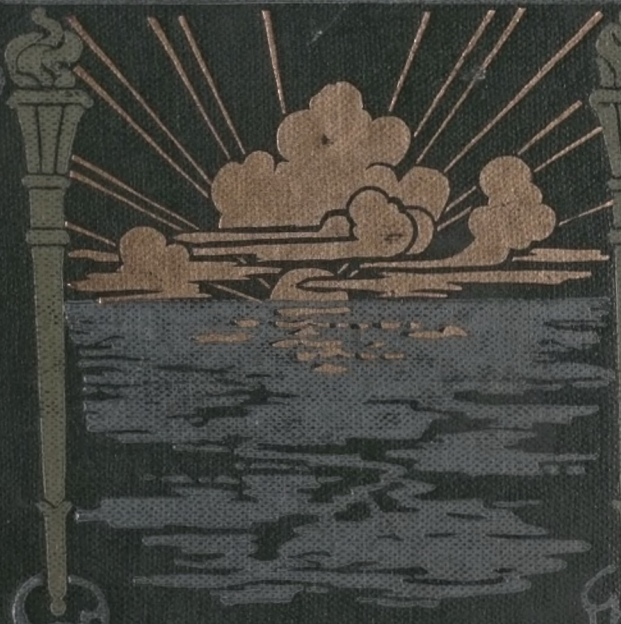
THE CLAMMER



WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

By William John Hopkins

CONCERNING SALLY.

THE INDIAN BOOK. Illustrated.

THE MEDDLINGS OF EVE.

OLD HARBOR.

THE CLAMMER.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON AND NEW YORK

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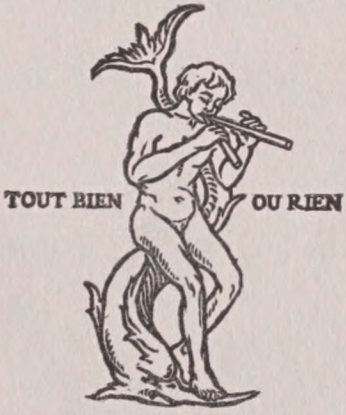
BY

WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS



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MANY of my friends — and probably all my neighbors — think me erratic and peculiar, I do not doubt. My friends remonstrate with me mildly, and I usually listen and accept and make no reply. For how can they know? And, they being what they are, how can I help them to a knowledge of things which must be born in a man? My neighbors do not remonstrate, for my neighbors are not of necessity my friends, and I am queer enough not to care to cultivate a man's acquaintance merely because he lives next me.

There is Goodwin the Rich, who has the palace on the hill, above my

favorite clam beds. It is not likely that I shall ever know him, although his automobiles flash past my front gate, covering my hedge with dust, and enveloping my house in nauseous smells. I do not like automobiles. It is not to be imagined that Goodwin finds me peculiar, for he is probably unaware of my existence; but I have some humbler neighbors who stare at me and shake their heads. And I smile and pass on; for I know what I know, and it passeth their understanding. And all this shaking of heads, and all the protesting of my friends, is because I choose to go clamming.

Some of my friends may, at first, have had the idea that my interest in clams was biological; for I received some training in that branch of science, and even taught it — or was sup-

posed to teach it, with other branches —in a school. But I look back upon that school with horror, as, no doubt, my victims regard me, in retrospect. And my neighbors may, very naturally, have assumed that my interest in clams was gastronomic, which is, indeed, nearer the truth. But the evidence on that point was inconclusive. They were not asked to my feasts of steamed clams, if I had any, and they came to look upon me as simply queer.

As an occupation for leisure hours, I commend the pursuit of the clam. Your true clammer is of another age, born after his time. He values not at all the improvements of this age. He reads by candle light or goes to bed at dark. He loves the wandering along the bare shores, hoe in hand, the wading through shallows, the mud pies he

may make in the incidental pursuit of his prey, and the sights he sees. For the capture of the clams is less than the search for them, even as the sport of the true fisherman lies as much in fishing as in catching fish.

So it befell that I wandered, one afternoon, toward my chosen hunting ground over the oozy flats. The sun was low in the west, and he spread the still water and the shining mud with all manner of reds and purples and shimmering greens. If I might regulate the matter, low tide should always fall at sunset or at dawn. Either is a fitting time, with the old earth at peace and its waters stilled or just waking. And at either time I may satisfy my soul with the unapproachable coloring of the Great Painter. The hot noon is no time for clamming.

Then the water glares in your eyes, the sun beats down upon your back. The mud is just mud that stinketh in the nostrils. But when I have the happiness to go clamming at sunset, I am wont to stand and gaze and muse, forgetting my errand until I am sunken to my ankles in the mud. Then is my regret for my scientific training the keenest, and I know, within my soul, that in the making of a mediocre scientist a good painter has been lost to the world. Strive against it as I may, I cannot see a sunset without converting it into its elements of refraction, with a question of polarization; nor the colors on the muddy puddle under my feet without thoughts of interference. But I am improving, and I hope, in time, to have shaken off all the dry dust of science

I was at such pains to acquire. So, that afternoon, I wended on with joy in my heart. For I would dig, or gaze, as the fancy seized me, until the sun was gone and the night was fallen.

Now, that particular piece of flat, to which incline alike my heart and my feet, is my own. I bought the few feet of shore to which the clam beds are attached because I loved it and feared lest, otherwise, the march of progress should take it from me. For Goodwin the Rich lives here, and he is improving the shore — his Water Front. But he shall not improve away my clams. He may dig here and fill there and build his walls, but he shall leave mine untouched. For it is mine, as witnesseth a certain deed recorded with the Register. And as I thought these thoughts, walking over my sand, —

there is more sand than mud here, which is perhaps why I like it, — as I thought on these things, anger surged within me and I stamped my foot. And, behold, a little jet of water spurted up beside it.

"Oho," said I, "so there you are."

And straightway I stopped and set down my basket and began to dig; but leisurely, and with my face to the west, for I would bid the sun good-night. And that clam was found, and his fellows, and my basket was half full, and I rose to see the sun. And as I stood and saw him, his red disk was half down behind the hill, and I could see it sink. So I raised my hand to salute him, and there came a sweet voice behind me.

"Man," said the sweet voice, "why are you digging there?"

Now I was surprised to hear that voice, but most surprised at its sweetness. But yet I would not turn nor answer until the red sun had winked his last. For, I thought, here is one of the maids from the house of Goodwin the Rich — or perhaps the governess; yes, surely, the governess. The truly Rich may insist upon sweet voices in their governesses. And at last I turned and saw the governess sitting upon the bank, just where the sod broke off to the sand. And the light from the western sky shone upon her, the light from the sky that was all yellows and reds and would soon be turned to violet and green. And as she sat there, in her plain black dress, with that light shining upon her, she seemed very beautiful. Truly, thought I, the Rich may have what they will. But I could

not have told what was the color of her hair. In that light it was red and gold. And I stammered in my speech.

"Your pardon, madam," I said. "I was saying good-night to the old sun."

She smiled, a smile as sweet as her voice, but with a touch of sadness in it. The life of a governess to the Rich is not all a path of roses.

"Yes," she said. "I came down to see the sun set, too. But why are you digging?"

"I was digging clams," I answered gently. For I felt a sorrow for her sadness.

"Oh," she said, "do you dig clams? Have you some clams in your basket? I should like to see some clams."

Now, truly, that was an easy matter, that she should see some clams, for there they were in the basket.

And the sun was gone, so I lost none of his company if I would please the governess. It did, indeed, strike me as strange that a governess should know so little of clams, but probably she did not teach biology. Governesses to the Rich deal more in appearance and in manners. Still, I hold that in some respects the manners of a clam are worthy of imitation. He is quiet and unobtrusive. I waded out into the water and soused my basket well. Then I brought it to the governess sitting on the bank.

"Now," she said, a trifle of petulance showing in the sweet voice, "you have got them all wet."

