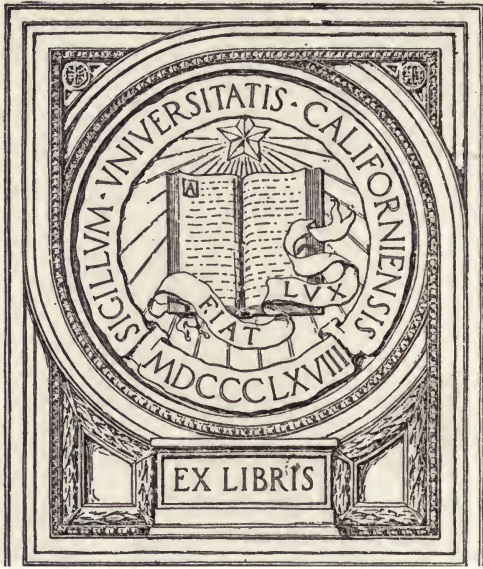


The Pharisee and the Publican  
by EDWARD BOSANKETH

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To Ambrose Pierce Esq., from  
the author, as a memento of kind  
words in "Prattle" long, long ago.

R. E. Boyms

Carmel, Cal.,

Thanksgiving Day, 1910.

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# The Pharisee and the Publican

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BY  
EDWARD BOSANKETH  
Author of "Tin"

*25-60*  
*Richard Edward Reynolds*  
*1857-*  
*JER*



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TO THE  
AUTHORS



# **The Pharisee and the Publican**

## CHAPTER I.

Standing at one of the windows of his chambers, gazing meditatively on to the roof of the Temple Church, was a young man of twenty-six, who had just been called to the bar. He was not tall, but was well proportioned and of a healthy hue. The room had rather the appearance of a living room than an office, as there was a piano, and there were curtains of heavy tapestry at the windows. One wall was entirely occupied by books and the others were without pictures, except one photograph of a college eleven and another of a Cambridge social club. The mantelpiece bore a row of "pots" as mementos of former athletic prowess, but was without the conventional mirror, and the writing desk was so neat that it did not seem "open for business." It would have been a mistake to assume this, however, from the fact that Frank East was only just fledged, for, if there was one thing that he really did believe in, it was that

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“order is heaven’s first law.” The room altogether had an air of elegance and comfort, but seemed to be quite without those trifling additions for the sake of mere ornament which usually come from a woman’s hands and which one does not miss in the chambers of a bachelor.

Suddenly a whirlwind seemed to have taken possession of the room and a voice out of the midst of it cried: “So, there y’ are again gazing at nothing, for surely ye see nothing new on the roof of that old kirk. Now, here is something new, something from the new worrld, something that passes for humor over there. Did y’ ever hear of Arrtemus Warrd? Just listen while I give y’ a little of the Amairican accent,” and Mr. Malcolm McLean proceeded to read Artemus Ward “Among the Mormons” in a manner which he was convinced was the true Yankee drawl:

“Fellerr citizens and fellerr citizenesses, I feel truely glad to see ye heerr to-night, more especially those who have paid.”

“That’ll do, McLean,” shouted East, “I know that speech by heart, but I’m afraid I can’t deliver it with your ‘faine Amairican occent.’ Where did you acquire that familiarity with the tongue of the daown-easter? In Aberdeen?”

“Ah! So I prepared this little treat for ye all for nothing, did I? I might have spared myself the trouble of getting cheated, then.”

“Why, who cheated you? What do you mean?”

“I mean simply this, that on a barrow of books in the street was a larrge carrd ohn which was vairy apparent a figure 2 and a small d, signifying that two pence was the price of those books. Ohn the vairy tope was this book, and the idea occurred to me that I would surprise ye with a vairitable eemitection of the writer’s own worrds, so I tendered the man twopence, for I had a mind to spend that much on ye, but the rascal pointed to the carrd and showed me the weest bit of a marrk for a ha’penny that ye can imagine—a vairitable attempt to obtain money by false pretenses. I regret now that I fell into the trap, which cerrtainly I would noht have done had I noht the ulterior ohbject in view to surprise ye.”

“So you got surprised, instead, but I am none the less so at the manner of it. It will be a lesson to you.”

Malcolm McLean had been called to the bar in the same term as East, but lived in the suburbs. As yet he had contented himself with placing his name on East’s door, sharing with him the use of the third room, which was furnished as an office, but really spending such time as he could spare from his studies in the library in the sitting room of his friend—for, curious as it may appear, these two were friends. Their exterior was very different, as their course through life had been, but they both looked at the future from the same standpoint and in much the same way. The Scot had all the char-

acteristics of his race and was particularly careful about drawing a right line on all occasions. The detail of its cutting across his territory instead of his opponent's made no difference: the line must be drawn straight. But the Sassenach, as his friend called him, was equally punctilious, though less demonstrative. All kinds of shams and frauds they put far from them, even the suave deceptions of the most polished diplomacy, and this need not surprise the uninitiated for whom tricks and lawyers have been, from time immemorial, associated, for it should be equally possible for an advocate, as for a general, to fool the enemy, though he would not so treat his friend. As a matter of fact, however, the great legal game—no matter what may be done in small arenas—is not so played. Great counsel are sometimes great actors, but they are invariably great men.

Again McLean was possessed by a sudden impulse, and, making a dive for a bundle of papers lying on the desk, he exclaimed: "Hello! East, what have ye heerr? A brief? Upohn my worrd, it is a brief!"

"Well, it is and it is not. It is a deed of disentail sent me to peruse, but it is very like perusing my own death-warrant."

"So your father wants to disentail ye, does he? Well, I can answeerr for ye that he won't."

"Oh, yes, I know well enough what would be your answer, but I am not sure what mine will be."

“I am: ye’ll noht mak’ a fule o’ yourself”—Mac’s accent got a little worse when he became emphatic—“I’ve seen ye before when ye didn’t know your own mind, but if I was by ye, ye very soon found it out.”

“Your father is dead, McLean, whilst mine is not only alive but in a hole, and I shall help him out, if I can, but I shall take time to think before I act.”

“Ye may well say that my father is dead. Indeed he is, and I vainerate his memory as that of an unnatural parent.”

“What! When it is with his guineas that you pay your tailor to-day?”

“No, sir, I pay my tailor, when I indulge in new garments, with my own guineas, few as they are, and fewer than they should have been had he noht married one o’ your Sassenach hussies when he was old enough to know better, and to whom he gave what was rightfully mine, sir.”

“So I have heard you say before, Mac, and I think you’ll believe it yourself some day.”

“Well, never mind me, East, ye’ll not do this thing, will ye? I have worrk in the library to do that I must be at, but I shall naiver do it while I havē this ohn my mind and think that I leave ye heerr studying out a problem that ye’re already biased about. Prohmise me this, that ye’ll do nothing till I have time to talk to ye.”



“It is refreshing to hear you advise deliberation. Perhaps you’ll learn to deliberate some day, but I haven’t detected any signs of the effort becoming a habit yet. As for me, I know my weakness, too. If I could make up my mind with a little more promptitude I shouldn’t miss so many opportunities to outwit the Scotch. At present I don’t think I shall sign that deed. I shall have to be cruel to be kind.”

“Now ye’re talking more like a Scot. I think I can safely leave ye for an hour or two.”

McLean betook himself to the library where he spent most of his time. He was forever delving among commentaries and reports and making voluminous notes, the purpose of which never transpired, but it was, at any rate, useful to be able to locate him somewhere when so many men at the threshold of their profession were very much harder to find.

East, left to himself, began to turn over in his mind the arguments that should sway his action. He had the kindest of fathers, who had turned many a sharp corner that his son should be launched on a great career in the most approved fashion without a trace of anxiety for the future to cloud his outlook, but fate had been harder with him day by day. The mines from which he had once drawn a comfortable and steady income, owing to the discovery of tin in Australia lowering the price, no longer paid the expenses of working, and



by degrees all his available property had been mortgaged to pay calls on his shares. Now there was nothing left but what had been entailed on Frank, and it seemed that that must be so freed that he could mortgage it, or he must relinquish his shares for unpaid calls, for they were no longer salable. This, however, he would never for a moment have thought of doing but that he believed as firmly as he did in the coming millennium that Cornwall was bound to recover its prestige in the mining world and that Australia would soon be beaten to a standstill. It is usually the young who are sanguine, the mature who are wise, and the old who are pessimistic, but in this instance it was the son who was the soul of caution. He did not believe that the price of tin would ever recover itself, as the supply seemed to have overtaken the demand, and there was no hope for Cornwall in competition with Australia because the mineral was found at no great depth, and could be sent home to London as ballast in the wool ships. Frank had made up his mind that there was nothing to be hoped from the future, and the only question was whether he could do so little for one who had done for him so much. He brooded on the matter all day, listened to a great deal more advice from McLean when he had finished the "worrk" he had to do in the library, and finally made up his mind and wrote his father the following letter :

“MY DEAR FATHER: It is very painful for me at the outset of my career, when it is entirely to you that I owe the fact that I, instead of you—who would have been far more fit to do so—have an opportunity to devote myself to the profession which opens so many avenues to distinction, to have to refuse the only request you ever made me, but you already know my reason. You know that I do not believe in the future of Cornish mining and that I fear even worse things if you continue to hold your shares. You are on the horns of a dilemma: either way points to ruin. If you relinquish your shares you throw away all chance of income from them, but if you hold on to them you will certainly throw away whatever money you can scrape together after what has gone before. This being my conviction, I have determined to hold on to Tremayne, not for myself, but for you, so that the family may be held together when the inevitable smash comes. I had no suspicion it was so near, but you know I have anticipated it. I have no heart to dwell lightly on other subjects in this same letter, so I will close at once, with the hope that you will be able to see this thing in the same light as I do, though I can hardly expect that you will. Some day, however, you will appreciate how hard it was for me to be cruel to be kind. Your loving son,

FRANK.”

## CHAPTER II.

East and McLean had already joined the Western Circuit, and it became necessary, after the incident recorded in the first chapter, to hold a council of war as to the advisability of undertaking the campaign. It is an expensive luxury to "go circuit" for most men, and unless there is a prospect of briefs it is not an advisable thing to do. One thing, however, was certain: there was no prospect of any briefs in London, and, if there were any to be had anywhere, it was only in the country that they would be found. East had enough left of the last installment of his allowance to make the trip, and he thought he had better use it to give himself a chance than show the white feather at the outset. McLean, though he grumbled at the paltry pittance the Fates had allowed him, had enough to provide for his temperate wants for some years, if need be, as indeed East had, if he would only use what was rightfully his own, but which he had determined to sacrifice as a justification of the stand he had taken in reference to his father's position. To McLean it was a matter of indifference where they joined the mess as he was entirely,

without connections anywhere. His home was Aberdeen and why he ever left there he never vouchsafed to explain to anybody, but it was probably for the same reason as most men go to the bar: because it is the most powerful and most honored profession in the world, and they want to be members of it. Their fitness, of course, goes without saying. McLean was probably just as unconscious of his need of equipment as he was of his accent. As the choice was left to East it was determined to go first to the town where he was at school, not in the anticipation of business, but that they might become *au fait* with circuit customs before going to the Cornish county seat, which was the next place and the only one where any work could be hoped for at this stage. But it is not only true that "the best concerted schemes are vain"; the converse is equally so: we often succeed most unexpectedly when we have had little or nothing to do with the concerting. It was so with McLean, for in a foreign land and at the very first place in his very first year an opportunity was afforded him to fight the battle of his accent before an audience that had never heard the like before. A man from the northern circuit had been engaged to defend in a murder case, and it was the custom of the circuit that the junior member present at that place must be employed to assist him. There was no one there who had joined after East and McLean, and, of the two, McLean



was the junior, for he had signed after his friend, so the five guineas were his, and it was he who would be called upon to open the defense in court. It was a pity there was no library to which he could retire, but he did the best he could by shutting himself up in his lodgings for the careful study of his precious brief, although the part he would have to play would merely be of the most perfunctory character, the whole weight of the defense really resting on the shoulders of the man who was great enough to be called from another circuit to do the work. Still, there was no knowing what would happen, and McLean never lost a chance to be prepared.

The crime which McLean had been suddenly called upon to defend was committed by the male member of a disreputable old couple, both blind and both frequently drunk. The two usually gathered alms in company, but on this occasion they had by some means become separated, and the old man had returned to their home alone. After a while the wife followed, and it was alleged that her husband had thrown her down, or that she had herself fallen, and he had jumped on her chest until all her ribs were broken and her heart had ceased to beat. It was not a case that anybody would wish to defend, and here it may perhaps be not altogether out of place to interpolate a few words on criminal defense which he who runs may read, and he who doesn't wish to may skip instead.

It is a common practice of some ignorant and irresponsible people to condemn the advocate who takes up the defense of an undeniably guilty person, as if he were "an accessory after the fact," entirely overlooking the circumstance that it is a part of not only the merciful, but the just, procedure of our criminal courts to require that both sides of every case be presented by counsel. It is somebody's duty to defend the criminal and public opinion should uphold the man who does, and not be misled by the inconsequent utterances of one who, as the American slang expressively puts it, is "talking through his hat." Not only so, but surely the most honorable and the most enviable position is that of the man whose prerogative it is to ask for mercy for the poor guilty wretch rather than that of the man whose duty is, as it were, to drive in the dagger up to the hilt. There is a distinct difference, however, in the manner of conducting a criminal trial in two of the countries where the English common law prevails. In one both prosecution and defense use their utmost endeavors to win by fair means or foul, while in the other the prosecution offers a mere unadorned statement of the naked facts, giving the defense the advantage of all the rhetoric it can bring to its aid. In one bought juries and lying witnesses are the commonest weapons used, while in the other juries cannot be bought, and if counsel found one of his witnesses to be lying he would immediately throw



up his brief. This brings to the front another point of view. By the profession itself a case is looked upon as a great game in which the best player will win. The rules are rigidly adhered to, and skill has every opportunity to count for its full worth. There is no fear that it will be checkmated by cheating. But this high standard of honor can only be maintained where the legal profession is divided into two parts. A man who has to interview criminals and haggle for fees cannot be expected to reach the level of one to whom fees are merely incidental and who never comes in contact with business "methods" or plain crime, except as a bacteriologist comes into contact with disease—through the medium of a microscope. The barrister reads of crime in his brief and in the pages of a novel, but he comes no nearer to it than when he cross-examines the criminal's accomplices across the well of a court, whereas the attorney in the country where there is no bar, stands shoulder to shoulder with a brother criminal and bandies words with him at his side.

It may appear strange that a poor old blind beggar should be able to secure the services of one of the greatest advocates of the day, but, though professional skill commands a high price when it commands any, it is often to be had for quite other reasons. There are within the ranks of the legal fraternity men who are ever as ready to come to the assistance of the unfortunate as there are physi-

cians of eminence ready to minister to the pauper sick. Sometimes a friend will secure their aid for a relative of an attached servant, and again it may be a merely cheerfully rendered service at the request of the judge. The *offer* of assistance, however, in one of the countries referred to, is unprofessional, though not in the other where the practice of the law is a business, and properly so-called. The cold-blooded American dollar hunter will say that all this is nonsense, that the practice of law or medicine is just as much a business as the practice of buying and selling shares, or sugar, and we have no reason to quarrel with his point of view, but chivalry has not yet passed out of existence, and it is necessary to be a member of a high and honorable profession to understand just how high and honorable it can be. In a country which has no history and no traditions there can be no customs and no standards. Everything is temporary, stability is unknown, and there is a contemptuous disregard for whatever cannot be measured by a yardstick.

## CHAPTER III.

The wisdom of McLean's careful study of his brief was apparent the next morning, for a telegram arrived from his leader to the solicitor for the defense announcing that owing to domestic affliction he would be unable to leave home and the case would have to proceed without him. This, of course, led to a consultation with the junior and the decision to ask the judge to let the case go over until the next term. In the event of his refusal there was no other course open than that McLean should have entire charge of the defense. This by no means disconcerted that confident Scot. He merely thought that his opportunity had arrived.

On application being made to the judge for delay the anticipated happened. His reply was simply that the course of justice could not in any way be affected by any mischance which might befall counsel, however regrettable the incident might be. He was sure that the defense would be quite adequately taken care of by the other counsel engaged. This was simply in accordance with the invariable custom. The public time is not subordinated to the convenience or even the misfortune of the bar. If

one man cannot attend to his work, somebody else can, and so the wheels of justice grind on.

When the case came up McLean took his part with entire confidence, and cross-examined witnesses with great spirit. It was evident that he felt himself to be in his element and was bent on making a record, but it was a painful time for the spectators, most of whom were impressed by the solemnity of a murder trial, only the members of the bar, however, appreciating the ludicrousness of the situation. To the "man in the street" the accent was all that was amusing, but to the profession it was pitiful to see how a really easy defense was being mangled. There was certainly a strong probability that the prisoner was guilty, but nobody saw the deed committed, in this case not even the perpetrator himself. The woman was certainly dead, and there was not a rib in her body that was not broken, but it would have to be a very hardy medical man that would be ready to swear that this was the result of her being jumped upon by the boots of the prisoner. Might she not have fallen forward on to the corner of the fender or the bed, or might not any other ingenious supposition of counsel have accounted for her death? The medical testimony, which was all that there was to fight, might be assailed in various ways, but none of these things occurred to McLean. He solemnly asked the doctor:

“Hoo mainy inches was the bed from the wall?”  
and the witness replied :

“A foot or fourteen inches, I should say.”

“D’ye say a fute or forrteen inches?”

“Oh, I don’t know. It was about that.”

“About what, sir? Forrteen inches or a fute?”

“Well, say a foot, if you like. I don’t know.”

“Now, be careful, sir. Is it a fute ye say?”

Here the judge interposed :

“I am loth to interfere with counsel at all times, and I don’t know what your theory of defense may be, Mr. McLean, but I would suggest that the witness has answered you as well as he is able. I don’t suppose he carried a tape measure in his pocket, or, if he did, his attention was no doubt centered on the woman.”

“Very well, my lord,” said the unabashed McLean, “I will try him with something else.

“Cozweed peevmint?”

“I didn’t catch that.”

“Cozweed peevmint, I said, sir.”

“Really, I am afraid I don’t understand.”

Again the judge came to the rescue, and to the witness he said, “I think counsel wants to know if there was a causeway outside the house—not, I presume, within a foot or fourteen inches of the bed.”

The suggestion no doubt was that the old woman had fallen on the pavement, broken all her ribs, and dragged herself upstairs afterward, but why the



doctor should be the witness asked about the condition of the street was not apparent.

A skilful defender will have a theory of defense and will only cross-examine those witnesses which bear on it, in this case the theory naturally being that the old woman had fallen forward with her whole weight on to some projection, striking her sternum, or breastbone, crushing it inward, and so forcing the ribs to be fractured outward, just as would have been the case if her husband had actually jumped on her chest, as alleged. But McLean had no theory, and cross-examined all witnesses indiscriminately, worrying them about circumstances of which they could not have any knowledge and transgressing the laws of evidence at nearly every venture, the last proceeding bringing him into frequent conflict with the judge. This made the bar very uncomfortable, and great relief was felt when the last irritated witness, with feelings bruised and mangled, left the box. McLean's speech to the jury might have been delivered in Coptic for all they could understand of it, but the slow emphasis with which the peroration was rendered enabled them, as well as the other auditors, to comprehend that Mr. McLean was endeavoring to impress upon them the affectionate character of the accused, who, "whain endaivoring to raise mohney for the defainse refused to sail the old dohg Tray."

The greatest protection to a prisoner often lies



in the fact that a weak defense is followed by an able summing-up by a clear-minded and experienced judge. In this case Mr. Justice Bounty carefully pointed out to the jury that the case against the accused turned entirely on the question whether it was possible that the deceased came to her death by accident. The medical witness on whose evidence this matter rested had not been asked specifically if such a thing was possible, and he himself had been loth to do it for the reason that so much might depend upon the answer, and that answer might in the ultimate depend upon the character of the witness. There were some things on which a medical witness was competent to speak to the exclusion of the mere layman—on the question of the microscopical examination of blood, for instance—but there were others on which medical opinion, although dealing with subjects in its own domain, was hardly any more valuable than unskilled opinion. Most educated people nowadays knew the relation of the bones of the thorax to one another and also knew that the bones of the aged were brittle; consequently a layman was just as competent as a surgeon to form an opinion on the question whether a fall forward on to the corner of a fender would be sufficient to snap all the ribs at once. A cautious and prudent surgeon might well hesitate to answer the question, but a confident and more or less ignorant one would no doubt speak with the as-

surance of an oracle. For this reason he had hesitated to put the question. A negative answer would undoubtedly have prejudiced the prisoner in the eyes of the jury, while a hesitating one would not have bettered the prisoner's position, and a confident declaration that the woman's own fall, or her husband's accidental fall upon her, might have caused such a rupture, could hardly have been expected from a witness for the prosecution. Under the circumstances he had thought it better to let the matter pass, point it out to the jury, and let them give it the weight to which they thought it entitled.

The jury left the box to deliberate on their verdict, and during their absence the prisoner was naturally the object of curiosity, and seldom was it better deserved. The accused was considerably over seventy years of age, and in appearance was more venerable than Mr. Justice Blount himself. His forehead was high and shapely, his features regular, and his long white hair and snowy beard gave him the appearance of a patriarch. Yet his history showed him to be a drunken, quarrelsome old vagabond. The spectators gazed on him with wonder, but not with more wonder than they did on the foreman of the jury on his return, who, in answer to the accustomed question, responded, "We find the prisoner not guilty." The judge received the verdict without remark, and merely wrote

the two words in his notes and left the bench, this being the last case for the day.

It was impossible to get the case threshed out at the mess that evening, as "the learned counsel for the defense" was present and in great feather, especially as, before they left the court the members of the jury had taken it upon them to cross over and shake him by the hand, and condole with him for the rough treatment he had received from the judge. So it goes in this world. Consolation and applause oftener come to those who appreciate them than to those who deserve them.

Frank's feelings may be imagined by those who have stood and watched the tide of fortune at the flood sweep up and pass them by, leaving them alone and untouched on an isolated little rock. Here was a man who was his junior from the mere circumstance that he had signed the roll in the Lord Chief Justice's court immediately after him, and for that reason a great opportunity had come to him, and been wasted. No solicitor on that circuit would ever give McLean a brief after the exhibition he had made of himself, notwithstanding the fact that the jury had given a verdict in his favor, their action largely influenced by sympathy with one whom they imagined hardly used by a judge whose patience was tried beyond endurance by ignorance and incompetence which was to them no more than fervour in his client's behalf, and it seemed very hard that the Fates should pass by

one who felt that, though he might not win a verdict, he would have shown qualities which would have marked him out for service in the future. He knew that there were men who painfully struggled with the laws of evidence to the end of their careers, while there were others who, without ever reading a word on the subject, instinctively fell into their spirit and from the first never had any difficulty with them. A tone of fairness pervades them and a man with a fair mind naturally heeds them, while a blunderer, whose rule is the letter and not the spirit, never appreciates their appropriateness and the ease with which transgressions of them may be avoided.

