back, but hear me. Wilt be, not mistress, but wife to empire?"

"And the noble Adelheid?" she cried quickly.

"The Holy Father, whom God assoil," he interrupted promptly, making the sign of the cross piously as he spoke, "hath pronounced the writ of severance and divorce. See, here is the writing," he exclaimed, taking a parchment sealed with the papal bulla from his tunic.

"And upon what pretext was this pronouncement made, my lord?"

"What have kings to do with pretexts?" he answered sharply, annoyed by her questioning. "Pretenses are for common men. Know, madam, that majesty doth not justify itself to subjects."

"But majesty itself must plead to God."

"I have done so through His Vicegerent," he replied triumphantly.

"The Pope may keep the conscience of the king, sire, but he will not dispose of mine," she answered haughtily; "and ere I entertain thy wooing, I must know thy reason."

"By Heaven, madam, you yourself are pretext and reason enow for me! Such beauty, such majesty of person, such keenness of mind as thou hast, are fit for nothing less than a throne."

"And you make me, your Majesty, the

cause of infamy? You use me as a pretext for your violation of the marriage vow? For shame, sire!"

"But the Pope—"

"Speak not to me of Pope!" she cried. "Know, sir, that I refuse—"

"Hold!" said the king, fiercely. "'T is treason—nay, 't is blasphemy itself! I warn thee, push not my patience too far, lest that for which I have stooped to sue I take by force!"

He stepped close to her side as he spoke.

"A noble and a kingly threat," she answered, springing back quickly. "Nay, come no nearer, lord. You cannot enforce my heart and honor. And whilst I have this," slipping out the dagger, "though I stand alone, the power of the empire cannot win my person."

"And," cried the king, appalled by this display of resolution, "between death and our person you choose—"

"Death, your Majesty, a thousand times!"

"By God's wounds, you would reject me! Me, madam! Dost know what 't is you do? I shall go high. Nay, I boast not, but speak true. I feel it here. The nobles, princes, and kings who have not yet acknowledged my election shall be made to feel the weight of my arm. I shall make of this Germany an empire fit indeed for Cæsar, and not even the triple tiara of Rome shall stay my hand. Indeed, I have his promise here to lodge the Roman crown upon my head. By the mass, this thou shalt share with me, side by side. We will mount together. And be assured, fair Matilda, that I seek not merely to dazzle thee with the power of a king, but I offer thee the love of a man who may not be thought unworthy a place among men, I trust. I lay at your feet the devotion and the hard-earned reputation of a soldier not unskilled in war, and even now not unknown to fame. By the rood, lady, I shall make that term of derision thou wottest of a title of honor, and any woman in the end may be proud to be the wife of Frederick! But I have not the cunning tongue of the gay gallants of my court. I have said my say in the blunt words of a soldier; and now—thy answer!"

"'T is no, my lord. You offer me a kingdom. Know, sire, that I already reign—and in a soldier's heart."

"This Hohenzollern?"

"Yes, your Majesty. The man who stood beside you with broken sword and shattered shield on a stricken field thou knowest of; who himself received the blow which would have clipped thy brow ere it had worn the crown. And you have put him under the ban of the empire, have declared him outlaw, commissioned all men to strike him down! For shame, my lord! But know," she cried, raising her voice, "if all the world forsake him, one woman will still cleave to him, follow him wherever he goes, share his trouble, interpose her life for his—and this because she loves him! You have said that the hot passion which surges through your veins is love for me; and though love is best shown in sacrifice, and blossoms sweetest in the white garments of purity, sire, yet you may feel, from the shadow of it that is in your heart, how I love this man. Nay, no nearer, for at a touch I plunge this dagger into mine own breast! For shame, my lord! Take back the wife of your youth. Devote yourself to your great destiny, and leave to a devoted friend and faithful servitor, and one poor woman, alone in this world, and who was by her father confided to your knightly care, the freedom of their hearts!"

She had never looked so splendidly beautiful as when she made this noble plea. Almost, indeed, she moved the king to grant her petition. For a space he looked on, half relenting as she confronted him.

"The man has crossed my will, flaunted my power!" cried the king, at last, having succeeded in stifling the voice of conscience called to life in his heart by her glowing words, and more than ever determined to possess her. "He shall die! And you, madam, shall yet learn what it is to thwart the empire. For the last time, wilt come with me and be my wife?"

"No."

"Then thou shalt be taken to be what I will! What, ho, without, there!" he cried. "Eckhardt, attend me! I—"

(To be concluded.)



TRENT'S TRUST.

A NOVELETTE.

BY BRET HARTE,

Author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," etc., etc.

V.



RANDOLPH'S request for a four months' leave of absence was granted with little objection and no curiosity. He had acquired the confidence of his employers, and beyond Mr. Revelstoke's curt surprise that a young fellow on the road to fortune should sacrifice so much time to irrelevant travel, and the remark, "But you know your own business best," there was no comment. It struck the young man, however, that Mr. Dingwall's slight coolness on receiving the news might be attributed to a suspicion that he was following Miss Avondale, whom he had fancied Dingwall disliked, and he quickly made certain inquiries in regard to Miss Eversleigh and the possibility of his meeting her. As, without intending it, and to his own surprise, he achieved a blush in so doing, which Dingwall noted, he received a gracious reply, and the suggestion that it was "quite proper" for him, on arriving, to send the young lady his card.

Captain Dornton, under the alias of "Captain Johns," was ready to catch the next steamer to the Isthmus, and in two days they sailed. The voyage was uneventful, and if Randolph had expected any enthusiasm on the part of the captain in the mission on which he was now fairly launched, he would have been disappointed. Although his frankness was unchanged, he volunteered no confidences. It was evident he was fully acquainted with the legal strength of his claim, yet he, as evidently, deferred making any plan of redress until he reached England. Of Miss Eversleigh he was more communicative. "You would have liked her better, my lad, if you had n't been bewitched by the Avondale woman, for she's the whitest of the Dornitons." In vain Ran-

dolph protested truthfully, yet with an even more convincing color, that it had made no difference, and he *had* liked her. The captain laughed. "Aye, lad! But she's a poor orphan, with scarcely a hundred pounds a year, who lives with her guardian, an old clergyman. And yet," he added grimly, "there are only three lives between her and the property—mine, Bobby's, and Bill's—unless *he* should marry and have an heir."

"The more reason why you should assert yourself and do what you can for her now," said Randolph, eagerly.

"Aye," returned the captain, with his usual laugh, "when she was a child I used to call her my little sweetheart, and gave her a ring, and I reckon I promised to marry her, too, when she grew up."

The truthful Randolph would have told him of Miss Eversleigh's gift, but unfortunately he felt himself again blushing, and fearful lest the captain would misconstrue his confusion, he said nothing.

Except on this occasion, the captain talked with Randolph chiefly of his later past—of voyages he had made, of places they were passing, and ports they visited. He spent much of the time with the officers, and even the crew, over whom he seemed to exercise a singular power, and with whom he exhibited an odd freemasonry. To Randolph's eyes he appeared to grow in strength and stature in the salt breath of the sea, and although he was uniformly kind, even affectionate, to him, he was brusque to the other passengers, and at times even with his friends the sailors. Randolph sometimes wondered how he would treat a crew of his own. He found some answer to that question in the captain's manner to Jack Redhill, the abstractor of the portmanteau, and his old shipmate, who was accompanying the captain in some dependent capacity, but who received his master's confidences and orders with respectful devotion.

It was a cold, foggy morning, nearly two months later, that they landed at Plymouth. The English coast had been a vague blank all night, only pierced, long hours apart, by dim star-points or weird yellow beacon-flashes against the horizon. And this vagueness and unreality increased on landing, until it seemed to Randolph that they had slipped into a land of dreams. The illusion was kept up as they walked in the weird shadows through half-lit streets into a murky railway-station throbbing with steam and sudden angry flashes in the darkness, and then drew away into what ought to have been the open country, but was only gray plains of mist against a lost horizon. Sometimes even the vague outlook was obliterated by passing trains coming from nowhere and slipping into nothingness. As they crept along with the day, without, however, any lightening of the opaque vault overhead to mark its meridian, there came at times a thinning of the gray wall on either side of the track, showing the vague bulk of a distant hill, the battlemented sky-line of an old-time hall, or the spires of a cathedral, but always melting back into the mist again as in a dream. Then vague stretches of gloom again, foggy stations obscured by nebulous light and blurred and moving figures, and the black relief of a tunnel. Only once the captain, catching sight of Randolph's awed face under the lamp of the smoking-carriage, gave way to his long, low laugh. "Jolly place, England—so very 'Merrie.'" And then they came to a comparatively lighter, broader, and more brilliantly signaled tunnel filled with people, and as they remained in it, Randolph was told it was London. With the sensation of being only half awake, he was guided and put into a cab by his companion, and seemed to be completely roused only at the hotel.

It had been arranged that Randolph should first go down to Chillingworth rectory and call on Miss Eversleigh, and, without disclosing his secret, gather the latest news from Dorniton Hall, only a few miles from Chillingworth. For this purpose he had telegraphed to her that evening, and had received a cordial response. The next morning he arose early, and, in spite of the gloom, in the glow of his youthful optimism, entered the bedroom of the sleeping Captain Dorniton, and shook him by the shoulder in lieu of the accolade, saying: "Rise, Sir John Dorniton!"

The captain, a light sleeper, awoke quickly.

"Thank you, my lad, all the same, though I don't know that I'm quite ready yet to tumble up to that kind of piping. There's a rotten old saying in the family that only once in a hundred years the eldest son succeeds. That's why Bill was so cock-sure, I reckon. Well?"

"In an hour I'm off to Chillingworth to begin the campaign," said Randolph, cheerily.

"Luck to you, my boy, whatever happens. Clap a stopper on your jaws, though, now and then. I'm glad you like Sybby, but I don't want you to like her so much as to forget yourself and give me away."

Half an hour out of London the fog grew thinner, breaking into lace-like shreds in the woods as the train sped by, or expanding into lustrous tenuity above him. Although the trees were leafless, there was some recompense in the glimpses their bare boughs afforded of clustering chimneys and gables nestling in ivy. An infinite repose had been laid upon the landscape with the withdrawal of the fog, as of a veil lifted from the face of a sleeper. All his boyish dreams of the mother-country came back to him in the books he had read, and repeopled the vast silence. Even the rotting leaves that lay thick in the crypt-like woods seemed to him the dead laurels of its past heroes and sages. Quaint old-time villages, thatched roofs, the ever-recurring square towers of church or hall, the trim, ordered parks, tiny streams crossed by heavy stone bridges much too large for them—all these were only pages of those books whose leaves he seemed to be turning over. Two hours of this fancy, and then the train stopped at a station within a mile or two of a bleak headland, a beacon, and the gray wash of a pewter-colored sea, where a hilly village street climbed to a Norman church tower and the ivied gables of a rectory.

Miss Eversleigh, dignifiedly tall, but youthfully frank, as he remembered her, was waiting to drive him in a pony-trap to the rectory. A little pink, with suppressed consciousness and the responsibilities of presenting a stranger guest to her guardian, she seemed to Randolph more charming than ever.

But her first word of news shocked and held him breathless. Bobby, the little orphan, a frail exotic, had succumbed to the Northern winter. A cold caught in New York had developed into pneumonia, and he died on the passage. Miss Avondale, although she had received marked attention

from Sir William, returned to America in the same ship.

"I really don't think she was quite as devoted to the poor child as all that, you know," she continued with innocent frankness, "and Cousin Bill was certainly most kind to them both, yet there really seemed to be some coolness between them after the child's death. But," she added suddenly, for the first time observing her companion's evident distress, and coloring in confusion, "I beg your pardon—I've been horribly rude and heartless. I dare say the poor boy was very dear to you, and of course Miss Avondale was your friend. Please forgive me!"

Randolph, intent only on that catastrophe which seemed to wreck all Captain Dorn-ton's hopes and blunt his only purpose for declaring himself, hurriedly reassured her, yet was not sorry his agitation had been misunderstood: And what was to be done? There was no train back to London for four hours. He dare not telegraph, and if he did, could he trust to his strange patron's wise conduct under the first shock of this news to his present vacillating purpose? He could only wait.

Luckily for his ungallant abstraction, they were speedily at the rectory, where a warm welcome from Mr. Brunton, Sybil's guardian, and his family forced him to recover himself, and showed him that the story of his devotion to John Dorn-ton had suffered nothing from Miss Eversleigh's recital. Distraught and anxious as he was, he could not resist the young girl's offer after luncheon to show him the church with the vault of the Dornitons and the tablet erected to John Dorn-ton, and, later, the Hall, only two miles distant. But here Randolph hesitated.

"I would rather not call on Sir William to-day," he said.

"You need not. He is over at the horse show at Fern Dyke, and won't be back till late. And if he has been forgathering with his boon companions he won't be very pleasant company."

"Sybil!" said the rector, in good-humored protest.

"Oh, Mr. Trent has had a little of Cousin Bill's convivial manners before now," said the young girl, vivaciously, "and is n't shocked. But we can see the Hall from the park on our way to the station."

Even in his anxious preoccupation he could see that the church itself was a quaint and wonderful preservation of the past. For four centuries it had been sacred to the tombs of the Dornitons and their effigies in

brass and marble, yet, as Randolph glanced at the stately sarcophagus of the unknown ticket-of-leave man, its complacent absurdity, combined with his nervousness, made him almost hysterical. Yet again, it seemed to him that something of the mystery and inviolability of the past now invested that degraded dust, and it would be an equal impiety to disturb it. Miss Eversleigh, again believing his agitation caused by the memory of his old patron, tactfully hurried him away. Yet it was a more bitter thought, I fear, that not only were his lips sealed to his charming companion on the subject in which they could sympathize, but his anxiety prevented him from availing himself of that interview to exchange the lighter confidences he had eagerly looked forward to. It seemed cruel that he was debarred this chance of knitting their friendship closer by another of those accidents that had brought them together. And he was aware that his gloomy abstraction was noticed by her. At first she drew herself up in a certain proud reserve, and then, perhaps, his own nervousness infecting her in turn, he was at last terrified to observe that, as she stood before the tomb, her clear gray eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, please don't do that—*there*, Miss Eversleigh," he burst out impulsively.

"I was thinking of Cousin Jack," she said, a little startled at his abruptness. "Sometimes it seems so strange that he is dead—I scarcely can believe it."

"I meant," stammered Randolph, "that he is much happier—you know."—he grew almost hysterical again as he thought of the captain lying cheerfully in his bed at the hotel,—"much happier than you or I," he added bitterly; "that is—I mean, it grieves me so to see *you* grieve, you know."

Miss Eversleigh did *not* know, but there was enough sincerity and real feeling in the young fellow's voice and eyes to make her color slightly and hurry him away to a locality less fraught with emotions. In a few moments they entered the park, and the old Hall rose before them. It was a great Tudor house of mullioned windows, traceries, and battlements; of stately towers, moss-grown balustrades, and statues darkening with the fog that was already hiding the angles and wings of its huge bulk. A peacock spread its ostentatious tail on the broad stone steps before the portal; a flight of rooks from the leafless elms rose above its stacked and twisted chimneys. After all, how little had this stately incarnation of the vested rights

and sacred tenures of the past in common with the laughing rover he had left in London that morning! And, thinking of the destinies that the captain held so lightly in his hand, and perhaps not a little of the absurdity of his own position to the confiding young girl beside him, for a moment he half hated him.

The fog deepened as they reached the station, and, as it seemed to Randolph, made their parting still more vague and indefinite, and it was with difficulty that he could respond to the young girl's frank hope that he would soon return to them. Yet he half resolved that he would not until he could tell her all.

Nevertheless, as the train crept more and more slowly, with halting signals, toward London, he buoyed himself up with the hope that Captain Dornton would still try conclusions for his patrimony, or at least come to some compromise by which he might be restored to his rank and name. But upon these hopes the vision of that great house settled firmly upon its lands, held there in perpetuity by the dead and stretched-out hands of those that lay beneath its soil, always obtruded itself. Then the fog deepened, and the crawling train came to a dead stop at the next station. The whole line was blocked. Four precious hours were hopelessly lost.

Yet despite his impatience, he reëntered London with the same dazed semi-consciousness of feeling as on the night he had first arrived. There seemed to have been no interim; his visit to the rectory and Hall, and even his fateful news, were only a dream. He drove through the same shadow to the hotel, was received by the same halo-encircled lights that had never been put out. After glancing through the halls and reading-room he hurriedly made his way to his companion's room. The captain was not there. He quickly summoned the waiter. The gentleman? Yes; Captain Dornton had left with his servant, Redhill, a few hours after Mr. Trent went away. He had left no message.