"Better all wet than all muddy," I replied, standing before her, and watching the play of light upon her hair. When I see her hair in the plain light

of day, I think I shall find it red, — a brilliant red. But it was wonderful. Her head was bent as she looked into my basket, and my opportunity for observation was excellent. One thing my scientific training has done for me is to make me a good observer.

"Oh," cried the governess, "what is that funny-looking thing they are sticking out? Is it the head?"

"It is called the head," I answered, "but it is not. Is n't it strange how often a thing is not what it is called? But I suppose you do not have to teach anything about clams."

"Teach about clams!" she said, puzzled for an instant. Then she seemed to be amused. "No, I don't. It's lucky, is n't it? For I don't know anything about them. May I take one of them?"

"It will drip on your dress and spot it," I said warningly.

"It does n't matter," she replied. And she took a clam in her hand, and the water dripped upon her dress, as I had said, and it made a spot. She could not see it then, but I knew how it would look in the morning. She was a most careless, heedless governess.

"Of course it matters," I said, reproving. "You will see. Surely they don't give you all the gowns you want, to spot with salt water."

She was puzzled again. "All the gowns I want?" she asked, wondering. "What do you mean?"

"Up at the great house," I said, "at Good— Mr. Goodwin's."

The governess smiled, a merry smile that filled her eyes with light. For she was looking up at me then. And I

looked deep into those eyes until her face was the color of her hair.

"Oh, yes," she said, looking down, — and I was sorry, for on a sudden it seemed dark, — "oh, yes, they are very good to me — in the matter of gowns. But I will be careful if you think I ought."

"I know you ought," I said. "Waste is wicked."

"Yes," she answered, musing, "I suppose it is. But I am afraid I haven't thought about it as much as I might."

She was looking at me, up and down, from my mud-covered rubber boots to my old battered hat. I was clad as a clammer should be clad, and I was not ashamed.

"You are not wicked, are you?" asked the governess. "You are not wasteful?"

"Not of my clothes," I answered. "I cannot be. And do you suppose my wife would drip salt water upon her best dress?"

I thought I saw a shadow steal across her face. But the sun had left many shadows behind him.

"It is n't my" — She hesitated and stopped. "Have you a wife?"

"No," I answered shamelessly. And she laughed aloud, a sweet laugh and low, like — like nothing else in the wide world.

"Are you a fisherman?" she asked.

I had forgotten how the garb of a clammer would be regarded by a governess to the Rich.

"Sometimes," I said. "I am but a passable fisherman. I can catch enough for myself, or, if need were, for two."

"And do you use the clams to catch the fish?"

"Some of them."

"I should like to open this clam. How shall I do it?"

I broke the shell upon a stone, and pulled forth the clam.

"Oh," cried the governess, "the poor thing! And does n't it hurt it?"

"The scientists will tell you that it does not," I said. "Never having been a clam, I do not know. But I know I cannot use them without breaking the shell."

"And what do you do with the rest?" she asked.

"The rest?"

"Yes, the rest,—those you do not use to catch fish. Come, tell me. Don't make me ask so many questions."

"I like to hear you ask questions,"

I said, whereupon she smiled again. And her eyes filled with light as they had before, and I knew that I were safer on the quicksand of the Hole than looking down into those eyes. But I went on.

"The rest are eatèn. Some make chowder, which is a mystery; some are steamed in the oven; but the rest are covered with seaweed and baked on hot stones. Did you never see a clambake?"

"Never," she answered, "although I have heard them mentioned. Are they rare feasts? I should like to see a clambake."

"I shall have one," I said, "and you will come. And we shall have clams, fresh digged and weltering; and fish fresh caught; and chicken not too fresh; and lobsters and sweet potatoes

and corn and many other things. And there will be a great pan for the shells and the husks, for you will not throw them on the ground, as we common people do. And you will shuck the clams with your fingers, and eat the corn from the cob."

"Horrible!" she said. And she looked at her hands, and laughed. They were shapely hands, soft and beautiful. I wished — but it does not matter what I wished, for I knew I might not have it.

"Fisherman," she said, "you amuse me. But I will come to your clam-bake."

"Do you find me more amusing than your teaching?" I asked. For one does not enjoy being laughed at by a governess with red hair and beautiful eyes, although to stand there, close

before her, and to see her laugh, was a joy.

"Yes," she answered, "vastly more than my teaching. My teaching is not amusing. I weary of it."

"Yes," I cried, "I know it. And do you find the doings at the great house a weariness?"

"I do," she said. "And that is why I came here."

"And will you come again?"

"Perhaps. But when shall that wonderful clambake be?"

"That," I said, "is in the future. There are preparations. And besides, I would have it to look forward to. And how am I to let you know?"

"Why," she said, "that is a problem. Perhaps — you might leave your invitation under that great stone."

"And how should I know" —

"Why, again," she said, "one might find something under the stone if he but looked."

And she was silent for some while.

"Fisherman," she said suddenly, "what is your name?"

"Thomas," I answered; "and what is yours?"

She started, and for an instant she was angry. Then she laughed again, adorably, and blushed. "My name is Eve," she said.

"Truly," I said, "I should have known. And I was wrong, for mine is Adam."

"Now, fisherman," she cried, "you presume."

"I must," I answered, "for it is the nature that God gave me."

"And, Thomas," she went on, "you dig in our — in Mr. Goodwin's clam beds."

"I do not," I cried, forgetting, in my anger, "they are m—, they belong to a queer fellow who lives near."

"Oh," she said. "And he lets you dig there?"

"He lets me."

She mused and looked down at the clam beds. But the water was lapping on the flats by this, and the twilight waned.

"I wonder," she said, and stopped.

"What?"

"I, too, would dig for clams."

"Well," I said, "why not? But not in that gown."

"Would it be a waste, and wicked? But you said it was spotted already."

"It may be cleaned," I answered. "I wonder at you." For I was impatient. What a spendthrift governess!

"There are so many things I do not

think of," she said contritely. "But I must learn. And what gown, then?"

"A short one," I said, "and an old one, if you have such a thing. I never heard of so extravagant a governess."

"Oh," she said, and smiled again. And I saw the light in her eyes, though it was nearly dark. "And have you known many governesses, fisherman?"

"None," said I. "But my name is Adam."

"You said Thomas."

"Eve," I replied, with firmness, "I said Adam."

"Well, then, Adam, what else?"

"Boots," I answered, — "rubber boots. See mine."

It was not light enough, but she had seen.

"Yes," she said, "but governesses do not have rubber boots."

"They should," said I, "for the grass is wet even now, and it is long. But I will bring you some."

"Oh," she began, and stopped. And I knew she blushed, though I could not see.

"And I wonder," she went on, "if that queer fellow would let me dig, too."

"He would."

"You seem very sure, fisherman."

"Adam," I corrected.

"Well, then, Adam."

"I am sure," I said; "and besides, I shall not tell him."

"It is very dark," she observed. "The twilight is quite gone."

"Not quite gone. See the west." Indeed, there was a light streak in the west, and the bearded hill was marked against it.

"I must go in," she said; but she did not rise.

"Not yet," I urged.

"I must go in," she repeated, "or they will send for me." And this time she rose.

"I will go with you," I insisted.

"No," she said, "you will stay. Good-night, fisherman."

"Adam," I corrected. "Governesses should have better memories."

She laughed. I loved to hear her laugh, and I would have seen her eyes.

"Good-night, Adam."

"Good-night, Eve. To-morrow"—

But she was gone, swiftly, and I stayed, as I was commanded. And my heart was beating as no clammer's should. For a heart-beat of above seventy a minute is not fitting for a clammer. I sat, that night, with my

book in my lap, staring into the dark shadows, and my candle sputtered and went out. Will this new light go out of my life, too?