East and McLean were friends, yes, but Frank had never imagined for a moment that they ever could become rivals. They had been thrown together by the circumstance that McLean had needed a door for his name until his practice should develop sufficiently to warrant his taking chambers for himself, but Frank had become interested in him as a curiosity, and had found him to be humorous, absolutely honest and fearless, and not without a considerable share of worldly wisdom, but he saw clearly that, even disregarding his accent, he was quite out of place at the bar. He expected him to hang on for a time with desperation, but eventually to find his way to some colony where the Scotch were in force, or drift into other



pursuits. That he should be deprived by him of so favorable an opportunity to let the circuit know his quality, just when he needed it in a very special manner, he did not expect. Under such circumstances it is difficult not to transfer some of the consequences of the chagrin to the unconscious vehicle of the misfortune and it would not have been surprising if a coldness had sprung up between East and McLean, but these were two exceptional spirits, the former a young philosopher who had been much influenced both by Seneca and by Schopenhauer and the latter the most unsentimental of an unsentimental nation. His attitude toward his deceased parent was a sufficient indication of the sort of regard he would have for the living. His friend continued to be his friend until he played him a dirty trick, when he immediately ceased to be his friend forever and a day. He forgave nobody and never expected to be forgiven.

Consequently the two lodged together, ate together, and moved to the next town together in perfect harmony, each chaffing the other on the outcome. It was impossible, however, that all could travel in one compartment of the train and in that one where the friends were not there was noticeable hilarity. Mr. Diamond was entertaining the other members of the circuit with an imitation of McLean's cross-examination of the doctor and address to the jury. For years afterward this was one of

his "set pieces" for production at after-dinner entertainments and suchlike gatherings of the bar, and "D'ye say a fute or forrteen inches?" was requisitioned on every possible occasion when the learned gentlemen were in light mood.



## CHAPTER IV.

It will be remembered that the home county was the only one in which Frank could hope for work on his first circuit. He knew nearly all the solicitors and he thought it possible that some one or more of them might recall their promises made to him in early days, while others might not altogether forget their old schoolfellow. There was, however, a rule to which he would be loyal. No barrister on circuit may stay at the same hotel as the solicitors, nor may he fraternize with them in any way; that is to say, there may not be even the appearance of "touting." McLean, on the other hand, would no doubt follow the instincts of his worldly wise unsentimental nature and respect this rule or abuse it at his pleasure. Consequently it was not altogether surprising that the experience he had had at the last town should be repeated. Again he had a brief, while East was still without one. The fact is that his reputation, reflected in the press from the point of view of the jury and the people, had preceded him, and one solicitor, who knew nobody, being in want of a junior in a small criminal matter, determined, as he said, to

“play the winner.” Another, an old friend, passed East on the street, but as he had apparently been forgotten by that young man, “who held his head so high,” he gave the two briefs he had intended for him to another man. These were the perfectly natural results of the courses followed, but we are all apt to go astray in our thinking as a result of what we are led to believe in our youth. Principles of honor and loyalty are inculcated in the hope of an adequate reward, and “honesty is the best policy” we are taught concurrently with the process of copying “all the letters in a big round hand,” but the nature of the reward is not expatiated upon. The only one which appeals to our imagination at that time is associated with purple and fine linen, and so we grow up with the idea that if we will be good we shall be happy and own the earth. Later on, if we are good—which, of course, we are—we rather find that we have to pay for the privilege, and the competitor gets the purple and fine linen with the accessories. Then by degrees we begin to realize that if we want to be wealthy it does not pay to be good. If, on the other hand, we would rather lay ourselves down to sleep each night in the calm assurance that we have robbed no neighbor’s hen-roost that day, we shall continue to be good. While we have been adding to our inches we have increased our chances for unhappiness by the development of a conscience, and we must bear the consequences, take up our cross, stay poor, and draw

the attention of the public to the enormity of the other fellow's rascality. If perchance, however, a conscience would not grow in the arid soil of our stomach, all we have to do is to turn over a new leaf and paint it red with the blood of the innocents. They are being offered up every day on the altar of mammon, and there are two other parties present at the sacrifice—the priests and the crowd. Not everybody can be a priest, but we need never despair if we will only lighten ourselves of our baggage early enough.

McLean's case, much to the relief of the judge and the disappointment of the younger members of the bar, came to an abrupt termination by the prisoner pleading guilty, which was rather a setback for the redoubtable Scot, who confidently expected to score another triumph. The accused had given no previous indications of such an intention, and if any knowledge of the tower of strength on which he might have leaned could have reached him in his dungeon, he surely would not have thrown away his chances in that reckless fashion, but the criminal, especially the inexperienced one, is very much the creature of moods, and is at any time just as likely to surprise his friends as his foes.

At dinner the man who sat next to East, and who had been to Bodmin two or three times before, mentioned that he was always in the habit of going once to Looe Pool for a swim before breakfast, and that he would be going the next morn-

ing. Would East like to go? He certainly would, for swimming was the exercise of all others that delighted him most, so he agreed to be ready to start at six o'clock.

During the night the hours went by one by one without any sleep for East while his heart beat far beyond its usual rate. Nevertheless, when the time arrived to start on the walk to Looe Pool, East was ready, and started off with vigor. The walk was along wooded and pleasant country lanes, but rather longer than one not accustomed to such early exercise would care for. To East, however, anything of an athletic nature always appealed, and it was a new experience to him to feel himself weakening, and only keeping pace with his companion by a great effort. When at length they arrived at the pool he felt so ill that he considered it unsafe to trust himself to the water, so he let his companion go in alone while he sat and watched him from the bank. The rest, however, did him no good, and on the return journey it became apparent that there was something more than temporary discomfort to be reckoned with. Several times he was sick and could scarcely drag himself back to the lodgings. After failing to eat breakfast and knowing that he was nearer home than he would be later on if he continued with the circuit, he decided to take the next train south. He ate nothing during the journey, and the two or three brandies and soda he took seemed to have little or no effect. Late



in the evening he arrived at home and was rallied by his father on his precipitate flight from the bar. Still without food he went to bed and slept. In the morning he felt better, but his throat was very sore, so he got out of bed and examined it by the aid of a mirror. Inside he saw the small white patch which he had seen before in other throats at the time when he had visited patients with his uncle as a medical student, which he had been before his father had consented to his following the real bent of his mind in that profession which of all others was the most uncertain in its rewards. On his father coming into the bedroom to inquire how he felt, he told him that he had diphtheria. The elder, as people who are well usually do, made light of such a fear, but promised to send for the regular family doctor.

Like a wise man, the family doctor said nothing. That is always the wiser course, particularly in a family doctor. It would be equally wise if the medical men called to attend a distinguished patient *in extremis* would say nothing: there would be less to account for when he died, which he usually does. President McKinley's wound was a trifle at first, and so was the sickness of Mark Hanna. As a matter of fact, the former was suffering from a mortal injury and the latter from typhoid fever. Had they kept quiet, the doctors might have saved their reputations.

After two days' illness and an evident amend-

ment, during which the doctor's gargle had been continually used and his mixture periodically poured into the slop pail, the wise man vouchsafed:

"Did you ever have quinzy?"

"Never."

"You won't be able to say that any longer."

Frank had no wish to dispute about a name for his illness, especially as he knew that the growth had been checked, and that, whatever the disease might be called, it would be treated in the same way, so he resigned himself to the joys of the convalescent and lived most of the time with Dr. Lydgate in "Middlemarch." It is better for us than opium or hasheesh just to open the pages of a new book—not a thumbbed, dirty, second-hand library thing—and so transport ourselves to fresh fields and pastures new, when the grass is getting short for us where we are. Imagination is a great aid to restoration, even as it is the most powerful factor in collapse.

On the first morning of Frank's arrival downstairs he found the house apparently deserted and his sister Gertrude sitting in a corner of the dining room weeping silently.

"Why, what is the matter, Gertrude," he inquired, "is there anything amiss?"

For answer his sister pointed silently to a bunch of keys lying on the table.

"Those are father's keys. Isn't he down yet?" asked Frank.



But the girl could not reply, and simply abandoned herself to a torrent of weeping. Frank rushed upstairs, found the door of his father's bedroom wide open, and the room empty. It was perfectly clear that his father had gone—but where and why?

On going down he found his sister calmer again, and from her he learned that when breakfast time had arrived and her father had not appeared she had gone up to his room, only to find it empty, and it was not until then that the significance of the bunch of keys on the table had struck her. What since had happened she did not know. She thought John and the servants were out looking for him, and the other children were probably with them.

Gertrude was a girl of about seventeen years of age, and the eldest of the second family. John was a year younger, and he was followed by three girls and one boy, the youngest being but three years old. The mother had died soon after the birth of this boy. The children were all bright and pretty and the eldest especially so—not what one would call a beautiful girl or of the stately mould that appropriately goes with such a description, but attractive-looking and even pert. Her figure was rapidly developing into that of a perfect woman and her light-brown hair and blue eyes were in keeping with the sunny disposition marked by the dimples of her cheeks. Never before had she been in such distress as now overcame her, and it was

with difficulty that she could be comforted. Frank, however, was diverted from his attempts at consolation by the appearance of John, a well-grown youngster of sixteen, who had early begun to show indications of maturity. There was very little of the boy left in his disposition, and he went about his pursuits with a calm, self-centered demeanor that had a different influence on different people. Most people trusted him wholly, while others looked upon him as uncanny, and needing to be watched. On this occasion of universal sorrow and distraction he was perfectly calm, and met Frank as if everything was proceeding according to programme and there was nothing whatever to worry about.

"Well, John, what do you know?" asked Frank.

"There's nothing to worry about," replied the boy—for so he was, little as he appeared to be—"father has gone either to Camruth or London. His Gladstone bag is gone—that looks like London—and Bob and the dogcart are gone. He isn't dead, anyway, and there isn't anything to cry about."

Frank considered a moment or two, and then said:

"Well, John, we must go and see the people at the bank. They will undoubtedly throw some light on the matter. Either they know the reason for father's sudden disappearance, or they do not. If they do, it will relieve us, and if they do not, it may be that we shall be in time to prevent some

scheme for throwing money into a shaft. Since he took Bob and the dogcart, we must have Lucy and the four-wheel."

"All right, I'll have her put in," replied John, and went away to have the mare harnessed and brought round.

While this was being done Frank found himself sufficiently reassured to talk with confidence to Gertrude about the probability of the mystery being soon satisfactorily cleared up. He knew that his father's finances must be giving him considerable trouble, and that he was perhaps in very sore straits. He also knew that at such a time his own advice would rather be shunned than courted, and it had probably been necessary to act promptly and without reference to him. Any business move of importance would be likely to involve a visit to London, and consequently the disappearance was not so wonderful, after all, and need be no further cause for alarm. All this he could not venture to say to Gertrude, but he was evidently able to communicate some of his confidence to her, for when they left for Camruth she bid them a cheerful good-by and went about her accustomed occupations much as she would have done had her father eaten breakfast with them and gone to one of the mines as usual.

## CHAPTER V.

The journey from Redborne to Camruth might not altogether inaptly be compared to that historic one from the desert to the promised land, but there was no Red Sea to be crossed. Halfway there was a small brook, locally called a river, over which, however, there was a substantial stone bridge. Redborne was situated in the midst of mines and barren hills while Camruth was surrounded by luxurious woods which covered the gentle slope to a bay which was scarcely surpassed for beauty by the Bay of Naples. It could not be expected that the scenery would appeal strongly to Frank this morning, but whatever the occasion might be, he could never look from the highest point of the road down over the green trees, white housetops, and spires to the blue and gray bay beyond without being Pharisee enough to thank God that he was not "as other men are" and incapable of deriving pleasure from such a view as that. John was never known to have expressed admiration for any scene yet, and the inference was that he belonged to the other men, but nobody had found it sufficiently worth while yet to study John enough to find out. At school



he had been a model boy so far as behavior went, but his place in his classes had not been high, while of Frank it had been prophesied by the headmaster that he would come to the gallows, though his place both indoors and out had been of the highest. John had always been apparently meek, but Frank was really unmanageable. He took nobody's judgment but his own on all matters, great or small. We shall see how those characters developed. At present there was no one who knew Frank who would not have trusted him implicitly with his wife or his Cremona, but everybody was shy of John. He appeared to harbour dark designs, but he had done nothing yet—so far as known—to justify the suspicion which was really the result of his quiet manner—his exemplary behaviour, in fact.

The brothers had little in common as a rule, but it is hardly likely that they could ride side by side for six miles without exchanging views about a variety of subjects. The one thing uppermost in their minds, however, gave both more food for reflection than speech.

"Have you seen anything that would seem to foreshadow this sudden move on father's part, John, while I have been in bed?" asked Frank, after a pause in more general talk.

"Not a thing," was John's sole response.

"Haven't you noticed any nervousness, absent-mindedness, or anything at all strange?"

"Not a thing."

The exchange of ideas was as productive as usual. John did not appear to be in funds: he had no spare cash.

On their arrival at Camruth they went to the hotel to which all members of the family invariably drove and expected at least to find Bob and the dog-cart there, for in either of the cases to which they had given a thought—that their father had gone to Camruth or London—they took it for granted that he would have left the horse in his accustomed stable, but there was no Bob. *Now*, what had happened? One thing was clear: it was all the more necessary to hurry to the bank and endeavor to get some light on the matter there.

The bank to which they were directing their steps was that of Messrs. Ellis & Dee, the men who owned Camruth, Redborne, and all the surrounding country: body, soul, and accoutrements. As smelters they took all the tin the mines raised and paid what they chose for it, for there was no competition to make a price, and as bankers all the mines and everybody connected with them owed them money. There were some few—farmers mostly, for all the merchants and shopkeepers had to have shares in the mines to get any trade—whom their tentacles had not yet reached, but in one way or another they were slowly gathering them in. They spread special nets for the farmers, for they dearly loved their land. They were not really interested in banking or mining except as mere mediums for the acquire-



ment of that commodity, and any man who had any who could be persuaded to take an interest in mining would as sure as fate very soon find that interest grow and grow until it became the interest on a mortgage which kept on growing and growing until it suddenly burst and Ellis & Dee assumed a benevolent protectorate over the land that was the patrimony of his forefathers. These simple, honest yokels could not stand up against modern methods: they were not transparent enough, did not exhibit a map of the route, and did not afford facilities for getting out to walk when they came to a hill.

When Frank arrived, both partners were seated in their private room, and, as he entered, Ellis extended his right hand, which was closed with the exception of one finger. Frank had heard of this practice and took no notice. Dee was doing some work at his desk, which he continued to do.

This was the customary method of reception adopted by this powerful firm and was expected to impress, which it did those for whom it was intended, but Frank was neither awed nor offended by it. He was quite careless about salutations himself and never deemed them of sufficient importance to give a second thought to.

Ellis was a man considerably past the prime of life, with a bald head around which there was a fringe of thin, ragged, colorless hair, the fringe being continued beneath the chin, but the face being

shaven. The head was low and the forehead had a backward slope. The nose was bottle-shaped, and the under lip protruded aggressively. It would be difficult to imagine a smile on such a face. Perhaps it would look something like a ray of sunshine on a battlefield or a robin redbreast amid the tombs.

Dee can be described in one word. He was not a Jew, but he looked exactly like one. The thin, dark, curly hair and beard and the hooked nose were there to the life, and the same old, keen, and cunning leer was as much at home on his face as on Shylock's or Fagin's. He lived in money and for money, and knew absolutely nothing about anything else in the world.

"I've come to see you this morning, Mr. Ellis," began Frank, "to know if you can tell me of any reason why my father should go to London at this time."

"Go to London? I don't understand you," returned the old man. "Is he going to London? He always tells us, I believe, when he intends to. Has he sent you as ambassador this time?"

"That is all I wanted to know. You can't tell me where he is, then?"

"What, have you lost your father and come to us to find him for you?"

"Not at all. I haven't any desire that you should do anything in the matter, but he has certainly gone somewhere without leaving word as to his destina-

tion, and I thought that under such circumstances the bank would be the first place where I should make inquiries."

Ellis pulled the bell—there were no electric buttons at that date—and asked for the cashier, to whom he said:

"When was East in here last?"

"One day last week."

"How is his account?"

"About even, not overdrawn nor yet in funds."

"I should say," commented Ellis as the cashier withdrew, "he cannot have gone far, or we should have heard of it. Travel costs money, and that involves a visit to the bank."

"That is what I thought and principally why I came to you. However, I am much obliged for the information, and shall be further beholden to you if you can suggest anything else I should do."

"How did he go—drive?"

"Yes, the dogcart is gone, and it has not arrived at the Occidental."

"Well, you might inquire at the other hotels before you go home, but I expect you will find him there when you get there."

It was evident that since the account was all right Mr. Ellis took very little interest in the movements of East, Senior. That was the impression he intended to convey, but as soon as Frank had left the bank, the cashier was immediately recalled and told to use every means known to him to find out

where East had gone, to take time by the forelock, but at present go quietly to work as it was by no means certain that he had done anything but go somewhere to do something which his family had no concern in, and which could be best done without any preliminary discussion. Ellis' interest in East, however, was by no means slight, and it was a matter of vital importance to him that a man whose influence in keeping the mines afloat for the last seven years had been greater than that of all other men in the locality combined should be kept at work raising tin for them at whatever sacrifice to himself, the shareholders, or the miners, who existed only for the purpose of enabling Ellis & Dee to grind the faces of the poor.

Inquiry at the other hotels in Camruth developed no news of Bob and the dogcart, so Frank and John were obliged to turn homeward without a solution to the mystery. They were now somewhat inclined to believe that when they reached home they might find their father there, whilst Gertrude was at the same time hoping that they would bring him back with them. It seemed now certain that he had not gone to Camruth and that he had not taken the train, at least there, and there was no such reason for secrecy that he should wish to take it anywhere else. No clue, however, of any kind presented itself, and when at length they arrived at home without their father, Gertrude rushed out to meet them, followed by all the other children, not knowing which



would be the first to arrive, but fully expecting in either event good news of some sort. Seeing the brothers still alone, she was once more overcome by grief and with the others returned disconsolate to the house, little Jem continually wailing, "Where is Pa? I want him," but, still too young to appreciate anything that had happened, he left the others to fondle the dog.

Day after day passed, and for a time the gloom and the sorrow deepened. Not a clue was discovered and not a ray of hope appeared. Mr. East, the horse, and the dogcart, seemed to have disappeared from human ken without leaving a trace behind. The grief of Gertrude and the children had become a sort of chastened sorrow. There were no longer any bursts of weeping, but the sun seemed to have gone down behind a bank of black clouds and never to have risen again. Frank, however, had to be active and almost every day was in Camruth in consultation with the bankers. As he had been familiar from his youth up with his father's duties, he was easily able to step into his shoes at the mines where he was purser and conduct his correspondence, and for the time affairs were allowed to drift along in that way, as it seemed impossible that any long period could elapse without some news of the missing man. It will serve no useful purpose, however, to dwell on this painful interval, and it soon became evident that some steps must be taken to appoint a permanent successor to Mr. East. Meetings of the com-

mittees were held, to which emissaries from the bank were sent with instructions, and Frank was elected to succeed the purser, it being understood that he would act as guardian of his father's interest without being compelled to own any individual shares himself. Time passed in this way, and meanwhile an inventory of Mr. East's estate was being taken to ascertain how his affairs stood and whether Frank would be able to maintain the *status quo ante*. His land had all been mortgaged to the bank, foreclosed on and passed into the hands of Ellis & Dee, and the estate now consisted only of several thousand mine shares, none of which were saleable. There were, however, no debts except for the current household expenses. The salaries from the purserships had never been sufficient to keep the family in the style to which it had been accustomed, and unless there was to be a material falling off in this respect Frank must add to his income from some source or other. Just then the principal merchant in the town, who had been chiefly engaged in supplying the mines with coal and candles, had stepped into Charon's boat and was being ferried across the Styx, and his business was for sale as he had left no heir who could carry it on. This appeared to be something like a providential opening. It might even eventuate in bringing up John to be the mainstay of the family, while Frank returned to his practice at the bar. It necessitated the raising of money, however, and here was where



Tremayne came in to perform the duty which had been reserved for it. In short, Ellis & Dee effected another mortgage, which they had foreseen, and which they had anticipated when they gave the committees instructions to vote for Frank for purser. As before, they had the mines under their control, with the chief official under their thumb. Had they?

Messrs. Ellis & Dee were very shrewd in their way and perfectly well able to deal with the simple country people in the midst of whom they had become what they were, but their horizon was limited. They had not been educated in the great marts of the world, nor had they ever known what it was to be opposed in any of their designs except by the inevitable forces of nature, and so far they had amassed wealth with as much regularity and certainty as the mine shafts had raised what was called a *burrow* by the men in the immediate vicinity of their mouths. From their point of view they were nourishing a viper in their bosom, but as yet they knew it not. The viper, however, had a point of view, too.

## CHAPTER VI.

Frank had now to take up his cross. When he determined that Tremayne should be saved to provide for the family in the event of his father's bankruptcy, he had not anticipated the present dénouement. He had expected that his father would be still at the helm and that this little farm entailed on him would at least provide him with a cargo to make another voyage. He had not intended also to offer himself up as a sacrifice, which he seemed to have done. He had only contributed to the making of his own bed, but he must lie on it, and it was evident that he was not going to get much sleep. He had suddenly become father of a family which was without a mother, and purser of mines which made no profits, but he was not of those who indulge in a folding of the hands to sleep in the face of difficulty, but rather of those who like to be where the blows fall thickest and where the hills are steep and the way is dark. The greatest battles, as has often been said but still is not understood, are not fought with shrapnel and bayonet, but with the unromantic and commonplace weapons, the tongue and the pen, and he was about to have work enough for both.

It was apparently going to be all work, too: there was to be no play. McLean and the other choice spirits with whom he had whiled away his leisure time seemed now further off than Atlantis or the Hesperides, and he would have to angle for pleasure in a very shallow pool. There was a vicar, a distinguished scholar of a very uncertain temper, who had several sons, none of whom were scarcely ever at home; there were two or three dissenting ministers of narrow belief and little education, two doctors, both old men and "cranks," and only one man in the whole community who promised to be worth cultivating, but Frank had already been warned against him as "a publican and a sinner." Like that worthy mariner who said he would like to go to heaven "but not with such a crew," Frank, after enduring his loneliness as long as he could, was fain to welcome the overtures of the landlord of "The Three Tuns" and ride and drive and swim and shoot with him, though he was a pariah and had seen the pariahs in their own home. Mitchell had been a great traveller, and was possessed of a mind fitted to be improved by travel, as, in addition to having come of a good stock, he had sufficiently suffered from the cane and the ruler before he ran away from home to enable him to read the daily newspaper at least and profit thereby. His horizon was not bounded by Camruth on the east, the sea on the west, the mines on the north, and the arable land on the south, nor were his ideas entirely de-

rived from the scriptures as interpreted by the Rev. Hezekiah Bunchgrass, whilst it was undeniable that he sometimes tasted whiskey in his capacity as host, thereby, as he said, setting an example to his critics by practising what he preached. He said he thought good liquor was a good thing for a man who knew how to use it, and he did know how and took it with a feeling of satisfaction that he was able to pay for it. Those who spent no money at his house said that he put poison in his stomach to steal away his brains, and *he* was thankful that he had some to steal. One who talked in this loose manner was not regarded as fit company for a young man in Frank's position, and perhaps he was not, but Frank preferred him to any other to be had in that locality, and was accustomed to follow his own counsel in all things, as has been before remarked. Was it not enough that he should resign his profession and his patrimony for the sake of his father's second family? Must he also make a hermit of himself because he was surrounded by "such a crew?" It is surely a very bad thing for a fish to be out of water.

Tom Mitchell had no more sympathy with his surroundings than Frank had, for, though his hotel was in Redborne, his customers were chiefly the commercial men who had to come there for business and beyond these he had only the few old cronies who made his barroom their club of an evening. Both the doctors came when they could find



time and always disputed when they did, and two or three mine managers, a butcher, and the Irish drill sergeant of the rifle corps completed the assembly. Once a month or so Frank took a seat with this respectable and quiet company, but he rarely extended his fellowship beyond the landlord, with whom he often spent a large portion of the day. Sometimes a little entertainment was to be had in the barroom, but unless there was unusual excitement about something, the sittings were rarely marked by anything more moving than a practical joke played upon one of their number who had fallen asleep. Nevertheless, these old boys were held by the pious faction to be on the road to perdition and rapidly going beyond even the prayers of the elect. Where dissent is not in the ascendent they would be regarded as very respectable citizens.