Again condemned to wait in inactivity, Randolph tried to resist a certain uneasiness that was creeping over him, by attributing the captain's absence to some unexpected legal consultation or the gathering of evidence, his prolonged detention being due to the same fog that had delayed his own train. But he was somewhat surprised to find that the captain had ordered his luggage into the porter's care in the hall below before leaving, and that nothing remained

in his room but a few toilet articles and the fateful portmanteau. The hours passed slowly. Owing to that perpetual twilight in which he had passed the day, there seemed no perceptible flight of time, and at eleven o'clock, the captain not arriving, he determined to wait in the latter's room so as to be sure not to miss him. Twelve o'clock boomed from an adjacent invisible steeple, but still he came not. Overcome by the fatigue and excitement of the day, Randolph concluded to lie down in his clothes on the captain's bed, not without a superstitious and uncomfortable recollection of that night, eighteen months ago, when he had awaited him vainly at the San Francisco hotel. Even the fateful portmanteau was there to assist his gloomy fancy. Nevertheless, with the boom of one o'clock in his drowsy ears as his last coherent recollection, he sank into a dreamless sleep.

He was awakened by a tapping at his door, and jumped up to realize by his watch and the still burning gaslight that it was nine o'clock. But the intruder was only a waiter with a letter which he had brought to Randolph's room in obedience to the instructions the latter had given overnight. Not doubting it was from the captain, although the handwriting of the address was unfamiliar, he eagerly broke the seal. But he was surprised to read as follows:

DEAR MR. TRENT: We had such sad news from the Hall after you left. Sir William was seized with a kind of fit. It appears that he had just returned from the horse show, and had given his mare to the groom while he walked to the garden entrance. The groom saw him turn at the yew-hedge, and was driving to the stables when he heard a queer kind of cry, and turning back to the garden front, found poor Sir William lying on the ground in convulsions. The doctor was sent for, and Mr. Brunton and I went over to the Hall. The doctor thinks it was something like a stroke, but he is not certain, and Sir William is quite delirious, and does n't recognize anybody. I gathered from the groom that he had been *drinking heavily*. Perhaps it was well that you did not see him, but I thought you ought to know what had happened in case you came down again. It's all very dreadful, and I wonder if that is why I was so nervous all the afternoon. It may have been a kind of presentiment. Don't you think so?

Yours faithfully,
SYBIL EVERSLEIGH.

I am afraid Randolph thought more of the simple-minded girl who, in the midst of her excitement, turned to him half unconsciously, than he did of Sir William. Had it not been

for the necessity of seeing the captain, he would probably have taken the next train to the rectory. Perhaps he might later. He thought little of Sir William's illness, and was inclined to accept the young girl's naïve suggestion of its cause. He read and re-read the letter, staring at the large, grave, child-like handwriting,—so like herself,—and obeying a sudden impulse, raised the signature, as gravely as if it had been her hand, to his lips.

Still the day advanced and the captain came not. Randolph found the inactivity insupportable. He knew not where to seek him; he had no more clue to his resorts or his friends—if, indeed, he had any in London—than he had after their memorable first meeting in San Francisco. He might, indeed, be the dupe of an impostor, who, at the eleventh hour, had turned craven and fled. He might be, in the captain's indifference, a mere instrument set aside at his pleasure. Yet he could take advantage of Miss Eversleigh's letter and seek her, and confess everything, and ask her advice. It was a great, and at the moment it seemed to him an overwhelming, temptation. But only for the moment. He had given his word to the captain—more, he had given his youthful *faith*. And, to his credit, he never swerved again. It seemed to him, too, in his youthful superstition, as he looked at the abandoned portmanteau, that he had again to take up his burden—his "trust."

It was nearly four o'clock when the spell was broken. A large packet, bearing the printed address of a London and American bank, was brought to him by a special messenger; but the written direction was in the captain's hand. Randolph tore it open. It contained one or two inclosures, which he hastily put aside for the letter, two pages of foolscap, which he read breathlessly:

DEAR TRENT: Don't worry your head if I have slipped my cable without telling you. I'm all right, only I got the news you are bringing me, *just after you left*, by Jack Redhill, whom I had sent to Dorniton Hall to see how the land lay the night before. It was not that I did n't trust *you*, but *he* had ways of getting news that you would n't stoop to. You can guess, from what I told you already, that, now Bobby is gone, there's nothing to keep me here, and I'm following my own idea of letting the whole blasted thing slide. I only worked this racket for the sake of him. I'm sorry for him, but I suppose the poor little beggar could n't stand these sunless, God-forsaken longitudes any more than I could. Besides that, as I did n't want to trust any lawyer with my secret, I myself had hunted up some books on the mat-

ter, and found that, by the law of entail, I'd have to rip up the whole blessed thing, and Bill would have had to pay back every blessed cent of what rents he had collected since he took hold—not to *me*, but the *estate*—with interest, and that no arrangement I could make with *him* would be legal on account of the boy. At least, that's the way the thing seemed to pan out to me. So that when I heard of Bobby's death I was glad to jump the rest, and that's what I made up my mind to do.

But, like a blasted lubber, now that I *could* do it and cut right away, I must needs think that I'd like first to see Bill on the sly, without letting on to any one else, and tell him what I was going to do. I'd no fear that he'd object, or that he'd hesitate a minute to fall in with my plan of dropping my name and my game, and giving him full swing, while I stood out to sea and the South Pacific, and dropped out of his mess for the rest of my life. Perhaps I wanted to set his mind at rest, if he'd ever had any doubts; perhaps I wanted to have a little fun out of him for his d—d previousness; perhaps, lad, I had a hankering to see the old place for the last time. At any rate, I allowed to go to Dorniton Hall. I timed myself to get there about the hour you left, to keep out of sight until I knew he was returning from the horse show, and to waylay him *alone* and have our little talk without witnesses. I dare n't go to the Hall, for some of the old servants might recognize me.

I went down there with Jack Redhill, and we separated at the station. I hung around in the fog. I even saw you pass with Sybil in the dog-cart, but you did n't see me. I knew the place, and just where to hide where I could have the chance of seeing him alone. But it was a beastly job waiting there. I felt like a d—d thief instead of a man who was simply visiting his own. Yet, you may n't believe me, lad, but I hated the place and all it meant more than ever. Then, by and by, I heard him coming. I had arranged it all with myself to get into the yew-hedge, and step out as he came to the garden entrance, and as soon as he recognized me to get him round the terrace into the summer-house, where we could speak without danger.

I heard the groom drive away to the stable with the cart, and, sure enough, in a minute he came lurching along toward the garden door. He was mighty unsteady on his pins, and I reckon he was more than half full, which was a bad lookout for our confab. But I calculated that the sight of me, when I slipped out, would sober him. And, by —, it did! For his eyes bulged out of his head and got fixed there; his jaw dropped; he tried to strike at me with a hunting-crop he was carrying, and then he uttered an ungodly yell you might have heard at the station, and dropped down in his tracks. I had just time to slip back in the hedge again before the groom came driving back, and then all hands were piped, and they took him in the house.

And of course the game was up, and I lost my only chance. I was thankful enough to get clean away without discovering myself, and I have to

trust now to the fact of Bill's being drunk, and thinking it was my ghost that he saw, in a touch of the jimjams! And I'm not sorry to have given him that start, for there was that in his eye, and that in the stroke he made, my lad, that showed a guilty conscience I had n't reckoned on. And it cured me of my wish to set his mind at ease. He's welcome to all the rest.

And that's why I'm going away—never to return. I'm sorry I could n't take you with me, but it's better that I should n't see you again, and that you did n't even know *where* I was gone. When you get this I shall be on blue water and heading for the sunshine! You'll find two letters inclosed. One you need not open unless you hear that my secret was blown, and you are ever called upon to explain your relations with me. The other is my thanks, my lad, in a letter of credit on the bank, for the way you have kept your trust, and I believe will continue to keep it to

JOHN DORNITON.

P. S. I hope you dropped a tear over my swell tomb at Dorniton church. All the same, I don't begrudge it to the poor devil who lost his life instead of me.

J. D.

As Randolph read, he seemed to hear the captain's voice throughout the letter, and even his low, characteristic laugh in the postscript. Then he suddenly remembered the luggage which the porter had said the captain had ordered to be taken below; but on asking that functionary he was told a conveyance for the Victoria Docks had called with an order, and taken it away at day-break. It was evident that the captain had intended the letter should be his only farewell. Depressed and a little hurt at his patron's abruptness, Randolph returned to his room. Opening the letter of credit, he found it was for a thousand pounds—a munificent beneficence, as it seemed to Randolph, for his dubious services, and a proof of his patron's frequent declarations that he had money enough without touching the Dorniton estates.

For a long time he sat with these sole evidences of the reality of his experience in his hands, a prey to a thousand surmises and conflicting thoughts. Was he the self-deceived disciple of a visionary, a generous, unselfish, but weak man, whose eccentricity passed even the bounds of reason? Who would believe the captain's story or the captain's motives? Who comprehend his strange quest and its stranger and almost ridiculous termination? Even if the seal of secrecy were removed in after years, what had he, Randolph, to show in corroboration of his patron's claim?

Then it occurred to him that there was

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no reason why he should not go down to the rectory and see Miss Eversleigh again under pretense of inquiring after the luckless baronet, whose title and fortune had, nevertheless, been so strangely preserved. He began at once his preparations for the journey, and was nearly ready when a servant entered with a telegram. Randolph's heart leaped. The captain had sent him news—perhaps had changed his mind! He tore off the yellow cover, and read:

Sir William died at twelve o'clock without recovering consciousness.

S. EVERSLEIGH.

VI.

FOR a moment Randolph gazed at the despatch with a half-hysterical laugh, and then became as suddenly sane and cool. One thought alone was uppermost in his mind: the captain could not have heard this news yet, and if he was still within reach, or accessible by any means whatever, however determined his purpose, he must know it at once. The only clue to his whereabouts was the Victoria Docks. But that was something. In another moment Randolph was in the lower hall, had learned the quickest way of reaching the docks, and plunged into the street.

The fog here swooped down, and to the embarrassment of his mind was added the obscurity of light and distance, which halted him after a few hurried steps, in utter perplexity. Indistinct figures were here and there approaching him out of nothingness and melting away again into the greenish-gray chaos. He was in a busy thoroughfare; he could hear the slow trample of hoofs, the dull crawling of vehicles, and the warning outcries of a traffic he could not see. Trusting rather to his own speed than that of a halting conveyance, he blundered on until he reached the railway-station. A short but exasperating journey of impulses and hesitations, of detonating signals and warning whistles, and he at last stood on the docks, beyond him a vague bulk or two, and a soft, opaque-flowing wall—the river!

But one steamer had left that day,—the *Dom Pedro*, for the river Plate,—two hours before, but until the fog thickened, a quarter of an hour ago, she could be seen, so his informant said, still lying, with steam up, in midstream. Yes, it was still possible to board her. But even as the boatman spoke, and was leading the way toward the landing-steps, the fog suddenly lightened; a soft salt breath stole in from the distant sea, and a

veil seemed to be lifted from the face of the gray waters. The outlines of the two shores came back; the spars of nearer vessels showed distinctly, but the space where the huge hulk had rested was empty and void. There was a trail of something darker and more opaque than fog itself lying near the surface of the water, but the *Dom Pedro* was a mere speck in the broadening distance.

A BRIGHT sun and a keen easterly wind were revealing the curling ridges of the sea beyond the headland when Randolph again passed the gates of Dorniton Hall on his way to the rectory. Now, for the first time, he was able to see clearly the outlines of that spot which had seemed to him only a misty dream, and even in his preoccupation he was struck by its grave beauty. The leafless limes and elms in the park grouped themselves as part of the picturesque details of the Hall they encompassed, and the evergreen slope of firs and larches rose as a background to the gray battlements, covered with dark-green ivy, whose rich shadows were brought out by the unwonted sunshine. With a half-repugnant curiosity he had tried to identify the garden entrance and the fateful yew-hedge the captain had spoken of as he passed. But as quickly he fell back upon the resolution he had taken in coming there—to dissociate his secret, his experience, and his responsibility to his patron from his relations to Sybil Eversleigh; to enjoy her companionship without an obtruding thought of the strange circumstances that had brought them together at first, or the stranger fortune that had later renewed their acquaintance. He had resolved to think of her as if she had merely passed into his life in the casual ways of society, with only her personal charms to set her apart from others. Why should his exclusive possession of a secret—which, even if confided to her, would only give her needless and hopeless anxiety—debar them from an exchange of those other confidences of youth and sympathy? Why could he not love her and yet withhold from her the knowledge of her cousin's existence? So he had determined to make the most of his opportunity during his brief holiday; to avail himself of her naïve invitation, and even of what he dared sometimes to think was her predilection for his companionship. And if, before he left, he had acquired a right to look forward to a time when her future and his should be one—but here his glowing fancy was abruptly checked by his arrival at the rectory door.

Mr. Brunton received him cordially, yet with a slight business preoccupation and a certain air of importance that struck him as peculiar. Sybil, he informed him, was engaged at that moment with some friends who had come over from the Hall. Mr. Trent would understand that there was a great deal for her to do—in her present position. Wondering why *she* should be selected to do it instead of older and more experienced persons, Randolph, however, contented himself with inquiries regarding the details of Sir William's seizure and death. He learned, as he expected, that nothing whatever was known of the captain's visit, nor was there the least suspicion that the baronet's attack was not the result of any predisposing emotion. Indeed, it seemed more possible that his medical attendants, knowing something of his late excesses and their effect upon his constitution, preferred, for the sake of avoiding scandal, to attribute the attack to long-standing organic disease.

Randolph, who had already determined, as a forlorn hope, to write a cautious letter to the captain (informing him briefly of the news without betraying his secret, and directed to the care of the consignees of the *Dom Pedro* in Brazil, by the next post), was glad to be able to add this medical opinion to relieve his patron's mind of any fear of having hastened his brother's death by his innocent appearance. But here the entrance of Sybil Eversleigh with her friends drove all else from his mind.

She looked so tall and graceful in her black dress, which set off her dazzling skin, and, with her youthful gravity, gave to her figure the charming maturity of a young widow, that he was for a moment awed and embarrassed. But he experienced a relief when she came eagerly toward him in all her old girlish frankness, and with even something of yearning expectation in her gray eyes.

"It was so good of you to come," she said. "I thought you would imagine how I was feeling—" She stopped, as if she were conscious, as Randolph was, of a certain chill of unresponsiveness in the company, and said in an undertone, "Wait until we are alone." Then, turning with a slight color and a pretty dignity toward her friends, she continued: "Lady Ashbrook, this is Mr. Trent, an old friend of both my cousins when they were in America."

In spite of the gracious response of the ladies, Randolph was aware of their critical scrutiny of both himself and Miss Eversleigh,

of the exchange of significant glances, and a certain stiffness in her guardian's manner. It was quite enough to affect Randolph's sensitiveness and bring out his own reserve.

Fancying, however, that his reticence disturbed Miss Eversleigh, he forced himself to converse with Lady Ashbrook,—avoiding many of her pointed queries as to himself, his acquaintance with Sybil, and the length of time he expected to stay in England,—and even accompanied her to her carriage. And here he was rewarded by Sybil running out with a crape veil twisted round her throat and head, and the usual femininely forgotten final message to her visitor. As the carriage drove away, she turned to Randolph, and said quickly:

"Let us go in by way of the garden."

It was a slight detour, but it gave them a few moments alone.

"It was so awful and sudden," she said, looking gravely at Randolph, "and to think that only an hour before I had been saying unkind things of him! Of course," she added naively, "they were true, and the groom admitted to me that the mare was overdriven and Sir William could hardly stand. And only to think of it! he never recovered complete consciousness, but muttered incoherently all the time. I was with him to the last, and he never said a word I could understand—only once."

"What did he say?" asked Randolph, uneasily.

"I don't like to say—it was *too* dreadful!"

Randolph did not press her. Yet, after a pause, she said in a low voice, with a naïveté impossible to describe, "It was 'Jack, damn you!'"

He did not dare to look at her, even with this grim mingling of farce and tragedy which seemed to invest every scene of that sordid drama. Miss Eversleigh continued gravely: "The groom's name was Robert, but Jack might have been the name of one of his boon companions."

Convinced that she suspected nothing, yet in the hope of changing the subject, Randolph said quietly: "I thought your guardian perhaps a little less frank and communicative to-day."

"Yes," said the young girl, suddenly, with a certain impatience, and yet in half apology to her companion, "of course. He—*they*—all and everybody—are much more concerned and anxious about my new position than I am. It's perfectly dreadful—this thinking of it all the time, arranging everything, criticizing everything in reference to

it, and the poor man who is the cause of it all not yet at rest in his grave! The whole thing is inhuman and unchristian!"