I sat upon the edge of the bank, just where the sod breaks off to the sand, and I stared at the red sun, and he stared back at me. I sat close beside the place where the governess had sat, — very close, — but that place was vacant. For perhaps, I thought, perhaps — And the old sun spread his colors lavishly over the still water and upon the wet sand; his purples and his reds and his dainty shades of pink and blue and green. If I could mix my colors like that — or are they mixed? My scientific training does not help me much. It does not tell me why the colors are now brighter than they were

yesterday, and now sombre. There is more than one kind of reflection, and science knows them not. And, as I stared and wondered — for these things are marvels — came a sweet voice behind me, and my heart leaped up into my throat and choked me. And I did not stop to reflect that it was not my heart at all, but some ganglion or plexus or what not. What cared I for ganglion or plexus?

"Fisherman," said the sweet voice, "you are early."

"Eve," said I, — and my voice was steady, — "may a man come too early to Paradise? The woman comes after — though I have all my ribs."

"Fisherman," she said, "you are a strange man."

"So I have heard," I answered. "But you forget. A governess should

have a better memory. I wonder that you can teach."

"I am but a passable teacher, Adam. I cannot even teach well enough for one."

"Well enough for two, if we be the two. For I am learning."

"Adam," she said, "I might speak seriously to you. I ought to be angry with you" —

"But you are not. It is strange how seldom we are what we should be. I should call you 'lady,' as though I were a car conductor, and be most respectful, as befitteth a fisherman" —

"But you are not. Why, Adam?"

"How should I know? It is the nature that God gave me. And those who stand nearest to nature — well, I am learning. Come and sit here, Eve, where I can see you."

"Now, Adam, really — you must learn. Even a fisherman should not need to be told to stand" —

"Your pardon, madam," I cried, standing. "You are right, and as I said, I am but a passable fisherman. Did the first man stand, in Paradise? Probably he ran. But I do not, for I can see you well as we are — and that light on your hair, Eve" —

She stamped her foot. "Fisherman," she cried, "it is too much. I will not stay. Remember that" —

"I am a fisherman. I will," I said. "And you are a governess."

Then she laughed, which was what I wanted. I was missing the sun's good-night, but what of that? For I might see his marvels half the days in the year; but this marvel that I saw — how many days? I wished, — but my

wishes are vain. Still, there was I, looking up, and there was she, looking down and smiling yet, and the glory of the west was in her eyes and on her hair.

"Turn, fisherman," she said, "or you will miss your good-night to the sun."

"What I see pleases me better," I said. "But stand beside me, and we will bid him good-night together."

So she stood beside me, which was a marvel, and the sun rested his red rim on the bearded hill, and we saw him sink. And as the last thin line of red vanished behind the hill, I saluted, and so did she. And then she laughed. I love a ready laugh, — mine is not ready, but has to be pumped out, with a great noise,—and such an one as hers—

"Now, Adam," she said, "we must dig. We have wasted time."

"No," I answered, "for the beds are but now uncovered. See the colors, Eve. What would you give to paint like that? There is but one Painter."

"One could never learn," she said, "there is so much to learn."

"But we are learning every day."

"And what have you learned to-day, Adam?"

"Many things."

"From the sun?"

"From the sun," I answered, "and from you."

"From me!" she cried. "What have you learned from me, fisherman?"

"Some day I will tell you, governess," I said.

"What day, fisherman?"

"When we dig for clams at dawn."

"And when will that day be?"

"In more than one week, and less than two."

"And why not any day, Adam, — when I will?"

"The tide, Eve. Even a woman must wait for the tide. See, it has made us late to-night."

"Come, fisherman," she said, "let us dig quickly, or it will be too late."

So I drew the boots from my basket, and she took them.

"Fisherman," she said, "these are new. Where did you get them?"

"I had them," I replied; which was true. I had had them since the morning.

She sat behind a tree and put them on, and I heard her laughing to herself. Then she came forth.

"They are too large," she said, "but it does not matter."

I might have known it. But what know I of women's boots?

"My stock is small," I answered. "I had no other size." And that was true, too.

So I showed her how to dig, and when her hoe broke through a shell, she almost wept. But she dug six.

"I am tired," she said then. "I will dig no more to-night. Does your back get tired, too?"

"Not now," said I, "but it did at first."

Then she sat behind the tree and changed the boots, and we hung them in the tree against another time. And then we sat upon the bank, for the colors had not faded. And Eve sat silent, gazing at the water and the western sky; and I sat silent and gazed up at her.

"Eve," said I.

She turned and looked at me, but did not speak.

"I think many things," I said, "and some of them I would say."

"No," she answered, "do not say them. Watch the sky and the water while the colors last. See, it is almost dark."

"The water and the sky are from everlasting to everlasting, Eve, so far as I am concerned. But you — no, I must make the most of what I have."

"Fisherman," she said, "you must not speak so to me."

"And why not, governess? Does it displease you? May a fisherman not say his say to a governess? If I were a — what must I be, to rank with a governess? Would my speech offend you then?"

"Adam," she answered, "I came here to dig for clams."

"Truly," said I, "we did, and to see the sun go down."

"And the sun is gone, and the clams are digged, and I must go."

"Eve," I observed, "you are a logician."

"I am not," she replied. "I am a woman."

"Heaven be praised for that!" I cried. "A perfect work!"

"Adam," she said, and she was half laughing as she spoke, "I ought to be angry with you."

"You ought not," I answered, "for it heats the blood and causes vapors in the brain. Or so the ancient writers tell us. Besides, I do not like it."

"Like a woman's postscript," said she. "You are a strange fisherman."

"Truly," I said, "I am. But see the water and the sky, Eve. What peace and tranquillity! Can you feel anger when you look upon that? And what am I? The grass of the field, and to-morrow I shall be cast into the oven. For to-morrow it will be hot."

"You speak much nonsense, Adam."

"Nonsense is the savor of life, Eve."

She said nothing, but sat there, with her hands clasped about her knees, and I gazed up at her and was content. And the twilight faded and was gone.

"Now I must go," she said at last.

She rose, regretfully, I thought, and the thought gave me joy. And that was marvel, too; for what was this governess to me — this governess whom I had seen but twice? But that unruly ganglion of mine —

"Adam," she said, smiling down at me, "you have not scolded me. My gown" —

"Your gown is well enough," I answered; "too good for clamming, but I suppose it is the worst you could do. If I said more of it, it would be that you look adorable in that gown — or any other. But I must not say it, or you will be angry."

"No," she said, "you must not say that, for anger heats the blood and causes vapors in the brain, and I have enough already. It is the oldest gown I have — and the shortest."

"It is" —

"Never mind. If it is wasteful and wicked, I cannot help it. Will it do for digging clams to-morrow?"

"We may not dig clams to-morrow."

"And why not, Adam, — if I will?"

"The tide. It will be too late. But the sun will go down."

"Good-night, Adam. You may have the clams I dug."

"If I could press them, Eve, like flowers! Good-night."

And again I sat through an evening too long for a clammer; and, though my book was in my hand, and my candle burned bright and clear, I did not read, but I stared into the dark shadows. And from those shadows there shone out that wonderful hair with the light upon it from the western sky; and those wonderful eyes, with the light in them from the soul within. Oh, Eve, Eve! And I have seen you only twice.

There is a restlessness that seizes upon men in certain case. I have seen

it often, and wondered at the poor fools who turned from this to that, then tried the other thing, and found no satisfaction in any. And I have laughed at them and counseled them to turn to clamming. And there is a cure for that malady, too; a simple cure, as simple as the fount of eternal youth. It is only to find it and the thing is done. And some find the fount, and some do not. And those who find it, why, eternal youth is theirs, and joy and peace are in their abiding places forever. And those who find it not, why, Heaven help them! For there is no peace for them nor rest on earth.

So it befell that I rose before the dawn, and went forth. And there, without, was a fog as thick as cheese. But though I could not see ten fathoms, yet I looked out toward my clam beds.