Gradually the usual course of proceedings came to be that either Frank went to one of the mines and Tom accompanied him on horseback, whilst his wife looked after the business, or Tom had business of his own at Camruth or elsewhere and Frank became the *fidus Achates*. Tom's trips abroad on his own account, however, were not frequent. They usually consisted of visits to his friend Billy Mann, landlord of the hotel at the Land's End, with whom, or from whom, he often bought supplies for the house, thus avoiding the middleman's profit, this course being quite feasible, as Billy's business in wine and cigars during the season was quite a large



one, for great numbers of all kinds of people visited the "first and last hotel in England" during the summer months. The winter was the best time to see the Atlantic waves sweeping up in majesty or breaking in fury against the granite cliffs, but the majority of mankind do not grow enthusiastic over nature in her sterner moods, especially if she has to be contended with for several miles before the scene comes in view, much preferring the glorious sunshine, the gentle breezes, and the well-covered tablecloth spread on the grassy summits of the granite walls of the sea.

One day as they were trotting along toward the Land's End, Tom suddenly broke out with:

"I believe something's going to happen. I dreamt last night about you and no end of wheels. I couldn't keep you out of the wheels to save me."

"I suppose it is nothing unusual for you to have wheels in your head."

"No, they enable me to talk through my hat by machinery. But seriously, I think you're going to break your neck or something."

"I have no doubt I shall. In fact, I have broken something since you dreamt that."

"What, your fast?"

"You are so sharp this morning that one would think you hadn't broken yours. See! Lucy is breaking, too, like her sisters do at the appearance of a male biped. She must have seen a male quad-

ruped around here somewhere. What I broke was a good resolution."

"Oh, that's nothing. I break them every morning and mend them every night. They're just as good as ever next morning."

"What did you have for supper? Mushrooms? They might account for the wheels in your head. The 'piskies,' you know, are said to use them for wheels, which they fasten to 'kraugen' shells and drive across the Gump with a team of fireflies."

"I'm not piskie-lidden, if I do believe in dreams."

"Do you really believe in dreams? Nearly everybody has some pet superstition."

"Of course I believe in dreams. I must be visited by some unseen influence or I couldn't have them when I am dead to the world."

"I never know when you are serious, if you ever are, but that sounds as if you were, because you defend yourself by what you intend shall do duty for a reason. Don't you know that dreams take place when we are semi-conscious? When we are dead to the world, as you say, we can't dream, or can't know that we do, but on our passage from the sleeping to the waking state we become gradually conscious as the circulation in the brain becomes stronger, and those ideas which are stored in our memory present themselves to our consciousness undisturbed and unregulated by the sights and sounds of our environment. Those come to the surface which have been recently made use of and

are stored in that part of the brain where the circulation was most active when we fell asleep and bring along with them ideas which are related to them in some way and are stored in the same neighborhood, though they do not always bring along with them also the explanation of their connection. Dreams are always consequents; they are never prophecies."

"Thank you, that was just as good as if I had read it all in a book. I suppose you did—in an encyclopaedia probably."

"No, you won't find that in any book. I have evolved it from the depths of my inner consciousness. That's where I keep my choicest things. But I can tell you something else. I have often had dreams that told their own story quite plainly. For instance, I once dreamt that I saw my friend Haskell seated before a white tablecloth, on which he was cutting cocoanut cake. As I came up, he offered me a piece and said, 'Take this before Frank Jacobs comes,' whom I could see coming across country, which was white with snow. You will observe that everything in this dream is white and that all the ideas are connected by a 'k' sound. The whiteness was caused by the light of the rising sun shining full on my face and the 'k' sounds were all occasioned by the kuk-kuk-kuk-kuk-oo of a cock which was crowing as I awoke."

"I thought you said the ideas are provided by the memory and do not come from the outside."

“Quite so, when you awake gently and naturally because you have slept enough, but when you are aroused, as in this instance, the strength of the presentation is so strong that it is that which will determine from which quarter of the brain the dream will proceed. You thus have an inconsequent jumble which is more or less ridiculous according to the proportions of the mixture of presentations and representations, as the psychologists say.”

“Now, you’re getting learned. Thank goodness, there’s Billy. You might try him with that dissertation on dreams. He sees things when he dreams, not wheels, but serpents, flames, blue, green, and red demons, fiery dragons and things that he never could remember unless from his previous dreams. He never really saw them anywhere.”

“You are speaking of a diseased brain now and the fact that it is diseased means that it distorts. The things he sees are all memories, nevertheless, twisted into all manner of confused representations.”

“Hullo, Billy! How’s your insomnia, old man?”

Billy Mann was a swollen, bottle-nosed, blue and red, bloated landlord, with a rough voice, an unsteady walk, and a bleary eye. He was always suffering from insomnia and always talking about it. As a rule patients of this description pick up a name for their malady which is as bad a distortion as their dreams. Some have debetus, others rheumatiz, and most dispepsy, but Billy had got hold of the



right word. He was proud of it and displayed it every time he took a glass of anything "for his complaint."

"How are you, Mr. Mitchell?" was Billy's greeting, the formality of which to the uninitiated would appear to be cold after Tom's hearty familiarity, but it was not, for Tom was one of those people who, though apparently genial enough, always inspire a kind of respect which requires them to be addressed as "Mr." He was a fine big man who dressed well and carried himself on all occasions with confidence. You could no more shake his nerve than that of the great pyramid. This may seem a cheap kind of advantage to take of others, but in reality it is not. It cannot be acquired and is only natural to those who have the character to sustain it. The modest, retiring man may be made of much finer material, but he won't wear so well.

As their horses were led to the stable Billy invited his visitors to "come in and have a glass of Moselle" (pronounced as a word of three syllables), which was the drink he invariably offered to the most favored guests, and which, by the bye, no man, if he is honest, will refuse. Those wee people—that Scotch term suits them best—whose god is fashion, pretend to like champagne better than Moselle because it is "the thing" to drink a "dry" wine, but the real reason is that it costs more and gives them a better chance to show their vulgarity. The muscat grape is unequalled by any other that grows,



and the wine made from it is absolutely unsurpassable, but that contemptible tyrant fashion, which none but the Lilliputians will pay any attention to, discards it for a wine distinctly its inferior. Some children prefer a green, sour, and coppery pickle to a lump of sparkling bright white sugar, but they are not nice children.

Mitchell's treatment of Billy invariably consisted in the process familiarly known as "pulling his leg," a very few minutes of which became very tiresome to Frank, so he excused himself that they might "talk business" while he strolled down to the point.

Frank was as familiar with every foot of ground at the Land's End as he was with the garden at home, but he never visited it without a thrill of pleasure that made the blood course through his arteries with a prouder throb. What a magnificent scene it was, headland after headland of massive granite sitting like a lion couchant facing the might of the Atlantic and presenting an immovable front to the battering of its waves. To-day the sea was calm and cool and deep, the gentle swells just kissing the granite feet of the cliff which stretches furthest west and south into the ocean, and in the bright sunshine nature was decked in all her radiant sheen. The dark-blue of the waters, flecked here and there with white, went out to meet the lessening color of the sky as it approached the horizon, between which and the spot on which he stood the white shaft of the lighthouse shot upward from its black crag as

much of an ornament by day as it was a beacon by night. The cliffs at this time were clad in purple heather, the mauve flower familiarly known as the sea pink and that most beautiful of all wildflowers because of its delicate shape and tints, known to some by the unsuitable and pretentious name of convolvulus, to others by the equally unfit name of bindweed, and to yet others as the morning glory. It certainly should have done better than this in the course of time and should have earned for itself a name expressive in one word as far as possible of gentle birth. Do you wonder what was the name that Adam gave it?

Frank gazed in silent awe at the magic scene and again thanked God that he was not as other men are. Once, he thought, I drove a little whippersnapper of a parson down here to see the Land's End in a storm, and, standing at the extremity, two hundred feet perpendicularly above the wrestling waves whose spray was flung above his head, he folded his hands behind his back and muttered, "I'm disappointed." That man will be disappointed in "the great white throne." What an uncomfortable thing it must be to go about the world with an imagination too big for it!

On Frank's return to the hotel he found that Billy was being removed upstairs to bed in a somnolent condition, for guests would soon be arriving—the drive from Camruth was a long one—and, for the credit of the house, it would be best to have

him out of the way. Billy's "Moselley" had stirred up the whiskey he had been previously taking, and the inevitable had happened. There was also something else inevitable: if Billy did not speedily straighten up and keep himself sober enough to look after his own house, there would be another landlord of the first and last hotel in England. One Tom Mitchell would not mind if there was.

On the way home the talk of the two friends had a directer bearing on the local situation than had their banter on the outward journey. Mitchell's style was usually of a mocking character, and he was just as likely to mean what he said jokingly as not to mean what he asserted was an article of his creed. He also very soon adopted that style, and East had not known him many days before he found him to be a sort of animated riddle. This made his company much more entertaining than would have been that of a more matter-of-fact individual, and especially one of the type prevalent in Redborne.

As they rode along, Mitchell suddenly blurted out, "Why don't you join the church?"

"Why don't you?" Frank returned.

"I have the floor—or shall have if I get pitched off. When you've answered my question I'll answer yours."

"In the first place, you don't care two straws whether I go to church or not, and in the second place, it wouldn't do you any good to know why I do not."

"I assure you I take quite a paternal interest in your welfare, and I know that in this community you'll be among the rocks before you know it if you don't go to church."

"Then you think I ought to consult my temporal welfare by pretending to be anxious about my immortal soul?"

"Of course. Your bread and butter is a matter of immediate consequence; the other you can 'take under advisement.'"

"Then why don't you take your own medicine?"

"Because I'm a publican, of course. I haven't got a soul to save—or, if I have, it won't be saved, which comes to the same thing."

"You said just now that in my case that was a matter that could wait. What about the bread and butter?"

"Don't eat any. Since I became a man I put away childish things. But it wouldn't do me any good, anyhow, to go to church. I don't want that crowd in my house if they would come, and they don't want me in theirs, but you've got to go or you'll find you can't live here."

"Nonsense! What business is it of anybody else's what I do so long as I keep the mine accounts straight?"

"You don't hear all the talk I do. You are frequently the topic for our barroom crowd, and if they are sufficiently interested in you to make you the subject of their conversation, don't you suppose



that all the old women in the parish are spreading artful insinuations about you that become wilful lies before the fifth repetition?"

"What if they do? How can it affect me?"

"In this way. First they will notice that you are seen in my company very frequently, then they will wonder how we spend our time in the evenings and will suggest cards, next one will say definitely that we play, after that the suggestion will be added that we play for money and then will come the reflection as to the unwisdom of trusting such large sums of money as pass through your hands on account of the mines to a gambler. I'm willing to bet you that if you don't join the church you will be called into old Ellis' sweatbox pretty soon and treated to a little fatherly counsel."

"Nonsense! Ellis won't pay any attention to the gossip of these busybodies, and if he does, it will be quite easy to show him that it is only the talk of idle, mischievous people."

"On the contrary. You can't show him that you don't associate with me, and the fact that you do that will be enough. As I told you, you had better join the church, and in addition—well, they go together, anyhow—you had better drop me."

"I wish I could tell when you are serious and when not, but I have never been able to discover any indicator which would give me the clue as yet."

"I don't see," replied Mitchell, "that it makes



any difference whether *I* am serious or not. You can see yourself that it is a serious matter for *you*."

"On the contrary, I am quite unable to see anything more than the banter which it amuses you to indulge in."

"All right, I've warned you. Go to the devil in spite of me if you want to, but you'll have to acknowledge when you get to Hades that I tried my best to keep you on this side of the river."

"Well, now," said Frank, "just for the sake of argument, how could it mend matters for me to join the church?"

"Why, you'd be able to protect yourself then. In the first place, you wouldn't be an object of so much interest and there wouldn't be so many lies told about you. Those that were told you would hear of and be in a position to contradict. They would be brought to you by your good friends, whilst now the mischief is done without your knowing anything at all about it. Take, for instance, our party in the bar. You would never think from the way old Slow meets you that he ever had anything against you, would you? Yet I have heard him saying the most uncomplimentary things about you. Of course, I shut him up when I heard him, but you can bet he improved the opportunity as soon as I was out of hearing."

"Why on earth is it that these old beasts can't let a man alone when he never interferes with them?"

"You can't look at anything from the same point of view as they do."

"No, thanks be. But fancy anybody that had any knowledge of me at all accusing me of playing cards! Do you play?"

"Not if I can help it, but once in a great while I do in order not to be the only man in the room who won't take a hand, but I never by any chance play for any more than nominal or penny points."

"I don't even do that. It is not a point of morality with me, but merely of common sense. Card-playing is the most stupid way of spending the time I know of. I prefer rational conversation about even the most ordinary topic."

"Well, I can hardly agree with you there. You have been accustomed to talk to people who have ideas to exchange. I would certainly rather play a good game of whist than listen to those two brilliant lights of the medical profession that adorn my barroom, Drs. Slow and Bumm."

"If I can't find anybody worth talking to, I keep my own counsel, or read a book. Card playing I don't consider at all. It is simply a sinful waste of time and that is far worse than waste of money."

"Oh, I don't know. I'm a bit of philosopher myself, too, you know. The same reason that induces us to converse prompts us to play cards. The game calls forth the same desires. In each we have an adversary and the majority care more for victory in

both contests than they do for the matter of controversy.”

“To me to sit down to play cards is like deliberately throwing my money into the sea. If I speculate, I may get some return, and if I listen I may learn, but of malice aforethought recklessly to squander hours of that precious time which can never return in the manipulation of bits of paste-board is such a silly and contemptible thing to do that I should be more ashamed of doing it than I should of getting drunk. There’s one thing I escape, anyhow. They can’t accuse me of the twin folly called dancing. There’s no chance of that here.”

“Well, if they can’t accuse you of dancing they’ll accuse you of something worse before long. There’s no compromise with these people. Your only course I tell you is to join the church.”

“In the sixteenth century men were burned for refusing to join the church. I am not willing to go that length because I think a man is a fool to throw away the only life he has, or ever will have, for any cause, but I am willing to endure a reasonable—or unreasonable—amount of persecution, rather than turn hypocrite.”

“I know. You belong to that pigheaded race who prefer to butt at a stone wall rather than climb over it, whereas I belong to the crowd who would even prefer to dig a hole under it. I don’t want to ‘fix baynits’ and charge, or perform any acrobatics, if any obliging person will make a hole for

me with a spade. I don't even want to do the digging myself."

"Not a bit of it. You're no more a diplomat than I am, and you wouldn't join the church on any consideration whatever."

"I don't have to, but if I had to I would. You'll have to: that's all there is about it."

"Not much. I have read everything valuable that ever has been written on the subject and have given it years of careful thought. I don't intend to waste any more time on the conflict between religion and science. My mind is made up, and I shall save my time for better things."

"That's neither here nor there. I don't care what you believe. That's not the question. You can't do the work you are trying to do here unless you submit to the public opinion that rules this community."

"But I am only here to carry out a temporary purpose. As soon as John is able to step into my shoes I shall only be too glad to resign them."

"Even that will be a matter of years, and you won't be allowed to go on even for one year as you are going. You may think that if you want to sacrifice yourself on the altar of duty or humanity—or on whatever other altar you are offering yourself up—all you have to do is to make up your mind to do it, but I tell you you won't be allowed even to do that unless—you join the church."

Just then the horses cantered into town and they separated as the hotel came in view, Frank going on home, which was only two or three hundred yards farther.



## CHAPTER VII.

John was in the habit of getting the letters from the post office rather than wait until they were delivered, as that left very little time for answering any that had to be replied to by return, and when one morning Frank was looking over those addressed to him, he said:

"Here's another invoice addressed to the mine. I wish you'd tell them not to give you any of these things but put them in the mine bag. The boy is gone now, and I shall have to take this thing down there myself. Letters addressed to the purser should, of course, come here, but those addressed to the manager, or to the mine simply, should go there. Very often they are way-bills of goods coming in that day and are wanted at once."

"I've told them that already," replied John, "but you know what a pigheaded lot they are. They will do things their own way."

"You can always trust people who are secure in their jobs to be as disobliging as possible. Those who have to win and keep customers acquire very different habits."

"Did you hear how they refused to deliver a let-

ter to old Dr. Slow because it was addressed to Chapel Street, where he used to live, instead of to Market Street, where he is now? They said there wasn't any Dr. Slow on Chapel Street and sent the letter back."

"Yes, I've heard lots of stories of that kind about them. They won't inconvenience me by their stubbornness or their stupidity any more than I can help, though."

"Hulloh! What's this?" exclaimed Frank, as he went on looking through the letters. "Here's a note from the bank, enclosing a clipping from a Falmouth paper and asking if it doesn't refer to our horse and dogcart."

This would have startled most people, but not John. He merely looked up from an invoice of candles he was reading, and Frank went on:

"Horse and dogcart left at Union Hotel. Owner can have it on proper proof and paying expenses. Now, what does that indicate, John? It seems to me more mysterious than ever."

"It shows he drove to Falmouth," replied John.

"Of course, of course. Haven't you got any further than that? Why did he drive to Falmouth—to take train or ship, or had he business in Falmouth and met with foul play or lost his life accidentally there?"

"If he wanted to go by train he would go to Camruth, and if he wanted to go by ship he would

go to Plymouth, and I never heard of his having business in Falmouth."

"Well, I suppose I shall have to go and claim the horse and perhaps I can find out something more there, but the advertisement is now more than a month old, and they may have sold old Bob to pay expenses. In the first place I'll write and find that out. As to the getting of information, the bank will already have attended to that. The whole county is honeycombed with their secret agents. Meanwhile don't say anything to Gertrude. It's no use raising false hopes."

That day the first account under Frank's purser-ship was to be held at North Decamp, but there was nothing to be anxious about. The mine had about paid cost, so there would be no necessity for a call, and Mr. East's shares could still continue to be held in his name. For the present this gave Frank some standing, but when the time should come that they must pay a call or be relinquished, his position would hang on a very slender thread. His disposition always had been to meet trouble more than halfway, but he had always found, when it arrived, that he was more than a match for it and that it really was not so bad as he had feared. In any event he was secure for another sixteen weeks, and that is always a comfortable margin to have.

The business meeting, called for one o'clock, preceded by the committee meeting at twelve, was as uninteresting as meetings of this kind usually are,

and at two o'clock the shareholders present, with a few visitors from neighboring mines and Camruth, passed upstairs to dinner in good spirits and with appetites sharpened by a drive in the fresh air and by being delayed an hour, or, in some cases, two hours beyond their usual time for dinner. The meal is a very plain and substantial one, cooked by a woman in the account house who in her early days acted in the same capacity in some of the best houses in the neighborhood, but is far fresher, cleaner, and more bountiful than most of the dinners to be had in fashionable restaurants. Mere flavors would be wasted on these healthy stomachs which, however, are never allowed to be scared by a speck of dirt. The very floor, freshly scrubbed, is as clean as soap and water can make it. The thing, though, which is really distinctive about a Cornish mine dinner, is the punch, which is not introduced until the cloth is removed and the speech-making begins. Most mines are willing to stand or fall by the quality of this seductive drink and those who indulge in it stand or fall according to the quantity of it they consume. It is brewed by the local expert who knows the proper proportions for the huge jug which has done duty for the purpose ever since the mine was started, an idea of which may be afforded by giving the recipe for a tumblerful, which is: the juice of half a lemon, sufficient sugar to absorb it, a wineglassful two-thirds rum and one-third brandy and enough boiling water to fill the tumbler. The

reservoir is kept at the head of the table and two smaller jugs are filled from it, one going down while the other comes up the hospitable board. As long as the punch lasts it continues to be drunk while speeches are made in response to the various toasts. "The Queen" (it was then), is the first, and next "The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and the rest of the Royal Family," to which no replies are made unless an agent from the Duchy should be present, as is sometimes the case, but the third is "The health of our purser," invariably proposed by the committeeman on the right of the chair, in which the purser sits. To this he is expected to respond, and then follow in their order "Success to the mine," responded to by the manager and the different agents, "The neighboring mines," to which their representatives reply, and finally "The visitors," all of whom are expected to "sing for their supper"—not literally. That would be considered a breach of decorum to which a mine account dinner has never been known to descend.

On the present occasion Frank determined to issue his manifesto, as he knew that his speech would be reported *in extenso* in the local papers, representatives of which were present, in order to correct the false impressions which Mitchell had warned him were abroad and which were evidently entertained by the gentleman who had proposed his health and that of his father for a generation past. A faculty for ready speech had been inherited from his par-



ent and he really never felt so much at home as he did when giving formal utterance to his own thoughts. From his habit of going out to meet things he always felt nervous for a time beforehand, but as soon as he had really begun to say what he had to tell, he spoke with the ease and grace of a veteran, though his experience until now had been almost entirely limited to school and college debating societies. The part of his speech which concerns us was this:

“Mr. Limpet appears to be echoing the popular impression when he takes it for granted that I am here to stay, but nothing is further from my intention. My presence here is pure accident and will be as temporary as I can possibly manage to make it. Most of you probably know that I am right at the threshold of a profession for which I have been preparing for many years and which I have no intention whatever of abandoning, but for the present there seemed to be no other course open to me than the one I have adopted. As long as I hold this position I shall do my duty, as I see it, but I sincerely hope that the day will not be far distant when I may be permitted to retire in favor of another. In saying so much, however, I do not wish to seem ungrateful for your kind reception, which I am deeply sensible of, but I take this course that I may not sail under false colors and that I may improve this semi-public occasion to upset the structure which has been raised on the basis of the dark designs

manifested by my father in disappearing and by me in fortunately being led by diphtheria to take a peep over the side of the grave so as to be on hand at the right moment."

Frank cared a great deal more to be thoroughly understood than he did whether his speech was acceptable or not to those in whose hearing it was spoken, for he very well knew that the tenure of his office did not in the least depend on them, but on their owners, Ellis & Dee. He had been put in with a view to further their own objects, and they thought he would be obedient, as they held his mortgage, but he was determined that they should know that he was perfectly independent and had no intention of acting, even temporarily, as the mere mouthpiece of another. He intended to do his duty as he alone saw it, and every one concerned would please take notice.

The speech was received with a kind of mild surprise by the hoary old temporisers at the head of the board, between whom significant smiles and deprecatory shakes of the head were exchanged, but some of the younger spirits at the other end of the room, led by Tom Mitchell, who was a small shareholder, seemed to appreciate the declaration of independence and applauded accordingly.

Frank's attitude was no doubt unwise from a conservative point of view, but he was irritated at the evident misconception formed of him and the evil-speaking and uncharitableness which Mitchell had

hinted at, and he thought that he had better take advantage of an opportunity like this to make his position clear. A preliminary assertion of independence, however, is seldom called for. It is quite proper as a defense, but impolitic as a defiance. Diplomatic Frank could never be. There was nothing for which he had greater scorn. Polite lying he would never stoop to. He was determined that his course at all times should be an open book which "the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err" in.

The effect of this speech, however, was only temporary at this time, as much greater entertainment was expected in those which were to follow. An account was a mine agent's gala day and the efforts he made to shine as an orator were much appreciated by those who, like Mitchell, apprehended the situation and relished the display of familiarity with words which bore no relation to the meaning they were intended to convey. One worthy man, for instance, said truly that speaking was not his "fault," but one thing he could say was that "the proximity of the ends" was everything that could be desired.