"I don't understand," stammered Randolph, vaguely. "What is your new position? What do you mean?"

The girl looked up in his face with surprise. "Why, did n't you know? I'm the next of kin,—I'm the heiress,—and will succeed to the property in six months, when I am of age."

In a flash of recollection Randolph suddenly recalled the captain's words, "There are only three lives between her and the property." Their meaning had barely touched his comprehension before. She was the heiress. Yes, save for the captain!

She saw the change, the wonder, even the dismay, in his face, and her own brightened frankly. "It's so good to find one who never thought of it, who had n't it before him as the chief end for which I was born! Yes, I was the next of kin after dear Jack died and Bill succeeded, but there was every chance that he would marry and have an heir. And yet the moment he was taken ill that idea was uppermost in my guardian's mind, good man as he is, and even forced upon me. If this—this property had come from poor Cousin Jack, whom I loved, there would have been something dear in it as a memory or a gift, but from *him*, whom I could n't bear—I know it's wicked to talk that way, but it's simply dreadful!"

"And yet," said Randolph, with a sudden seriousness he could not control, "I honestly believe that Captain Dornton would be perfectly happy—yes, rejoiced!—if he knew the property had come to *you*."

There was such an air of conviction, and it seemed to the simple girl, even of spiritual insight, in his manner that her clear, handsome eyes rested wonderingly on his.

"Do you really think so?" she said thoughtfully. "And yet *he* knows that I am like him. Yes," she continued, answering Randolph's look of surprise, "I am just like *him* in that. I loathe and despise the life that this thing would condemn me to; I hate all that it means, and all that it binds me to, as he used to; and if I could, I would cut and run from it as *he* did."

She spoke with a determined earnestness and warmth, so unlike her usual grave naïveté that he was astonished. There was a flush on her cheek and a frank fire in her eye that reminded him strangely of the captain; and yet she had emphasized her words with a little stamp of her narrow foot and a

gesture of her hand that was so untrained and girlish that he smiled, and said, with perhaps the least touch of bitterness in his tone, "But you will get over that when you come into the property."

"I suppose I shall," she returned, with an odd lapse to her former gravity and submissiveness. "That's what they all tell me."

"You will be independent and your own mistress," he added.

"Independent," she repeated impatiently, "with Dorniton Hall and twenty thousand a year! Independent with every duty marked out for me! Independent with every one to criticize my smallest actions—every one who would never have given a thought to the orphan who was contented and made her own friends on a hundred a year! Of course you, who are a stranger, don't understand; yet I thought that you—" she hesitated, "would have thought differently."

"Why?"

"Why, with your belief that one should make one's own fortune," she said.

"That would do for a man, and in that I respected Captain Dorniton's convictions, as you told them to me. But for a girl, how could she be independent, except with money?"

She shook her head as if unconvinced, but did not reply. They were nearing the garden porch, when she looked up, and said: "And, as you're a man, you will be making your way in the world. Mr. Dingwall said you would."

There was something so childishly trustful and confident in her assurance that he smiled. "Mr. Dingwall is too sanguine, but it gives me hope to hear *you* say so."

She colored slightly, and said gravely: "We must go in now." Yet she lingered for a moment before the door. For a long time afterward he had a very vivid recollection of her charming face, in its childlike gravity and its quaint frame of black crape, standing out against the sunset-warmed wall of the rectory. "Promise me you will not mind what these people say or do," she said suddenly.

"I promise," he returned, with a smile, "to mind only what *you* say or do."

"But I might not be always quite right, you know," she said naively.

"I'll risk that."

"Then, when we go in now, don't talk much to me, but make yourself agreeable to all the others, and then go straight home to the inn, and don't come here until after the funeral."

The faintest evasive glint of mischievousness in her withdrawn eyes at this moment mitigated the austerity of her command as they both passed in.

Randolph had intended not to return to London until after the funeral, two days later, and spent the intervening day at the neighboring town, whence he despatched his exploring and perhaps hopeless letter to the captain. The funeral was a large and imposing one, and impressed Randolph for the first time with the local importance and solid standing of the Dornitons. All the magnates and old county families were represented. The inn yard and the streets of the little village were filled with their quaint liveries, crested paneled carriages, and silver-cipher caparisoned horses, with a sprinkling of fashion from London. He could not close his ears to the gossip of the villagers regarding the suddenness of the late baronet's death, the extinction of the title, the accession of the orphaned girl to the property, and even, to his greater exasperation, speculations upon her future and probable marriage. "Some o' they gay chaps from Lunnon will be lordin' it over the Hall afore long," was the comment of the hostler.

It was with some little bitterness that Randolph took his seat in the crowded church. But this feeling, and even his attempts to discover Miss Eversleigh's face in the stately family pew fenced off from the chancel, presently passed away. And then his mind began to be filled with strange and weird fancies. What grim and ghostly revelations might pass between this dead scion of the Dornitons lying on the trestles before them and the obscure, nameless ticket-of-leave man awaiting his entrance in the vault below! The incongruity of this thought, with the smug complacency of the worldly minded congregation sitting around him, and the probable smiling carelessness of the reckless rover,—the cause of all,—even now idly pacing the deck on the distant sea, touched him with horror. And when added to this was the consciousness that Sybil Eversleigh was forced to become an innocent actor in this hideous comedy, it seemed as much as he could bear. Again he questioned himself, Was he right to withhold his secret from her? In vain he tried to satisfy his conscience that she was happier in her ignorance. The resolve he had made to keep his relations with her apart from his secret, he knew now, was impossible. But one thing was left to him. Until he could disclose his whole story,—until his lips were unsealed by

Captain Dorniton,—he must never see her again. And the grim sanctity of the edifice seemed to make that resolution a vow.

He did not dare to raise his eyes again toward her pew, lest a sight of her sweet, grave face might shake his resolution, and he slipped away first among the departing congregation. He sent her a brief note from the inn saying that he was recalled to London by an earlier train, and that he would be obliged to return to California at once, but hoping that if he could be of any further assistance to her she would write to him to the care of the bank. It was a formal letter, and yet he had never written otherwise than formally to her. That night he reached London. On the following night he sailed from Liverpool for America.

Six months had passed. It was difficult, at first, for Randolph to pick up his old life again; but his habitual earnestness and singleness of purpose stood him in good stead, and a vague rumor that he had made some powerful friends abroad, with the nearer fact that he had a letter of credit for a thousand pounds, did not lessen his reputation. He was reinstated and advanced at the bank. Mr. Dingwall was exceptionally gracious, and minute in his inquiries regarding Miss Eversleigh's succession to the Dorniton property, with an occasional shrewdness of eye in his interrogations which recalled to Randolph the questioning of Miss Eversleigh's friends, and which he responded to as cautiously. For the young fellow remained faithful to his vow even in thinking of her, and seemed to be absorbed entirely in his business. Yet there was a vague ambition of purpose in this absorption that would probably have startled the more conservative Englishman had he known it.

He had not heard from Miss Eversleigh since he left, nor had he received any response from the captain. Indeed, he had indulged in little hopes of either. But he kept stolidly at work, perhaps with a larger trust than he knew. And then, one day, he received a letter addressed in a handwriting that made his heart leap, though he had seen it but once, when it conveyed the news of Sir William Dorniton's sudden illness. It was from Miss Eversleigh, but the post-mark was Callao! He tore open the envelop, and for the next few moments forgot everything—his business devotion, his lofty purpose, even his solemn vow.

It read as follows:

DEAR MR. TRENT: I should not be writing to you now if I did not believe that I *now* understand why you left us so abruptly on the day of the funeral, and why you were at times so strange. You might have been a little less hard and cold even if you knew all that you did know. But I must write now, for I shall be in San Francisco a few days after this reaches you, and I *must* see you and have *your* help, for I can have no other, as you know. You are wondering what this means, and why I am here. I know *all* and *everything*. I know *he* is alive and never was dead. I know I have no right to what I have, and never had, and I have come here to seek him and make him take it back. I could do no other. I could not live and do anything but that, and *you* might have known it. But I have not found him here as I hoped I should, though perhaps it was a foolish hope of mine, and I am coming to you to help me seek him, for he *must be found*. You know I want to keep his and your secret, and therefore the only one I can turn to for assistance and counsel is *you*.

You are wondering how I know what I do. Two months ago I got a letter from him,—the strangest, quaintest, and yet *the kindest letter*,—exactly like himself and the way he used to talk! He had just heard of his brother's death, and congratulated me on coming into the property, and said he was now perfectly happy, and should *keep dead*, and never, never come to life again; that he never thought things would turn out as splendidly as they had,—for Sir William *might* have had an heir,—and that now he should *really die happy*. He said something about everything being legally right, and that I could do what I liked with the property. As if *that* would satisfy me! Yet it was all so sweet and kind, and so like dear old Jack, that I cried all night. And then I resolved to come here, where his letter was dated from. Luckily I was of age now, and could do as I liked, and I said I wanted to travel in South America and California; and I suppose they did n't think it very strange that I should use my liberty in that way. Some said it was quite like a Dorniton! I knew something of Callao from your friend Miss Avondale, and could talk about it, which impressed them. So I started off with only a maid—my old nurse. I was a little frightened at first, when I came to think what I was doing, but everybody was very kind, and I really feel quite independent now. So, you see, a girl may be *independent*, after all! Of course I shall see Mr. Dingwall in San Francisco, but he need not know anything more than that I am traveling for pleasure. And I may go to the Sandwich Islands or Sydney, if I think *he* is there. Of course I have had to use some money,—some of *his* rents,—but it shall all be paid back. I will tell you everything about my plans when I see you.

Yours faithfully,

SYBIL EVERSLEIGH.

P. S. Why did you let me cry over that man's tomb in the church?

Randolph looked again at the date, and then hurriedly consulted the shipping-list. She was due in ten days. Yet, delighted as he was with that prospect, and touched as he had been with her courage and naïve determination, after his first joy he laid the letter down with a sigh. For whatever was his ultimate ambition, he was still a mere salaried clerk; whatever was her self-sacrificing purpose, she was still the rich heiress. The seal of secrecy had been broken, yet the situation remained unchanged; their association must still be dominated by it. And he shrank from the thought of making her girlish appeal to him for help an opportunity for revealing his real feelings.

This instinct was strengthened by the somewhat formal manner in which Mr. Dingwall announced her approaching visit: "Miss Eversleigh will stay with Mrs. Dingwall while she is here, on account of her—er—position, and the fact that she is without a chaperon. Mrs. Dingwall will, of course, be glad to receive any friends Miss Eversleigh would like to see."

Randolph frankly returned that Miss Eversleigh had written to him, and that he would be glad to present himself. Nothing more was said, but as the days passed he could not help noticing that, in proportion as Mr. Dingwall's manner became more stiff and ceremonious, Mr. Revelstoke's usually crisp, good-humored suggestions grew more deliberate, and Randolph found himself once or twice the subject of the president's penetrating but smiling scrutiny. And the day before Miss Eversleigh's arrival his natural excitement was a little heightened by a summons to Mr. Revelstoke's private office.

As he entered, the president laid aside his pen and closed the door.

"I have never made it my business, Trent," he said, with good-humored brusqueness, "to interfere in my employees' private affairs, unless they affect their relations to the bank, and I have n't had the least occasion to do so with you. Neither has Mr. Dingwall, although it is on *his* behalf that I am now speaking." As Randolph listened with a contracted brow, he went on with a grim smile: "But he is an Englishman, you know, and has certain ideas of the importance of 'position,' particularly among his own people. He wishes me, therefore, to warn you of what *he* calls the 'disparity' of your position and that of a young English lady—Miss Eversleigh—with whom you have some acquaintance, and in whom," he added with a still grimmer satisfaction, "he fears, you are too deeply interested."

Randolph blazed. "If Mr. Dingwall had asked *me*, sir," he said hotly, "I would have told him that I have never yet had to be reminded that Miss Eversleigh is a rich heiress and I only a poor clerk, but as to his using her name in such a connection, or dictating to me the manner of—"

"Hold hard," said Revelstoke, lifting his hand deprecatingly, yet with his unchanged smile. "I don't agree with Mr. Dingwall, and I have every reason to know the value of *your* services, yet I admit something is due to *his* prejudices. And in this matter, Trent, the Bank of Eureka, while I am its president, does n't take a back seat. I have concluded to make you manager of the branch bank at Marysville, an independent position with its salary and commissions. And if that does n't suit Dingwall, why," he added, rising from his desk with a short laugh, "he has a bigger idea of the value of property than the bank has."

"One moment, sir, I implore you," burst out Randolph, breathlessly. "If your kind offer is based upon the mistaken belief that I have the least claim upon Miss Eversleigh's consideration more than that of simple friendship—if anybody has dared to give you the idea that I have aspired by word or deed to more, or that the young lady has ever countenanced or even suspected such aspirations, it is utterly false, and grateful as I am for your kindness, I could not accept it."

"Look here, Trent," returned Revelstoke, curtly, yet laying his hand on the young man's shoulder not unkindly. "All that is *your* private affair, which, as I told you, I don't interfere with. The other is a question between Mr. Dingwall and myself of your comparative value. It won't hurt you with *anybody* to know how high we've assessed it. Don't spoil a good thing!"

Grateful even in his uncertainty, Randolph could only thank him and withdraw. Yet this fateful forcing of his hand in a delicate question gave him a new courage. It was with a certain confidence now in his capacity as *her* friend and qualified to advise *her* that he called at Mr. Dingwall's the evening she arrived. It struck him that in the Dingwalls' reception of him there was mingled with their formality a certain respect.

Thanks to this, perhaps, he found her alone. She seemed to him more beautiful than his recollection had painted her, in the development that maturity, freedom from restraint, and time had given her. For a moment his new, fresh courage was staggered. But she had retained her youthful

simplicity, and came toward him with the same naive and innocent yearning in her clear eyes that he remembered at their last meeting. Their first words were, naturally, of their great secret, and Randolph told her the whole story of his unexpected and startling meeting with the captain, and the captain's strange narrative, of his undertaking the journey with him to recover his claim, establish his identity, and, as Randolph had hoped, restore to her that member of the family whom she had most cared for. He recounted the captain's hesitation on arriving; his own journey to the rectory; the news she had given him; the reason of his singular behavior; his return to London; and the second disappearance of the captain. He read to her the letter he had received from him, and told her of his hopeless chase to the docks only to find him gone. She listened to him breathlessly, with varying color, with an occasional outburst of pity, or a strange shining of the eyes, that sometimes became clouded and misty, and at the conclusion with a calm and grave paleness.

"But," she said, "you should have told me all."

"It was not my secret," he pleaded.

"You should have trusted me."

"But the captain had trusted *me*."

She looked at him with grave wonder, and then said, with her old directness: "But if I had been told such a secret affecting you, I should have told you." She stopped suddenly, seeing his eyes fixed on her, and dropped her own lids with a slight color. "I mean," she said hesitatingly, "of course you have acted nobly, generously, kindly, wisely—but I hate secrets! Oh, why cannot one be always frank?"

A wild idea seized Randolph. "But I have another secret,—you have not guessed,—and I have not dared to tell you. Do you wish me to be frank now?"

"Why not?" she said simply, but she did not look up.

Then he told her! But, strangest of all, in spite of his fears and convictions, it flowed easily and naturally as a part of his other secret, with an eloquence he had not dreamed of before. But when he told her of his late position and his prospects, she raised her eyes to him for the first time, yet without

withdrawing her hand from his, and said reproachfully:

"Yet but for *that* you would never have told me."

"How could I?" he returned eagerly. "For but for *that* how could I help you to carry out *your* trust? How could I devote myself to your plans, and enable you to carry them out without touching a dollar of that inheritance which you believe to be wrongfully yours?"

Then, with his old boyish enthusiasm, he sketched a glowing picture of their future: how they would keep the Dorniton property intact until the captain was found and communicated with; and how they would cautiously collect all the information accessible to find him until such time as Randolph's fortunes would enable them both to go on a voyage of discovery after him. And in the midst of this prophetic forecast, which brought them so closely together that she was enabled to examine his watch-chain, she said:

"I see you have kept Cousin Jack's ring. Did he ever see it?"

"He told me he had given it to you as his little sweetheart, and that he—" There was a singular pause here.

"He never did *that*—at least, not in that way!" said Sybil Eversleigh.