And then I thought: You poor fool, shall she come down in this thickness, at four in the morning, looking for clams? And yet again, I took my basket and wandered in that fog like a lost soul. And the more fool I, for the tide was not half down, and no dawn to see. And as I wandered along the shore, angry and out of sorts, striking with my hoe in the sand, I met one of my neighbors; and as he passed behind me, I heard him laughing in the fog.

And my breakfast was no better. My fresh-gathered eggs were bitter in my mouth, and they tasted of sulphur; and my coffee was gray that should have been a rich red-brown like the copper beech; and my rolls were lead or cotton, I knew not which. I lighted my pipe and went out.

The hot sun was burning off the fog. I stood at the foot of my garden, where I have a seat against the trunk of an old pine, and I watched the fog writhing and twisting in the anguish of defeat and dissolution, vanishing into the hot air above in little jets and shreds, rolling away over the water to the ocean, a far gray bank. And the waters of the bay danced in the sun, and dazzled my eyes. So, for some while I paced there, back and forth. Then I heaved a sigh and sat me upon my seat, and the great pine whispered softly above me; but I fidgeted upon the seat and found no peace.

So, all day, I wandered the shores, and I dug no clams, but found myself picking shells and pebbles of bright colors. And in the early afternoon I stood by our clam beds — Eve's and

mine — and looked up through all the greenery toward the great house, and saw the gleam of dresses. And I left my basket by the bank and turned and ran, — like the fool I was. Why did I run? For as the sun was low, and my pulse high, I wandered once more over to that place. And as I came near, behold there on the bank sat Eve. And at the sight, that ganglion which serves me for a heart began its rioting so that I nearly choked. But I came nearer yet, and sat me down beside her, and she smiled at me. And then I found that peace I had sought all day.

"Fisherman," she said, "you are not early to-night."

"I am not," I said, "and yet I am. For I have haunted this place all day, and yet I feared to come too soon."

She did not ask me why, but pointed

to my basket. "Are these your gatherings?"

I nodded.

"Why, Adam? They are not clams—nor fish."

"I do not know, Eve. I have done strange things to-day."

"Are they for me?"

"What shall a governess do with pebbles?"

"They might be useful in my teaching, Adam. Are they for me?"

"If you will. Anything I have is yours"—

"Fisherman, remember"—

"Eve, Eve, how shall I remember, with you sitting beside me, and your eyes smiling, and that light upon your hair?"

"Then I will not smile nor sit beside you. And so I must go"—

"No, no," I cried. "Stay, for the pity of man. I will remember,—or I will try. I cannot promise more. A fisherman and a governess! So I may not give you the pebbles, Eve, but I will bargain with you."

"For what?"

"For that rose you wear." For she wore a great red rose upon her bosom.

She considered. "It is a fair bargain," she said at last, "and I agree. A rose for your pebbles."

So she took her rose and fastened it upon my coat. And I did not speak nor thank her, for I could not. What foolish thing should I have said? It was hard enough not to kiss the hand so near my lips. And we sat there a long while in silence, she looking at the west, and I gazing up at her or idly sticking the little pebbles in the

sod. And when the sun was gone and she rose to go, she saw the pebbles, and they made two words, ADAM and EVE. I thought she would have stamped upon them, but she did not. She only smiled and bade me good-night.

And so for days I lived in purgatory and in paradise, wandering the shore, without purpose save to pass the endless day till sunset; and at evening I sat with Eve upon the bank until the twilight faded, and she left me. And the weeds sprang in my garden, and my neighbors laughed at me more than ever. For I went clamming at high tide. And upon my mantel, between two plates of glass that were cunningly bound about the edges, was a red rose.

Then, one evening, I waited there

upon the bank and no Eve came. And I fretted and fumed and mourned until I bethought me of the great stone. Without hope, I looked beneath; and, wonder of wonders, there was a scrap of paper with its message. "They will not let me come to-night." And I acted like the fool I was, and kissed the dainty thing, and thrust it in my pocket, and pulled it out again a dozen times. Never having seen her writing, I should know it, it was so like her. And I tore a corner, though I hated to, — I had no other paper, — and wrote, "We miss you, the sun and I. Eve, Eve, do not fail to-morrow. Do not shut the gates upon me yet." And I put it beneath the stone and went away.

And in the morning the sky was

gray, with low-hanging clouds, heavy and wet. And by afternoon there was a driving drizzle, and my heart sank. But I went. I would not fail, though I had no hope. And there, leaning against a tree, stood Eve, the water dripping from her wide felt hat, and shining upon her long coat. And she smiled at me as I came, and I could not speak; but I looked at her until the slow flush mounted to her forehead.

"Eve," I said at last, "how shall a fisherman remember, when you stand so, before him, — and on such a day?"

"Why, fisherman," she said lightly, "it is a good day. I find this weather as good as any other, — in fair measure."

"It pleases me," I said, "although this morning it did not."

Then, deliberately, I went to the great stone and turned it up, and my paper was gone. And Eve watched me, and again the slow flush mounted to her forehead, but she said nothing. And as we stood together under the tree, there was a constraint upon us both. The things that I would say I might not, and for the light things that I might say, I had no heart.

And the next day, too, it rained, but I cared not. And again we stood together under the tree, Eve and I, and as we stood there, the clouds parted and showed the sun sinking in splendor. And I saw a greater glory than I had seen. And when the sun was gone, there was the young moon following.

"Peace on earth," I said; but she did not speak.

So for some while we stood silent, and I saw the gold and the red fade from the clouds, and the clouds themselves were gone, deep banks of indigo, into the east. Then the western sky was grown violet and a green like the curl of a wave, till, overhead, it became the night. And I looked at Eve, and her look smote upon my heart, for it was troubled. But I might not say the thing I would; for shall a fisherman so speak to a governess to the Rich? Even a governess to the Rich may have her woes, it seems, and it is no fisherman's part —

"Eve," I said. And she started, as though her thoughts were wandering.

"Eve," I said again, "would you dig for clams at dawn? For the beds will be uncovered by dawn tomorrow."

"Oh," she answered, "will they? And is it a joy to see the dawn?"

"Did you never see a dawn, Eve?"

"Never. Have I missed much?"

"If you see one, Eve, you will know how much."

"I would like to see a dawn," she said. And then she was silent, and I thought her near to tears, and a great fear came upon me.

"Now, Adam," she said, at last, "I must go. Good-night."

Then she turned and listened. "They are coming for me now. Run, Adam."

"Run!" I cried. "Run, when I stand upon my own? Why should I run? No, I will stay. And they shall do nothing to you against your will."

I had forgotten that I was a fisherman, but Eve did not note it. "Run,

Adam," she cried, beseeching. "If you care for my peace, run."

And so I ran, like any poacher. And that night, sitting staring into the shadows, I wondered.

My clam beds — mine and Eve's — have many virtues. From them I can see both east and west; from that point neither dawn nor sunset escapes me. And another virtue they had had for me, that was more than dawn or sunset. And what that was, any man who has been in such case as mine will know without the telling. So, though I loved the dawn, it was more than that that brought me stealing through the early gray of morning to the bank, just where the sod breaks off to the sand.

There I sat and waited, alone, and

I watched the gray brighten in the east, and hoped that Eve would not be too late. And just as the gray became a tender blue, and hope was leaving me, there was the light step behind me, and I rose and stood, as a fisherman should stand before a governess. And Eve did not speak to me, for she saw the east.

"Oh!" she cried softly.

And she said no word more, but there we stood together. And we saw the blue brighten and become suffused with pink, and there in the eastern sky lay a great rose that stretched its petals to the zenith. And in the heart of that rose was a little cloud like a flame, with one long finger pointed straight at Eve and me. And all those soft tints of blue and pink, with the flame of the little cloud, were

spread upon the water that was but just stirring in its sleep, and dimpling here and there. Then was the little flame-cloud edged with gold upon its lower side, and shot through with orange lights, and the pink rose turned to saffron and then to orange, and the rim of the sea was luminous, like molten gold. And on a sudden the gold and orange fled from the little cloud, and a great blazing fire showed above the sea.