The last of the agents to speak was a son of the manager. Talent is so common in families that a clever parent can generally manage to find room on the pay-roll of the corporation that employs him for an able scion of his own stock, and it was for this reason that Captain Samuel Shuffler drew dou-

ble the wages of a working miner and was permitted to eat with "the quality" once every sixteen weeks. Had it been possible he would gladly have avoided the ordeal through which he now had to pass, but to do so he would have to go without the dinner and the punch, and rather than that should happen he would do all the speech-making himself. Calls for "Sam" were heard proceeding from Mitchell and others in his neighborhood, so reluctantly the young man got on his feet and tried to begin, but he couldn't say "Gentlemen." He satisfactorily proceeded so far as "Mr. Chairman and," but there he stuck.

"Never mind the gentlemen, Sam," prompter Mitchell interpolated. "Go right ahead: 'Unaccustomed as I am.'"

But no stammerer will ever consent to be helped. He always changes his word if you try to do it. So Sam resigned his attempt in favor of "friends all," which he thought equally appropriate and managed to enunciate. "It is a great pleasure to"—here he broke down again, and as the next letter appeared to be "f," Mitchell suggested "feed," but Sam shook his head and changed again. "D" seemed to be coming now, so Tom tried "drink," and as often as he changed somebody suggested help, but in due time Sam managed to get out "do my best," and, after sundry further attempts and interruptions, to add, "and I thank you, gentlemen (he got out the word with wonderful ease this time, as he had a



purpose in view) and Mr. Mitchell for——” He could not be heard to say any more, but resumed his seat amid tumultuous applause.

The remaining toasts brought forth neither budding nor latent talent, and the company was getting torpid when tea and coffee, with thin slices of bread and butter, were introduced and revived them somewhat. The joy of the occasion, however, was yet to come in the shape of hot spirit and water, which the seasoned would continue to imbibe for some hours yet, the majority, including the pursuer, leaving after the first or second glass.

Frank had brought Mitchell with him, and they left together. On the way home he told him that he had had news of Bob and the dogcart and that they were at the Union Hotel, Falmouth. He expected to have to go and claim them.

“You don’t say so,” replied Tom. “Does that fall in with your theory? It is the last place I should have thought of. I don’t suppose you know anybody there, do you?”

“I don’t believe I do, and I didn’t know that father did. It’s off our beat altogether.”

“Then here I come in as a blessing in disguise again. I know the proprietor of the Union very well. I’ll go with you and prove your ownership.”

“It may be that the horse is sold by this time. I should never have known about it, as an advertisement in a Falmouth paper would be no more likely to reach me than one in the *Edinburgh Scotsman*



or the Berliner *Tageblatt*, but very few things escape Ellis & Dee. They sent me the clipping."

"You ought to be very much obliged to your good friends. You'll get the horse back, all right, if he has been sold, and I should say you would be mighty glad to. Lucy is good enough as a general purposes animal, but I've seldom seen a horse I liked better than Bob. He's good-looking, good-tempered, willing, strong and fast. His action's good, too. Lucy is a daisy-clipper."

"I agree with you about Bob. He's the best-tempered animal I ever had to do with for one of so much spirit. I always put the horse away myself when I come home late, you know, and, when I began to do it I didn't know enough to turn the collar upside down before taking it off, and he used to let me pull it over his ears without a murmur."

"That would be enough to drive any horse crazy. I wonder he let you come near him after doing it once."

"Well, I suppose he said to himself, 'He doesn't know any better, and as long as he never uses the whip or bearing-rein and never jerks my mouth about, I can put up with this. Besides, he always gives me a carrot as soon as he gets the infernal thing off.'"

"My mare is going very thin. I can't make out what's the matter with her. I feed her myself, and she eats well enough, but she doesn't thrive at all. Sometimes she looks around as if she wants some-

thing and doesn't touch the food for quite a while."

"Do you water her, too?"

"No, I never do. Henry does that the first thing in the morning."

"Are you sure he does? You try her with some water before you give her any oats and notice if she seems to want it. Very few of us know how these noble animals suffer from the neglect of their inferiors."

"If I find you're right I'll make Mr. Henry drink a bucket of that water himself instead of the pint of beer he gets with his dinner every day."

"Well, to get back to the point we started from," said Frank. "How does the fact of the horse and dogcart being in Falmouth affect any theory you may have had about my father's disappearance?"

"I can't say that I've had any theory, but we can tell better when we find out who drove into the stableyard of the Union. That seems to me the main thing."

"Of course. I don't know why I should have taken it for granted that he did, except that it seemed naturally to follow from the fact of his having driven away from home."

"How do you know he did? You have no knowledge of him from the time he went to Camruth the day before, have you?"

"No. I took it for granted that he came home late and left early the next morning. I couldn't know as I was ill in bed. But he may have gone

straight from Camruth to Falmouth. If he came home late he would put away the horse himself, as I do. William has been told never to wait after ten o'clock."

"Probably it doesn't matter much now whether he came home or not. William can tell if the stable was occupied. But, seeing that you have taken it for granted that he came home, perhaps you haven't considered the matter in the light of a possible attempt at robbery, have you?"

"No. How could it be?" asked Frank, much interested.

"Well, you know your father had always been in the habit of bringing the money for the pay on Saturday home with him on Thursday. Everybody knew that, and somebody may have thought he was doing it that Thursday evening, but, as a matter of fact, the practice had been discontinued only the week before. Now, the manager always fetches the cash on Saturday morning, and is accompanied by one other man besides the driver. I believe the bank had got wind of something. Capt. Shuffler told me this himself."

"And so my father may have been killed and the horse driven to Falmouth by the murderer."

"Possibly. That is only a suggestion, you know. We shall probably be able to tell better if there is anything in it after we have been to Falmouth."

"Yes, I think we had better go there even if the horse has been sold."

## CHAPTER VIII.

Frank was not the only one who felt the need of society at Redborne. Gertrude was just as unhappy. Until lately she had been away at school and had been unaccustomed for any lengthened period to be without companions of her own age and tastes. Household cares occupied most of her day, but a desire for the society of her kind was all the more keenly felt as a relaxation from these.

John seemed to feel no such need, or, if he did, kept the reflection to himself, but nobody had any very clear notion what he did with his time. The business that he was now engaged in kept him fairly located during the hours usually devoted to affairs, but there was nothing in it calling for strenuous exertion, and consequently he had a good deal of spare time to devote to whatever interested him most.

Women are more dependent on society than men. They must talk. They are like a kettle on the fire which in due time must boil over. They cannot contain themselves any longer but must let off steam on somebody. Men, on the other hand, go away long distances alone or become hermits without any

apparent difficulty. They have no such impelling need for sympathy, but find themselves quite able to carry on almost any pursuit without a partner. Frank was of a very independent temper, and probably would have maintained his isolation had not Mitchell advanced first, but he very soon found Tom to be possessed of such sterling qualities that he would have been glad to know him under any circumstances. He had a faculty for taking a whimsical view of everything and seeming never to be serious, but truth and honor were things that he never trifled with, and he was never known to do an unmanly or ungenerous action. His chief delight seemed to be to ridicule prigs and snobs.

Gertrude must have friends, or, at least, somebody on whom she could pour out the stream of pent up words which threatened to burst its banks and flood the plain with tears, but her outlook was no more promising than Frank's, and if she made a more unfortunate choice, she could hardly be blamed, seeing her greater need. The companion she chose was in her way something of a public character, like Frank's friend, for her associations were intimate with the indoor life of all in the parish who were in the habit of employing a dress-maker. She was the chief repository for all the idle tales that flourished in the community and acted as common carrier for all the gossips. At first she came to the Easts' only to sew, but she very soon began to talk, and, after a while, Gertrude got into



the habit of calling at her house to get her to come to work and sometimes even spending half an hour there with her mother. Occasionally she would walk home with Martha after her day's work was done, as the path led almost the whole way through what were once her father's fields, and this was all very well as long as the summer lasted, but soon it began to grow dark after she had remained chatting for a while, and Martha's brother, a handsome young miner, had to see her safely home again. Before very long it appeared as though these visits to Martha's cottage were undertaken for the express purpose of the return journey, and Frank began to be troubled in spirit about another difficulty. "Church and State I believe myself competent to deal with," he said to himself, "but woman is beyond me. If Gertrude will not respect the proprieties, I suppose I cannot help it, but it will not do for me to overlook the matter altogether. It is an unpleasant job, but I must speak to her about it." So, one evening, as she came in, he took an opportunity of suggesting to her that, as she was without a mother, she might occasionally ask herself if she was in all respects acting just as she knew a mother would like her to act, or, if she were herself a mother, as she would like her daughter to act, but it was evident that something of the kind had been expected and prepared for, as he was met with a *tu quoque*.

"Yes, I know the opinion in which I am held here because of my association with Mitchell, but he has

virtues which these little people are unable to appreciate. I am also quite willing to allow that the Eddys are very estimable people, but you know yourself that the social code is being strained when two young people of opposite sexes are much together after dark. If I got into the habit of walking with a miner's daughter in the evenings, her father would have good cause to keep her indoors. I hope you will see the application and accept a suggestion kindly offered rather than give occasion for comment by others who may not be so considerate."

The "thank you" with which this speech was received sounded very much more like "Mind your own business" as far as accent went, but, at any rate, either that, or something else, was effectual in keeping Miss Gertrude at home in the evenings, at least for a while.

Frank himself was suffering from no such criticism and as a kind of continuous entertainment in the shape of a Fisheries Exhibition was in progress at Camruth at this time, it had become his practice to spend the evening there. There was a concert each night, and he was extremely fond of good music, having himself a voice of unusual range, good power, and excellent quality, besides being able to play more than one instrument with considerable taste and as much skill as is usually acquired by one who does not rob more serious pursuits of the time which they demand. There was a very capable organist at Camruth, and his recitals at the exhibi-

tion were appreciated by none more than Frank, but singing he liked better than anything instrumental when it was really good, and on two or three occasions he had heard what he called really good singing. A girl whom he had known when she was quite a child had now grown up and developed a voice of remarkable quality which had been carefully nurtured at the Royal Academy of Music in London, and she was now at home for what possibly might be a vacation or a rest before either continuing her studies on the continent or trying her wings in her native air. She sang one night a simple ballad, for she knew that any vocal display, such as the most ordinary operatic air would have been in Camruth, would be out of place, and, whatever the result may have been on the audience in general, nine out of ten of whom were not in the least capable of deriving the exquisite joy of a musician from the purity of tone and flawless rendering of the song, though they applauded till the building shook, one man was overcome, one strong man was bent like a willow twig. Under the influence of that thrilling melody his iron will and independent spirit had disappeared and the beautiful vision that had come and lifted him up into the environment of her own heaven might have taken him captive and led him into any folly. At her bidding he would have made himself as ridiculous as any other idiot he could gleefully laugh at under similar stress. If Mitchell

could only for one moment look into the apology for a mind that was left him now!

This is the great compensation which those of finer fibre have because a large share of the good things of this world are not distributed to them: those that do come they can enjoy. What are gorgeous sunsets, beautiful pictures, and heaven-sent music to the average millionaire? If he has made his money out of pork, the sight of a well "dressed" hog brings the greatest delight his soul is capable of, and if it came to him from a run of luck in the "pit," it may be that he shares with the tindhorn gambler some of the excitement that comes from such ventures, but of the real pleasures of life he knows no more than the horse he drives.

Still, artistic delight is one thing and to make a fool of yourself over a girl is another, but it is by no means an uncommon occurrence for an impressionable youth—for juvenility is always plastic, no matter how stubborn it may be—to attempt to join in the worship of Melpomene or Terpsichore and find himself seated at the feet of Venus.

Frank determined that when the concert was over he would take advantage of the intimacy of other days and compliment the fair singer on her triumph. There was no outlet for the entertainers except through the crowd of promenaders on the floor below the gallery in which he was, and he sat and watched for his quarry with such impatience that the minutes seemed to him as though they slowly

dragged themselves along to mock his restless soul. In truth but two numbers had followed Miriam's song when she came from the left of the stage forward into the throng, which she had no sooner done than she was joined by a tall and dark man, whose face Frank could not see, and immediately left the hall before any of those who would have pressed forward to congratulate her were aware that she had gone.

Poor Frank! All of us over twenty have gone through it and Frank himself had felt the same thing before, but he was none the less restless and unhappy on that account. Every time it occurs it appears to be the first and only time that the genuine passion has ever been felt, but after a vigorous springtime and a healthy summer, if no canker attacks it before, it generally succumbs to the first frost, though it has been known to last till the thaw. The stump does not die, though, and usually may be grafted with success next spring.



## CHAPTER IX.

Falmouth could be reached from Redborne by a drive of thirty-five miles, but few would think of taking it. There was scarcely any communication between the two places, but any one making the journey would drive to Camruth and from there take the train to Truro and down the other leg of the Y to his destination. Thirty-five miles would be considered an ordinary day's work for a horse in California, but in England, where the roads are far better and the climate much more conducive to comfort in open air work, anything beyond twenty miles would be considered excessive. Even that would not be done two days following, as, for instance, in driving to a place and returning next day; consequently Frank did not give the subject a thought when he and Tom Mitchell set out together to find out what had become of Bob. Tom was in good spirits, for he dearly loved to get away from Redborne for a day or two, though his old passion for more extensive roving had long since disappeared, but Frank was moody and inclined to be silent. Of course, a man of Mitchell's experience was not long in accurately diagnosing the com-

plaint and in administering medicine. He hadn't much faith in any cure but disillusion, but ridicule sometimes had an alterative effect and from his point of view was very pleasant to administer, if not to take.

"You don't seem to be anxious to deliver a homily on anything this morning," he said, as they drove along toward Camruth. "I suppose you haven't finished incubating yet."

"And you can't wait till the chick is hatched but must break the shell yourself."

"I think your egg is addle this time, my bird. I've sat on a good many eggs of that kind myself, but the time spent on them was always wasted."

"How can you possibly know what I'm thinking about?"

"I know you've been to that Fisheries Exhibition every night for a week, and that the weather most of the time has been vile. I also know that nothing but a woman will make a man behave like that. You don't suppose that I thought you had developed a sudden passion for fish, do you? Another thing: if there wasn't a woman in the case you would have asked me to go with you."

"I shouldn't wonder if you're right. It had not occurred to me that I was suffering from any malady, but from what you say I suppose I must be. Well, she's a very fine girl."

"Oh, no doubt. She always is. I don't know

her, but I'll admit that right off. Still, if I were you, I should take a strong emetic at once."

"Indeed! What would you recommend?"

"Well, most people under these circumstances try to divert a man's attention and lead him off after other pursuits, but there they show their ignorance. If I wanted a man to drop a girl I would give him a surfeit of her. Perhaps it wouldn't work with some men, but it was always effective with me."

"But suppose you can't get near her, how does your plan work then?"

"Can't get near her? Oh, you're not so bad after all. When a man is really smitten he can't be kept away from her vicinity with a shotgun, but yours, I see, is a case of divinity worship—fear to approach and all that. Now, there aren't any divinities in the flesh, my son, and the sooner you approach and get the thing over, the better it will be for your peace of mind. You have too much on your hands just now to be able to find any time for worship."

"You're altogether too matter-of-fact, Mitchell. You miss all the good things of life. There is nothing really enjoyable but has its foundation in sentiment. The gross, animal pleasures are not to be considered beside those which affect what is usually referred to as the heart."

"I know we're differently constituted and that I was never so romantic as you—perhaps haven't sympathies of so refined a nature—but as I have

grown older I have never seen reason to shake my faith in the belief that anything sentimental which will interfere with a man's appetite or sleep, or cause him to be moody, discontented and solitary, is any other than a disease and should be treated as such. This particular craziness about a woman is the worst disease there is, and is only aggravated by our social customs. As soon as the first symptoms appear a man ought to be treated to a surfeit of his innamorata and if he doesn't get nauseated in less than a week he isn't worth saving."

"Innamorate know better than to make themselves cheap to every quack who would like to use them as prescriptions."

It is not much use interfering with one who is suffering from the malady which has troubled man ever since there began to be competition for the hand of a woman, and, though Mitchell made spasmodic efforts to arouse Frank to some sense of his surroundings, they completed their journey to Camruth with very little further conversation. On the train Mitchell found others with whom he could while away the hours, and when they reached Falmouth there were many old friends he expected to meet again.

From the train they went straight to the Union Hotel where they found that Bob and the dogcart still were.

"Yes, I shall be very sorry to lose him," said the landlord, when Mitchell had satisfactorily proved

to his friend Frank's ownership of the horse, "I have been using him myself, and a better horse I never drove. We found out his name, too, for one day I was having a rather animated discussion with a man I was driving when I offered several times to bet him five bob and it seemed to me that the horse pricked up his ears and gave a start every time I spoke. I shouldn't have put it down to the right cause, however, if he hadn't answered to his name one day in the yard when a namesake of his was being spoken to by the ostler."

"But you haven't told us yet how he came here, Mr. Williams," said Frank.

"Well, he just walked in, so Dick says. When he looked round there was the horse standing in the middle of the yard waiting to be put away, and he just did what he ordinarily would under such circumstances. It doesn't often happen, of course, but once in a while a man in a hurry will drive to the yard gate, jump off and let the horse walk in. This is generally a regular customer, but the thing wasn't so unusual as to make Dick think there was anything extraordinary about it."

"Well, that's curious, I must say," remarked Mitchell. "Didn't anybody come in during the day that claimed ownership? Wasn't there any strange man in the bar that you can think of as being likely to be the owner? Do you remember any man, say, about five foot seven in height, of stocky build, with a short, full beard turning gray



—a man not altogether unlike yourself in appearance, but not quite so tall?”

“You may think that I have tried every means to find out whose horse it was, but there was nobody in the hotel that day that we could suppose was the owner, nor have I been able to find anybody who saw the dogcart arrive. It was in the early morning before there was anybody much about and nobody knows how long the horse was standing there before Dick saw him. He never heard him come in and had been busy in the stables for an hour or more.”

“This is very extraordinary,” said Mitchell, “I have seen some funny things in curious places, but never did I come across anything to beat this. Let’s go and clarify our intelligence with a drink.”

After the interview between Frank and Bob there could be no doubt as to who owned the horse. He no sooner heard Frank’s voice than it became perfectly evident in which stall he was secured. He whinnied, rattled his chain, stamped his feet, and, when Frank went in to him, trembled all over with excitement, but on Frank’s stepping to his side, he calmly laid his chin on his master’s shoulder and looked across at the others with an expression of quiet content in his big brown eyes.

Although the distance from Falmouth to Redborne was beyond what was considered a fair day’s

work for a horse, it is hardly to be supposed that East and Mitchell would emulate the performance of the old man and his son in Æsop's fable, who carried the ass between them, and take Bob home by train, so they prepared to remain at Falmouth for the night and make a reasonably early start the next day. Neither belonged to the fraternity who seem to think that nothing worth while can be accomplished without torturing themselves by rising before the sun, as an old chap in Redborne did whenever he had a letter to write, the mail leaving at 2 P. M., and they knew that Bob would need no urging to make good time on his homeward way.

During their stay in the town the travellers made every effort to find some clue to the mystery they were trying to solve, but without the least success. It seemed now as if that intelligent animal Bob had been abandoned somewhere in the vicinity to his own devices and had found his way unaided to the principal hotel in the town, which, however, was very near the junction of the High Street with the road from Camruth.

As to Falmouth itself little need be said. It is not an attractive town, though the suburbs are not without beauties of their own, as might be expected from their situation on the high banks of a wooded river which there meets the sea, but the town itself, like so many others which have not made use of the advantages lavished upon them by

nature, is without any redeeming feature of its own.

It will be supposed that the two men were on the alert on the homeward trip for any indication which might point to a clue, but at such a distance of time it was not likely that anything would be lying on the road or hanging from a hedge which would have a familiar appearance. There were no mine shafts near that road, so it was impossible that Mr. East's body could have been made away with by being thrown into one of them, as would have been so easy on the moors across which the road led from Redborne to Camruth, though it was an excellent locality for the operations of highwaymen, as the habitations were extremely few and very far between, nor were there any dangers to be overcome like swollen streams or awkward corners overhanging a yawning gulf. But the theory of highway robbery seemed absurd as no such thing had happened in West Cornwall in the memory of man. Once a few hundred pounds in a leather bag, being transferred from the Camruth bank to its branch at Redborne, had been removed from the "boot" of a 'bus unobserved by the driver, but that peaceful community had long endured poverty without resort to robbery with violence.

## CHAPTER X.

One morning, before Frank was dressed, Paul Young, the butcher, arrived on urgent business, and Frank hurried down to meet him. From his pocket the butcher took a paper which he handed to Frank with the remark:

"This was found upon the bridge this morning by my little girl."

Frank took it, and, on opening it, found it to be a draft for the proceeds of the last month's sale of tin by Redborne Consols. Seeing which, he said:

"This ought to have come to me by post yesterday, Mr. Young, and I was surprised that it did not. How it could have got out of its envelope and been found on the bridge is something that I cannot understand, can you?"

"No, I certainly cannot, but I suppose you ought to have it?"

"Of course, but I will at once write to the bank and give them an account of how it got here. I am much obliged to you for bringing it. Is there nothing else you can tell me about it?"

"That is all I know. My daughter handed it to me, and I brought it here at once."

When the butcher had gone, Frank found John and asked him if he knew whether the Redborne Consols draft had arrived the day before or not.

"No," he replied, "of course it didn't. You remember what the letters were. There were only two: one for Gertrude and the bill from Henderson for coal."

"Well, Paul Young has just brought the draft here, and says his daughter found it on the bridge. How do you account for that?"

"That's plain enough. It's the result of the stupidity or malice of those post-office people. I told them to take letters for the mine to Captain Shuffler or deliver them to the boy, but specially excepted all letters addressed directly to you. Either this one wasn't addressed by name to you or else they saw an opportunity to be ugly and took advantage of it."

"That doesn't account for its being loose. Harman might have dropped it when out delivering letters, but you have to account for its getting out of the envelope," said Frank.

"And that's simple enough, too. If he dropped it, anybody—a child most likely—would pick it up and open it, and, not finding anything interesting, would throw it away again."

"I have thought of that, but it seems to me more likely that it was delivered to Captain Shuffler, who



opened it and gave the draft to a messenger—probably to that bright son of his—who lost it when bringing it here.”

“That might be. Anyhow, it is a blessing it was found uninjured.”

“Yes, but I must report the matter to the bank and there’ll be an investigation. Everybody concerned will try and shield himself, and there’s no knowing where the blame will ultimately fall.”

Frank at once wrote Ellis & Dee, detailing simply the facts as he knew them without hazarding any guesses to account for the occurrence.

For some days nothing further was heard of the matter, both the post-office people and Captain Shuffler denying all knowledge of it, but it was not long before a post-office inspector arrived and examined into the affair thoroughly. Frank could only repeat to him what he had already told the bank, with the addition that nothing further had transpired to throw any light on the question, but after a visit to the post office he came back to say that the brother of the postmistress had told him that on a certain day since the draft was missed Frank had informed him that it had been delivered, but he had lost it.

“What an infamous lie!” immediately exclaimed Frank. “Why, you have only to ask my brother, who always gets the letters, to disprove any such story as that in an instant.”

“Well, before I do that, have you any objection

to this man making the statement in your presence, if he will?"

"Not a bit. He'll hardly dare to."

The inspector went out and came back with the man, who actually had the hardihood to repeat the statement and to say that it was made to him when he was accompanying Frank to the mine. After his return home he had written it down and now read it from the memorandum then made.