AND, strangely enough, the optimistic Randolph's prophecies came true. He was married a month later to Sybil Eversleigh, Mr. Dingwall giving away the bride. He and his wife were able to keep their trust in regard to the property, for, without investing a dollar of it in the bank, the mere reputation of his wife's wealth brought him a flood of other investors and a confidence which at once secured his success. In two years he was able to take his wife on a six months' holiday to Europe via Australia, but of the details of that holiday no one knew. It is, however, on record that ten or twelve years ago Dorniton Hall, which had been leased or unoccupied for a long time, was refitted for the heiress, her husband, and their children during a brief occupancy, and that in that period extensive repairs were made to the interior of the old Norman church, and much attention given to the redecoration and restoration of its ancient tombs.



THE ASSASSINATION OF KINGS AND PRESIDENTS.

BY J. M. BUCKLEY, LL.D.,

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THAT word of ill omen, assassin, is believed to have originated from the methods adopted by the chief of a military and religious order which migrated from Persia to the mountains of Syria about the close of the eleventh century. By secret and treacherous murders in different parts of the world, perpetrated by selected agents, the sect became infamous; and because, to prepare these emissaries for "bloody deeds and death," they were drugged with hashish, they were called assassins. The word early came into English, for Bacon speaks of the sending by a Saracen prince of an assassin who slew Amurath I and wounded Edward I of England. Milton used the word; Burnet also; and Shakspeare fits it to the tongue of *Macbeth*:

If it were done, when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease, success.

Bates, the elegant Puritan writer, in treating the immortality of the soul, said: "In the judgment of mankind some heinous offenders, as parricides, the assassins of kings, the betrayers of their country, contract so great a guilt as exceeds the most exquisite torments that the criminal can endure."

Though the word came late into use, the crime was born with government, and the history of the ancient world might with slight exaggeration be described as a catalogue of actual or attempted assassinations of rulers. The greater number of these sprang from personal hatred or revenge; were often incidents of the debauchery common to rulers, or were prompted by ambition for a crown. Some were the fruit of conspiracies to overthrow a dynasty, fomented within or without the state; others were engendered by religious fanaticism. Of the most notable, some were designed to prevent the execution of a decree capriciously issued by a despot as part of a plan of extermina-

tion of a race, a clan, or the inhabitants of a province; three others were the result of jealousy. Assassinations have sometimes been necessary to self-preservation, as when the object of royal jealousy knew that the ruler would compass his ruin if he did not first destroy him. Few have been the result of unmistakable insanity.

The age, nation, circumstances, subject, and the perpetrators have made assassinations of certain rulers typical.

He who fought at Thermopylæ, at Plataea, and at Salamis, who assembled the largest army ever known, whose empire was the most extensive,—Xerxes the Great,—ended his career ingloriously, for he was assassinated by Artebanus, a captain of his guard, the motive being personal ambition combined with revenge. Xerxes was dissolute, bloodthirsty, and tyrannical. To appease the jealousy of his own wife, he consented to the horrible mutilation of his brother's wife, whose betrayal he had vainly attempted, and sent the bleeding body to her husband. Hearing of his just indignation, Xerxes despatched a party of horse after him, who cut him in pieces and all his children and retinue. Finally, Artebanus was commanded by Xerxes to murder his eldest son, Darius, for what cause does not appear. As Xerxes was intoxicated when he issued this order, Artebanus thought that he might forget it; but as the king complained of the delay, Artebanus formed a conspiracy to kill him instead of the son, which having done, he went to the third son, Artaxerxes, charged Darius with the murder, and by working upon the fears of Artaxerxes, led him to join in compassing the death of Darius. Assassination was the fashion of the age, and often a capricious, tyrannical, sanguinary, and drunken despot was slain by one who became as bad, he, in turn, giving way to another equally detested.

Philip of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great, was elevated to the throne by his transcendent abilities, and was possessed of rare military talents. He was endowed with the deepest political sagacity, but was with-

out moral restraint, or any of the elements of a generous nature. He met his fate under dramatic circumstances. While engaged in celebrating a magnificent marriage festival, and walking in solemn procession to the temple, he was struck to the heart by the dagger of Pausanias, the son of a noble, who had been brutally injured by Attalus, uncle of the mistress of Philip, and to whom Philip had refused to do justice. Historians are almost unanimous in the conclusion that, although he had been driven from the court by disgust at the conduct of his father, the guilt of being privy to the assassination cannot be laid to the charge of Alexander the Great.

Three hundred years later occurred the assassination of Julius Cæsar, the most celebrated in old-world history. The ancient republican constitution was at an end, the liberty of Rome had been subverted, and it was destined to fall; but Cæsar's usurping hand had seized it with the fell purpose of dragging it down. Among the sixty or more conspirators were some of the most distinguished Roman citizens. Judicious critics do not deny to Brutus a large measure of patriotism, and believe that he might have truly spoken what Shakspeare puts in his mouth:

Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. . . . There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition.

Those who slew Cæsar were under the delusion that "by his death they would restore the liberty and ancient constitution of the country"; but their views were narrow.

July 10, 1584, is a dark day in modern history, for William, Prince of Orange, was one of the few who in purity, patriotism, nobility of character, and dignity of moral and physical courage might be deemed worthy of comparison with George Washington. He had achieved freedom for his country, and employed all his sovereign power and personal ability for the good of his people.

Philip of Spain, defeated by him in battle, having wholly lost the Netherlands, offered a reward of twenty-five thousand crowns to any one who should capture him or take his life. Within two years, with the knowledge of the Spanish government, five attempts to assassinate him were made.

The sixth attempt was successful. The assassin was a religious fanatic, who for seven years had nurtured the purpose; the

reason he assigned was that he was "convinced that so long as the prince lived he seemed likely to remain a rebel against the Catholic king, and to make every effort to disturb the rights of the Roman Catholic apostolic religion." He was suspected also of hoping for pecuniary reward. At two o'clock on the fatal day he shot the illustrious patriot, statesman, and warrior through the heart with three balls. The prince fell, exclaiming, "O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!" The conduct of the assassin on his trial, and during the infliction of the sentence, the most horrible that the mind of man could conceive, furnished conclusive evidence that, whatever had been the condition of his mind when he conceived the deed and perpetrated it, he was then insane.

On May 14, 1610, Henry IV, the first Bourbon monarch of France, and probably the best of all of that line, a king who coquetted with both Protestants and Catholics, was a great soldier and captain if not a great general, and who had an abundance of fashionable vices, but is credited even by his enemies with elevated sentiments, affable manners, and genuine love of his country, was murdered by Ravallac, who stabbed him with a knife. The assassin protested to the last that he had no accomplices, and his statement is generally credited. He had been unsuccessful in life and had applied for admission to several orders and houses of residence, among them the Society of Jesus, which rejected his application. Rumors being current that Henry intended to make war against the Pope, the distorted mind and vindictive heart of Ravallac engendered the idea of assassinating the king. All France mourned the event as a national calamity, and Voltaire, in speaking of Henry's character, said that if it had been described to an intelligent foreigner, and it had then been said that this man was struck down by a person to whom he had done no harm, the narration would be incredible.

In Washington, at the Capitol, on the thirtieth day of January, 1835, Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, attended the funeral of Warren R. Davis, member of the House of Representatives from South Carolina. To accompany the body to the grave a procession was formed, the President near its head. As he crossed the rotunda and was about to step upon the portico, a man rushed forward, placed himself about eight feet before the President and, point-

ing a pistol at his breast, pulled the trigger. The cap exploded, but the pistol was not discharged. The man raised a second pistol, which he had held in his left hand under his cloak. That also missed fire. The President, with uplifted cane, rushed furiously at him, but before he reached him a lieutenant of the navy knocked the assassin down, and he was immediately taken to jail. The President was hurried into a carriage and driven to the White House. President Jackson for a few days was disposed to give the attempt a political significance. The man, however, proved to be an English house-painter, of the name of Lawrence, whose brain, on account of his having been long out of employment and listening to those who alleged that the policy of General Jackson was ruining the country, had been fired with the project of assassinating him. The official examiners reported him to have many insane delusions, among them that he believed he could not be punished for his act because it would be resisted both by the American people and the powers of Europe; that he was in correspondence with those powers, and that his family had been wrongfully deprived of the crown of England. He was confined in an asylum. Had a modern revolver been in the hands of this lunatic, Andrew Jackson would have been the first in the growing list of assassinated Presidents.

Friday, the fourteenth of April, 1865, thirty years after this attempt upon President Jackson, was the anniversary of the surrender of Fort Sumter by Major Anderson, but that day was to be made more memorable by the most appalling event in the history of the country. Early the next morning the telegraph, which for days had been flashing to every corner of the land tidings of victory, of the fall of Richmond, of the triumph of Sherman, conveyed the awful intelligence that Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated. Not even the shock of September 6, 1901, made the hearts of the people shiver as did this. Yet it was capable of intensification, for when it was learned that the assassin was the third son of the famous Junius Brutus Booth, and the brother of Edwin Booth, the sense of horror deepened; and when it became clear that it was part of a general plan of assassination, and that there were accomplices, an unparalleled and previously inconceivable situation constituted a brain-racking and heart-rending problem.

Junius Brutus Booth was an actor of rare power, mastering intricate characters almost

by intuition. His sons were soon exposed to tendencies liable to accentuate any degree of nervous instability which they might have inherited. John Wilkes Booth, who was named after the great agitator, early became connected with the theater. One of the eulogists of the dramatic profession justly states that "when not addicted to intemperance, to which the exciting character of the life inclines so many, actors have reached the longest period of the duration of the human life of all classes; *they are freest from crime*; an inordinate vanity and irregularity in money matters are among the vices of the profession; but that which principally tends to continue the social ban upon them is their looseness on the subject of marriage, and there is a lavish promiscuousness about the notions of all, male and female, on the subject of the family relation."

A decided improvement has taken place among actors of the first class, but the writer described the situation in the time of John Wilkes Booth. As an actor he was goaded by two powerful incentives—the memory of his father, whose fame was once so great, and the success of his brother Edwin. His earliest efforts in Philadelphia, where he appeared not under his own proper name, but as Mr. J. Wilkes, were ignominious failures, and more than once he was hooted and hissed off the stage. He attained a better position in Richmond, and becoming more self-reliant, appeared in Philadelphia under his own name, to considerable advantage, in "Romeo," "The Corsican Brothers," and especially in "Richard III," but was overshadowed by the renown of other members of the family.

It was a matter of common remark that he was disappointed and embittered, also that his avarice for fame was insatiable. Eccentricities in his conduct were to be explained by this fact. In 1863 he said to a friend: "What a glorious opportunity there is for a man to immortalize himself by killing Lincoln!" and then quoted his favorite lines:

The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool who raised it.

He also expressed his opinion, a year before the assassination, that "the man who killed Abe Lincoln would occupy a higher niche in the temple of fame than George Washington." The tragedy in which he achieved his greatest success, "Richard III," is chiefly a roll-call of assassinations.

But he could not have thought of murdering President Lincoln had he not re-

garded him as a tyrant and been inflamed by sympathy with a lost cause. This error of judgment led to delusion with relation to the sentiment of the world and of posterity concerning his deed. He imagined that by the bulk of mankind in this and subsequent ages he would be applauded.

The place chosen for the deed was a theater; and as the hour for the fatal act approached, the tragedian was seen in every step. "Go to Ford's Theater to-night," said he to an acquaintance. "There will be some splendid acting there." He was sure of success. After the shot he leaped upon the stage, crying, "Sic semper tyrannis!" an exclamation uttered by him a hundred times before, and added, "The South is avenged!"

The predisposing cause of the act of Booth was an unsatisfied lust for fame. His victim was selected under a misapprehension of his character, and the incidents of the crime resulted from his familiarity with assassinations in tragedy. The deed done, he proposed to escape, but there was there a more remarkable exhibition of poetic justice. It was written in the book of fate that the American flag should avenge the martyred President, for the drapery of the box was the Stars and Stripes, and the foot of the assassin became entangled in the curtain of the state box. Thrown forward, he fell, breaking his leg as he struck the floor. His subsequent agony and his ignominious death at the hands of a fanatical soldier completed a tragedy without a parallel, because such elements had never been in solution at a time when crystallization was possible.

On Saturday, July 2, 1881, a little more than sixteen years after the death of Lincoln, President Garfield, four months after his inauguration, rode in the carriage of James G. Blaine, Secretary of State, to the Baltimore and Potomac depot in Washington. At twenty minutes past nine he entered the women's passenger-room, leaning upon the arm of the Secretary, when Charles Julius Guiteau, a lawyer, approached him from behind, and shot him twice. He languished in great pain until September 19, on which day he died.

The motives and character of the assassin constituted a new problem. At the trial the defense offered for him was insanity. One of his counsel, aware that for some years I had made a study of mental derangement and had testified as an expert in similar cases, requested me to visit the prisoner in his cell and give an opinion as to his sanity. I did so, and after a protracted interview

reached a conclusion unsatisfactory to the lawyer, for I was convinced that the assassin could only be described in words which would seem a paradox to many, as belonging to the class of *responsible insane*. Such persons may approach at any time the invisible and shifting line which separates sanity from insanity, but in many cases, if not so easily as some, they can restrain themselves. Ordinary juries are liable to believe, and counsel and a certain class of heavily paid medical experts try to make jurors believe, that if a man be in any degree insane he should be held irresponsible before the law. Hence are set free many criminals who were never thought insane till they needed that defense, and who, after their acquittal, never exhibit a sign of insanity.

I propounded to Guiteau a series of questions which, with few exceptions, were such as he had not answered before. They related to his mental and moral experiences while contemplating his objections to the course of Garfield toward himself, to the rise of the idea that he must "remove him," to his shrinking from it at first or otherwise, and to what would have been his opinion if President Garfield had recovered. Many of them involved sharp discriminations, and were such as would have puzzled a typical monomaniac or paranoiac. He answered the questions, made no reply that required explanation, used no superfluous words, did not ask for a repetition of any question, nor employ a word in an improper sense; but occasionally he contradicted the record of his own course and his own testimony. He gave no indication of being, or ever having been, *irresponsibly* insane. His conversation and bearing were unlike those of any irresponsibly insane man with whom I have conversed. They resembled those of a man who had committed a crime, and after doing so had made himself believe that he could not help it. His motives were obvious. He desired office; disappointed in the quest, he felt revengeful, and the idea occurred to him to kill the President and put the "Stalwarts" in power. When it first rose it was like the idea of forgery, murder, or suicide. By turning away he could have cast it out and resisted its fascination, but as he voluntarily dwelt upon it, its proportions grew.

The thought that he had been subject to "a pressure of the Deity" came upon him in this way. Most criminals are fatalists. The chief difficulty is to convince them of guilt. Guiteau had all his life been familiar with theology; his mind was imbued with biblical

phrases. With an inactive conscience, vanity stimulated by the excitement which his deed caused, the peculiarities of treatment to which he was subjected, it was natural that he should pervert biblical analogies and say that "God commanded it." This naturalized his act in his own view, and left him free from remorse. That he expressed it in theological language no more proves that he could not help it than if, like an ordinary criminal, he had said, "I could not help it; I had to do it."

The root questions in his case were: Did he know what he was doing? Did he know that it was a crime? Had he power to refrain from doing it? These, I believe, could be answered only in the affirmative by one unwedded to a theory.

Whether Guiteau had become irresponsibly insane at the time of his execution is another question.

On March 13, 1881, Alexander II of Russia was assassinated. It was not remarkable that a czar should thus meet death. It had occurred before in the century, and before the century. But this was unlike other homicides of rulers. Its purpose was not to destroy one czar to make room for another; it was not the act of religious fanatics, nor of individuals seeking revenge, nor of men endeavoring to prevent the execution of a particular decree affecting themselves. It was an attempt to spread universal terror and demoralization by assassination, not by the deeds of a few acting on their own responsibility, but by a few supported by an unknown number, some of whom might be among the kindred of royalty.

I was greatly stirred by the murder of Lincoln and Garfield, and had been profoundly impressed with the noble expression of sympathy sent during the Civil War by Alexander II to President Lincoln. As soon after the assassination of the czar as I could arrange my affairs I went to Russia, chiefly to study the mind of the educated nihilist, bearing from President Arthur a special letter to all representatives of the American government.

Unable to believe in the dispassionate character of the extreme representations then current in favor of and against the nihilists and the Russian methods of suppressing them, before visiting the country I sought the acquaintance of Russians wandering about Europe either as refugees, for pleasure, or on official business.

On reaching Russia I soon found that most of the Russians refused to talk, and

that domiciled foreigners differed on all questions of fact. I had had an interview on a steamer with an official of the Russian government, who, being slightly intoxicated, communicated many things, the knowledge of which enabled me to induce persons to converse with me who otherwise would not have spoken. I learned that the nihilists, many of whom were virtually anarchists, included a few whose vagaries lie in the border-land between sanity and insanity, yet but few; that many were nobles impoverished by the emancipation of the serfs; more came from the army; many from the student class; quite a number from the Jews; some from religious dissenters; and but very few from the peasantry.