"The sun, Eve," I whispered; and as I spoke, a little breeze flashed across the water and darkened it like a breath upon a mirror. And there was the great disk of the sun half risen, and we might no longer look him in the face.

And at that Eve fetched a great sigh, and turned, and the chorus of

the birds broke forth in the trees behind us. They had been calling back and forth before, but now they sang madly. The old earth had waked once more, and it was day.

"Adam," said Eve, "I thank you."

Then she sat upon the bank, where the colored pebbles still marked the names, and I sat there beside her; and for some while we spoke not, but listened to the mad music of the birds. Then Eve would dig for clams.

"What matter, Eve?" I asked. "The clams will be the bigger for waiting. We have seen the dawn, and we may see the day grow."

"Yes," she said, "we have seen the dawn. I did not dream it could be like that. There are no words, Adam. And I would see the day grow. But for my conscience' sake I must dig."

"Eve," I said, "a conscience is a most distressing comrade. Does a governess have a conscience — a governess to the Rich?"

"Does not a fisherman?" she asked.

"He cannot afford it," I replied. "It is a luxury not for the poor nor for the very rich."

"But a governess is not very rich. And if she were, she yet might have a conscience. I have."

"And does it plague you?"

"Yes," she said. "Come, let us dig, and I will tell you."

I, too, had somewhat that I would tell, and presently we were digging. And Eve dug in silence, and gently, for she would not harm the clams.

"Well, Eve?" I said, when I was wearied of the silence.

She was so long in speaking that I

feared she never would. "Adam," she asked, at last, "are you a wise man?"

"Very," I answered; "wiser than Solomon. He had seven hundred wives, and I have none."

"And is that wise,—to have none?"

"Eve, Eve," I cried, "you do not help me. I jest because I fear to speak in earnest."

"You are good, Adam," she said. "And if you are wise, you may tell me what to do."

"If you would do what I tell you!"

She was bending very low over her digging, and her face was turned away, which did not please me. I like to see her face.

"I fear that I may lose my place," she said.

I straightened up at that, but she bent lower yet.

"Lose your place!" I cried. "And why?"

"Why — they — it is not easy to tell you, Adam."

"I will not urge you, Eve, but" —

"You need not. I wish to tell you, for I — a governess may not always stand alone. She is a woman, after all."

"Yes," I said, "thank God!"

"They — they would" — She began to laugh, a nervous laugh and with no mirth in it, — "they would marry me, Adam."

"What!" I cried. "They would — who would marry you? Not old Goodwin!"

"No," she said; and laughed the more, and seemed really merry at it. "Now I feel better. Not old Goodwin. He has a wife."

I was puzzled.

"Who, then, Eve? Who would marry you? I doubt not there are many who would, for I know" —

"It is old Goodwin's wife," she said, breaking me off short, and just in time.

Then she stood straight. "Now, Adam," she went on, "I am not so nervous as I was, but I may laugh or I may cry with no reason. I will sit upon the bank and tell you, for truly I am in straits. And do you bear with me, for you are honest, and I may trust you. And indeed I know no other I may trust — but one."

"A governess advised in matrimony by a fisherman!" I said. "And who is that one, Eve?"

"You shall hear. And do not jest, Adam, or my laughter may turn to tears. They are near enough. And

now for the story, which is a short one. Old Goodwin's wife would marry me to a certain rich man, — for my worldly good, as she says."

"A certain rich man," I said, musing. "And will he enter the Kingdom of Heaven?"

"That he will not."

"Then why doubt? And do you love him, Eve?"

"I do not."

"Then why doubt?"

"If I do not," she said, "I shall lose my place. And that is much to me, Adam, for what shall I do then? The man whom I may trust is old Goodwin, but he is not so much my friend as to hold against his wife."

"And what said you to the man?"

"I said no, but still he came. And now I know not what I shall say next."

"Shall I tell you what to do, Eve?"

"If you know, Adam."

"Marry me," I said. And she looked at me with wide eyes and laughed; and at that laugh I was sore and hurt, though I had no right. Then her laugh died and her eyes filled.

"Forgive me, Adam," she said. "I should not laugh, but indeed I am overwrought. Truly — truly I might almost find it in my heart" —

I stood before her, trembling. "I should not have said it, Eve. What is a fisherman, that he should offer the little that he has to you? But I am well-to-do, Eve, — for a fisherman. You should never want — nor work. And if you might find it in your heart" —

"I will consider your offer, good fisherman," she said, smiling. "I must consider. You have — I must tell you,

in justice, you have an even chance with that other. But I must consider."

"So an honest fisherman, well-to-do, has an even chance with a rich rascal whom you do not love. That is a high price on honesty, Eve."

"Yes," she said, "but not too high. And now, Adam, be my good friend still."

"I will," I replied, "if I may not be more."

So she was silent, and so was I. And presently I reached down to my basket and drew forth a package wrapped in a napkin.

"Governess," I asked, "are you, by chance, hungry?"

"Fisherman," she answered, "I am famished; but not by chance. Open, quickly."

So I unwrapped the package, and in it were slices of white bread, cut thin, and between, lettuce picked that morning, crisp and cool. And we ate together, and Eve grew merry, and my content came back to me.

"Fisherman," she said at last, "I thank you. Now I must go."

"Thank me for what, Eve?"

"It was the sandwiches I meant," she said.

"And how long must you consider? When shall I have my answer?"

"Your answer? Oh, when I come to your clambake."

"It shall be to-morrow," I said.

"Oh, not so soon," she cried.

"The day after, then."

She hesitated. "Well," she said, "good-by."

"I shall come here for you, Eve."

But she was gone, and I went, too, my brain in turmoil.

Down under my great pine is a pleasant place for a man — or for a governess, I should suppose — with a heart at ease. And for a fisherman whose heart is not at ease it serves as well as any place but one, and that one not fixed, but moving as she moves. And for a certain rich man it might, indeed, be pleasant under my pine, but not if I could make it otherwise. And there was the seat against the tree, and from that seat he might see my favorite clam beds. But what would rich men care for clam beds? And, for the seat, why, I had other views.

It was there, just without the shadow of the pine, that the hole was scooped

in the ground and lined with great stones. And on these stones I kindled a fire that roared high; and when it had burned long and the stones were hot, I raked the ashes off. Then I shook down upon the stones fresh seaweed from the pile, and on the seaweed laid the clams that I had digged, myself — and alone — that morning. Then, more seaweed; and the other things, in layers, orderly, with the clean, salt-smelling weed between: the lobsters, green and crawling, and the fish, fresh caught, and the chicken, not too fresh, and the sweet and tender corn, and sweet potatoes. And over all I piled the weed and made a dome that smoked and steamed and filled the air with incense.

Then, my work done, I sat there and looked out. And when it was time

I garbed myself and set forth. And my heart-beat was too high, by far, and there was a faintness at my throat. But I strode along the shore and came to our bank, where the colored pebbles shone in the sun, ADAM and EVE. And there I sat, just where the sod breaks off to the sand, and waited. And presently there was the light step I knew so well, and up came my heart into my throat and choked me. But I stood, as a fisherman should before a governess, and turned.

And such a governess! All in light, filmy white, with two red roses at her bosom, and her hair a glory. And her eyes,— there are no other such eyes as hers,— her eyes smiled at me, and then they opened wide in wonder.

"Adam," she said, "is it you? Are you my fisherman?"

"Truly," I answered, "I am your fisherman, whether you will or not,—and for as long as I have life."

"The time is not yet, fisherman," she said. "Remember."

"It is hard to remember, governess, even for a fisherman."

"I did not know you, Adam," she said. "You should have told me."

"What, Eve? That a fisherman may have decent raiment? But I am well-to-do—for a fisherman."