For a moment or two Frank was too astounded to speak, but to the inspector's question as to what he had to say, he replied:

"Well, I certainly never heard more deliberate falsehood than that. Aside from the fact that that memorandum is not evidence and that the writer of it is brother of the postmistress, it would be impossible that I could have made such a statement to him because the last time I was ever in his company was when I incautiously invited him to go with me to the mine on the day I went there to audit the pay and before the tin for which this draft was payment was sold. I overtook him in the lane, and, knowing him to be an old mine agent, I thought he would be interested and would like a glass of grog and a chat with the agents."

"I have also been told, Mr. East," pursued the inspector without remarking on this speech, "that you have been in the habit of going to Paul Young's to play cards, and it is suggested that you

took this draft out of your pocket as security for some of your losses."

"Same informant, I suppose? Now, just notice how far from the truth any such slander can be. I would no more think of playing cards than I would marbles—not because I think it immoral, but simply because I should be ashamed to waste my time in any such way. If I wanted to, however, I should not go to Paul Young's to do it, nor should I produce that draft in the house of a shareholder in the mine. These things you can ask Paul about, but is there any other cheerful calumny that you can relate?"

"I should like to see your brother, please."

Frank submitted humbly to all this, for, having allowed it to begin, he thought it best to let it continue to the end that he might gather some information as to the esteem in which he was held by this extraordinary community, so he called in John, who, of course, denied emphatically that the draft had ever been delivered to him.

All this time the slanderer had been standing meekly by with his hat in his hand, as if it was the most ordinary occurrence that he should be accused of lying. Even the manifest contradictions and absurdities in his statement, when pointed out, made no impression on him whatever, and he did not move until the inspector intimated that he might retire.

It was impossible to divine from the manner of

the inquisitor, or from anything that he said, what opinion he had formed, for, his work being chiefly of a detective nature, he had acquired a secretive style and was not accustomed to share his views with others. Frank, however, cared very little what they were. As far as he was concerned, the important factor was that the draft had been recovered and there was no actual harm done. How it had been lost he cared very little to know. Under these circumstances there was no more said on either side, and the inspector speedily went back into the obscurity from which he had emerged, while Frank betook himself to the hotel in search of Mitchell, as he felt badly in need of blowing off his safety valve. We despise wasps and flies—one eastern professor advises that even mosquitoes be “ignored”—but they do sting and bite nevertheless, and when petty malice stimulates our combustion, we must discharge the resultant steam upon some cool brow. Mitchell’s was emphatically a brow of that sort, and, however old he might become, it seemed likely that it would never be furrowed. He looked at life from the point of view of “the man in the street” and seemed to be without concern in the strife that affected others. He took a humorous view of the situation, was readily moved to smiles but not to anger, and appeared to think that there really was not anything in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, worth quarreling about or

getting excited over. He was perfectly in accord with Solomon that all is vanity but regarded the outlook with greater cheerfulness than that satiated sage. Such a friend is a citadel in distress to the nervous individual who worries over trifles from the time he opens his eyes in the morning till Morpheus seals them up again at night and whose very dreams are distilled from the fiery vapors left behind by the terrors that have possessed his unquiet brain by day.

When Frank arrived he found the barroom occupied by Mitchell and his wife who were entertaining themselves by watching their son and heir, four years old, seated in an armchair smoking a long clay pipe. Mrs. Mitchell, a large, handsome, and very fresh and healthy-looking woman, seemed to enjoy the performance quite as much as her husband, and neither seemed to be in the least conscious of the impropriety of it. As for Tom, Junior, he played his part with the utmost gravity, and to all appearance was deriving considerable comfort from the exercise.

Mrs. Mitchell was the first to speak:

"Seems to enjoy it, doesn't he?" she asked, without the least show of embarrassment.

"That looks pretty evident," replied Frank, "but do you regard that as training a child in the way he should go?"

"That's the way to train *my* child," put in Mitchell. "What other people think right to do



with their children is no business of mine, but my boy is going to be taught that nothing he sees his father do is wrong for him to do."

"Drinking hot whisky and water, for instance," interpolated Frank.

"Certainly. He can have it if he wants it. He does have a spoonful or two out of mine once in a while, but he doesn't seem to care much about it."

"Of course, I have no business to criticize anything you may choose to do," said Frank, "but this interests me, and, if you don't mind, I should like to ask if you think this freedom will be beneficial on the whole."

"I am not a bit sensitive about criticism, especially from you," replied Mitchell, "for, if I were, you could very soon turn the tables on me, for I never hesitate a minute to criticize you—or anybody else for that matter. My belief is that there is nothing which will so powerfully incline the average boy to do a thing as the knowledge that it is forbidden, but there is another influence that runs it pretty close, and that is the sight of what he sees his elders do. I am not in the business of preaching on the duties of parents, but for myself I can say that I never let my boy see me do what I am not willing that he should do. If he wants to drink or smoke, he can do it to the extent he sees his father do it, but if he takes to

lying, or cruelty, I flatter myself he'll have to look elsewhere to learn the way."

"I believe with you that children should be trained by example instead of precept, for no child can understand that what is wrong for him is right for you and me, but the application of the principle to alcohol and tobacco seems rather risky."

"If I find it hurting him, I'll give it up myself, but I'll not ask him to unless I do. So far it hasn't done him any harm. He doesn't care a bit about either. That smoking he does simply to show off. He never does it when alone, though he can fill up and light all by himself and the tools are all the time handy."

"Well, I shall watch the experiment with considerable interest, but I did not come here to talk about that. I suppose you have heard about the post-office investigation from some source or other?"

"Oh, yes, Paul Young told me all he knew. He's as bad as a woman except in matters connected with his own trade. He never lets out any of those secrets, but, as a talebearer he takes the hot cross bun."

Frank took up the story at the point where Paul had necessarily to leave off and continued it to the point where the brother of the postmistress took up his parable.

"The old rascal," broke in Mitchell. "Didn't I

tell you to join the church? Well, go on, we'll get back to that."

Frank continued his story to the end without further interruption, but at its conclusion Mitchell remarked:

"Now, we'll have a glass of bitter and then ride down and see Billy. You want to air yourself. You've been in poor company."

"Well, what do you think about it, anyway?"

"I don't think about it," replied Mitchell, "there's nothing lost—no harm done. If there was, I'd make *them* think."

"But this kind of thing is very annoying."

"Bah! Fiddlesticks! If you let a thing like that worry you, how would you feel if the draft had been lost, or, worse still, if it had been cashed and the money lost?"

"I don't believe I worry so much over actual calamities as I do over mere contretemps like this."

"So I have observed. You were in a pretty bad hole when you started here, but you bobbed up like a cork. Now you're suffering from the evil-speaking and uncharitableness of a crowd that I positively take less notice of than I do of the fowls out in our back yard. The clucking of a hen means that an egg has been laid, but the chatter of this rabble is nothing more to me than the cawing of rooks. They have stings in their tails like wasps, but there's no poison in them unless you rub the

place. They've stung me a good deal more than they have you, but you can see there's not a mark on me."

It took them but a short time to saddle their horses, which they were both in the habit of doing themselves whenever they started without due notice. Their men were sure to be busy about something else. Whichever finished first would ride out to meet the other. On this occasion Frank managed to reach the front of the hotel just as the landlord issued from the back, and as he rode up Frank said:

"The mare's looking all right now. What was the matter with her?"

"Oh, she's as fine as silk. It was water she wanted, all right. I gave that rascal a bucketful of the same liquor, but he didn't seem to think I meant it when I told him to drink it, so I stood him on his head in it."

"You made the punishment fit the crime."

"That's what I did. I believe in the *quid pro quo* every time. He won't neglect to water that mare any more. If I had mentioned to him politely that I would like him to have a regard for the mare's thirst he might some day forget that I had expressed a wish to that effect, but he will not fail to remember the occasion when he discovered that I *could* turn him upside down. Next time he will expect to be turned inside out."

Now that Frank had Bob again, his spirits had

manifestly risen, and every now and then he would jump into a field and out again for their mutual pleasure, but Tom Mitchell forbore, for "the good man is merciful to his beast," and he weighed about fifty pounds more than Frank.

"When you two are tired of your antics," observed Mitchell, as Bob bounded into the road for the seventh or eighth time, "perhaps you'll come back and be quiet. You are having all the fun, while I am getting the exercise. The mare thinks she can jump as well as Bob, but I am not going to give her a chance to try to take the mountain to Mahomet."

"All right, we'll come to the mountain," replied Frank, and forthwith ranged himself alongside, the mare at once settling down to a steadier gait. An active beast is all very well, but a restless one makes a man weary.

"So you wouldn't take my advice and join the church," began Mitchell. "You see what your obstinacy has brought on you."

"You mean, of course, that difficulty with the post office; but what has that to do with the church?"

"In the first place, they wouldn't have antagonized you at all, and in the second place, if any mistake occurred, they wouldn't try to blame you for it."

"But why? They don't belong to the church any more than I do, do they?"



“Don’t you know that that old rascal that lied about you goes to class every Sunday morning before he goes to chapel and teaches in the Sunday-school before he goes to chapel in the evening?”

“Oh, I see. You meant the Methodist church. Do you really suppose that I could with a grave face take part in an irreverent farce such as they call worship, during which the minister several times harangues his Creator and orders him about as if he were his footman—come here, go there, do this, do that, and so on?”

“That’s neither here nor there. You take everything too seriously. You are not in the least bound to do or believe as they do. I merely wanted you to pay your pew rent and subscribe to the missions. You’d be on the right road then and they’d pray for you instead of lying about you.”

“I have no ~~doubt~~ I do take things too seriously, but religion at **any** rate is a serious matter, and I cannot jest about it.”

“Nobody asks you to. I think my beliefs are pretty much the same as yours, only you trouble too much about them. For my part I don’t care two straws what anybody believes, and if it comes to a question whether I will pay pew rent or be persecuted by a set of pestilent vermin that I am doomed to live amongst for better, for worse, I’ll lay down the coin.”

“Well, I won’t. I will not temporize with a lot of ignorant fanatics like these. To do so would be

simply to humiliate knowledge before ignorance and truth before bigotry."

"All right. You go on personating truth and knowledge, and I'll back ignorance and bigotry to get away with the stakes."

"Mitchell, you're an opportunist."

"East, you're another—another martyr, I mean."

After a pause, which lasted while they let their horses out for a gallop, Mitchell began again with:

"Well, what about the girl? Have you got over that attack of angina pectoris yet?"

"I have been trying to take your prescription, but without any success. I have been to Camruth nearly every day and have become an altogether too familiar figure on the promenade, but have only seen the girl once. She was with the same man she disappeared with when I saw her the first night."

"Do you know either of them?"

"The girl is Miriam Penrose, but I don't know the man at all."

"Well, I can tell you. I heard that Miriam was home again and that she had developed into a very fine girl. The man is one of the Ellis boys who has just come home from Oxford. He doesn't mean any good, and I'm astonished that Miriam doesn't know any better than to be seen with him."

"Women never seem to know or care much about the character of the men they allow to be intimate with them. I expect this one has learned to

tolerate many things in London which would have been distasteful before she left home."

"The best of them prefer wild game to the domestic fowl. The most successful man with the women belongs to a type that we haven't much respect for."

"That's natural. I am glad to know who the man is, though. I thought it might be somebody serious."

Here Mitchell imitated the crow of a cock with much faithfulness, considering that his natural voice was a rough baritone.

When they reached the Land's End it was later than on the occasion of their previous visit, and the tourists had begun to arrive. As they handed their horses over to an ostler, Mitchell was recognized by a former employee of his, who touched his hat.

"Hulloh, Hen," exclaimed Mitchell; "what are you doing now?"

"Well, I'm drivin' them tourists out here while the season last," replied the cabman.

"That must be a great entertainment for you, Hen," said his former master, who well remembered his partiality for practical joking.

"Sometimes I has the honor of drivin' a bird. See that giglamps over there? He was my fare's forenoon. When we was passin' a field o' rid clawver, says he to me, says he, 'What's that, my man?' he says. 'Pepp'mint, sir,' says I. 'Indeed!'

he says, 'let me get out and pluck some.' 'By hall means,' I says, an' hout he gits. He picked some clawver an' smilt to it. 'Ah don' smill like pepp'-mint,' he says. 'Taste 'n, sar,' says I. 'Ah don' taste like 'n,' he says. 'Clunk um, sar,' says I, 'you'll feel 'n warmen when he's gwean down.'

After a laugh which was joined in by two or three others who had come up, Mitchell observed:

"So you made the Cockney eat grass like the ox, Hen? You'll catch a Tartar one of these fine days and get your head punched."

"Not by one o' them things. I don't ax no man that I'm afeared of to chow clawver. He maight gi' me a slap in the chacks."

The real accent of West Cornwall, which has seldom appeared in print, is not received with favor either by readers or critics. The latter have even said that it is worse than Aberdonian, with which this truthful narrative began. As to the letter "h" it may be said that the native uses it purely for emphasis, but when this practice is ridiculed it is customary to place it before words beginning with a vowel, but not accented on the first syllable, which he would never do. He would naturally say "hemigrant," but never "HamERICAN." Let us step into the hotel where the cockney is liberally scattering his "haspirates hall hover the floor."

The house is full of guests and Billy Mann, rushing hither and thither, as busy as a wet hen and employing his activity to no better purpose.

Nobody thinks of taking any notice of him except to avoid collision with him in the passage. Mitchell had seen him excited before and knew what to anticipate. As they entered he extended both hands and conducted them past him, whilst he said hurriedly:

“Terrible busy, terrible busy, gentlemen. Delighted to see you. Take some M’zelly with you in a minute.”

Then he continued issuing orders to all and singular, of which nobody seemed to be aware, and the business of satisfying the wants of the guests went smoothly on while the landlord made a brave showing of superintending the whole. Mitchell was apprehensive and said to Frank:

“I’ve seen Billy acting like this many times, but he always came a cropper. He is only built up for the occasion. In a few minutes he will be speechless.”

The words were hardly uttered before there was the sound of a heavy body falling in the passage. Mitchell and East at once rushed out of the room, into which they had only just entered, and, taking Billy by the arms and legs, pulled him out of sight of the visitors and placed him as nearly upright as possible in an armchair, but he had evidently lost all control of his muscles, his arms hung limp at his sides, and his head fell forward on his breast.



"This looks bad," said Frank, "we had better get him to bed."

"It's only the ordinary thing," Mitchell remarked, "they are used to this here and will get him upstairs as soon as they get a chance. At present they are too busy with the people."

"But this looks serious—very much like apoplexy."

"I don't know what it is but whiskey. He has come through it, however, a good many times. Some time it will be the last attack."

"Let's get him upstairs and send for the doctor. I'm sure he is in a very bad way."

"All right. Up you come, Billy."

So they carried him up by the back stairs out of sight of his guests.

When Billy was safely stowed away between the sheets with the aid of the domestics, East being somewhat upset, but Mitchell not at all moved by the spectacle which was familiar to him, they sallied forth to view the Cockney on his vacation.

Very few people from the continent of Europe or from America visit the Land's End, for it has no special historic interest nor are its scenic features striking when compared with those to be found almost anywhere around the coast of Cornwall, but to the Cockney it is the extreme point both south and west of his beloved Hingland and is as remote as possible, both actually and figuratively, from Baow Bells. During the summer he

swarms here in considerable numbers, and it is pretty safe to prophecy when you see a group in the distance that, as you pass them, you will hear the "daown't yuh knaow" of 'Ornsey, the "I s'y" of Bermondsey, "hand the hantics of the haitch" of Hupper Tooting.

'Arry's sweet innocence of everything connected with country life is charming. The fauna he is to some extent familiar with from pictures, but the flora of the land and both flora and fauna of the deep he is as ignorant of as he is of the cotton plant or the abalone. But, though 'Arry is amusing, he is good. He "p'ys his w'y" and behaves himself, after his own peculiar fashion. Though the nations of the earth may laugh at him, it would be well if they would imitate him. He is not a vandal, or a cheat or a liar. He knows enough to worship beauty, venerate age, and keep his hands off, and, with the assistance of Tommy Atkins, he has done great things in this world.

## CHAPTER XI.

All the world may be divided into two classes—those who serve and those who do not. The former are mere chattels, the latter the real men of the earth. It matters not if a man be a president of a railroad or the manager of a mine, if it is not his railroad, or his mine, he is a serf. He has sold himself to capital, and he may not do his own will. On the other hand, the Chinaman who grows turnips in his own field is a free man and therefore the superior of the serf. He need not grow turnips unless he pleases. He may change to leeks if it suits his purpose, but the highest officer of the biggest corporation in America will do just precisely what he is told to do or he will find himself appointed inspector of buildings for his health's sake without any ceremony whatever.

But the chattel has it in its power to vitalize itself, become a driver, and hold the whip. It is only necessary for chattels to combine, which they have never yet had the sense to see or the pluck to do. They are always fighting amongst themselves about nonessentials. What are the "platforms" which divide the people into Conservatives

and Liberals, Republicans and Democrats to the serf, the man who lives by the sweat of his brow at the behest of another? Protection and free trade are shibboleths which have always divided the people into two camps, and there are others of less importance, but all sink into insignificance beside the one great antagonism between capital and labor, the driver and the driven. The beast of burden has set up his own master as he has made his own God, and he permits himself to be led as a lamb to the slaughter when he has it in his power to be his own master—his own God if he will. He only has to combine on the one thing which is of importance to him instead of allowing his forces to be divided and wasted by those whose interest it is to hide knowledge and darken wisdom with the shadows of their shibboleths which only concern him after he has attained the power which is his birthright, but which has been usurped by his astute antagonist.

Whilst the laborer remains in ignorance he will stay as he is, but as soon as he begins to know he will assuredly begin to do. The idle will be made to work or be allowed to starve, and the laborer, instead of being "worthy of his hire," will take his due and appropriate to capital what is rightfully its hire.

We have heard enough of the natural partnership and the common interests of labor and capital, but how does it work out? Where did the capital

come from? Did the millionaire just find it or did the laborer hew it out of the rocks of the earth? And who gets the purple and fine linen that it buys? Who fares sumptuously every day? The laborer—the serf—the chattel?

Fellow workmen—for all who work, whether by pen, voice, or hand are one in opposition to the tramp and the spender of “the unearned increment”—it needs only that you unite to have what you will. Why should you choose your President from the ranks of the Republicans or the Democrats? Take your champion from the ranks of labor and God speed to him!

One thing, however, labor must learn—to sink nonessentials. That is what has always been its bane. Strife about trifles, such as local or personal prejudices, have been allowed to divide the camp into parties. Not even the tariff itself is of any moment beside the one cardinal principle of ownership in the work of a man's own hands. Not one quarter, two-thirds, or three-fifths belongs to him, but all. If capital has lent its aid it shall be paid the current rate of interest determined by competition between capitalists, not as at present taking all and giving to labor, the producer of the whole, only such share as the wolf of hunger compels him to accept. He that makes shall have, he that earns shall hold, not “to him that hath shall be given and from him that hath not shall be taken even that he hath,”



This is no apotheosis of labor, meaning thereby what is commonly called unskilled labor, but is intended to set forth the basic principle upon which the whole of politics and sociology should be founded, that the worker, be he Prime Minister or hodcarrier, is the owner of this earth and should govern it. The idler is its curse and should be exterminated. And so when it is urged that a President should be chosen from the ranks of labor it is not meant that he need necessarily be a carpenter or a plumber, for a lawyer is often as hard a worker as either. We are only raising a protest against the worship of Baal and the laying of the fruits of the earth at his feet. Why should not labor run its own railroads? Then would its brass buttons be the badge of its independence instead of the mark of its slavery to capital. In this lies the difference between the uniform of the soldier and that of the janitor. The former wears his country's uniform and serves under his country's colors, himself an integral and independent unit in the formation of the system by which he allows himself to be controlled, but the servant of capital sells himself to his employer and dares disobey no unjust or arbitrary order on pain of being deprived of the right to earn his bread, a right to which he was born, and of which no man, be he priest or king, might rob him in a state founded on the basic principle of man's inherent right to the product of his toil.

Of all laborers the Cornish miner is most independent in principle but most unhappy in practice. There are those who work on the surface at the preparation of the ore which has been brought up from below for the smelting house, but the actual digger, whether on the tribute system—by which he is paid a percentage on the value of the tin he gets—or on that known as “tutwork”—by which he is paid according to the extent of ground he breaks—may please himself whether he works or not, and, subject to arrangement with his fellows, may work either “forenoon, afternoon, or night chore.” The product, however, of the hardest toil known to man is the most meagre on record. If he can gather together from fifty to sixty shillings, or from twelve and a half to fifteen dollars a month, he deems himself to be doing well, and such is their love of home and independence that many who have emigrated to California, where they earn more in a week than they could at home in a month, frequently give voice to their longing to return if they can “only be sure o’ sixty shellun a month.” Meanwhile capital goes on adding barn to barn and field to field. Ellis & Dee have grown wealthy whilst John Thomas and Benny Uren have lived for fifty years on salt fish and potatoes, bored holes in the solid granite in a temperature of a hundred degrees in an atmosphere like that of the Black Hole of Calcutta, and died of phthisis to erect stately mansions for the bankers and hovels

for themselves. From the products of their labor deductions should be made for the owner of the soil and for the lender of the capital, but the balance is undoubtedly theirs. The practice, however, is to make a deduction for the owner of the hole in the ground and enough to provide "fish and 'tates" for the man who makes the hole, while capital appropriates the remainder. When education has spread its beneficent influence into all the dark places of the earth and man has really learned that "unity is strength," which now he believes in theory but disowns in practice, the iniquitous reign of capital will be over and gambling on the stock exchange will come to an ignominious end. The man who digs tin, or directs a machine how to do it, like the man who cuts hay or carries a hod, equally with the man who speaks in Congress or Parliament, will, when that day shall dawn, be able to wear purple and fine linen if he wants to, with a sense that he has the right, and may spend his evenings in the cultivation of literature or music with his family, while those who have been convicted of vagrancy will carry in the coal and keep the streets clean.

This is not a political pamphlet, or a treatise on sociology, or it might be appropriate to enlarge on the ethical and social difference between the free man who owns and works his own garden and the serf whose sole property is his servility, and still less is it a recommendation of a socialist pana-

cea for the sufferings of the incompetent, or, in other words, the under dog, or we might dwell on the beauty of the lovingkindness that never did inherit the earth—of a “light that never was on land or sea.” It is merely a plain statement of the inevitable trend of history. In the course of centuries the laborer has evolved from the position of a mere chattel attached to the soil to that of a man whose voice has the same value in the government of the nation as that of Cræsus or Ploutos. The only trouble with him is that he is still ignorant. He allows all the members of the families of Cræsus, Ploutos, Rothschild, Rockefeller, Morgan, *et hoc genus omne*, to combine against him, whilst there are more members in his family than in all the others put together, and all he wants to take the entire direction of affairs into his own hands is to get them all to pull together on the same rope at the same time. He must choose a leader—merely as a rallying point—and vote for him. When labor once gets into power it may take what steps with the tariff or any other less important or incidental matter, it sees fit.

Our business here is merely with the aspect of this question presented in West Cornwall, with the miner as its exponent, and we are now on the way from the Land’s End back to Redborne with East and Mitchell, whose conversation has been of other matters. As they ride along they are about to pass the little four-roomed granite cottage, with a



thatched roof, like hundreds of others in the parish, with a tiny patch of ground in front used for growing potatoes and surrounded by a stone hedge, where lives a miner who is nearing the inevitable bourne, when Mitchell says:

“Let’s look in and see how John Hollow is getting on. I hear the poor chap is on his last legs.”