Most of the deadly work of nihilism was done by young persons. In a great trial in 1880 there were three women and thirteen men, of whom the women were twenty-one, twenty-two, and twenty-three years of age; of the men, all but one were under thirty years of age, and only half of the whole number were more than twenty-five. One was a Polish Catholic, two were Jews, seven were dismissed students. While I was in Russia a trial took place in which there were fourteen defendants. Five were officers in the army, the highest a lieutenant-colonel; two were of the navy, including Baron Alexander Stromberg. One woman was a physician's wife, another a member of the nobility, another a priest's daughter; three were merchants' sons, one a priest's son. All were convicted. Eight were sentenced to death, including Vera Figner, known as the "beautiful nihilist," who had been suspected and tracked for five years, and also the physician's wife. The czar granted life to six of them, but Baron Stromberg and Lieutenant Rogatcheff were hanged, and the rest imprisoned.

The word "nihilism," which, when first used, was of limited meaning, later was applied by the governing class and conservatives generally to several widely divergent parties; but at last they were resolved into two, one whose rallying-cry was, "The Democratization of Land!" and the other, "The Will of the People!" The latter party engaged in a political contest with the government, and failing, conceived the idea of demoralizing the government and society by terror. They boldly called themselves Terrorists. This was the party which, after assassinating several high in authority, and after unsuccessful attempts upon his life, murdered Alexander II, the most benign,

progressive, and disinterested sovereign Russia had ever known.

In the latter part of the century just closed arose a doctrine which bodes more evil to the world than any previous conception of human relations. Its direct fruit is *regicide on theory without personal malice*. Its votaries call themselves anarchists, a harmless word as used by the French philosopher who expounded a theory of the possible establishment of order in human society "without any supreme ruler, whether king or convention." He proposed to bring this condition about by education and free action, but, in the evolution of the thought, it encountered and was assimilated by nihilism. The chief principles of this unprincipled system are: The least exercise of government is a crime; "property is robbery"; "the agents of government, whether king or president, must be killed, whether the government be more or less despotic, more or less free."

Quiet theoretical anarchists, expecting a gradual acceptance of their faith, have furnished the conception and the arguments. Revolutionists and expatriated people—all whose temperaments would have fitted them for leaders in the first French Revolution—have met on the neutral ground of Switzerland, and organized and plotted wherever they could find a foothold, and when driven from Europe have fled to this country. Many of them are constantly in motion, flitting from capital to capital, ready to promote any conspiracy. At first confined to the members of a few nationalities, they now include a considerable number of Americans and Englishmen.

The first successful attempt under this conception was upon President Carnot, stabbed to death by an Italian anarchist on June 24, 1894, in the height of his popularity. Honesty, dignity, and patriotism had been exhibited in every office that he held, and for seven years he had successfully guided the ever rolling and tossing French ship of state.

The next in order of time was the assassination of the illustrious Cánovas del Castillo, prime minister of Spain, in August, 1897. While sitting with his wife, he was shot down, without warning, by an Italian anarchist named Golli, who claimed that he had performed the atrocious deed not as a personal but as a political act.

The third was the assassination, by Luccheni, an Italian anarchist from Parma, of the Empress of Austria in the canton of

Geneva in Switzerland on September 10, 1898. The miserable being confessed that he had been an anarchist since he was thirteen years old, and said to the arresting officer, "*If all anarchists did their duty, as I have done mine, bourgeois society would soon disappear.*"

On the last Sunday evening in July, 1900, Humbert, King of Italy, was struck by three revolver shots, one of which pierced his heart. The assassin was Angelo Bresci, an Italian anarchist, who had been associated with the colony of anarchists in Paterson, New Jersey. As an evidence of universal peril this startled the world even more than the assassination of Carnot.

On Friday, September 6, 1901, William McKinley, President of the United States of America, was shot by a native of this country, of Polish descent, who, not content to leave Judas alone in his infamy, as one who used the symbol of love as an instrument of betrayal, approached his victim as though about to shake the hand of a loved and honored friend. The assault proved fatal on the 14th of September.

No student of human nature, normal and abnormal, should have been surprised at this dénouement, for such it was. Every doctrine that strikes at the root of an organization, if believed, gives new meanings to the words "wise" and "prudent," "good" and "evil," and, creating a new conscience, gives a true or false sense of merit to the consciousness, a new signification to "honor" or "disgrace," and develops pride in deeds which before would have engendered shame. An organization, such as an anarchistic group, crystallizes these new elements, and new personalities of the nature of moral monsters are produced. Men without such a theory may commit crime, and their dead consciences may not trouble them. Those who act upon theory, when they are contriving assassination, may reach the cheerful calmness of a father planning a festival for his children. In Russia I sat incognito where such conversation flowed as smoothly as a rivulet in a meadow. This, then, seemed more wonderful than that they could have such thoughts. The grandiose idea of assassinating a king or president has a peculiar fascination for many minds; secret societies to promote destructive work inflame all abnormal combustibles in human nature; and a large number in every country are saturated with the spirit of anarchy. The crime of an individual indicates only the depravity of one person; anarchic murders imply the

practical application of the theories of many.

Absolute freedom of speech in practice has developed in many the most diabolical phases of human nature. While the privileges granted by the Constitution must not be unduly restricted, and freedom of speech must be maintained, responsibility should be attached to words tending to a breach of the peace, in the order of the importance of the crime which they advocate. Statesmanship should devise some method, in harmony with the federal government of the United States and the independence of the States, whereby the law should pronounce a man who attempts to assassinate a ruler guilty of treason, and punish him with death, sane or insane—unless the alleged lunacy should be shown to be so pronounced as to have no connection with a system of doctrine justifying assassination in the eyes of the holder thereof.

A man able to hold permanently a theory of assassination, conceive a plan of murder, and execute it in accordance therewith, should be counted sane enough to die for it, even though "experts" declare him insane. Those who advocate assassination should be counted accessories before the fact.

Formerly too many offenses were punished by death and long imprisonment. The pendulum has swung so far the other way that doctrinaire sentimentalists would abolish the penalty of death, which should be retained for desperate emergencies in criminal jurisprudence.

Imprisonment of anarchistic assassins for life simply makes them invisible centers of worship and psychological generators of murderers of rulers.

The proposition to incarcerate all anarchists in hospitals for the insane is quixotic. It ignores the possibility of a sane person becoming subject to a serious mental or moral twist without the loss of self-control—a possibility which has become an actuality in numerous instances of persons eminent in

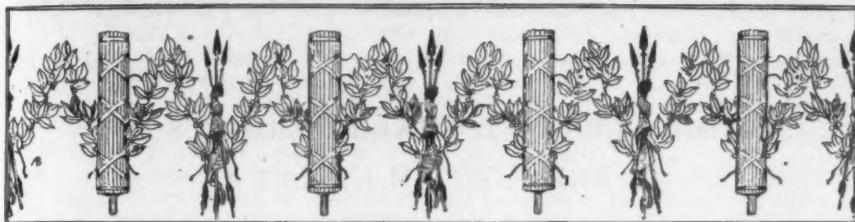
science, philosophy, commerce, and politics. It confuses the distinction between crime and disease. It springs from a common tendency to suppose that there is always something wrong in the brain of a man who can conceive theories and, in harmony therewith, execute deeds which would be abhorrent to people generally. In practice it would instigate efforts to communicate with the anarchist and to facilitate his escape; and it would introduce a method of deciding questions of sanity which, if consistently applied, would require the sequestration of thousands in every large community, who hold fanaticisms, superstitions, and irrational ideas (in the opinion of the majority) upon the most important questions, and who live in a way which their neighbors cannot understand.

An international "penal" colony for anarchists is equally visionary. There would be no common standard of justifiable opposition to government in theory or practice among the various nations; and where oppression prevails, what would almost justify revolution would in free governments call only for agitation with a view to change statutes or administration.

The success of this assassination on theory is liable, after a brief period of misleading quiescence, to cause the epidemic to spread rather than diminish. The President, hereafter, must be actually, not, as at Buffalo, nominally, guarded. When the genial custom arose for the President to give receptions to the public, and to offer his hand fearlessly to every one who might come, the population was comparatively homogeneous, and there was no theory of regicide without personal malice.

The capacity of the United States to assimilate all creeds, nationalities, and races has been overworked in orations, in the press, and in public confidence. The problem for American statesmanship is how to retain the glorious privileges of the Constitution, and control the constantly increasing unassimilable units of the population.





THE NEW PRESIDENT.

A PRAYER.

BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD.

NOT for the silent chief whom Death
Gently and sedulously keeps
Within a splendid calm ; naught mars
His well-won laurels where he sleeps.

Rather for him who newly stands
Half startled on a slippery height,
Like a strong falcon which some hand
Unhooded rudely, whom the light

Floods unforeseen, but who shall prove
A wide-winged strength! For him we pray:
Give him such wisdom swift and keen
He shall restore us Yesterday !

DILLON, GEORGIA.





SOME PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY

BY JOHN D. LONG,
Secretary of the Navy.

IT is the personality of President McKinley that has given him a hold upon the affections of the American people such as no other President—not even Lincoln before his martyrdom—has had. McKinley was the most lovable of men alike in public and in private life. His friends loved him because he loved them. His enemies—if such an unfitting term can be used, for he had none—were disarmed because he would not cherish enmity nor make retaliation.

I remember one day at a Cabinet meeting a secretary of one of the departments urged the discharge of some female clerk who had after many years grown at once incompetent and obstreperous, but relied for her retention in office upon the help of a senator. It was a senator who had been especially bitter and malignant in his attacks upon the President's administration. But I shall never forget the kindly smile with which he said: "Go slow. It may be some old friend of Senator ——'s wife, and I really would not like to trouble him or her. You know, when any of you are too easy I am inclined to be a little severe, and when you are severe I am inclined to be easy. However, Mr. Secretary, I shall of course sustain you in anything you think ought to be done in the matter, but think it over." Of course no removal was made.

He was considerate toward everybody. His first thought seemed to be to make all with whom he came in contact or had political or private relation happier and more at ease. As he drove through the street or along the country road, he never failed to recognize a salutation, even if it were only the wistful face of some child or the kindly interest of the wayside laborer. There was no school-boy or -girl who had the happy fortune to be admitted to the Cabinet chamber that did not receive from his hand the flower which he was wearing in the lapel of his coat.

How many times I have seen him break

from an important task to receive a call from a visiting delegation of teachers or excursionists, and that, too, without the slightest impatience or expression of irritation, which almost any other man would have uttered in conferring the same favor. It was in this spirit that he went among the people of the South, and did more than any other man has done since the Civil War to restore among them the fraternal spirit. He acted in this no doubt from a wise policy, but he also acted in the genuine spirit of his own generous nature.

In the long railroad journeys which I made with him over the country his latch-string was always out. If his fellow-countrymen could not come in, he went out to them, fearless, frank, confiding. "Who will attack me?" he would say. "I have n't an enemy in the world."

There was always the pleasant smile from the car window, whether the gathering were large or small, and, when time allowed, the kindly word of response.

I never saw a man with such an even and unruffled temper. During the years in which I was with him, under the strain of war, in the heat of the congestion of closing Congresses, under the pressure for peace, I never heard him utter an impatient word. He never scolded nor whined. He never showed irritation, neither at the Cabinet board nor, so far as I know, in separate conversation with its members. If there were a difference of opinion, his views, which of course prevailed, were put in a way as considerate as if his were not the final word.

He had a fine sense of humor. He remembered incidents and narrated them with effect. Twice a week, on Cabinet days, it was a delightful thing to go into the Cabinet room at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The President would be standing near the window, looking fresh, with a white waist-

coat and a rose in his buttonhole. A few people left over from the morning callers would be lingering for a word, each getting a pleasant one. In due time the Cabinet would be left with the President. He would take his seat at the table, but before settling down to business was more than likely to entertain us for ten or fifteen minutes with some story of the war, or some anecdote about public men, or some experience of his in old campaigning days.

He was great enough not to be afraid of availing himself of the help and counsel of those about him, especially his constitutional advisers and the leading men of Congress and of the day. Whether it was a message to Congress, or a state paper, or a speech to be delivered, he would often read it to us and consult with us alike as to its matter and its form. He seemed to repose with absolute confidence in those whom he trusted, never reminding them in any way that any subject was a matter of confidence or suggesting that it be so regarded, but taking for granted that the confidence would be kept.

So far as I observed, he did not primarily dictate his papers or speeches. His habit was, when alone in his office or in his chamber, to write parts of these on slips with a pencil from time to time, afterward reading them to some of us, and then turning them over to his stenographer for a better copy. He gave a good deal of thought to phrases. It will be noted, I think, in almost every speech and paper that there are a few sentences especially significant and striking as texts. These were usually the result of careful and deliberate thought.

In this frank consultation with those about him whom he trusted there seemed to be no favorite. While his friendships were of the warmest, he never seemed to single out any one official as the special depository of his confidence or as his special adviser. To the head of each executive department he looked with regard to matters in it.

So, also, in legislative matters no one senator or representative was the avenue to him, but each in the legislative line which he represented weighed with him. If Senator Hoar, for instance, differed from him on the question of the Philippines, it only made him the more eager to welcome Senator Hoar, to whom he was sincerely attached, with the assurance that an honest difference of opinion on one question in no wise lessened the influence of his advice and sympathy on another.

President McKinley had the art of intrusting the discharge of administrative details to others. It is needless to say that the business of his office is enormous—almost too great a load for any pair of shoulders to carry. And yet he discharged its duties promptly, in an orderly way and efficiently. He gave free rein to his executive chiefs, yet kept himself thoroughly informed of their doings.

He was an unusually wise adviser. His tact and sense of the fitness of things were often of great service in checking us from hasty or unwise action. Many a paper prepared with great care has been taken to him, to which he has patiently listened, then kindly suggested that perhaps it better be laid aside or modified.

He was not easily disturbed. Only once, and that was during the events leading up to the Spanish War, did I see him in a state of what is called nervous excitement. It then manifested itself in his repeatedly sitting for a moment, then rising, then sitting again.

He was the very ideal of serenity and deliberation. He was an instance of what some of the physicians say is the proper thing—good health without much physical exercise. Now and then he would send for one of his Cabinet officers to take a walk with him in the street—sometimes to drive with him in his carriage. In the summer at noon it was his habit to go into the large park in the rear of the White House, although I often then found him there sitting in the shade rather than walking about.

His personal habits were of the simplest and most unassuming. He was a constant attendant at church on Sunday, and never, if he could avoid it, would travel on that day. He acted in this, it seemed to me, alike from a religious principle upon his part, and from a very considerate respect for the principles of others.

The moral side of his character was very pronounced. He was by nature a right-minded man. There was no guile in him. There never was the suggestion of an inclination to accomplish even a good result by improper means.

As has been said, it was the consciousness of this moral quality in him which won him not only the love and affection, but the confidence of all the people. Other men have been as brilliant, as wise, as gifted in speech, as efficient in action,—some more,—but have failed for lack of this quality to command

that confidence and those honors which cannot be attained without it.

Make every allowance for the ambition which every public man feels for success and fame and popularity; make every allowance for the selfish motive that enters into every act even when it is good, and yet there remains in President McKinley the instinctive, inherent impulse to do good for its own sake, to serve his country, to better the condition of its people, to help those who labor, to lighten toil, to promote human happiness.

I have never seen anything more significant than the journey with his dead body from Buffalo to Washington on the 16th of September last—the wife of his heart, around whom in her frail physical health his arm never before had failed to be a support, entering the Presidential car bereaved of his devoted care; the school-children with their little flags at every station standing with uncovered heads and full of even an unconscious sympathy; the lines of workingmen, as we went through manufacturing villages, in their shirt-sleeves, arranged in a military platoon, with their hats off and held in military salute against their breasts, every face among them speaking of the loss of one they knew to be their friend; the greater crowds at the larger towns and cities, from which, as the train stopped, seemed to burst almost spontaneously his favorite hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," which will always be associated with him.

All this was not mere curiosity. It was the genuine expression of a universal feeling, and by its responsiveness to him who called it out was a measure and index of his own character.

The nation has suffered the loss of a chief magistrate. The people, one and all, have lost a personal friend.