"Come," said she, "let us go, or we shall be late to the clambake."

"With all my heart," I answered, "though it matters not if we are late. For there is but one guest."

"There will be two, Adam."

"Two!" I cried. "I have asked but one. If it is that certain rich man, I give you warning he shall have no

clams of mine, but I will cast him into the sea."

"It is my father, Adam," she replied. "He is here and would see a clambake, so I asked him."

"Your father, Eve? Do governesses have fathers? And is he here to help you?"

"I hope that he will help me," she said. "I think he will."

And she smiled brightly.

My heart grew cold, and froze beneath my ribs. "Then," I said, "you will not need help from a fisherman, governess."

"Adam," she said, reproaching, "let us enjoy our clambake."

"That is good doctrine, Eve," said I, "and I will do my best. But how will your father know" —

"It is for him to find it," she an-

swered, "and he may, for he has eyes and a nose. Now I might find my way straight enough, for I see a smoking mound upon that point, beneath the pine. It seems a pleasant place, Adam."

"That queer fellow that I mentioned let me use it," I said in haste. "He is from home just now."

"He seems a good friend of yours," she said.

"At times I think he is," I said, "and at other times he is the poorest friend I know."

As we talked we walked along the shore. And we climbed the steep path and stood beneath the pine. The dome of seaweed still smoked bravely, and before the seat against the pine was set a little table, upon stakes. It was just large enough for two, and upon it

were all things fitting — and no more. No cloth, only the bare white boards of pine, rubbed smooth.

"Now, governess," I said, "the bake is done. Do you sit there, and I will serve you."

"No, Adam," she cried, "for I must help."

She always had her will, that red-haired governess. So I took my fork and opened the smoking dome, and together we set upon the table corn and sweet potatoes and a chicken and a fish and the lobsters; and, last of all, a great pan of clams. And the rest, upon the hot stones, I covered again with seaweed. And as I pitched the weed, I heard Eve laughing.

"Adam," she said, "look here. And there are two of us."

I turned and saw the table filled to

overflowing, and no place left large enough to set a plate; and Eve sitting on the seat, and laughing so that tears stood in her eyes.

"I should have made the table larger," I said. "But we need no plates. What would the first man have done with a plate, Eve?"

"Or with baked clams?" she asked. "But we are not in Eden."

"I am," I said.

And she spoke hastily: "At least the other guest shall not want."

"Let us begin," I said, "while the clams are hot. There is yet more."

So we sat side by side upon the bench, and the wind whispered softly in the tree above. And suddenly Eve rose.

"My father, Adam," she said. "He is just in time."

I stood and turned. Her father! It was Goodwin the Rich; and my castles were tumbling about my ears.

So we saw each other, he and I, and looked each other up and down, and either measured other. And though he was Goodwin the Rich, he seemed a man, and I hoped he thought as much of me. And he said something about clams and his daughter, I know not what, and I said some foolish thing, I know not what. Then I fetched a box from my shed, for him to sit upon, — a proper seat for the Rich, — and he seemed to like it, and tilted back and forth, and ate prodigious quantities of clams and all things else, and pronounced them uncommon good.

And I sat mute, but Eve talked steadily, a merry talk, and ate the heads of the clams — or tried to eat

them — and found them but ill eating — until I showed her how to take the clam by the head and dip him in the butter, and eat him properly. And she bit the corn from the cob, and opened the clams with her fingers, and I watched her in adoration and despair. For what should I say to a Daughter of the Rich?

So there we sat long at my little table under my great tree, and I saw the tide lapping high upon the shore, and heard the wind that sighed loud in the pine. And indeed that sighing wind fell in marvelously with my mood, for I was not merry, as any may guess. And at last Goodwin the Rich had filled him full with lobster and corn and clams, and he seemed well pleased, and sat upon his box, and smiled and exhaled peace. And in a

while he rose and made some excuse, and thanked me and went his way.

Then, when he was gone, I sat there still and looked out upon the water, and said nothing. For I could not look at Eve and be content, but still I had the water and the shore. And I felt that Eve was watching me and smiling.

"Adam," she said at last.

"Well?"

"We have had a pleasant clam-bake, have we not? Such a feast as I never had."

I made no reply.

"Fisherman," she said then, "you should make some pretty speech."

"Is it for a fisherman," I asked, "to make pretty speeches? He must catch his fish and dig his clams."

"You have changed so, Adam," she said, reproaching.

"It is not I have changed," I answered.

Still I would not look at her, but she was silent, and I knew her smile was gone.

"And is there nothing more?" she asked. "Is it ended?"

"It is ended," I said. "Even the stones grow cold."

"Adam," she cried, "why will you be so contrary? It is not ended. I will not have it so."

"The Rich may have what they will," I said, "nearly, but not quite. I was not made for a plaything for the Rich."

"You are bitter, and you are not fair," she said softly. "It is not like you, Adam. There is something more. Why will you make it hard?"

"I will not make it hard," I an-

swered. "There is nothing else. What has a fisherman to say to a Daughter of the Rich, or she to him? So, for that other matter, Miss Goodwin, I absolve you from an answer."

"Adam," she cried, "you make me angry. I have a mind to go home."

"Shall I see you on your way?" I asked.

"I will not have it so," she said, and stood and stamped her foot. I knew well how she must look, in that pretty rage. "And you forgot, Adam."

"What?" I asked. "I would not fail in duty."

"My name," she said. "I told you it was Eve."

"Are you not Miss Goodwin?"

"Adam," she said firmly, "I said Eve."

"Well, Eve, have you not done with me?" I sighed and would not look at her, though she stood before me.

"No, I have not," she said. "I should laugh if I were not so angry. Look at me."

I stood and looked down at her, an instant but no more. I could not, for I should have choked.

"Eve, Eve," I cried, "have you no mercy? Must the Rich destroy the playthings that they weary of?"

"Adam," she said, "you have a duty yet. Do not shirk it. A fisherman must not shirk his duty."

"I am but a drowned fisherman," I replied. "But what a drowned man may do, I will do."

"You promised to be my good friend," she said. "So come back with me along the shore."

So we went down the steep path and side by side along the shore, where the water lapped high. And we came to our bank, where the pebbles shone in the sun, and there Eve sat her down.

"Sit beside me, Adam."

And down I sat, as wretched as man was ever, and I looked into the water that covered my clam beds. I doubted I should have heart to dig in those beds again.

"Adam," said Eve, and her voice was not steady, "I have considered, and" —

"Eve," I cried, "can you not spare me that? If you feel any friendship for me, spare me that. I am blind enough, but I can see" —

"Oh, you are the blindest man that ever was." And she slipped her hand

within my arm, and drew it back again and began to cry softly. And at that I sprang to my feet, and my heart thumped like a hammer, till I thought it would burst my ribs.

"Eve, Eve," I cried, my voice shaking so it shamed me, "do not play with me. Do you mean"—

"Oh, you blind man, can you not see what I mean? Must I say it more plainly? It is yes, Adam, and no play."

And she smiled at me through her tears, and suddenly, for me, earth and sky were flooded with a great glory.

Now, what I did next, I shall not tell, nor what she said to me; for those are things for my Eve and me to know and to remember. But any man who has been in such case as mine may guess to some purpose, if he will but

try. And after some time, I know not how long, we sat there side by side upon the bank, most decorous, for out upon the water was a boat. But we might say what we would, and I might hold her hand, down upon the sod, out of sight, and I might gaze into her wonderful eyes and see in them the tender light that made them pass all wonders.

"Such trouble as I had to get you, Adam, at the last!"

"It served you right," I said, "for your deceit."

She laughed, a happy laugh. "You honest fisherman!" she said. "It was so easy to deceive you! But never again, Adam. You may trust me."

"Always," I answered, and stooped low and kissed the hand I held. And she stooped, too, and quite by chance,

and if they saw us from the boat, I did not care.