John had been a noted character in the community, a cricket player and an enthusiastic volunteer. Frank remembered him well and was quite willing to pull up for a few minutes to look in on him. As they entered they found the sick man seated just inside the open door looking out on the sunshine in which he would never play again, but as he caught sight of them he welcomed them quite cheerfully, and to Mitchell’s question as to how he felt he replied:

“Well, I don’ b’lieve I c’u’d skat a ball very fur to-day, but I am ’ot so bad. I maight ha’ b’en wuss.”

“Oh, yes, you’ve only to keep your spirits up, John, and we shall see you making the big score against Camruth again.”

“I shaan’t play rickets no more, Mester Mitchell. You d’ know that’s well’s I do. But I’ve ’ad a good deal to be thankful far Mester Mitchell, and I’m gwean now weer ee ezn’t no rickets played.”

“Nonsense, John, you mustn’t talk that way. Why, if I felt like that I should be going, too, but



I try to think that I am able to take my part yet, and strive to do it."

"I've kipt it up a bra' while, Mester Mitchell, but I be'n here s'long like this now an' I d' know s' well 's you do when the game's arver. I b'lieve I ain't done so bad; I made a bra' tidy score, but I be'n playin' again' a baowler that do baowl us all out some time or 'nother, an' I shaan't play no more."

Here East broke in:

"Well, good-bye, now, John. We'll come and see you again soon, and I'll see if I can't bring you something that will do you good. You want more nourishing food than you're getting and two or three glasses of port wine every day. You should also keep out of the house as much as ever you can. I don't despair of you a bit yet, John."

"My appetite's most nean gone now."

"We'll fetch it back, John, you see if we don't," said Frank as they once more mounted their horses and rode back to Redborne.

"It's only hard work and want of nourishment that kills these poor devils," commented Mitchell.

"Do you think it is possible to save that fellow's life?" asked Frank.

"I don't know," replied Mitchell, "but he never would have become ill but for the want of nutritious food. When a man has to work the way these men have to and under such fearful conditions, he needs a more than ordinarily nutritious

diet and plenty of fresh air when he is above ground, and how these poor beggars don't die sooner even than they do is a mystery to me."

"But with fresh air and good food now, don't you think John might be put on his feet again?"

"It was a spell of bad luck that he had that bowled him over. He earned hardly any tribute on account of the lode becoming poor, and was unable to feed himself and the children, he, of course, stinting himself for them. You know they'll never take any help from the parish, however hard pressed they may be."

"Well, I think I will try feeding him for a while and see what that will do. The family is no doubt living on about thirty shillings a month from the club."

"All right, I'll stand the port wine if you'll pay for the beef. I hate to see a man like John die. A man like that is a great help to a place. Enthusiasm about things that are good for people is a good influence in a community. It makes people pull together and keeps them interested and out of mischief."

"He seems quite content to die and go to heaven now. That will be the greatest obstacle to his recovery. We must get him out of that frame of mind somehow."

"What a good friend religion is to the rich. The Bible says they can no more get to heaven than a camel can go through the eye of a needle, and that

is quite right, too, for they have had all the benefit they are entitled to from it here. If the poor man thought there was no hope for him beyond the grave, he would be up and doing now. That beautiful fiction that it will be all right with him by and bye keeps him harmless here."

"Do you think that is why the rich in so many cases are so generous to the church?"

"I'm not one of them. I don't know, but I do know that their donations pay them good interest if they keep the poor, deluded, plundered laborer quiet."

"And you would have me join that institution?"

"Not to uphold that form of iniquity, of course not, but merely for the same reason as I am a hotelkeeper. You don't suppose I enjoy keeping a hotel, I hope? I do it because I think I can get my living that way with the least inconvenience to myself, and, if you join the church, merely for the sake of appearances, you will find that your stay in this community will be less like the visit of an investigator to a hornet's nest."

"I think you can make a pretty good parson out of a very poor tinker, but you can't make a hypocrite or a temporizer out of a man that had the misfortune to be born honest. Consequently, if you are anxious about my welfare, I advise you to try and awaken enthusiasm in some direction that promises better results."

## CHAPTER XII.

At the great chapel a huge granite building capable of seating two thousand people, with a massive portico, but without other ornament whatever, a series of revival services was about to be held by a young man who had spent most of the years of his adolescence behind a ribbon counter, but who had attained such success as a local preacher in awakening the sinner by the force of his impassioned appeals that he had devoted himself entirely to the work of evangelism. The young man was tall, thin and dressed entirely in black, with the exception of his collar, which he dispensed with entirely, leaving his long, lean neck bare to the caress of his raven curly locks.

Considerable interest was awakened in the visit of this preacher throughout the parish as he came heralded by astonishing success in other towns of the county, and the voice of rumor reached even as far as Mitchell, who lived on a hillside apart, but, anxious as he was for the good of the souls of others, he had no care for his own, and felt no interest whatever in Robinson Jones, either as a reformer or as a freak. It was not so, however, with

Frank. He loved to study everything out of the common, and anything psychologic particularly appealed to him. *A priori* he thought the explanation of the influence of an enthusiast on the minds of the rabble was simple enough, but *a priori* reasons never satisfied him. He was convinced by nothing but what would satisfy at least two of his senses, and for that reason never had the slightest faith in anything occult or mysterious whatever. Everything was capable of simple and satisfactory explanation as soon as you knew enough about it, and the only way to know was to examine. The evolution of theories out of the depths of one's inner consciousness did not constitute knowledge. In this light he looked at the phenomenon presented by the revivalist, and in this mood he determined to attend his opening service, as it was in the breaking of the ice that his power would be seen. After that was done the subsequent passage would be easy.

There are orators who seem by a sort of subtle magic to play on the emotions of their audience as a pianist plays on his instrument, and the nature of their influence is no doubt of a complex character, but it mainly consists in effectively presenting a picture which, placed before unreflecting minds, will arouse the particular emotion desired, just as waving a red rag in front of a bull will inevitably awaken his rage. The shading of a natural picture is carefully obliterated and blood, fire or hurri-



cane is shown in all its naked terror. Without allowing time for reflection the speaker hurries on, adding scene to scene, until his audience is worked up to an enthusiasm which will enable him to launch his craft on the surging waters sweeping to the desired haven.

Not all oratory is of this kind, however. This requires genius. There is another type which attains the same end by much simpler means, to wit, by the use of a trick known from the time of the first prophet, but just as effective for its purpose as the electric button for the production of light or sound. This is the unconscious method of enthusiasts and the predetermined plan of fakers. The revivalist sometimes has all these means at his command. If so, his skill is great, but the audiences to which such a speaker appeals are of the kind most easily swayed and no delicate or complicated series of mental gymnastics is required to produce the desired effect.

On these occasions the bout usually opens with the Sunday morning service, but this is understood to be merely a prelude and "results" are never to be expected until the shades of evening fall on an appropriate atmosphere. Therefore Frank knew it would be safe to omit Act I, Scene I.

On entering the chapel he seated himself just within the door and for that reason at such a distance from the speaker as to be unable to observe the play of his features, but his words could be dis-

tinctly heard, for his voice was loud and clear, and his manner and motions were perfectly visible as he stood at a reading desk on a rostrum rather than in a pulpit.

After the usual preliminary hymns, prayers and reading of the Scriptures, the preacher came to his text: "I will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh," and the sermon he delivered on this foundation should have been enough to shake the stolidity of a hippopotamus, supposing that thick-skinned beast to be a believer in "a judgment to come," for the wicked were pictured as arrayed before a tribunal where forgiveness was unknown, the appropriate time for the exercise of clemency having passed, and which would measure out to each culprit—no matter what the degree of his guilt—the uniform and unalterable sentence: "Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting darkness prepared for the devil and his angels." This audience, however, was used to that kind of thing. It might affect one who was new to the exploitation of such terrors, but these people had heard of them before. They were seasoned reprobates—not by any means great sinners, but even earthquakes have very little effect on those who are accustomed to them. The sermon ended, no "results" followed so a hymn was sung, and then one of the brethren was called upon to pray, which he did in a style which to a stranger would appear fluent and impassioned, coupled with an astonishingly familiar

method of address to the Deity, quite as if they were old chums, in fact, but to the frequenters of this place of "worship" (forsooth) was recognized merely as Captain Joe Harvey's contribution to the entertainment, the manner and phraseology of which they knew by heart. But still there were no results. Then another hymn was sung, but when the time came for the giving out of the third verse, behold the preacher was on his knees, so the congregation subsided, too, but not a word came from the desk. Presently, however, the prostrate figure arose and in a solemn manner and hushed tone he said to the people who were now some of them standing, others sitting and not a few still kneeling: "I could not have so spoken two minutes ago, but now I deliver you this solemn and awful message from on high: 'If there are not souls saved here to-night, some of you will be in hell before the morning.'" Immediately women shrieked, and both men and maidens rushed helter-skelter pell-mell to the penitent form, while their wailings resounded through the "sacred" edifice and Frank left the place with a loathing and a pain at his heart, which convinced him that revivalism was a feature of modern empirics which required no further study from him. In future his reasoning on this subject would be conducted by the *a priori* method.

## CHAPTER XIII.

As Frank had been seen at the chapel by a great many interested people it was natural that he should be very speedily waited upon by one of the ministers in the discharge of his duty in looking up "inquirers"—those who were in the first stage of the Methodist neophyte; consequently he was not surprised to receive a call from Rev. Jabez Higgs.

This worthy divine was not much older than Frank himself, and had not yet taken to himself a wife, for the rules of his sect enforced a sort of limited celibacy. No married man could enter the ministry nor could the rite of matrimony be performed until several years after the ceremony of ordination. In person he was large and bony, but unhealthy-looking, and a silk hat and broadcloth seemed strangely out of place on his uncouth figure. His manner was a mixture of roughness and shyness derived from his origin and present environment, but perhaps he was not so uncomfortable as he appeared to be. His earlier years had been spent as a coal miner, and though he might not be very acceptable as a "rounder" in the neighborhood of the place of his birth, in a strange environment

he might perhaps pass muster. A tin miner would have done equally well if sent to the north of England. In the theological seminary he had acquired a somewhat uncertain familiarity with the English grammar and a few other things that schoolboys usually become more or less intimate with, but the majority of his time there had been spent in the study of theology—the so-called science which measures the powers of the omnipotent and the knowledge of the omniscient. To take the name of God in vain is said to be blasphemy. What, then, is theology?

Frank received the Rev. Jabez courteously enough and the minister began:

“We were very glad to see you at chapel on Sunday night, Mr. East, and hope you will come again soon.”

“I am afraid, Mr. Higgs,” said Frank, “that if we enter into a discussion on this topic I shall have to say unpleasant things, which I would rather avoid. You see, I am no diplomatist, and am in the habit of expressing myself without reserve at all times. Perhaps it would be better not to go any further.”

“I am afraid you do not understand me, Mr. East. I take it that your visit to the chapel shows an interest in our work, and I shall be glad to see that interest continue and grow.”

“Very well, sir, if you insist on it. I am not in-



terested in your work, and shall not go to the chapel again."

"Is there not some prejudice that I could overcome if you would confide in me?"

"There is not. Again let me say that I am very anxious not to be offensive, and would rather you took some other line," said Frank.

"But this is my line, Mr. East. It is for this that I came here. It is just such work that I have devoted myself to do in the world."

"Between you and me, Mr. Higgs, there is a great gulf fixed, as your own book says. You can believe that the God that made Sirius was crucified on Calvary. I cannot."

"God made serious, you say? I don't quite follow you."

"I see you don't," said Frank, with wonderful self-command, quite calmly. When telling the story afterward he would not be able to refrain from roaring with laughter.

"It is a serious matter, Mr. East."

"I know it. Therefore we will drop it, please."

"Could I not advise you as to some reading which you could take up, sir, to lead you to a more reverent frame of mind?"

This was too much—to be taught reverence by a preacher of an ignorant, blaspheming sect like this, but Frank again restrained himself and asked:

"Do you read Greek, Mr. Higgs?"

"Not very well, Mr. East."

“I do; and Hebrew, too. I have also read the works of scores of learned men holding every variety of view on religious questions—in fact, I believe everything of real importance that has ever been written on that topic—and I am even more firmly convinced than I was at the beginning that all religions are as wholly of human manufacture as the clothes you wear. I do not believe that man is at the summit of evolution. I think it quite likely that there are many grades of beings over his head, but it is impossible for me to have an idea of a thing which is supernatural, that is, above the natural which we know, and I refuse to spend my time in worthless speculations on the subject. We cannot express infinity in finite terms, so we may as well make up our minds, like the cobbler, to stick to our lasts.”

Frank did not conclude with “*Chacun à son métier*,” because he knew that the Rev. Jabez was altogether out of his depth, and it would be no use drowning him in a little French dipper.

The minister, however, recovered his *métier* when he took up his hat and bowed himself out with the remark that on some future occasion he hoped to find Mr. East in a more “favorable” frame of mind.

Frank’s deplorable state was of course reported to the revivalist, and it was decided to make him the subject of special prayer and the whole of the church was called upon to intercede at the throne

of grace on his behalf. This action naturally formed the occasion for many pious reflections by the irrepressible Mitchell. When they were together inspecting a lump which had formed in the mare's neck, and which seemed to be very tender, Frank's mentor observed.

"I told you what it would come to. You had better go up to the rail now and join the church in a blaze of glory. Then everything will be forgiven."

"Even I don't make fun of these things."

"Yes you do. Fancy talking Astronomy to that coal-heaver Higgs! Both solemn, both earnest, and both funnier than David James or Toole. You might as well talk Sanscrit to the cat in the kitchen."

"Well, what else could I do? He drove me to it. He would have it out with me. Now, let's know what you, in your superior wisdom, would have done?"

"In the first place, I should have had some fun with the gentleman myself. I should have welcomed him warmly and have offered him a cigar and something to drink. I should have looked most surprised and pained when he refused both. Then I should have taken the greatest apparent interest in the work of the talented young preacher and wished him all the success in the world."

"But that would have been hypocrisy."

"It would, but that would have been the end of it. You could simply keep yourself gracefully in

the background for the future, but now, as the Yankees say, you're up against it."

"I should like to be able to cultivate your happy-go-lucky temperament. I don't believe any more than you do that there is anything really worth worrying about, but I cannot feel cheerful about it as you do."

"Why not? If I were to give you my actual opinion of the difference between us, I'm afraid you would think me a good deal too straightforward."

"I might, but I assure you that whatever you say will make absolutely no difference whatever to our relations or my opinion of you, about which my mind is finally made up."

"Very well, then. You're too self-conscious, whilst I am utterly indifferent as to what sort of a figure I cut. You try my prescription again, and see how it works. You say to yourself, here I am so and so. I have a certain position to maintain and I am going to maintain it. You prepare for battle like a bantam cock and your feathers are all ruffled the wrong way at once. As for me, I don't strive to maintain any position, and I never see anybody trying to maintain one unless he makes me laugh. When a man really treads on my toes so as to hurt I hit him such a smash in the solar plexus that he keeps off my feet in future, but nothing ever disturbs my normal equanimity but actually violent bodily injury. For a few seconds you

can smell brimstone, but the smoke blows off in a minute and immediately I forget that I have any feet or anything else that I want to maintain intact or spick and span with a polish on, and go my way rejoicing as before."

"You are partially right. I am self-conscious, I know, but that is temperamental; I can't help it. The great distinction between you and me, however, is the attitude each takes toward deception. To me it is a matter of principle, to you merely one of expediency."

"Well, what's the odds so long as you're happy?"

"But I am not happy if I am deceiving anybody or anybody is deceiving me."

"On the other hand, it gives me a peculiar pleasure to deceive people, and I am quite willing to take my chances as to being deceived myself rather than worry about it."

"How did you feel, for instance, when you found Henry was not watering the mare?"

"Pretty bad. So did Heinrich. So did the mare. As I say, I take my chances. Once in a while I get caught, but not twice by the same individual. I take care of that."

"Both of us have to act according to the dictates of our own temperaments. There is no escape from that. What heredity and environment have made us, that we are, and we shall behave accordingly. I cannot compromise with deceit in any shape."

"We all have to, and even you do."



"I know what you mean. There are various small deceits which it seems inevitable that we should practice, rather than do a greater injury, but I find that even those can be usually avoided. However, I am not dogmatic about it. I am conscious usually when deceit will work injury and under such circumstances I will neither do it nor suffer it."

"But I will, eh?"

"No, I don't think you will deliberately do anybody a grave injury, but you would rather annoy a man or make him ridiculous than not."

"I would. I am sorry that you should forego that pleasure, but it would be a melancholy spectacle to see you playing the part of one of the "Innocents Abroad." You could no more deceive a man than a mirror could."

"Well, that's enough mutual depreciation. Let's try the mare's collar on. That's probably what's wrong."

## CHAPTER XIV.

Gertrude had apparently been behaving with more discretion lately, for there had been no further occasion to draw her attention to the fact that the gloom of Redborne should not be enlivened by the paradoxical process of taking advantage of the gloom of the evening for walks with young miners. Ennui was, however, still felt, which the young lady showed when she said to Frank one morning:

"Why shouldn't we have somebody to visit us? There is nobody here to make a companion of, and if I didn't keep busy, I should go crazy."

"Ask somebody, by all means," her brother replied. "Is there anybody you specially want?"

"Well, I haven't thought much about it. I didn't think you would care for it. Miriam Penrose is home now. She and I used to be at school together, you know, and were great friends. I haven't seen anything of her since she went to London. How would she do if she would come?"

"Get anybody you would like to have. Don't consider me in the matter at all," said Frank, as composedly as he could, but, of course, *he* never

deceived anybody, or tried to! But he wondered if Gertrude could possibly have got wind of his state of mind on that particular topic from anywhere. He had said nothing to anybody but Mitchell and he would certainly hold his tongue, but women are very shrewd in these matters, and his sister had, no doubt, drawn her own conclusions from his frequent visits to Camruth, and the evident preoccupation of his thoughts, which, of course, had been obvious to others besides Mitchell. Still, Gertrude, no doubt, wanted a friend, and a friend she should have. Why should he not take the hint on his own behalf? McLean could no doubt come down for a day or two when on circuit, if he continued to go, but it would doubtless be better not to ask him at the same time as Miriam, or he might find himself neglected.

Frank did not know it, but it was with considerable forethought that Gertrude had chosen Miriam as the friend who should be invited, for the majority of the mothers of Gertrude's school friends would have hesitated on the ground of propriety to let one of their daughters pay a visit to a family that had had the misfortune to lose their parents. It was not likely, however, that a mother who had given her consent, even reluctantly, to her daughter's going to London to live alone, would raise any objection to her visiting her young friends in the immediate vicinity. And so the event proved, for Miriam gladly accepted the invitation, but,

meanwhile, we have two sick people on our hands. We left Billy Mann *in articulo mortis* in an apoplectic fit, and John Hollow going slowly down the valley of the shadow. Billy had several times had what were locally called "seizures," and had recovered, but now he had ordered M'zelly for the last time, and, with no one to mourn for him, had completed the cycle which had given him individuality and the disintegrating process, which, in the course of years, would fit his component atoms or electrons for other uses, had begun. John Hollow was still on the hither side of the Styx and his two friends were trying their best to keep him there, but he was a difficult subject to deal with. His environment was so much against him. He had an ignorant wife and six young children, all of whom had been out on the occasion when Frank and Tom first looked in on him, the former at work in the house of a neighboring farmer on "washing day," and the latter at school, the invalid being thus necessarily left to his own melancholy reflections. Such is the condition of the poor—those who have to drag out a miserable life of pain and toil that capital may enjoy the profits of labor. The little house was full to overflowing with humanity and noxious vapors, the sun and the fresh air being as rigorously excluded as the pig and the ducks, and it seemed useless to try and overcome these difficulties, for Mrs. Hollow looked with a patronizing incredulity upon such "new-fangled notions" as let-

ting light and air into the dark places of their habitation. A show of compliance would be made during the visit of her guests, but immediately on their departure steps would be forthwith taken promptly to exclude anything so positively dangerous as the pure air of heaven. Mrs. Hollow was also a stumbling block as a dietician, for her notions as to what was good for the sick would infallibly reduce a healthy person to that condition in short order. She had, however, poor woman, very restricted limits for working harm in this direction. Her own breakfast consisted of barley bread and weak tea, and her evening meal of the same, whilst dinner was no different, but for the addition of potatoes, and perhaps a couple of ounces of salt fish. For the sick there was nothing more, except that his feeble stomach must try to assimilate a little more of the fish. In order to nourish him properly it was necessary to feed the whole family, for, if he had not insisted on dividing everything with the children, they would have clamored for the unwonted luxury of flesh like young wolves. The value of oxygen and cleanliness was not so well understood, especially by those who needed them most, as it is to-day, but, notwithstanding all obstacles, John's constitution, which was still young, was showing a gratifying response to the unwonted assistance given it by a generous diet. He felt stronger and the well-known symptoms of the consumptive began somewhat to abate. With this came hope



and with that a determination to make a good fight for life. Frank liked to drop in alone, now and then, when he knew that the family would not be there, for the distance was not great, and John had many interesting traits. One morning he was seated in the sun, as on the first occasion of their meeting, but as East entered, he rose, and said cheerfully:

"I tho't we was licked, but we aren't. We're gwean to 'ave another innin's."

"I'm mighty glad to hear it, John. Now you see that you carry out your bat. Don't take any chances, play every over cautiously, only hit the balls that are off the wicket, and you'll keep your bails on all right."

"I never played again' no baowler like this wan afore, but I reg'n I'd know his tricks most nea 'n' all now. He's made me sweat a bra' deal larnin' 'em howsomever."

Were it not that a little of his dialect goes a long way with both compositor and reader it might perhaps be entertaining to give more of John's ideas of life quaintly expressed in the imagery of his favorite game, but little of what he says throws much light on the social or economic condition of his class, which, after all, is of much greater importance than his own poor individuality.

Frank had been born in the parish in which he now lived, but at the age of ten he had gone hundreds of miles from home to school, where he had

remained till it became time to move to the university, whence he had gone to London for the purpose of preparation for the profession which he had but lately entered; consequently, he and the people were strangers to one another, but his vacations had been long enough to make him a friend of all the brute creation, notably of Bob, his constant companion. With Mitchell, the case was different. He also had been brought into the world in Redborne parish, but had continued to live there as a boy, and for some years after his return from wandering about the world. With the religious section, which included by far the majority of the community, he was, of course, an outcast, but he was always at the front in all movements which had for their purpose the pleasure or health of the young men, such as cricket and the prize competitions of the corps in rifle shooting. In this way he had become intimate with those in whose bodies the real red blood of the community ran.

These men were both gentlemen, and their relations with those with whom they came in contact were never those of superior and inferior. Every man was made to feel that he had an individuality that was worthy of respect, and such, indeed, is the attitude in which a gentleman always stands to others, no matter what their rank in life may be. Unfortunately, it is invariably the man who knows what it is to be snubbed that makes it his business to snub others. The hero who is his

own artist at the same time that he is his own model, the self-sufficient, self-made genius is the real Simon pure cad. It is he who tramples on those he has the impudence to call his "inferiors." One born in the gutter knows that he wears a transparent coat, but he is determined to show the canaille he belongs to that he rides on horseback now, and can and will splash them with the mud he used to grovel in, whereas, one who has been used to ride from the nursery up skillfully pirouettes through the crowd, and is admired for his dexterity, not a man of whom but will deem himself honored to be allowed to hold his horse while he dismounts.

The elder East had been captain of the rifle corps, and it had become necessary, at least temporarily, to fill his place, so the first lieutenant was promoted to command the company, and an invitation was conveyed to Frank to join as first lieutenant, the company to remain as it had done for some years without a full complement of officers. Suitable men were scarce. Mitchell might, perhaps, have qualified, but he would rather remain outside and laugh at the others.