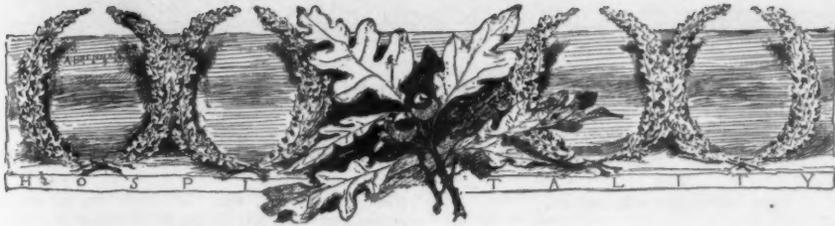
Criticism of public men is a good thing and should not be deprecated. It is hard when it is unjust, especially so if, accompanied by personal feeling or party spirit, it is strained and malignant. In the long run, however, the balance is restored. President McKinley, considering the magnitude of the events of his administration, has escaped bitter criticism more than his predecessors, notably Lincoln.

Still, remembering what that criticism has sometimes been, it is right that those who knew him should bear testimony to the prayerful and conscientious spirit in which he met the great problems of his administration—greater than any since Lincoln's time.

He made every effort to avert the Spanish War. When negotiations for peace came, every impulse was for the largest generosity. In dealing with the Philippines his unreserved and single purpose was their civilization and help. His state papers are historic monuments to the embodiment in him of the principles of American freedom and liberty and civilization. No better appointments than his were ever made or could be made to the great, responsible positions of civil trust in our newly acquired possessions. His whole idea of the administrative service abroad and at home was for the most honest and most efficient service.

For himself, as for Lincoln, with whom he ranks, his martyrdom, while the most cruel of bereavements to his country, only the more illuminates his high place in the hall of his country's fame.





THE COMFORT OF THE TREES.

THE DYING PRESIDENT: SEPTEMBER, 1901.

BY R. W. G.

GENTLE and generous, brave-hearted, kind,
And full of love and trust was he, our chief;
He never harmed a soul! Oh, dull and blind
And cruel, the hand that smote, beyond belief!
Strike him? It could not be! Soon should we find
'T was but a torturing dream—our sudden grief!—
Then sobs and wailings down the northern wind
Like the wild voice of shipwreck from a reef!

By false hope lulled (his courage gave us hope!)
By day, by night we watched,—until unfurled
At last the word of fate!—Our memories
Cherish one tender thought in their sad scope:
He, looking from the window on this world,
Found comfort in the moving green of trees.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1901.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

McKinley — Roosevelt.

THE two names associated such a little while ago as candidates on a Presidential ticket, and in a partizan sense, are associated now in a new sense as successive Presidents of our country in circumstances of tragic import.

McKinley the candidate, the President, now takes his place in history among the American Presidents whose assumption of public duty led to a shocking and murderous end. His last hours threw back on his career a strong light. Even those of his countrymen who had conscientiously criticized many of his acts and measures felt a patriotic pride in those noble traits of character which shone bright in the time of suffering and calamity. His magnanimity toward a treacherous assassin, his consideration for friends, his quick regret at having brought embarrassment to the enterprise at Buffalo which it was his errand to assist, his calm fearlessness and resignation in the face of death—all these but glorify those engaging personal characteristics which have continuously been felt by those nearest the late President. McKinley's critics have believed that his geniality was sometimes the occasion of error in action; that the fine "quality" had its "defect": but every one recognizes now that his amiability was genuine and ineradicable; that his kind-heartedness was never a mere pose, but that it was so deep in his nature that the most trying, the most terrible events could only intensify it, and make it conspicuous and splendid—as it was profoundly pathetic—in the eyes of the whole world.

It is satisfactory to his fellow-countrymen, regardless of political predilections, to realize that President McKinley's very last public utterance was on an unusually exalted plane. His speech at the Pan-American Exposition the day before he was shot was an enthusiastic expression of the higher meanings of that gathering of American nations. The President's outlook upon the world was lofty, generous, humane; his words breathed the spirit of fraternity and peace. That speech should be regarded as his political testament, and might well serve as the platform for the administration of his constitutional successor; and indeed the words uttered by President Roosevelt on the very day on which he assumed his new office may be held to imply this exact intention. Said President McKinley:

Let us ever remember that our interest [that of the nations of the New World] is in concord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of

peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but, more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence, and friendship which will deepen and endure. Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness, and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth.

As to our new President, there can be no fear that the higher interests of the nation will suffer in his hands.

This is true not only because the manner of his accession is so harrowing and sobering; not only because the tremendous power and dignity of the office must ever impose a solemn mood upon its occupant; not only because, as Napoleon said of himself in a great crisis of his career, he is no longer young; not only because of his extraordinary training and special knowledge derived from experience in legislation, in the national Civil Service Commission, in municipal administration (both as the chairman of the Roosevelt Commission of Inquiry and in the Police Commission of New York), derived too from his experience in State administration, in navy administration, and in the exigencies of an army in the field; not only because of his wide range of acquaintance with affairs of the East and of the West, but because Theodore Roosevelt, from the beginning of his career to this present hour, through whatever mistakes of temperament and of judgment, has ever had as his ideal all that is noblest in American citizenship. From the time when, an enthusiastic youth fresh from the Harvard of Emerson and Lowell, he rushed into the fierce battle of New York politics, to the moment when, with a great pang at his heart, but with unflinching courage and determination, he took the oath of office as chief magistrate of the United States, he has striven to do his whole duty as a servant and, at the same time, a leader of the people. Honesty and courage, fraternity and justice, have been his sincere watchwords.

Roosevelt has been the subject of criticism by not a few who thought that in practice he sometimes carried his theory of "common sense" beyond the bounds of legitimate compromise to the point of actual surrender. But those who have been nearest him have held that his executive actions have been throughout consistent with his own views of duty and his always announced endeavor to obtain in result, if not the very best, at least as near the best as a brave and sensible

administrator could reach. Few, if any, who have been in a position to know all the facts in mooted cases have for a moment doubted the sincerity and devotion of the man, even if they have continued to doubt the rightness of a given decision.

Whatever apprehensions concerning his course which at any time even his friends may have cherished have all arisen from the possession of a temperament one of the most phenomenal existing among the public men of modern times. From this temperament come a physical and mental energy and a power of endurance most remarkable. If he were noted merely for abounding physical courage, impetuosity, love of conflict, mental alertness and ability, tremendous industry in administrative work, and for political success, he would still be a striking figure in public life. But the interesting and important thing about Theodore Roosevelt is that he puts all the resources of this extraordinary temperament—all his chivalric bravery and exhaustless energy—at the service of high political ideals. In the still active ranks of statesmen he was among the first to see that the full and frank adoption of the merit system is an absolute requisite of good government. He fought valiantly for this system when he was a member of the national Civil Service Commission; he put civil service reform into practice when President of the New York Police Board; and as Governor of New York he saw to it that the legislature should enact the best State laws on the subject in vogue in all the States of the Union.

The hopes cherished by his well-wishers—and in this great emergency they should be the men of right feeling everywhere—are based upon their belief that he is fully able to resist the temptation to compromise principle, and that—now that the accidents which made him Vice-President and President, against his wish, have given him the highest position to which his ambition could aspire—he will rise to the level of the best impulses and actions of his unique career. They believe, too, that he is honest in his reiterated declarations of the fundamental creed of his political life. This creed he has preached over and over in words no less precise than eloquent, and nowhere more clearly than in the following pregnant sentences:

There can be no meddling with the laws of righteousness, of decency, of morality. We are in honor bound to put into practice what we preach; to remember that we are not to be excused if we do not; and that in the last resort no material prosperity, no business acumen, no intellectual development of any kind, can atone in the life of a nation for the lack of the fundamental qualities of courage, honesty, and common sense.¹

Liberty and Happiness, in the Light of a Recent Tragedy.

THREE Presidents shot within the vivid memory of Americans not old! This is the record in the

¹ "Latitude and Longitude among Reformers," *THE CENTURY* for June, 1900. Reprinted in "The Strenuous Life," p. 62.

freest country on earth. But the latest, and in all the fourth murderous, attack upon a President is the most significant and threatening. The earlier assassins were moved by temporary conditions; the latest acted on a theory which, consistently carried out, would subject to foul murder all public officials whomsoever; and this theory is one known to be held not only by a single miscreant, but by other foreigners in various parts of this country, whose sense of "duty"—the very word used both by Czolgosz and by the assassin of the Empress of Austria—may at any time lead to as dastardly a performance as that at Buffalo.

No wonder that the whole nation has been profoundly stirred, not merely by sympathy, grief, and indignation, but by a sense of danger and a desire to do whatever may be wisely and safely done to prevent a spread of that disease of the mind and morals which leads to such far-reaching crimes.

While lawyers and laymen, statesmen, legislators, and others are debating as to possible legal remedies, a great deal of good is being done by discussions in the press and elsewhere of general and moral, rather than legal and specific, remedies. It is very much to be hoped that these discussions may have a powerful effect upon that public opinion which is the ultimate and supreme lawmaker and ruler of communities.

In the first place, the guardians of public morals have been given a text from which to preach against all forms of violence. The wretch who attacked President McKinley seems to have been inspired directly by the enunciation of anarchical doctrines; but in a country where illegal, violent, and murderous acts are constantly being performed by mobs of citizens who take the law into their own hands and hang, shoot, and burn human beings "for the public good," in such a country how can it be expected that individuals will not sometimes act on their own peculiar theories of "public good" and perform executions without warrant of law?

So much as to the possible effect of conspicuous and illegal acts of violence. But violence of speech, as is now clearly shown,—and as was shown, also, in the case of the Chicago anarchists,—leads surely to violent action. The ravings of anarchists, it is evident again, lead directly to murders by anarchists. Cause and effect work as exactly in the psychological as in the obviously physical domain.

There is a wholesome appreciation, moreover, at the present crisis, of the fact that professed anarchists are not the only promoters of anarchical sentiment in America. The sordid and assumed friendship of "yellow journalism" with the working-man whom it deceives and deludes has led to utterances which may prove as dangerous as any emanating from the convinced, or demented, or solely criminal advocates of anarchy. Now and again the decent portion of the community has a period of intense realization of the demoralizing influence of the "loathsome press"; such a period is now upon us; it will be interesting to note how long this revival of indignation will last.

Again, there is a new sense of the danger of allowing proper and patriotic criticism of the public action of a national Executive to pass over into abuse so violent as to be little less than an instigation to murder. This is an outrage difficult to regulate by law, but easily regulated by public opinion. Personal vilification and gross caricature of a nation's chosen representative and chief magistrate should be abhorrent and unendurable to a self-respecting people.

The words "Liberty and Happiness" were always being joined in the speeches and writings of the founders of our republic. The phrase represented the ideal toward which the world, by its most liberal and sympathetic leaders, earnestly and hopefully strove. "Liberty and Happiness" were supposed to have been established by the written constitutions of the United States and certain other countries, and by the unwritten constitutions of others; and indeed there has been a genuine advance, we believe, in human liberty and in human happiness. But this country is finding out, through painful experiences, that our "free government" does not make certain all forms of happiness; it does not insure our system from deadly attack in the person of its rulers; it does not make our whole Senate pure; it does not, in itself, save all our State and municipal governments from corruption. When a people has obtained its freedom, it may be only beginning to learn the lesson of self-government. There are ill-regulated minds, even in a republic like ours, that interpret freedom as license, and would make free speech the handmaid to free murder.

The opening of the twentieth century is crowded with events that should induce sober reflections and lead to strenuous efforts to supplement our liberty with those virtues that alone can preserve a state and make the happiness of its people an inalienable possession.

The Great West.

THE older clientèle of this magazine will remember the series of illustrated papers on "The Great South" undertaken in 1873-74, when our fellow-citizens of that section were just beginning to rally from the disasters of the war. These articles set forth with much particularity of detail the latent material forces and the picturesque beauty of that section, and were regarded as a significant token of good will from across Mason and Dixon's line—a token the memory of which has not yet entirely faded from the minds of our Southern readers. Something of the same sort, though on a different plan, we are now undertaking in the groups of papers by Emerson Hough and Ray Stannard Baker announced in our advertising pages. In other ways, also, during the next year, the West will have a prominent place in THE CENTURY.

Not that we can be charged with neglect of the West in the past. As early as 1871 Governor Langford contributed to this magazine the first illustrated article on the wonders of the Yellowstone. It was THE CENTURY that, later, sent into

the field Mr. Thomas Moran to illustrate Professor Hayden's account of the same extraordinary region. Major Powell's perilous exploration of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado was made public here. Cushing's pioneer scientific work on the Zuñi Indians followed, and later John Muir's engaging and poetic papers on Yosemite and the Sierra. There were also the comprehensive series on "The Gold Hunters of California" by survivors of the great emigrations of 1845-50; Theodore Roosevelt's vivid articles on ranch life; Mrs. Foote's careful studies of California society and scenery, and other articles on the same general topic by "H. H.," Robert Louis Stevenson, and others; E. V. Smalley's descriptive papers on "The New Northwest"; Henry King's charming glimpses of Kansas life; Schwatka's adventures on the Yukon; separate accounts of ascents of Gray's Peak, Mount Hayden, and Mount Shasta; articles on the Cliff-dwellers, Leadville, Rocky Mountain Life, The Arid Lands, Irrigation, etc.—in all a long, important, and varied list. Alone of the monthly magazines THE CENTURY has supported from the beginning the cause of forest-reservation and forest-protection, deeming them essential to the fullest progress of the West.

Mr. Hough's papers and those of Mr. Baker will admirably supplement each other. The former describes, on broad lines, the heroic settlement of the West and its marvelous growth, with the various sorts of transportation as a motif, presenting a panorama which, with Mr. Remington's pictures, sets forth the uniqueness of the great conquests of the pioneers, and thus addresses the interest and the pride of their descendants in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. Mr. Baker's group continues the subject to the Rockies and beyond—into the desert and the plain, where the foresight of wise men discovers a new empire with unlimited opportunities and a colossal wealth which is likely to dwarf our colonial dreams into insignificance. The series closes appropriately with a paper on irrigation, which is increasingly forcing itself upon the attention of the public.

To one fresh from a perusal of these graphic papers no climax of national achievement seems difficult of belief. As Mr. Gladstone once said that the center of the world's interest had been transferred to America, so we may say that the center of interest of the New World has been transferred beyond the Alleghanies. And as the frontier of settled country pushed farther and farther westward we came to look beyond the Mississippi for triumphs of exploration, for bold commercial projects, and for open-mindedness and imagination. Once it was the East that led in most things; now in many its leadership is no longer a matter of course. The young giant is already feeling his strength. The material triumphs of the West are sure to be followed in due time by noteworthy achievements of the intellect. Its present prosperity is the gateway to all that resources, knowledge, and opportunity can bestow. The region that embraces more than half of the reading constituency of the country is likely soon to produce, even more richly than it has done, in

literature and the arts. The interchange of such products will contribute much to the common pride and the mutual understanding of the sec-

tions, thus insuring that unity of national life and aspiration which is increasingly necessary as the borders and the interests of the nation expand.



OPEN LETTERS

Recollections of Artemus Ward.

BY JAMES F. RYDER.

ON going into the Cleveland "Plain Dealer" editorial rooms, one morning, I saw a new man, who was introduced to me as Mr. Browne.

He was young, cheerful in manner, tall and slender, not quite up-to-date in style of dress, yet by no means shabby. His hair was flaxen and very straight; his nose, the prominent feature of his face, was Romanesque,—quite violently so,—and with a leaning to the left. His eyes were blue-gray, with a twinkle in them; his mouth seemed so given to a merry laugh, so much in motion, that it was difficult to describe.

It seemed as though bubbling in him was a lot of happiness which he made no effort to conceal or hold back. When we were introduced he was sitting at his table writing. He gave his leg a smart slap, arose, shook hands with me, and said he was glad to meet me. I believed him, for he looked glad all the time. You could not look at him but he would laugh. He laughed as he sat at his table writing. When he had written a thing which pleased him he would slap his leg and laugh.

I noticed that George Hoyt and James Broken-shire at their tables were pleased with his merriment and indulged in broad smiles. As I bade him and the others good morning, he said, "Come again, me liege." I thanked him, said I would, and went my way, thinking what a funny fellow he was.

Within a month thereafter appeared in the columns of the "Plain Dealer" a funny letter signed "Artemus Ward." The writer said he was in the show business, had a trained kangaroo, "a most amooosin' little cuss," some "snaix," and a collection of wax figures, which he called a "grate moral show." As he was coming to Cleveland to exhibit, he made a proposition to the proprietor that they "scratch each other's backs"—the publisher to write up the show vigorously, and the showman to have the handbills printed at his office and give him free tickets for all his family. So I found my young friend of the gurgle and hay-colored hair to be an embryo humorist just bursting into bloom. Artemus, as from that time he was best known, soon had a city full of friends, myself and family among them.