"And were you deceived?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, "for half an hour. You are too honest, Adam. But I love you for it."

And then we did some other silly things, and cared not for the boat.

"And what of old Goodwin, Eve?" I asked, after some while. "What will he say?"

She laughed again her happy laugh. "What did he say, Adam? He seemed pleased, I thought."

"Eve," I cried, "you do not mean"—

"He came there for that purpose, Adam. I confessed to him. He is my friend, I told you."

"Honest gentleman!" I said. "I beg his pardon. He may have my clam beds if he will."

"No, no," she cried, "for they must be mine, too, those clam beds. I will not have them changed."

"They are yours, Eve," I said, "for they were mine and I am yours. See the colors the old sun spreads over them now. He is almost sitting on that hill."

"We will bid him good-night, together," she said; "a happy one, Adam. Stand beside me."

So we stood, and she clasped my fingers close in hers, and we saw the sun, that he spread the still water with all manner of reds and purples and shimmering greens. And as the last thin line of red vanished behind the bearded hill, we saluted. And again we sat upon the bank, and saw the red west turn to violet, and then to green. And then Eve rose and said good-night.

"Until to-morrow, Adam," she said.

"Until to-morrow, Eve," I echoed.

And then she seemed to listen.

"They are coming for me, Adam. If you love me, run!"

II

A DAUGHTER OF THE RICH

A DAUGHTER OF THE RICH

SOME there may be who will say — who do say, no doubt, for they dearly love a bit of gossip — that I am no better than an adventurer; that I have wormed my way into a girl's heart under false pretenses, and will but devour what I find there; and that two weeks — or three, or whatever the time was, according to the usual measure of man — is too short a time for two people to have found out that they love each other. Now, those who are most apt to speak thus foolishly are my neighbors, who have mated according to their lights; and I have not observed that they are happier than other folk. Indeed, I doubt whether they are as happy.

It is not to be imagined that my neighbors have remonstrated with me upon the subject. But I have observed, when I have met two of them together, they do but wait until I am out of hearing — sometimes scarcely that — before they get their heads together.

"That 's the fellow," says one, "who is engaged to Old Goodwin's daughter."

"Is it, indeed?" says the other — and turns his head about, that he see me the better. And I stop short and lean casually upon a wall, my face toward them. For I would not cheat them of their birthright.

"Yes," says the first. "In two weeks. Disgraceful, I call it."

They gaze at me — both of them — as if I were some monster from a museum.

"Rich, is n't he?" asks the second. "Goodwin, I mean — not this fellow."

And they pass on, laughing uproariously. I would not stint their mirth, and giving over my leaning upon the wall, I, too, pass on.

Therefore it comes to pass that I have no great opinion of my neighbors' judgment. Indeed, I contend that they speak of that they know not of. Eve agrees with me in this, — she agrees with me in most things, now, — for have we not been engaged for one whole month, and not the littlest shadow on our happiness? And still I am wont to take my basket on my arm and my clam hoe in my hand and wander the shores. But the clams that I dig would make but a sorry meal, and the clams that I leave — well, they will be the bigger and the lustier for digging

when I am minded to it. And it is easy to guess what clam beds I frequent.

So it befell that I wandered, one afternoon, over the oozy flats toward my chosen hunting ground. The sun was getting low in the west, and well I knew what colors the Great Painter was spreading over the still water and upon the shining mud. But yet I would not look at them, but wended on, at a pace too great for a clammer. And joy was in my heart. For there, just where the sod broke off to the sand and the pebbles shone bright in the sun, sat Eve. And she smiled upon me as she spoke.

"Adam," said she, reproving, "you are almost late to-night."

And, at that, the ganglion that I have mentioned, that does duty for my heart, leaped for joy, so that I was

nigh to choking. And indeed, though it is but a ganglion, it knows its duty well, and leaps for joy or aches with sorrow as well as the best-behaved heart in the world. I have not known the ache for sorrow since the day of my clambake; but it can make a man very wretched. And I am convinced that it can ache for pure joy, too — although that is a different ache, with happiness in it.

So I smiled back at her. "Almost late," I said, "is just in time. Late has no" —

"Adam, Adam," she cried, "are you become a grammarian? Grammarians are tiresome. And I must go, for I have an engagement" —

"No, no," I answered, in haste; for though in my heart I knew well she did but jest, yet I feared to lose her.

"There is small danger that I shall become a grammarian. I have put all that behind me. It gets farther behind me with every day that passes. And your engagement is with me."

She laughed, a low, sweet laugh.

"Yes," she said, "it was."

And we sat there, silent, and Eve gazed at the sun, that was near his setting, and he gazed back at her. He set no longer behind the bearded hill, — the time was passed for that, — but there were other hills, and he must set behind them, for that is his destiny. And if any should say to me that I do but ill to speak thus of his destiny, for that his destiny is a greater than that; and if that one should hint of some hypothesis or other concerning the life and death of the universe, — they may have a new one now — they may

get up a new one every week, for aught I know or care; for what is the death of the universe to me? — I should answer such an one in this wise: "Go to, you speak foolishly. For have I not seen him every evening of my life, that he sets in the west? Talk not to me of any hypothesis. I know what I know."

And I was leaning on my elbow, down upon the sod, and idly gazing at the sun, and idly gazing up at Eve. But I gazed at Eve the more. And the west was all golden, with a soft haze everywhere that left nothing with sharp outlines, and the sun was set, like a great yellow diamond, in its midst. It was one of those days — come a month or more before its time — when the whole earth seems to drowse and doze and breathe forth peace.

"Eve," I said softly, for I almost feared lest I break the spell that was upon us.

She turned to me, but did not speak.

"Would you have me analyze those colors that we see? I might make shift to do it. Would this soft light be more beautiful to you"—

"Oh, no, no," she cried. "Let it be. See, the sun is almost down. Stand beside me, Adam."

So I stood, and she clasped my fingers close in hers, and we faced the west, for we would bid the old sun good-night. And as we stood thus, came Old Goodwin, silently, and stood at her other side. And she took his hand in hers, too, one hand to each, and we looked at the sun, and his rim rested on the hill. And there stood a tree, great and tall like a spire, that showed

black against his disk. So we watched him sink, and as the last thin line vanished behind the hill, we saluted, all three. Then Eve breathed a deep sigh.

"Such a lovely day, Adam," she said, "ended in beauty! If all the days could be like this!"

I remembered me of a day, not two months back, that had been a driving drizzle of rain, and of a certain figure that had stood beneath a tree, and the water dripped from the rim of her wide felt hat, and shone upon her long coat. And that day, with all its wetness, had seemed as good a day as this, for she had smiled to see me coming along the shore, my face as black as the clouds, and not expecting to find her; and she had smiled again to see my face change at the sight of her, and to

see that I could not speak for the joy of it. But I had looked at her until she flushed red.

"Truly," said I, "beauty is from within, Eve, and each day is but what we make it."

Then Eve and I sat us down upon the bank where we were wont to sit, and Old Goodwin gave me a quiet smile for greeting. He was a quiet man, peaceable and peace-loving, and I marveled, often, that he should be Goodwin the Rich. But so it was. And his automobiles flashed past my front gate, as they had done before, covering my hedge with dust and enveloping my house in nauseous smells; also as they had done before. But I like automobiles better than I did. I even ride in them sometimes, with Eve, on the back seat; and Old Good-

win rides on the front seat, and drives as though the Devil were after him; which I think he is not, for Old Goodwin is a lovable man, and a good man I believe, as men go. So I sit in the back seat, with Eve, and hold my clothes on, — my hat I long ago learned to leave at home, — and I bump here and there, and now and then I shout a tender word to Eve, and I think my thoughts; and when we turn a corner — on two wheels — I thank goodness that there are high sides to hold me in.