Frank had been a member of the corps at the university, and knew his drill pretty well, besides being a passable shot, so he rather welcomed the offer of an opportunity to mix with the men and make himself useful, but he never undertook to do anything, even the most trifling, without trying to

do it as well as it could be done, and as there were three kinds of examination for efficiency open to him, the only one which really connoted much being that conducted by the Colonel at the School of Instruction, Grenadier Barracks, he determined to take a month off, and go through the proper curriculum in London. It was, of course, not difficult for him to choose a time between accounts and arrange so as to be away over only one pay, and in due time he found himself back again for a brief stay in his old haunts. He had, however, counted without his host when he had imagined that the school was more or less of a perfunctory and ornamental character, for the colonel in charge was a martinet of martinets, and our budding soldier very soon found that out, to his great discomfort.

A notice was sent him to be at the barracks at 10 A. M., and, thinking that many others would be in receipt of a similar notice, he made no effort to be punctual, as he anticipated that they would be interviewed, one by one, as they came in, and possibly he would have to wait an hour or two till his turn came. Arriving at ten minutes past the hour, however, he found the officers standing in line, and being addressed by the colonel. Curtly he was asked why he was late, and, making no reply—which he believed to be in accordance with military practice—was informed that the colonel would have to begin all over again. As that was not the first time a colonel would have “to begin all over



again," it didn't seem important to the recruit, so he took his place at the foot of the line and listened. The address was of the usual type indulged in by the man who glorifies the profession he happens to belong to as the greatest in the world, and the panegyric of discipline made Bartholdi's statue of liberty look like a monkey on a stick, but the only matter of importance to the little audience of about thirty militia and volunteer officers, the programme for the month, was omitted from the oration. At its close they were asked to walk out to the parade ground, which they did, and were immediately called upon to "fall in," when they were put through what most of them had already gone through at school, where the exercises were known as the "extension motions."

East began to think that he had made a mistake. He thought he had come there to be made an efficient volunteer officer, but it seemed that he was to be converted into an imitation Tommy Atkins, and his reflective mood interfered with his alertness so much that the colonel took it upon him to step around and remark to him that if he didn't wish to pay attention he need not proceed any further with the instruction. Immediately Tommy awoke to his surroundings and executed the goose step thereafter with ludicrous precision, taking the continuance of the "instruction," for the time being, "under advisement," as the California judges say. This child's guide to knowledge continued till lunch time, when



the bulwarks of England's greatness "fell out" for sustenance, an hour being allowed for the purpose, which was consummated at a neighboring hotel.

After lunch there was still no programme vouchsafed, but forty grenadiers, divided up into groups of ten to represent companies, were provided, and these were officered by the candidates for the colonel's certificate as instructor, captain, right and left guide, and right and left marker, each moving through the cycle by changes being effected every morning and afternoon. Company drill was now commenced, and the prospects looked brighter.

In the evening East met McLean and a couple of other men at dinner in the hall of the inn, when he related his experiences, and said that, but that real instruction seemed now to have begun, he should be inclined to content himself with the lower certificate, rather than put up with any more of the colonel's airs. He blamed his unfortunate habit of pocketing his wrath for the time being, so as to consider the question carefully before acting, for not having marched out of the barracks with the dignity becoming to the offended majesty of the law, but McLean observed:

"Go ahead with it, man; they'll noht hurrt ye. Whane they stick a sword in ye, ye can saind f'r th' p'lice, but as lohng as they confine themsailves to ohbsairvations, ye need pay no more attention to them than I do to those of my lairned fraind heer, Mr. Joan White. If ye must lairn this monkey

business, which, however, I see no need for, stick to it till ye've lairnt it, and whain ye have the colonel's certificate, if ye see fit then to condescend to address any ohbservations to that bantam, stick out yer chaist, ailevate yer right arrm and call him a parallelogram or any other respectable geometrical figure ye've a mind to degrade by the comparison."

It will serve no useful purpose to dwell on the monotonous course of instruction at the barracks, for company drill and guard mounting were continued without variation, morning and evening, for two weeks, when battalion drill was begun, but during the progress of these evolutions two incidents worthy of notice occurred. The first was when the "march past" was being executed and markers were placed for the purpose. When East's company, of which he was then acting as captain, came to the saluting point, the marker, who was sergeant major, had rushed at something he had seen amiss in the ranks, and there was no marker, so East gave no word of command, and the company actually marched by the invisible presence without sticking their rifles in front of their noses. Immediately the colonel halted the whole battalion and addressed them on the unbelievable stupidity of a man not knowing enough to give a word of command when a mark had been placed to make it easy for him. East saw that this drill worshipper had determined to make himself odious to him, if possible, for it was as patent to him as to anybody

else that the marker had moved, but again he reserved his reply till he was ready, though it would have been only right for him to resent this last attack by shouting at the top of his voice: "You saw the marker move. I did not, as he was hidden from me by the company, and it was not till I saw him coming back that I knew that it was he who was in the wrong."

The final occasion was too much even for East's patience. The battalion was drawn up in line, and the colonel gave the word to form square. It was then the duty of the commanders of the flank companies to give the word to wheel, but seeing the colonel start suddenly forward they did nothing. He rushed across the two hundred paces which separated him from the men, stuck his cane in East's stomach—he was then acting as right guide—and shouted: "What are you doing there spoiling the face of the square?" Most men would have thereupon knocked him down, but East continued the conduct he believed to be expected of him as a soldier—and never moved. He knew he was right, and simply silently stayed where he was. The colonel was nonplused. He could not do anything with this man, so he marched back, once more sung out: "The battalion will form square," the flank commanders gave the word to wheel, and the right guide of number two stepped within the square, as was his duty.

When the men were dismissed for lunch, East stepped up to the colonel, and said:

“I shall not be coming back this afternoon or on the two days of the month that remain. For some reason or other you have made it your business to be insolent to me, and on two occasions when I was right, and you were wrong, you have sought to degrade me before the whole battalion. I have borne with this because I came here to learn the child’s play you have to teach and not to pay any attention to the ill-manners of my instructors. On going, however, I recommend that in future when you place markers you do not allow them to move while an evolution is being executed, and before you seek to correct an officer for not moving at a word which is merely cautionary, and not executory, you inform yourself on the principles which you practice.”

It is not to be supposed that the colonel willingly submitted to the delivery of this harangue, but the men were gone, a wall was behind him, and a man with fire in his eye was in front, there being only one or two sympathetic listeners, who were almost as offended as East, in the vicinity.

Frank turned and walked through the barracks gates, while the colonel heaved a sigh out of the bottom of his boots and went to his quarters, having, for the first time since he had become a thing of beauty in gold lace and spurs, had the truth about himself spoken plainly to his face, and hav-

ing thereat quite lost the customary presence of—voice which was habitual to him. Frank would have to content himself with an ordinary certificate, but that was a mere detail. He had learned how they did things at the Grenadier Guards, and whatever that might be worth to a volunteer officer, he had acquired. In company drill, four officers had been called up before him, and all had failed. The colonel did his best to make him the fifth, but it was impossible. He *would* do the things he was called upon to do, and he had to be the first let through, even though it was the martinet's constant assertion that he would give his certificate to no officer that "was not fit to command a company in action"—a thing he knew just as much about as any other *vox et præterea nihil*.



## CHAPTER XV.

A few days prior to our hero's return from London, Miriam had arrived, and before he made his appearance, had become a familiar member of the household, the delight of the children, and the indivisible other half of Gertrude. His coming, however, acted as a check on the prevailing exuberance of spirits, and especially between him and the source of all the mirth a dense cloud seemed to have descended. Until this time, even the contemplative John had given way to gayety somewhat resembling the efforts of a hippopotamus to join the dance, but now, wherever Frank was, even Miriam became pensive. With him out of the way dull care was soon dissipated, but gloom seemed to follow in his wake. This was not ordinarily the effect of his presence, for, though not boisterous, he was never a killjoy, but Gertrude very soon noticed that this was the effect he seemed to have on the visitor, and with the instinct of her sex, she perceived it to be a symptom of the first stage of the tender passion. She quickly changed her mind, however, when she found that Miriam seemed apparently indifferent to any attentions that Frank might offer,

or any observations he might make, and in this, she showed that she was still young, for an old campaigner would have recognized this as a much more serious symptom than the other. Love, when it begins naturally, is a slow and gentle poison which gradually transfuses through the system until the victim becomes oblivious and careless about its manifestations, but, on the other hand, when the arrow suddenly strikes in a vital spot, the wounded one writhes and struggles in vain to hide the barb which pierces still, and ever throbs and burns.

After the manner of women, Miriam and Gertrude preferred not to be alone; consequently they occupied the same bedroom. They usually went upstairs about an hour before Frank, but their light was always burning when he went to his room, and he silently wondered "what on earth these girls can put away the time about." There is not anything wonderful about it. They simply sit and talk, talk, talk, till their tongues refuse to wag any more. The time is divided unequally between the men and their own clothes, but they never stray outside these two subjects. Men have other interests, and so have women, occasionally, when others are listening, but two of them alone never desert the only topics that really interest them. One night this is what our hero might have heard, had he listened:

"Why are you so snappish with Frank, Miriam?"

"I didn't know that I was, but why shouldn't I

be? He treats me as if I belonged to another species."

"You don't understand him. You forget that he has developed a lot since you knew him as a little boy."

"I think I make every allowance for that," said Miriam, "but he seems to have frozen stiff. We appear to have developed along different lines."

"Well, you're not going the way to melt him. Perhaps you don't want to."

"Or I might try a little warmth?"

"Exactly. Unless you unbend to him he never will to you. He has too much respect for you to be familiar."

"I'll see what I can do to oblige you."

"You were not so before he came. Why don't you behave just as you did when he was not here?"

"My dear girl, that was all very well with the children, but what do you suppose such a very proper person as your brother would think of a tomboy?"

"Then you do care what he thinks?"

"Just as much as I care what anybody thinks. I don't positively try to make myself objectionable to my friends, you know. I should like to be thought well of, even by the Sphinx."

"Well, I can tell you this about Frank. He likes only people who are natural. Any affectation of any kind he simply despises."

"Do you mean that I am not natural when I try to behave with sanity?"

"I know that your natural self is a good deal more cheerful than you have been for some days."

And so on and so on *ad dormiendum*.

Miriam had often sung to please the children or Gertrude, but, as yet, Frank had not heard her, so, on the following evening, addressing her, he said:

"I have not asked you to sing because I know how much professional people dislike doing what becomes a weariness to them, after years of practice, but, if you only knew how much I should like to hear you, I believe you would be willing to gratify me."

"I shall be very glad. I understand what you mean about professional people. Even the most delightful things that we once loved to distraction can become tiresome, but I am still in love with singing."

"I am very glad to hear it, for I shall have courage to ask you oftener than I otherwise would."

"I suppose your taste is rather severe, isn't it? You would prefer something classical?"

"I would rather hear what pleases you best to sing. You will sing it best, and we shall all be pleased."

"I really don't know what I like best. It depends on my mood. Just now I am taken by a simple little thing, just out, 'Only An Ivy Leaf.' Have you heard it?"

He had not, so Miriam sang it, and, of course, had to follow it by another, and yet another. Then turning to Frank, she said:

"Now it's your turn. What will you sing?"

"I'm afraid it would be too much like a frog trying to answer a nightingale. After the singing you have been accustomed to listen to, my wood-notes wild would sound even more wild and woody than usual."

"On the contrary, it is quite seldom that I hear good singing. Some of the pupils at the Academy are like the donkey, with plenty of voice, but no notion; others are like the owl, with lots of notion, but no voice. There are very few nightingales, I assure you."

"Sing something out of *Il Trovatore*, Frank," put in Gertrude. "You never have anybody to listen to the really great things you sing that knows enough to appreciate them."

"What is that? *Il Trovatore*?" exclaimed Miriam, "so I have been singing before a critic, have I? Why didn't you tell me, Gertrude?"

"Yes, I know good singing when I hear it, and I get the greatest delight of my life when I do, but it is quite another thing to do yourself what you would have others do."

"Well, I do want to hear somebody sing *Ah che la Morte*, like it ought to be sung. May be you are not a tenor?"

"I don't know what I am," replied Frank.



"When you have heard me, perhaps, you will be able to say whether my voice is a wheelbarrow tone or what."

"Will you please sing *Ah che la Morte?*"

Frank, of course, complied, and hardly had he uttered the first note than Miriam was visibly profoundly affected. She trembled, her colour came and went, and she seemed to have the greatest difficulty in maintaining a composure which had been singularly unruffled for some days. At the close of the song her hands dropped to her lap, and she said nothing for some moments, when she apparently came to herself, said simply, "Thank you," left the music stool, and seated herself by Gertrude's side.

"Well," said the latter, "what is it, a tenor?"

"Oh, don't ask me. I don't want to say anything now."

"Now, Frank, sing something for the rest of us," said John. "Let's have *Father O'Flynn*, or the German drinking song."

"Oh, John, you're of the earth earthy," said Gertrude.

"Why not sing something yourself, John?" asked Miriam, who seemed to be waking up again, now that things were getting mundane.

"I only sing to the accompaniment of the trombone," replied John. "I need competition to bring out the excellencies of my voice production. Go on, Frank; sing *Drinking*."

"The idea!" exclaimed Miriam. "Fancy expecting a tenor to sing the great show-off bass song!"

"Well, I have heard that tenor do it before now," replied John, "and it wouldn't surprise me if he could do it again. Silence, gentlemen, please. Mr. East will oblige."

So Frank sang *Im tiefen Keller*, as if bass was his native language and Miriam could contain herself no longer:

"Is this a spiritual séance, or what?" she said, "do we sleep or do we dream? Such curious things are happening that I am not quite sure that I am in complete possession of my senses."

"We are accustomed to it," laughed Gertrude. "I am only surprised that he doesn't treat us to some soprano sometimes. I have no doubt he could if he would."

Not very long afterward the girls went upstairs to bed and the conversation of the night before was resumed.

"Will you please tell me what it was you would not say about Frank's voice?" asked Gertrude.

"I simply could not say anything. I never heard anything so wonderful in my life. I don't believe there is any such compass in all the world, the quality of it is simply superb, and he never let himself out once to-night. He could fill Albert Hall either with a tenor B or a bass F. He sings, too, like one who had never done anything else all his life. Even his Italian and his German seem

as familiar to him as English. He never once got mixed in those difficult Italian syllables. You know how it is. As it were, you sing two or three syllables to one note and many people never learn to do it properly."

"So you think he can sing a bit?"

"I am satisfied that he has one of the most marvellous voices that ever issued from the throat of man."

"You two will no doubt get on better together now."

"Why doesn't he make singing his profession?"

"He says he wants to get his living by his brains, not his throat. Of course, that doesn't mean that he thinks any the less of you on that account."

"I understand that. He is right. Singing is all very well for a woman, but a man ought to live by his brains, if he has any. There is no longer any market for muscle, though we all of us admire brawn more than we do brain still, don't we?"

"I do, I know; but the man I fall in love with will have both. The sentiment will be inspired by the brawn, but my self-respect will require that he possess at least sufficient mind to command those he comes in contact with. The complacent, snickering timeserver won't suit me. My man will put his foot down, and his motto will be *J'y suis et j'y reste.*"

“I hope you’ll find him, my dear, but I believe that most of us will have to put up with an inferior article or one that we look at through rose-colored glasses.”

## CHAPTER XVI.

Next morning the change in Miriam's manner to Frank was obvious. Instead of disagreeing with him and cutting him short at every opportunity, she seemed to dwell on every word he uttered as though it proceeded from an oracle. And to what was the difference due? Merely to the fact that she had discovered that he could sing. Such is the influence of the voice of the male biped on the mind of the female. He was no wiser, no stronger, no greater in any way, but he could warble to her and she could but coo in response.

At breakfast Frank announced that business would take him to Camruth that day and that the girls would have to get on without him. Miriam was visibly disappointed.

When the meal was over Frank strolled over to the hotel to see if Mitchell hadn't business in Camruth, too, and naturally found that he had. In half an hour they were on horseback and on their way. They had not gone far when Tom broke out with:

"Well, how is the lovemaking progressing? You must have been having a high old time lately."



"I think your prescription is working. At first I got worse because the girl would none of me, but I sang to her and broke the spell. Now she is like a lamb. I know that I have won and in consequence of that fact I am already losing interest in the game. It is always so with me. The pursuit of anything is exhilarating, but when once I have attained my end I want some other quarry."

"I knew how it would be. You were no more in love with the girl than I was. You were simply in love with yourself. You saw something you fancied you wanted and you went after it till you got it. Now you are satisfied."

"I am afraid it is not a very lovable character, but it is mine. Besides, what business should I have falling in love with a girl? I have all these children on my hands now, and then have a career to make at the bar, if I ever get back there. I could not possibly get married for ten years to come."

"Hold hard a minute. The mare has picked up a stone," said Mitchell, as he flung himself off and pulled a pocketknife from somewhere about his person. In a moment the stone was out by the aid of the hook attached to the knife, and Mitchell's attention was attracted by an object in a bush close by. "Well, I'll be jiggered! I'm a Dutchman if I don't know that hat," and reaching forward he pulled a battered black square-topped hard felt hat out of a tangle of hawthorn branches.

Frank instantly recognized the hat of his father, and close scrutiny convinced him.

"Well, what do you think?" said Mitchell. "That solves the mystery, doesn't it?"

"No, I hardly think it does."

"Why, it is plain to me. He was waylaid in this lonely spot under the supposition that he was carrying the bank money, resisted, was murdered, and his body thrown into one of the shafts around here."

"That sounds plausible, but how did the hat get hidden in that bush? It would have gone into the shaft with him or be lying around loose, whereas there it has been securely hidden and might have been for all time if your mare hadn't happened to pick up a stone just opposite the place."

"Very likely the affray occurred at some distance from here, and the hat, at first loose, was blown into the bush. You see, its position was such that the prevailing wind could have done it, except that I don't know if it wasn't too far in. At any rate, it was too much hidden to have been placed there purposely to throw people off the scent."

"Well, I think you had better put it back. It is no use taking it to Camruth, and on the way we can determine what is best to be done. At any rate, we had better say nothing about it at home. The family are quiet now, and it is no use opening the old wound unless we can heal it."

“We had better have these shafts looked into, though. We can arrange for that without exciting suspicion, though most of them are too deep and the ladders have been taken out of nearly all of them.”

“The surface of the water can be reached in some of them by a rope, but I think it will be useless. In fact, I would rather not have the mystery cleared than find out that he was actually murdered.”

In due time they arrived at Camruth, and Frank repaired to the bank while Tom went about his “business,” which consisted mainly in waiting in the barroom of the hotel chatting with acquaintances until his friend should again make his appearance.

On being ushered into old Ellis’ private room Frank said:

“I got your letter asking me to call when I had business in town next, so here I am.”

“Yes, I didn’t want to see you about anything in particular—merely to have a chat about Red-borne affairs, you know. How are things up there?”

“There is no difference worth mentioning. The mines are about paying cost, as they have been ever since my father’s disappearance. The lodes don’t cut out nor do they improve to any great extent.”

“Well, how are you getting on with the people?”

Are you getting more reconciled to your surroundings?"

"Do you think it possible that a fish out of water would become reconciled to his surroundings?" asked Frank, with a smile.

"Ah!" sighed the old man, "I didn't suppose it was quite as bad as that, but certainly from what I hear you don't seem to be getting on as well as I hoped you would."

"So the gossip reaches you, does it?"

"Gossip, do you call it? We get anonymous letters about you by the score."

"Can that really be so? What can I possibly have done to make enemies? I was not aware that I had injured anybody."

"I'm sure I don't know what you've done, but, if these letters were to be believed, there wouldn't be much left that you hadn't done."

"I suppose I may take it for granted that you don't believe them?"

"It is a kind of thing we are accustomed to, and as a rule we don't pay much attention to them. We frequently get threatened with death ourselves. When they get very frequent and very bad, however, there is usually some foundation of some sort for them, and we generally look into the matter a bit if we have enough regard for the person vilified."

"And that is why you wanted to see me?"

"Well, not altogether that, either. I wanted to

talk more particularly about the mines. It seems you have been having some correspondence with the shareholders in London."

"Naturally. I often hear from them, of course."

"But some you have been advising, I believe."

"When my advice has been sought, yes."

"Then I may take it that you feel fully competent to give advice about mining?"

"No, you may not. Nobody has asked for any such advice. What I have given has been about investing in mining."

"And you have not recommended it."

"Would you?"

"That would depend."

"That is to say, you would advise some people to do it but not others?"

"Well, my advice has not been sought in the particular case or cases I refer to, but yours has, and you have advised against it, as I am informed."

"I certainly have."

"Do you call that business-like?"

"No, I call it honest."

"I thought as much. Thank you, that is all I want to know. Good morning."

The one finger was held out, but not seen, and Frank went back to Tom, whom he found seated in the barroom surrounded by a small crowd of habitués, whom he was entertaining with a story about the Redborne rifle corps continuing to march



while its captain puffed behind shouting "Halt! Halt, please! Halt!"

John Hollow lived almost at the junction of the roads from Camruth and the Land's End, so, on the way home, our well-nigh inseparable pair looked in on the sick man. For a time he had improved greatly on the nutritious diet which his friends had supplied, but at that time phthisis was not so well understood as it is to-day, and that terrible scourge of the poor in pocket and poor in blood had taken too firm a grip of the exhausted frame before the aid had come. He had suffered in silence, and even Tom had not heard how seriously ill he was.

As they entered they found the children seated in hushed silence in the kitchen. Their mother, hearing the sound of the door, came out of the adjoining room and invited them in. The skin-clothed skeleton of what was once the rural athlete was stretched motionless upon the bed and Dr. Slow was standing by its side. A faint voice broke the stillness:

"Ez gittin' dark. I cayn't see nobody. Who ez et?"

"Mester Heast and Mester Mitchell come to see 'e, John," replied his wife.

"I'm bra'n' glad," said the poor fellow, "I ded want to say good-by to they. Ef 'e was more like they in the world e' w'udn' be s' many like me. Gi'e me your 'and, Mester Mitchell, I cayn't play no more. I'm—too—tired——"

For a moment or two his lips continued to move, then a slight shiver passed through the worn-out frame, the blind eyes became fixed, and John's "innings" was over.

## CHAPTER XVII.

After leaving the cottage of the dead miner for some time the Pharisee and the Publican rode along in silence, but eventually the former observed:

"Well, we've seen one finish to-day. I see another."

"Which particular one do you refer to?" asked Tom.

"My own," replied Frank. "I am convinced that old Ellis means mischief. I advised one or two London shareholders who have been losing heavily in Cornish mining to get out of it, and naturally the report of it has reached him, as I knew it would."

"Oh! If you've done that it's all U P. But that's just like you. That head of yours must be pretty sore with running up against stone walls."

"For my part I don't see how it is possible to be honest and avoid it."

"I know it isn't, but why must you be honest? Nobody else is honest to you. You should treat other people as they do you. That's the Golden Rule, isn't it? Do them."

“When I was a youngster I unfortunately believed what my elders told me. When they said that honesty was the best policy I believed them and laid the foundation for my subsequent character. When they said that I should do to others as I would that they should do to me, the plan commended itself to my understanding, and I have been trying to do it ever since, with the result that, as the Yankees say, I am played for a sucker every time.”

“When you became a man you should have put away childish things.”

“These maxims will be suitable for rules of conduct during the Millennium, but applied to mundane affairs as at present regulated they will be the surest way to the poorhouse that can be taken. At the same time, amongst professional men they are faithfully observed, and I don't believe that any barrister or doctor would any more treat a fellow practitioner in any other way than with perfect honesty and precisely as he would wish to be treated than he would debase the coinage of the realm.”