He sat at our table every Sunday. We learned to know him well and to enjoy his cheerful peculiarities. His humor was like a bubbling spring,

"on tap." His merry laugh was ever ready, and was easily called out. On his jaunts about town in quest of items,—for he was city editor,—he often called at the studio to learn if we had anything new for him. When not, he would frequently manufacture an item and start away upon his rounds again.

One morning he paid me the usual call, and I noticed in that evening's "Plain Dealer" that I (designated as Cleveland's favorite artist) had been engaged by "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper" to go to the Crimea as staff photographer.

For a time he called me the "favorite artist," afterward referring to me as the "Cleveland Pet." This pleased him greatly, as at that time there was an ugly-looking "bruiser" in the city who bore that endearing title. He enjoyed getting a joke upon a friend—the nearer the friend and the harder the joke the better he was pleased.

When the Japanese embassy visited America to acquaint themselves with "things worth knowing" touching government, commercial progress, and business methods, they brought with them a phenomenal boy known as "Japanese Tommy." He became a pet with the ladies in Washington society and, in a way, something of a lion. He was the best-advertised youngster this country ever knew.

Photography was entirely new to them, and some members of the embassy became interested in it. Tommy was struck with a desire to learn, and began to study.

Through Artemus some photographs from my hands came to Tommy's notice, and so well was he impressed with them that I was asked for the formulas and methods of production, which I was glad to give. I was rewarded by presents from Tommy of an elegantly wrought pair of silver suspender-buckles and a number of Japanese coins.

I exhibited these in my show-case of photographs at my entrance-door, and was proud of them. I considered this kindness a good offset to the "Cleveland Pet" joke.

Browne's mother, from Waterford, Maine (where Browne was born April 26, 1834), spent some time with us one summer, when we found that he got his drollery by inheritance. Mother and son were comrades; they enjoyed good fun, and, like overgrown children, were always having a jolly time. He called her Caroline, and she called him Charles.

Mrs. Browne was funny without realizing it. Artemus was appreciative and watchful of the humorous phrases she let fall. He quickly picked them up and stored them away for future use. He was devoted and loyal to "Caroline." He would lure her to talk of the early days when his uncles and aunts came to visit them at Waterford.

"And now, Caroline," he said, "tell me the names of them all. I am forgetful, you know, and I may have lost some of them."

"Well, Charles," she said, "there was your uncle Daniel, and Marlboro, and Jabez, and your father,—Levi,—and Thaddeus. And your aunts Susan and Mary and Mercy and Sarah; and that's all."

"Well, was n't that enough?" said Artemus. "But where do you come in?"

"Well, being a Farrar, I did n't come in at all, except I be counted with your father—Levi. You remember, Charles, my father, Mr. Farrar, kept the store at Waterford, and your father hired out to him as a clerk."

"Why, Caroline, how could I remember? That was before my time."

"Well, yes, 'Smarty'; but I guess you've heard of it. It was common report about Waterford years ago. Your father and I got married, and my father took Levi in partnership, and it was Farrar & Browne. Now, that's so, faithful."

"Oh, yes," said Artemus. "I remember seeing a sign over the door. Your father and my father, why, what relation does that make us?"

"Now, Charles Farrar Browne, behave yourself—be respectful to your mother. Remember what the Bible says!"

"Well, I expect I ought to; but it is so different from the 'Plain Dealer' I don't 'putter' with it much. You know it says a man can't serve two masters. And I'm a Democrat."

Thus these two people would chaff each other by the hour.

Mrs. Browne was very proud of Charles. She said he was a strange child from a baby, but had been a good boy and good to her.

I have said there was always a laugh or a smile upon his face. Let me record an exception. I had a little baby daughter of whom he was very fond. He called her "papoose," and talked "baby Indian" to her. She seemed to understand him and accept him for a friend. Her joy was freely manifested. She tried to talk back, and delighted in clawing his nose, which, by way of encouragement, was held within easy reach. Her feet and hands would begin talking as soon as she heard his voice on entering the room.

The little one died, and on the morning of her death I met him on the street. He tried to talk, but his words turned to tears, seeming to disregard the publicity. I was surprised to see this man of fun-making weep so unreservedly in the open street. It made me love him more.

Artemus was fond of the colored people, and had many friends among them. He attended their functions in the old church at the corner of Champlain and Seneca streets, where now stands

the Bell Telephone Exchange. It had been abandoned as a place of worship; the lower floor had to be converted to manufacturing purposes, and the large up-stairs rooms were well suited to meetings, dances, etc., and were used by the colored people as a place for the festival meetings connected with their religious society.

When a festival was to be held, Artemus was invited, and on the following morning the "Plain Dealer" was watched with interest by the promoters of the entertainment. Mr. Charles Park, my brother Jack, and I frequently attended these festive occasions with him.

Members of the legal, medical, and other learned professions, as well as men prominent in business, who possessed a taste for unique enjoyment, were generally in attendance. An attractive feature of these festivals was the refreshment-tables, always daintily spread. It was "Mistah Browne" here and "Mistah Browne" there.

Artemus found pleasure in attending the Methodist meetings at the colored church at the corner of Ohio and Brownell streets. In times of their revivals, which were held every winter, and usually continued through several weeks, these people sometimes indulged in extravagances inconsistent with divine worship as usually conducted. But no one doubted their sincerity. They were emotional and enthusiastic, their intense natures were deeply stirred to religious sentiment, and in their earnestness they sometimes forgot themselves.

It was more particularly during these revival meetings that Artemus was found in attendance, and his friends of the festivals were glad to see him there, and welcomed him warmly.

On one occasion, when a sermon of unusual power had been preached and Artemus had followed it closely and with eagerness, as the minister closed, Artemus arose from his seat at the extreme front, walked into the pulpit, grasped the preacher's hand, and thanked him for the splendid sermon and the great good he was doing in rescuing his people from sin. He turned and walked back to his seat, beside my brother, with moist eyes. As my brother claimed, the act was unpremeditated, and without intent of disrespect.

The winter evenings that Artemus spent with us were very enjoyable. With his long legs stretched toward the fire, he would chatter and gurgle, and burst into occasional explosions of laughter so hearty that he would sometimes slide out of his chair and land upon the floor.

He was sure to be entertaining. It always happened that he had seen some one or something during the day to please him, and he would tell us about it.

Down on Canal street, one day, he encountered a "Mrs. Mulligan" over her wash-tub, with her dress pinned up about her waist, barefooted, and rubbing away upon her wash-board, with some dirty children playing about. He accosted her with a "Good morning," and inquired if she would like to do his washing, and what was her price.

She straightened up, put her fists upon her hips, and with a withering stare said: "I'm not one of

those that does washing out of my own family. You're a fine gossoon. I don't even know you by eyesight."

Turning to the two boys, she said: "Here, Joseph Ander, take Thomas Ander by the hand and lade him off til skule."

Said Joseph Ander: "I've not had me breakfast."

"Yes, and ye have. Ye had the blue duck's eggs and pancakes sopped in, gravy. Now be off wid yees."

And Artemus said he thought it was time for him to go, lest she might take a fancy to wash his shirt without his taking it off.

The menu pleased him so much that he repeated it again and again, laughing heartily at each repetition: "The blue duck's eggs and pancakes sopped in, gravy."

He told us one evening of a boarding-place he had down East, where the woman was possessed of great executive ability. In his words, "she was a splendid manager," a pusher, while, on the other hand, the husband was gifted with a great lack of stored energy. He told us this woman was "great on hash"; she furnished it very often. And he added: "I tell you, Susan, there's one thing I like about hash. When I have it, I know just what I'm eating."

The husband was always out of work, but would sometimes go fishing, and one day he was drowned. The body was recovered. The bereaved wife bore up well. She provided a good coffin for her husband, and was to give him a fine funeral. She said it was the last thing she could do for him, and it should be done right.

Artemus was to be a pall-bearer, and was looking as "cast down" as possible out of respect to the occasion. When the minister had concluded the services and the undertaker had announced that burial would be private, "at the convenience of the family," and friends were told that they now had an opportunity to view the remains, and would please pass through the room and out of the front door, Artemus, with the other pall-bearers, was seated in a bedroom off the parlor. The widow appeared at the door of their room, and said:

"Now, you pall-bearers, just step into the pantry, help yourselves to a drink of rum from the jug, and we'll start this man right along."

Artemus was fond of theaters and public entertainments. He was also given to dancing, and on winter nights joined the sleighing-parties to McIlrath's in East Cleveland. McIlrath was "publican," farmer, giant, and noted hunter. His tavern was the home of every man or woman under its hospitable roof. The great open fireplace in the receiving-room, which was office and bar-room, was piled with logs six feet in length, and was surrounded by guests just in from the cold weather outside. The bar was not a drinking-resort, but a glass of something hot to drive out the chills could be had, and the practice was never abused in that staid old house.

In the dancing-room up-stairs would be found Von Olker's string-band, and John von Olker, from

fiddling night after night, was liable to be found fiddling as he slept—the only man I ever knew who possessed that talent.

The dances were always good, the suppers fine, and Abner McIlrath always happy. A very pleasant friendship existed between Artemus and Abner. Abner had a black bear with which he used to wrestle. Giant as he was, he was quite equal to it. He never could succeed in getting Artemus to try a "square hold" with Bruin.

Artemus's fame as a humorist and writer of humor resulted in calls to other fields. He was outgrowing Cleveland, and accepted a call to New York city as a writer for "Vanity Fair," and in a little while he became its managing editor. While in New York he published his first book, and later prepared his version of "Babes in the Wood" for a lecture, and went touring the country with it.

In the spring of 1861 my wife and I went to New York, I to get "spring fashions" in photographs, she to look in shop-windows in Broadway and to visit friends, not the least of whom was Artemus.

Soon after our arrival, he came to our hotel, and was pleased to see us. After the usual greetings, he turned to my wife, and said:

"Now, Susan, put your bonnet right on. We'll make it lively for New York while you stay. Where shall we go first, my pretty gazelle?"

"To Barnum's Museum," said the gazelle, and away they went.

The evening following the visit to the museum there was a special event at Wallack's Theater, "Oliver Twist" being given for a benefit to Agnes Robertson Boucicault, with the following great cast: *Oliver*, Agnes Robertson Boucicault; *Nancy Sykes*, Charlotte Cushman; *Bill Sykes*, Lester Wallack; *Fagin*, J. W. Wallack; *Artful Dodger*, George W. Jamison; *Bumble the Beadle*, William Davidge. To see the cream of the stage together in a play where the strength of the characters and that of the actors representing them were so ably blended, to see a representation so wonderfully held together, so powerfully carried, was an event never to be forgotten. The audience was tremendously moved by the powerful impersonations. When Nancy's pleadings with Bill availed not, and he killed her, tears filled all eyes. From the balcony where we sat, Artemus looked down, then turned to my wife and told her the people below were putting up their umbrellas because of her flood of weeping. With his own eyes filled he could not resist the opportunity of a joke.

Becoming restless for further acquaintance with the country, he left "Vanity Fair," to tell to the cities of America the pitiful story of the "Babes."

His mother had never heard him lecture. She wondered what he could find to say that could interest an audience, and with a desire to gratify her, he sent for her to come down to Boston when he gave his lecture.

The evening came. She was patiently waiting at the Revere House for Charles, and he, in accordance with one of his peculiarities, had forgotten all about her. Suddenly he thought of her

as the time approached for the lecture. He hurriedly explained the situation to his "friend all the year round," Mr. C. W. Coe of Cleveland, saying: "Hurry and get Caroline, while I hold up this stage."

Mrs. Browne got there in time, but she did not see the "Babes" nor hear a word about them.

From Pittsburg he came to Cleveland. His success had been most gratifying; he came in the light of a man who had made his mark. The Academy of Music, where the lecture was given, was filled with his friends. It was an ovation, a tribute to his popularity to which he was well entitled, and which made him happy.

I had secured seats near the front for my wife, her brother Charles Park, and my brother Jack. Considering our intimacy with the lecturer, and the disposition of Charles and Jack to "guy" an amateurish showman, it was rather a hard party to face.

Artemus came upon the stage in dress-suit, his usual straight hair broken up into a mass of curls. He looked sweet enough to eat. He stepped to the front of the stage and smiled; that settled the matter. Every person in the house was immediately his friend. His reception was generous and genuine. While at first I resented the curled hair, his smile made me forgive it. He was truly our own Artemus, and we were to stand by him.

We found the lecture disregarded the title. We heard nothing and saw nothing of the "Babes," but we did not question it; we knew he would carry us through all right, and allowed him to take his own course. He told us of a lazy man who, upon a certain hot day, was possessed of an extreme thirst; but his disinclination to walk five rods to a cool spring of pure water inclined him to take a tea-kettle from a hot stove and pour therefrom a bowl of its boiling contents, with which, by waiting and blowing over the surface until he reduced the temperature below scalding-point, he managed to slake his thirst.

Then stepping to the front, in a manner peculiar to himself, he took the audience into his confidence. He said he did not like to spoil a story "for relation's sake" or shield a shirk from public gaze, so he pointed out the hero of this true tale, saying: "It is Charley Park, sitting right down there, in the second seat."

Well, if any one in the house laughed louder than any one else, it was Charley Park; and he had his quietus for the rest of the evening. No more grimaces to distract the lecturer that night. When the "Babes" were tucked away for the night, and Artemus had made his bow, an impromptu reception was given him. This was headed by the Elephant Club, of which he was an honored member.

After giving Cleveland this burst of sunshine he continued west. Having heard favorably of Brigham Young, he desired to meet him and show his "Babes." It is a matter of "Ward history," as shown by his published letters, that he was graciously received by the prophet.

As a bit of stage business during his lectures he was sometimes attacked with a paroxysm of

coughing of such severity that a chair would be brought upon the stage, in which he could sit and rest. Wishing to keep his audience entertained during the interruption, he would seemingly depart from the line of his subject and tell a story. He told one of the wife of a middle-aged farmer "passing away." The neighboring women were early on hand to offer assistance and tender sympathy. Along in the forenoon, after doing the chores of the morning, the men began to call to express condolence and offer assistance. Not finding the bereaved husband, inquiry was made where he could be found. The women-folk could not tell exactly, but said he could not be far away. So they all filed out of the back door to look up the sorrowing man. He was not found at the barn, and was nowhere in sight. One of the neighbors thought he heard a noise in the well, and, on looking down, saw the bereaved one and asked what he was doing down there; to which he replied that his wife's death had made rather of a broken day and he thought it would be a good time to clean out the well.

The roars of applause which greeted this story were construed by Artemus as an encore, to which, after rising, bowing, smiling, and reseating himself, he responded by relating another story, which he certified to be as true as the one just told.

Artemus learned the printer's trade in the office of the "Oxford County Advertiser," Norway, Maine. He had a brother Cyrus, who was also a printer, and learned his trade in the same office. He was afterward editor of the New Bedford "Standard." Like Artemus, he was a humorist, and more droll than his brother, because of a peculiar drawing voice which emphasized his drollery. He died some years before Artemus.

Dr. J. C. Gallison of Franklin, Massachusetts, also learned the printer's trade in the "Advertiser" office. Artemus preceded him, and had left something of his fame for the new boy to look up to. He says: "I was a mere boy, a very young man. I regarded Charley Browne with mingled worship and awe, for had he not traveled?" It was told of him that while "devil" on the "Advertiser" he became disgusted because of the continual boasting of the rival paper that a new window had been put in, and the week following that the casing had been painted. Other small matters were announced certifying to the enterprise of the establishment. Artemus wrote and the "Advertiser" published:

"We have bored a new hole in the sink and put a brand-new slop-pail under it. What will the 'hell-hounds' of the other office say to that?"

Referring to Ward's traveling abroad, the doctor says: "An old schoolmate of his in Waterford, Horace Maxfield, son of the old stage-driver Maxfield, accompanied him, and was with him through his last illness and death. Maxfield brought home with him some admission tickets which had been used for entrance to his lectures. These were distributed among Ward's immediate friends."

The doctor further says: "I have one of these tickets, which, together with my old printer's

rule, is in the drawer of the desk at which I am writing, and which I keep as relics, as mementos, of Artemus and the old days."

From Charles E. Wilson, now of Hartford, Connecticut, I get the following touching Artemus's wanderings:

Being of a roving disposition, he left the "Advertiser" of Norway, Maine. He worked for a time at Skowhegan and at Gardiner, Maine, and later drifted down to Boston, where he obtained a situation in the composing-room of the "Carpet Bag," published by Benjamin P. Shillaber ("Mrs. Partington"). While employed in this office he wrote his first article of any pretension, and shoved the copy under Shillaber's sanctum door.

He was much gratified a few days later to see the copy come into the composing-room to be set up; and being thus encouraged, he wrote another article, rather historical in character, making no attempt to be funny. This also went under the sanctum door. Neither of these articles was signed, but Shillaber was satisfied they were written by some one in the office, and accordingly made inquiry, which resulted in Browne's acknowledging that he wrote them. Shillaber patted him on the back,—metaphorically,—told him he manifestly had ability, and encouraged him to make literary work a study and profession.

Noticing one day, in one of the local papers, an advertisement, "School-teacher wanted" at a small town in Kentucky, near Cincinnati, he answered it, and secured the position, but taught the school only one week. There were several big boys in the school, and he learned from local gossips that these young toughs had "licked" every schoolmaster that had attempted to keep school there for several years previous. As he was not particularly robust and had never studied the "noble art" of self-defense, he concluded the climate of that Kentucky village would not exactly suit him.

At the close of school on Friday night he packed his modest wardrobe in his down-East carpet-bag, and without waiting to collect his week's pay, started early Saturday morning for Cincinnati. He did not remain there long, however, but pushed along up the Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton Railroad, stopped a short time in Dayton, thence went on to Springfield, where he obtained a situation as compositor, remaining there several weeks. Major W. W. Armstrong, publisher of the Tiffin "Advertiser," along in the fifties, engaged Artemus for his paper, temporarily, to fill a sick man's place. Artemus walked from Sandusky to Tiffin, a distance of thirty-four miles, to take the job. The major says he reached Tiffin late in the day, wearing a long linen duster and a shilling chip hat, and with his carpet-bag; he was hungry and weary, but jolly—considered the feat a good joke.

When he came again a few years later to exhibit his "moral snaix and waxworks" at Webster Hall, he averred that a prejudiced citizen smashed the face of Judas Iscariot with a brick, declaring the "betrayer" could never again show his "ugly mug" in Seneca County.

His next stopping-place was at Toledo, where he secured the position of market reporter on the Toledo "Commercial." It was on this paper that his work as a writer really began. When James D. Cleveland, later Judge Cleveland, who had held the position of city editor of the "Plain Dealer," was called as assistant clerk to the United States District Court, Artemus was called to fill his chair. How well he filled it is generally known in Cleveland and throughout the country.

From a letter dated March 15, 1867, written by Albion Chadbourne of London, England (formerly of Waterford), to Daniel Browne of Waterford, Maine, an uncle of Artemus, I get information of interest.

Mr. Chadbourne, a close friend of Artemus, in the early days of his coming was active in introducing him among his friends, and took with him a good number of friends to the lecture, with a view to encouraging and applauding him. He found it quite unnecessary, as Artemus's reception was an ovation. He and his friends had difficulty in getting into the hall even, so crowded was it. Never had an American visited London as a stranger who so quickly found his way to the favor and friendship of the English people. His popularity was unprecedented. He was soon admitted to membership of a club of authors and artists, where, when in London, he spent many happy hours.

At the residence of Mr. Millward, one of the foremost members of the club, Artemus spent his first evening in London, and after his death (March 6, 1867) his body was brought from Southampton to Mr. Millward's, and lay in state until his burial, which occurred in the chapel at Kensal Green, where all that was mortal of that sunny nature lies in a tomb by itself. Mr. Chadbourne, who was one of the pall-bearers, says that many honest tears were shed in the circle of friends who surrounded his grave.

Dear Artemus! His mission was to "tickle the ribs" of the world, and the world stood the tickling right cheerfully.

The Dirigible Balloon of Santos-Dumont— Addendum.

(SEE PAGE 77.)

THE "Santos-Dumont No. 6" balloon is one hundred and twelve feet long and twenty feet in its greatest diameter, being in form an elongated ellipsoid, terminated at each end by a conical point. Thus it is now a cigar-shaped balloon only in name, all its predecessors having deviated more and more from the original cylinder terminated by two cones. The balloon's total capacity is twenty-two thousand one hundred and eight cubic feet, so that when filled with hydrogen gas it will have a lifting-power of thirteen hundred and sixty pounds. Of this, eleven hundred pounds are represented by keel, machinery, and M. Santos-Dumont's own weight, leaving two hundred and sixty pounds disposable ballast. M. Santos-Dumont will load every pound of this ballast, from which it will result that when the order to "let

all go" is given, the air-ship will scarcely more than hold its equilibrium in the air at the four or five feet of altitude to which it will have been lifted by M. Santos-Dumont's aids. At most it will rise very slowly and to no great height. To the lifting-power of the balloon, however, must be added the sixty-six pounds ascensional effort developed by the air-ship's two-bladed propeller. This propeller, which describes a circle of thirteen feet in diameter, is driven by a new twenty-horsepower, four-cylinder petroleum motor with water-refrigerator. Now more than ever dependent on propeller-force for mounting into the air that will be barely heavier than itself, the "Santos-Dumont No. 6" can no longer be described, with any propriety, as being "lighter than the air," although it is not "heavier than the air." In truth, it has important aeroplane features, plus always the precious ability to shoot up into the air, should need be, when lightened of a proper quantity of ballast. This must be what Mr. Alexander Graham Bell means when he says, "Just so far as M. Santos-Dumont has abandoned the 'lighter than the air' theory, just so far has he approached success. . . . Never before has there been an aerial ship with a balloon so small and a motor so powerful."

Sterling Heilig.

Note on Zurbaran's "Saint Elizabeth of Hungary."

(SEE FRONTISPIECE.)

FRANCISCO DE ZURBARAN, born at Fuente de Cantos, Estremadura, Spain, in 1598, was contemporary with Velasquez, by whom he was summoned to the court at Madrid in 1650, where he thereafter labored, and died in 1662. He painted mostly religious subjects, among which were many female saints, the originals supposed to be the reigning beauties of the time. We are indebted to Claude Phillips, Esq., keeper of the Wallace collection at London, for having pointed out the present beautiful example of the painter's work, and to its owner, the Right Honorable A. H. Smith-Barry of London, for the privilege of engraving it.

The saint is here shown in her character of

patron of the poor and distressed. In her outstretched hand she holds a coin, while beneath is a group of poor folk supplicating relief. The figure is life-size; the canvas measures thirty-eight inches wide by forty-five inches high. It is a fine, soft, warm glow of color. The background curtain, which drops over a dark landscape heavy with clouds, is a rich, soft, deep shade of maroon, whose high lights are yellow of a salmon flush, harmonious and beautiful. Against this tone the figure is relieved with softness and charm. It is clad in a sumptuous dress, the waist of which is a lovely soft, warm shade of blue, keyed almost to the verge of green, exquisite in its tender melting quality, and harmonizing delightfully with the rich gold embroideries, and the creamy lace about the bosom, that floats into the warm, rich tones of the luminous and even flesh. Were it not for the blue, the picture might be too warm, but it is this delightful note of color that gives to the whole such a charm. The founces of the sleeves, which form so important a feature in the costume, are white, but grayed to a tone lower than the mass of the light on the flesh, with touches of black velvet between the founces. Though this is stylish and very effective, it is not turbulent, and owing to its discreet management in its subordination to the head, it does not clash in the least with the relief and expression of that part; for the head receives the highest light, and framed as it is between its wealth of dark tresses, — which, next to the touches of dark velvet, are the strongest notes of color in the picture, — the eye naturally goes to the face. The rich dark hair is of a frizzy texture, which, on close inspection, reveals an extraordinary number of little ringlets that were impossible to engrave. I could only show its soft character and volume, as one would see it without too closely scrutinizing.

There is great breadth of treatment as well as delicacy of finish to this work, and the drawing is charming. Zurbaran has been styled "the Spanish Caravaggio" from his resemblance to the Italian in his broad handling, strong contrasts of light and shade, and the easy, natural grace of the attitudes of his figures.

Timothy Cole.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

Wisecreage.

TO be happy one must have an intense sense of the humorous, and a humorous sense of the intense.

It is the tiny flaw that makes perfection flawless.

SOME smiles look as if they had been done up in curl-papers overnight.

AT times there is nothing so unnatural as nature.

HAPPINESS is the ability to recognize it.

THE greatest cleverness is in knowing just when to hide our cleverness.

WE should live and learn; but by the time we 've learned, it 's too late to live.

Carolyn Wells.

Policeman Flynn's Adventures.

XII. HE QUELLS A RIOT.

"FLYNN," said the captain to the policeman of that name, "I am going to give you the 'cripple beat' and see what you can do with it."

two rival factions of rowdies, who had nothing in common except an inborn hatred of the police, and it derived its name from the fact that more policemen had been temporarily crippled on it than on any other one beat in the city. The rowdies clashed at frequent intervals, and, in the general fight that invariably ensued, windows were smashed and the lives of all in the immediate vicinity were put in jeopardy by the flying missiles. Arrests were frequent, and the patrol-wagon had made so many trips to that neighborhood that the horses just naturally turned in that direction when they left the barn. If a single



DRAWN BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

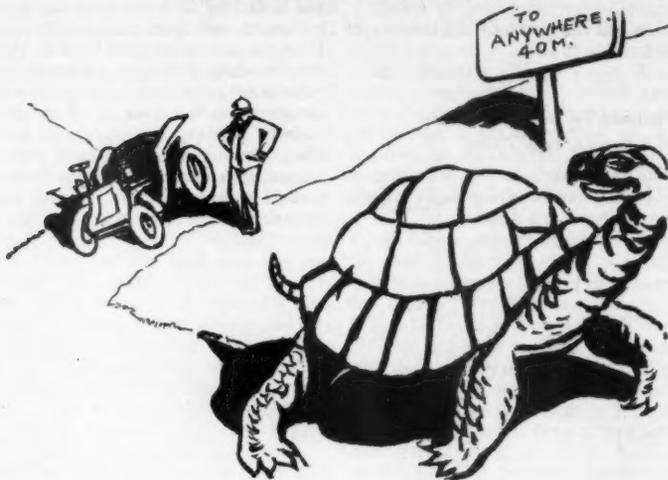
"PATROLMAN FLYNN WAS FOUND STANDING LIKE A CONQUERING HERO."

Patrolman Flynn nodded gravely. He knew the cripple beat by reputation, and he realized that to be assigned to it was a compliment to his prowess. It lay in a district in which there were

policeman endeavored to interfere when a battle was in progress, he went to the hospital in an ambulance; if a squad arrived on the scene, the warring factions scattered, and the fact that a

More Animals.

PICTURES AND VERSES BY OLIVER HERFORD.



Tortoise

THE Tor-toise is, to say the Least,
A very Con-tra-dic-to-ry Beast,
Though he may walk the wide world o'er,
He can-not step Out-side his Door.
The Slow-est Crea-ture 'neath the Sun,
He's Not-ed for a Race he Won.
Ig-no-blest of Cre-at-ed Things,
His Shield has Ma-ny Quar-ter-ings.
And Last-ly, though De-void of Hair,
His Combs are Fa-mous eve-ry-where.

few participants might be gathered in had no lasting effect on existing conditions.

"I'm to ha-ave a thrial on th' cripple beat," said Patrolman Flynn somewhat dejectedly when he made his daily report to his wife.

"I'll lay in a sup-ply iv arniky an' shplints an' pla-asters this very da-ay," was her far from consoling reply. "Bad luck to thim, why do they put a little felly like you to doin' a big ma-an's wor-rk?"

"F'r because," answered Patrolman Flynn, with some pride, "pluck an' raysoorce is not decided be a fut-rule or a pair iv scales. Th' capt'in says to me, he says, 'I've thried th' big min an' they've not been akel to th' job, an' 't is nics-sary fr to take th' sta-arch out iv thim ri'tous fellies some wa-ay.' So 't is fr me to take th' sta-arch out iv thim, but I wisht he'd told me how to do it."

"There's only wan wa-ay I know," said Mrs. Flynn.

"'T is astonishin' to me ye have n't tin iv thim," returned Patrolman Flynn, sarcastically.

"Give me ye-er collar," commanded Mrs. Flynn by way of reply.

The policeman looked surprised, but he took off his nicely starched collar and handed it to her. She promptly dipped it in a basin of water and then held it up for his inspection.

"'T is done," she announced.

Patrolman Flynn scratched his head and departed in a thoughtful mood. "She has a gr-reat head on her, fr sure," he soliloquized. "If I iver r-run short iv ca-ash I'll rint her out to a com-ity iv wa-ays an' means."

The first few days passed uneventfully on his new beat. The clash that had resulted in temporarily incapacitating his predecessor for work had



The Crocodile

Oh, shun the Croc-o-dile, my Child.
He is not Trac-ta-ble and Mild,
Nor like the Dog, the Friend of Man.
He 's built up-on a Dif-fer-ent Plan.
He is not Dif-fi-dent or Shy,
He will not Shrink when you say "Fie!"
And though he 's said Some-times to Cry,
Be not Re-spon-sive to his Wail,
Nor Pat him if he wag his Tail.
This Pic-ture 's true to Eve-ry Line
Ex-cept the Smile. (The Smile is Mine.)

been followed by the arrest of some of the rowdies, and the others were disposed to be quiet. Patrolman Flynn put in the time making a study of the situation. He knew that they were watching him, and, like a good general, he desired to familiarize himself thoroughly with the locality in which his battle or battles were to be fought. It was perhaps a week after he had begun patrolling the beat that the first conflict came, and he announced the result when he reached home by the simple statement, "T is done."

"What 's done?" asked Mrs. Flynn.

"Me fir-rst job," replied Patrolman Flynn. "Ye see, 't was this wa-ay," he went on. "Th' la-ads have been sizin' me up an' waitin'. There 's no fightin' whin a new po-lis-man shows up till they ha-ave a thry at him, an' they tuk a cha-ance at me this da-ay. Oho! 't was a big felly that sta-arterd it all be ta-alkin' har-rd to me. 'D' ye think ye 'll r-run this beat?' he says. 'I 'll thry,' says I. 'Ye ha-ave ye-er wor-rk cut out fr ye,

he says, 'ye little bit iv a sawed-off match.' 'If ye touch th' match,' I says to him, 'ye 'll find ye ha-ave hold iv the sulphur ind.' 'Shall I ha-and him wan?' he says to th' others. 'Sure,' says they to him, but 't was too late. While we was ta-alkin' I 'd wor-rked him r-round till I had his ba-ack to th' horse-trough in front iv th' say-loon where they 'd shtopped me."

"An' what did ye do thin?" asked Mrs. Flynn.

"With wan push," answered Patrolman Flynn,

"I tuk th' sta-arch out iv him."

"They 'll murder ye fr that," said Mrs. Flynn.

"Bad luck to thim all, I wish ye 'd niver been put on th' beat."

However, by keeping his eyes open Flynn was able to guard against any sudden attack, and they showed no disposition to go at him openly.

"But you 'd better watch out for them when the two gangs have their next scrimmage," cautioned the sergeant. "If they can get a policeman in it they 'll quit fighting each other to do him



Porcupine

I LIKE the Fret-ful Por-cu-pine.
De-cep-tion is not in his line.
With him there is no Make-be-lieve:
He wears his Thorns up-on his Sleeve.
Un-like some Hu-man Por-cu-pines,
Who care-ful-ly Con-veal their Spines,
His Bad Points stick out eve-ry-where.
'T is true he 's Fret-ful as a Bear,
And Vain-er than a Pop-in-jay;
Yet has he One Re-deem-ing Trait
That to my heart en-dears him Quite:
Though full of Quills, he *Does Not Write*.

up. Just remember to call the wagon the first thing."

"If I ha-ave time," answered Patrolman Flynn, carelessly. "'T is not fr' shport that I've been shtudyin' th' lay iv th' la-and an' makin' fri'nds iv th' la-ads in th' injine-house."

"What do you intend to do?" asked the sergeant.

"L'ave that to me," replied Patrolman Flynn.

The real conflict came two days later, and it was not Patrolman Flynn who sent in the call for the patrol-wagon. He was too busy. Something had happened to rouse one of the factions to action, and it started out in search of the other, while Patrolman Flynn hastily made preparations in a side street that the mob would have to pass, but where he was concealed from view as it approached. Others had leisure to call the wagon, however, and it came on the run.

Patrolman Flynn was found standing like a conquering hero, leaning on the big nozzle to a lead of hose that he had borrowed from his friends in the engine-house on the corner, but otherwise the street was almost deserted.

"What 's the trouble?" asked the driver, as he pulled his horses up.

"What stra-ange idees ye get!" returned Patrolman Flynn. "I've had no throuble at all. There was a few la-ads come down th' shtreet a bit ago lukkin' fr' throuble, but they've gone awa-ay."

"Where are they?" was the next question.

"I dunno fr' sure," answered Patrolman Flynn, "but 't is me impression they've been hung out on th' line fr' to dhry so 's they can be sta-arched up ag'in."

Elliott Flower.