“You ought to have changed your clothes before you came home. The miners, poor beggars, are honest enough, for they haven't any opportunity to be otherwise so as to amount to much, but those who are so kind as to keep the mines afloat on London capital that they may be paid their monthly dole of fifty shillings have principles of their own.”

"As the mathematicians say, a miner's dishonesty would be a 'negligible quantity,' but I think I could detect it if I saw it. I never did, however."

"Old Diogenes wouldn't have to go very far with his light in this community before coming across the article he was in search of. But what was it precisely that you did, if I may be so bold as to inquire?"

"Oh, yes, we have been getting into generalities. Well, there was one man who kept after me for advice, but for a time I evaded answering his direct questions until at last he sprung the golden rule on me and told me he expected to be treated precisely as he would treat me if I wanted his advice on investing in South Africa, which he knew as much about as I did about West Cornwall. I thought the matter over carefully, foresaw precisely what has happened, and took the leap. I told him that it was my opinion that Australia had beaten Cornwall, and that Cornwall would stay beaten. She had been 'counted out' long ago. He was very much obliged to me, and said that he would stand by Redborne Consols as long as he could afford to, as he knew that there was an honest man in charge."

"And you think that honest man won't be in charge much longer?"

"Precisely."

"*Che sara sara.*"

"Hello! Where did you come by your Italian?"



“Well, that motto, being the Duke of Bedford’s, embellishes the notepaper of the hotel where I stay in London, the plutocrat named being the owner thereof. I have often heard worthy gentlemen from the provinces apparently meditating on what they should say to Sarah when they were really endeavoring to comprehend what Chee, Sarah, Sarah, could possibly mean.”

“The Spaniards have a saying, too, which is very much to the point: *Cuando no podemos lograr lo que deseamos, debemos contentarnos con lo que tenemos.*”

“I have picked up scraps of a good many tongues in my wanderings around the world. I know more Hindustani and Choctaw than I do Spanish, but as I heard the word content, or something like it, I have no doubt that I understand what the hidalgo wants to say. He and I think very much alike, but you’re an anarchist. You can’t do business on professional principles.”

“I know it, and am sorry for it, but I’m not going to alter my principles for the sake of my business, but rather to alter my business for the sake of my principles. I think I shall have to take the family to London, rent a little house in the suburbs, and get something for John to do in the city. I shall only lose the salaries from the purserhips, and I think in a little while I can make very much more at the bar than they amount to.”

“You know your own business best, m’ son,

but I should not wonder if a compromise will not be effected, for your name is worth a good deal in Cornish mining—not on your account, you know—please don't misunderstand me—but your father's."

"I shall try not to anticipate my fate, but I am prepared for eventualities."

"I am going to make a move, too, pretty soon. I've taken a lease of Billy's house at the Land's End."

"I thought you would. I suppose you'll keep the same brand of M'zelly for your friends?"

"My guests will not be obliged to drink Moselle. I shall also keep beer."

"Well, Redborne Consols account will be held next week, and I quite expect to meet my Waterloo in some shape or other. Will you be my Blücher?"

"I always maintain a watchful neutrality in these conflicts until some fool steps on my feet. Then I put coals of fire on his head, and I find the easiest way is to put his head in the fireplace."

"That reminds me. You know I'm a thorough-going materialist. I think I have hit on the actual physical basis of pleasure and pain."

"That's nothing new. Pleasure means a full belly and pain means an empty belly."

"Can't you be got to listen to something really dry and serious for a few seconds?"

"Haven't I often listened to you patiently for a much longer period? Pray proceed."

"I believe pleasure to be merely a form of mo-

tion, just as light, heat, sound, and electricity are. It is always apparent where there is motion, and is absent where there is stagnation."

"That is in accordance with the Irishman's experience when he fell off the roof. The fall was pleasant enough, but it was the check to the motion when he struck the ground that caused the pain."

Ignoring Mitchell's facetiousness, Frank went on:

"When our machinery is active we are healthy and happy, but when our circulation becomes clogged pain ensues. As long as the constant change, what the physiologists call katabolism, or tearing down, and anabolism, or building up, is continued without check, we experience a pleasant sensation of exhilaration, but let a cold, a burn, or a wound set up an opposition or a check to the even flow of these activities and pain is the result. I have thought it out in detail, and I believe it is in accordance with the facts, but I know you don't take any interest in such things, so I won't bother you with any more of it. I wouldn't have mentioned it at all but that you are the only man in the place who could possibly have understood what I have already said to you."

"Oh, I'm not all buffoon, mister. It might perhaps surprise you to know that I've read all Herbert Spencer, except some of the detail in biology and psychology. I have absorbed all the philosophic parts and I know that he makes pleasure

consist of those things which minister to the vitality of the organism."

"I wish I had known this sooner, for we should have been much better friends even than we have been. I go a step further than Spencer, for I say that it is the vitality itself which is the pleasure—not merely the building up, but also the tearing down and casting out, both of which are equally necessary to the maintenance of the organism. The motion constituting this process is what is present to consciousness as pleasure. Apply it to the senses. Take taste. A sweet morsel excites the nerves which make its sweetness apparent to the brain. The nerve acts, is wasted and built up again, the process being felt by consciousness as pleasure. The same explanation applies to hearing, sight, smell, and feeling. Pain comes when their rhythmic, healthy action is interfered with, as by a discord in music."

"And we get pain in the stomach when the normal motions of digestion are interfered with and pain in the finger when we cut it because the regular action of the blood and nerve currents are interfered with?"

"Yes, and you can follow the same idea out into the more delicate sense perceptions and even into the intellectual region. What displeases is always what interferes, what jars."

"We ought to move along like a smooth stream, water pouring in at the source and out into the

sea without let or hindrance, but put in a dam and you set up a disturbance directly?"

"Just so, but here we are once more. I am sorry that the even flow of your discourse should be broken in upon by our arrival at the end of our ride, but remember Sarah, Sarah."

They had ridden past the place where the hat had been found without having given the matter a thought, either of them. This was not so strange as it might appear, however, as they had just been present at the bedside of a dying man, and Frank's mind was preoccupied with the thoughts which his interview with old Ellis had awakened. They did not begin their conversation about it until they had passed the place, which was only a short walk from the town.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

Frank was standing in front of the house when the family returned from church on the following Sunday morning, and as Miriam came up, addressing him, she said, with a mock expression of seriousness :

“Wicked man, why haven’t you been to church?”

“On the contrary, I should be wicked if I went.”

“How could you possibly be? Surely it can’t be wrong to go to church, whatever else is wrong.”

“Possibly it may be all right for you, but it would not be for me—but you had better talk about something else. I never discuss religion with anybody if I can help it.”

“Oh, I do. I discuss anything and everything that I can learn anything about. Besides, you have excited my curiosity when you make such a strange statement as that it is wrong to go to church.”

“Very well, then. Your sin be upon your own head. I don’t go to church because it would be hypocritical in me to go, and there was a time when I thought that those who could swallow the Christian creed at one gulp would get no harm by going, but I have become more wicked now. I believe that even they are harmed by going. I be-

lieve that even you would be the better for staying away. Now, do you want to hear any more? Remember, you have stirred up the beast, and you must be prepared for the consequences."

"Go on. It does not follow that I shall agree with you."

"I thought at one time that those who are incapable of examining into the grounds of their belief would be the better for adhering to a standard of some sort than to none at all, but now I think that everybody is injured by pretending to believe what no sane man could by any possibility really believe."

"Don't you believe in God?"

"That is a question to which a Christian expects a prompt and satisfactory answer, but, as a matter of fact, in that shape it cannot be answered. If by God you mean an embodiment of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness, or a being in whom these attributes may be supposed to dwell, I say it is a matter wholly beyond the comprehension of the human intellect, but as a *point d'appui*, let it pass. If by God you mean a being who is actuated by human passions, or who is a human being in any manner whatever or resembles one in any respect, I do not believe in him. Mankind are no more than the parasites that infest Mother Earth, and analogy would lead us to suppose that there are innumerable grades of beings interposed between us and any God we can conceive."

"You certainly have a poor opinion of man."

"I have, and a much worse opinion when he pretends to believe what he cannot possibly understand."

"What, for instance?"

"That God Almighty was crucified on Calvary, and at the same time that he wasn't, and that repulsive blasphemy about the cannibalism in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. There are many other things only less blasphemous and ridiculous than these which Christians pretend to believe, but which no sane man amongst them really believes for an instant, and to pretend to do so is to accustom yourself to self-deception and make it all the easier to deceive others. It is for that reason that I say a pretended belief in the Christian religion destroys a man's sincerity and cripples him for acquiring a love and a reverence for that most sacred and important of all virtues—truth."

"Your objections would seem to be aimed principally against the Catholic church. Protestants don't believe anything out of the way, that I know of."

"What about the very first point I mentioned? Do you believe that it is possible that a thing that is three can be one, and the one be three? I was not particularly referring to the fact that it was the God who made the worlds who consented to come to this insignificant little one and die here."

"Great is the mystery of godliness."

“That is a remark that you might make of any nonsense. For my part I don’t believe a thing because it is mysterious but because it is reasonable. Everything that we do believe depends on our reason. It is only by the exercise of it that we can tell whether we believe or not. I know, however, by experience, that pretense is wrong. I see its injurious results. Therefore I will not pretend to believe what I do not, and I will not be seen where people do these things if I can stay away.”

“Would you do away with churches, then?” asked Miriam.

“By no means. If the parsons would give up preaching blasphemous nonsense and teach morality instead, they would be doing some good, but before everything else they have to hold up truth as the one thing needful.”

“Don’t people want the terrors of the law to keep them straight?”

“They have had them for nearly two thousand years, but they are just as wicked now as they were twenty centuries ago. Their lust for blood is differently gratified, but it is the same in essence. Whatever difference there is is due to education, and that is what should be strengthened and extended. Let the churches spread light, not the darkness of error and fable, and they will become a valuable adjunct of the schools. At present they are only a hindrance.”

“If you think you are in possession of the light,

why don't you shed it abroad, then, instead of hiding it under a bushel?"

"My thousand-candlepower luminary," replied Frank facetiously, "would be too bright for their vision. Most of them are mere troglodytes. They have to be brought out into the sun gradually."

"Well, couldn't you partially turn off the current, reduce the supply of gas, or do whatever is necessary to lower the flame for the weak eyes?"

"I expect to as I see the opportunity. I thought this would be a fine field, but *nemo mortalium*, etc."

The others had by this time become accustomed to seeing these two talking earnestly together, but it was not often that they were allowed such a long and uninterrupted conversation. Miriam was a very beautiful girl of most artistic tastes, but she was a great deal more. For a long time she had been living practically alone in the greatest city in the world and dependent upon her own resources chiefly. Most girls would have become even more frivolous than they were by nature, but she had become even more thoughtful and had read a great deal that usually fails to appeal to the female mind, or even to the artist, so that Frank's remarks were not really so much out of place as they appeared to be when addressed to a young girl whose distinguishing characteristics were beauty and a voice. For a little while she was pensive, but very soon she returned to the attack:

"Don't you think this proposal of yours to teach



morality without religion will be rather thin? To most people I think it will appear very much like mere clothes without a body. You want something to hang your precepts on."

"That idea is merely derived from association. You have been accustomed to the only religion and the only morality you know going hand in hand, while I would have them preach an entirely independent morality based on experience. As it is, the only good the preachers do is by unconsciously spreading that selfsame doctrine, whereas all the dogmas they proclaim only lead to strife, hatred of fellow man, and bloodshed."

"Not nowadays."

"And why? Because these dogmas are no longer believed either by priest or people. Usually they are refined and explained away until they mean nothing, but they are no longer believed and died for as they were from three to four hundred years ago. As education has spread people have become disgusted at such enormities as infant damnation and a material everlasting hell—not for those who have deserved it, but for those who have refused doctrines they were called upon to accept or have never even heard of. Reason is made to act upon religion now, and the more it acts on it the less of it there will be left."

"Well, what is to be done? Have you a substitute ready?"

"Regenerative systems do not start up full

fledged in a day. As dogma and superstition decline, morality and good works will grow, as they are growing on every hand, and the churches will be gradually transformed into associations for social progress."

"I don't see why people should not be as sincere in their beliefs now as they were centuries ago, even though they do not burn one another."

"But you know that if they were there would not be asylums enough to contain them all, for mothers would be shrieking and fathers tearing their hair to think of the horrible fate in store for their children who persisted in refusing to repent."

"I suppose you don't believe in any immortality of any kind, do you?"

"How can I? I can't possibly comprehend it. When I was quite a child I used to dread to go to bed as I could not keep my thoughts from dwelling on that theme. It made me shudder as it was so absolutely incomprehensible. I dreaded inexpressibly to think that I must live forever and to doubt the truth of the conception never occurred to me for an instant. It was given me on the authority of my father, mother, the parson, Sunday-school teacher, and other such people whose word I would never think of doubting, but, thank God, as I grew up I learned to think for myself and threw off the burden of this frightful nightmare."

"I never heard anybody tell of such an experience

before. I believe in immortality as firmly as I do in anything that I know."

"But surely, if you will permit me to say so, that is because you have never thought on the subject. To me the idea is absolutely without any warrant whatever, contradicts all analogies, and is absolutely repulsive and terrible."

"Well, let's turn to something else. I don't think we can ever think together on this subject."

"I suppose not. I am merely coldly analytic, while your reason is swayed by your affections."

"I expect I don't know enough, that's all. Wouldn't it be right to say that the more you know the greater weight your knowledge must have in forming your convictions and directing your actions?"

"I should say so; but I don't want to be dogmatic like the theologians. You certainly would have a great burden of temperament to overcome, whilst in my case I easily follow the dictates of unadulterated logic."

"That reminds me. I don't know anything. Couldn't you advise me what to read? I only flounder about in a haphazard way, and I don't want to waste my time on trash. Life is too short to read all I want to."

"You can't do better than read good novels. Those people who recommend lists of books that everybody should read I am persuaded have never read them themselves. On them, for instance, you

will always find Marcus Aurelius and Plutarch. The former only says one thing, which he keeps on repeating *ad nauseam*, while all the other says worth remembering can be written down on two pages of ordinary letter paper. He pretends to write the lives of great men, but he knows next to nothing about any of them, and what he says is mostly surmise. Occasionally he lets fall a pearl, but you have so many empty shells to open to come to it that it is hardly worth the labor. It is the same with nearly all the ancients, but I would except Seneca and Epictetus. The Stoic philosophy is still valuable. I might continue in this strain almost *ad infinitum*, but it will be better to cut the matter short by recommending you to read Charles Reade and George Eliot before all others. 'The Cloister and the Hearth' alone is an education for anybody, and much the same might be said for 'Middlemarch,' 'Adam Bede,' or 'Daniel Deronda.' There is one American writer, too, who has an immense influence for good. There is more wisdom in Oliver Wendell Holmes than in Plato and Aristotle put together, and more humor than in all the professional humorists combined."

"Thanks. It is so nice to combine one's tastes with one's duty."

"What a beautiful day this is! What a splendid blending of colors there seems to be in the sky and on the land."

"Isn't it magnificent? But what is it we mean

when we say that some colors blend while others don't match?"

"Precisely the same thing as it means in music. A discord is the simultaneous sounding of two notes whose rates of vibration will not combine, and in the same way colors which do not match are impressions made on the retina by parts of the spectrum whose rates of vibration do not harmonize."

"How consoling!"

Frank laughed, as no doubt he was expected to, and said: "Of course I appreciate the humor of the situation just as much as you do, but it's a great treat to me in this wilderness to have an opportunity of talking to one who can take an interest in the really important things of this life."

"It is equally so to me, I assure you. I have never talked to a young man in my life before who was capable of keeping up a conversation on anything but music or nonsense. Some of them seem to think I am a fairy and others that I am a sort of cross between a phonograph and a fiddle."



## CHAPTER XIX.

The day of Redborne Consols account had come around again and shareholders were standing about in groups in the vicinity of the account house while the committee were holding their meeting within. At the table in the small room on the ground floor where the books were audited were seated the iron founder and the timber merchant with the purser, the two other members of the quartette not being represented. As a rule the bank sent an emissary, but the purser of the adjoining mine, who had been made a member of the committee because he was lord of the soil and not because, which was the fact, that he knew more about practical mining than any other man in the community, consistently refused to attend, as he regarded committees of merchants as the greatest curse of Cornish mining.

"We can't pass the accounts till we have the bank passbook," said the ironfounder, "or we might call in the shareholders. Lickspittle must have had a breakdown."

Just then the sound of wheels was heard, and in a few minutes no less a personage than Dee himself drove up to the door. With scant ceremony

he rushed by those who saluted him and burst into the committee room, threw the passbook on the table, and dived simultaneously at the books and a chair at the head of the table.

Frank took the passbook and began to check the items in it with those in the ledger, but presently his brow became clouded, and it was evident that there was something he could not find.

"Come," said Dee, from the chair, with nervous impatience, "aren't these accounts ready yet?"

"We must compare them with the bank passbook, of course," replied Frank, "and you have only just brought it."

"If your accounts were all right that wouldn't take a minute."

Frank did not reply, but the ironfounder edged over toward him and asked: "What is it? Is there something you can't find? Let me have a look."

"I don't find the check to Bayley entered, can you?"

After a careful search, aided by the timber merchant, the ironfounder was obliged to confess that there was no sign of Bayley's check.

"Here, give me the book," said Dee, and without a moment's hesitation he pointed out the entry.

"Well, but Mr. Dee," said the timber merchant, "that is prior to the date at which the check was drawn."

"I can't help that. This is only a passbook, a

copy of our ledger. Perhaps the clerk who wrote it up omitted this check and afterward just stuck it in where there was a vacant line."

"How did you manage to find it so promptly?" asked Frank.

"That is the effect of having had to do with accounts all my life."

"And not through being accustomed to the way in which your books are written up?"

"Now, I don't want any insinuations from you. If you don't know how to keep accounts we will get somebody who can."

"I understand perfectly why you came here and why you are determined to be unpleasant to me. Perhaps *you* know more about accounts than I do. If so you can put your knowledge at the service of the committee. I am going. Good-by, gentlemen," he said, bowing in the direction of the merchants.

"What! You are not going to leave us?" exclaimed the old timber dealer.

"Certainly," replied Frank, "I cannot be associated in any business undertaking with an impertinent ruffian like that. I will send you my resignation this evening."

Without another word he left the room, and, avoiding the groups of loitering shareholders, walked toward home, a little over a mile away. His reflections as he trudged along may be easily imagined. He felt a sort of dull consciousness that

he had committed suicide, but he knew that if he had not done it he would have been murdered, so it was perhaps just as well that he had taken the matter into his own hands. He had committed the unpardonable crime, he had dared to be honest, he had had the insufferable impertinence to be independent in the Ellis and Dee preserves, and he must be cast out.

Well, what was to be done? The income from Tremayne was about enough to pay the interest on the mortgage, not much more, and the coal and candle business would have to be sold to somebody who could secure the orders from the mines, for it was not to be supposed that they were going to be altruistic enough to support the former purser's family as a mark of respect to his memory. He certainly had been the means of keeping the mines afloat for several years after they ought to have been closed, but presumably he did this because he expected his reward in returning prosperity. At any rate, as a cold business proposition they could not be considered to owe him or his family anything, and as a very much colder proposition they certainly would not pay if they did. Frank was, therefore, once more a castaway with a large family to provide for and nothing to do it with. Nevertheless he forwarded his resignation that evening to the ironfounder, and informed his brother and sister of what he had done. As might be expected, John took the announcement as calmly as if it had

been an invitation to dinner, but his sister was not so cool. She, however, did not give way to hysterics, or any other foolishness, as she secretly thought that anything must surely be better than Redborne. The wherewithal to support life anywhere else, of course, the men would provide somehow. The younger children went to bed in blissful ignorance of the impending change.

Miriam had gone back to her home two days before, both the girls having promised a frequent exchange of visits, but between Frank and her no vows had been made, nor, indeed, had any word of sentiment been spoken. Neither was quite sure about the sentiments of the other, but each heart "knew its own bitterness."



## CHAPTER XX.

After breakfast next morning, among the letters which John brought from the post office was one with a United States postmark and stamp, addressed to Frank, which he immediately seized and quickly opened. With intense excitement he shouted:

“Come here, all of you. Here’s a letter from father.”

Children and servants all came rushing to the parlor, and Frank read aloud the following long letter in the well-known hand:

“I am sure I don’t know why I have not heard from you, but I suppose the letters I have written must have gone astray somehow.”

“That’s that darned post office,” put in John.

“The first I wrote was immediately after landing in America, and in it I gave a full account of my sudden departure, but as you do not appear to have received it, I will go over the ground once more. Although you have not heard of me, I have heard of you more than once from miners who have come out here from home, and I am surprised that they have not mentioned having seen me in their letters

to their wives, but, of course, it might happen that they did not. Certainly my whereabouts would have come to your ears somehow soon. The reason I have not written oftener is that I wanted to be able to offer to relieve you of your charge before writing at all, but the time it has taken to establish myself has been longer than I expected. At the same time I knew you were getting on all right, and naturally I was a bit inclined to offer you a surprise. Well, to my story once more: I was driving home from Camruth—it is now just fourteen months ago—when I was ‘held up,’ as they say—and as they commonly do—in this country. I knew both the men. They were miners who had been abroad and learned the tricks of the highwayman’s trade. They were disappointed, however, for I was not carrying the money for the Consols’ pay, and it became a question as to what they should do with me. They had expected to take the money and board an Atlantic liner at Falmouth the next morning, but without the cash they did not want to go, though they had paid their passage, nor would it be comfortable for them to stay home if they let me loose. Finally they decided that one of them should accompany me to America while the other would stay and get the money yet. While they were arguing the matter out a puff of wind carried away my hat, but one of them pulled a new cap out of his pocket which he had bought for travelling purposes and made me

wear that as we all three proceeded to Falmouth. It was hardly light when we drove up to the door of the Union Hotel, and I had to say good-by to Bob and leave him standing there. We then went to the waterfront and breakfasted in a public house there. My two companions never left me, and, of course, I was forbidden to have any communication with any one else. I watched carefully for an opportunity to signal to somebody so as to indicate that I was 'in durance vile,' but not a chance did I get, and, when the time came, I was taken on board the boat and carried out to the great liner lying outside as 'Jay Adams,' which was the alias by which the highwayman I was representing had chosen to be known. During the voyage it might be supposed that I should have a chance to give my companion the slip, but none such was ever vouchsafed. We occupied the same room and he never left me. He even showed no respect whatever for the ordinary decencies of civilization, and at night he locked the stateroom door and put the key in a pocket of his pajamas. At the same time it must be confessed that I was not as anxious to be free as, under other circumstances, I should have been, for at the very time when I was attacked I was actually turning over in my mind some plan of escape from the difficulties in which I found myself. However, we can talk of that another time. What is of importance to say now is that I am manager of one of the most success-

ful mines in Grass Valley, in which there are at least a score of Redborne men working, and that I am in a better position to offer the children a home than I have been any time these last ten years. Will they come?"

A universal shout of joy immediately went up, and even John was constrained to remark:

"Well, I guess I'll have to be a Yankee, too."

There is just one paragraph more, said Frank:

"When you found my Gladstone bag missing and the keys on the table I suppose you thought I had left on purpose, but as a matter of fact I had taken the Gladstone to Camruth to be repaired, and, if it has not been sent you, you will find it at Thomas' yet. The keys I left, as I thought you might need them when you came down, and I did not want to disturb you."

"So," said Frank, "the dear old boy's last thought was for me. Bless him!"

THE END.











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