But Old Goodwin had gone to a tree that was at hand, and from some recess had pulled some rubber boots. They were old boots, battered and dingy with much wading through mud. And after the boots came a hat, as old and battered as they, and a coat. And he put them all on, deliberately, and

stood. And, standing, he looked more like some old fisherman than like Goodwin the Rich, which was, no doubt, why he wore them. My neighbors would be but too happy if they were to see Old Goodwin — and know him — digging in my clam beds, and their tongues are ever ready at inventing tales. Those neighbors of mine are a grief to Eve, and an incitement to anger, which, as every one knows, heats the blood and causes vapors in the brain. Eve does not like vapors. So I was at some pains to get those boots.

And Old Goodwin, after further searching in the tree, drew forth a clam hoe and a basket; and being thus equipped, he hied him to the flats, which were, by now, almost bare, and he began to dig. Now that is a luxury

which the rich may seldom have, that they should dig for clams. Old Goodwin enjoyed it mightily, splashing here and there in his boots, and digging as the fancy seized him; which was as like to be where the clams were not as where they were. But he cared not at all, and drew long breaths for very joy of living; and the clams that he found he put within his basket. And with his boots, as he waded here and there, he stirred long lines of color that went rippling in waves of yellow or red or a tender blue until they died at our feet. For the west was all a brilliant, dazzling yellow, with one long cloud that showed indigo above, but a bright crimson below. And behind us were other long clouds, and they were crimson, too. But the sky between was a tender blue. And I gazed long.

"Adam," cried Eve at last, "how can you be content to sit there?"

I looked up in some surprise. "Should I not be content?" I said. "For here are you, beside me, and before us is spread a picture of peace that changes with each moment that passes. Look at that tranquil water, Eve, with its long tongue of blue that marks the current. Should I not be content?"

"Yes, yes," she answered, "I hope so. I trust so, always — with me beside you. I would not have it otherwise. But even the tranquil water has its current. Let us dig, too."

I laughed — as quietly as I could, for I would not break that tranquillity. She had me there.

"What a governess!" I said. "She has her way always. Well, then, let us

dig — though it seems a pity to disturb the clams."

"They live in eternal darkness," said Eve. "It is better for them to be disturbed. Besides, Adam, I came to dig. I got this gown on purpose."

I had not noticed the gown. But she stood straight before me, and I looked her up and down, as she would have me. Truly, I could see no difference between that gown and any other — save that it was shorter. But Eve would look adorable in any — and it was the woman that I saw.

I said as much. "To tell the truth," I said, "I did not see your gown. What does it matter what you wear?"

"To dig?" she said, reproving. "Have you forgotten, Adam? Surely you would not have your wife drip salt water upon her best dress and spot it?"

As she spoke she looked at me, and I saw that in her eyes that brought me up upon one knee. At least I might kiss her hand, with Old Goodwin pottering about my clam beds. He considerately turned his back upon us.

And so we digged for clams, too, until the light had faded from the western sky, and the twilight was almost gone. And when, at last, Old Goodwin turned and lumbered peacefully up the bank and sat him down to become once more Goodwin the Rich, behold, our basket was well filled. For Eve and I have but the one basket; and her back does not tire now.

And I, too, sat me down — for Eve had to take off her rubber boots — and I sat me near Old Goodwin. And he gave me once more that quiet smile of greeting that breathed of peace.

"And Mrs. Goodwin?" I asked. "Will she not see me yet?"

"Not yet," he answered, still with that quiet smile. "But do you have patience. She will come around — at least, I hope so. It was rather — in the way of a surprise, you know. And as a surprise," he added, with a chuckle of delight, "it was rather good — yes, it was a success."

I sighed. I am not a patient man; and here was Old Goodwin counseling me to have patience. There is nothing harder for me to have.

"I have had patience," I said; "and shall have it until it leaves me. And when that will be I do not know, but not so long as I can keep it with me. And, after all, I do not know that I care — except for Eve's sake."

"No," he said, and the smile was

gone. "You win in any case, — or so it seems to me. She loses. Remember that. She loses. And so I ask you to have patience. It is worth while, if only for Eve's sake."

"It is not easy for me to be patient," I replied. "But I will, — at least I will try. That I promise, and no man can promise more. For I win in any case. She may gain a son or lose a daughter — but Eve — No, I will be patient."

Old Goodwin had got his boots changed by this, and now he rose — Goodwin the Rich.

"I thank you, Adam," he said. He called me Adam, too. "It will be the easier for me. And that is something to you — is it not?"

I jumped to my feet and seized his hand. "It is much to me," I cried. "If ever you see me going wrong, I

beg you to remind me. For Eve's sake and yours. That will bring me back."

Indeed, he had been my good friend — my good friend and Eve's. And now he smiled once more Old Goodwin's quiet smile. I loved that smile, breathing peace on earth and good will to men. It was easy to see where Eve had got hers. She smiled with her eyes, too, and in them I saw — but perhaps that was for me alone. But Old Goodwin, with his quiet smile, was yet Goodwin the Rich. It was a marvel.

"You are good children," he said. "Good-night, — and bless you."

So he ambled off, up the path that was beginning to show, even in that dim light. For a path is made by walking upon it, and even once a day

will serve for that. And that path was walked on more than once a day. As he reached a turn, he waved his hand to us, and we to him.

"Eve," I said, musing, "there goes a good man."

She turned to me. "He is," she said. "And I am glad to have you think that, Adam. There are those — who say cruel things of him."

"They are wrong," I cried. "I am convinced of it. From all envy, hatred, and malice, good Lord, deliver us. But what of that other rich man, Eve?"

As I looked up at Eve, waiting for my answer, I saw that she was smiling merrily.

"I told him," she said, "that I was engaged already. And he seemed surprised at that, and he would know the name of the happy man. And I told

him that, too. Did I do well? Are you" — She stopped and hesitated.

"Am I happy, Eve?" I answered softly. "Surely you know that I am. Happier than I thought I should ever be. And what did he say to that?"

"Oh, then, he did not understand. For I think he did not know you, Adam. And I said you were a fisherman, or a clammer, as occasion served. You should have seen his face. And he but wished me joy, and went; which was what I wanted."

I chuckled. For I do chuckle on occasion.

"I have no other occupation," I said, "and neither has he. And he comes, in his yacht, to ask you, — steam yachts are luxuries, Eve, which my wife will know nothing of, — he comes, very grand, in his yacht, to ask

you. And you tell him that you are to wed a digger of clams. And where is he now?"

"I do not know," she answered; and the smile faded.

And I thought my thoughts, and was silent. Truly, the digging of clams has its delights, and not all the rich are fitted to partake thereof. For how many of them see what lies before their eyes? How many of them see the colors the old sun spreads on the still water and the shining mud? A flat is a flat to them, a thing to be shunned; a thing that will spoil their white flannels and get their dresses all muddy. Not all of them are Old Goodwins. And the works of the Great Painter are not for such as these. But the colors were gone now, and the light, too, and I heard Eve sighing.

"What is it, Eve?" I asked. "Must you go?"

"Soon," she said, "very soon. But I was thinking of my mother. She hinted — almost threatened — that he would come again."

"That rich man?" I said. "He is better forgot." And, indeed, I had forgot him already. "After all, what does it matter? His goings and his comings are nothing to us. And your mother — was it hard to tell her? I did what I could."

"It was not easy," she answered, and I knew by her voice that tears were in her eyes, though I could not see. "Your note, Adam, she tore up before my eyes. Oh, I was angry! And I said what I should not. And then she said — she was angry, too — that she would not come to my wedding" —

"We will have patience, Eve," I said, "and perhaps she may change her mind. And for the note, why, it is better torn up than passed around among her friends to be laughed over. Yes, I am glad about the note."

"And I saved the pieces — every one," she said then, laughing shyly. "After my mother was gone, I gathered them up. But now I must go, Adam. See, it is quite dark. You may come up the path with me — if you will — for just a minute."

If I would! And if our parting took more than just the minute she had said, why, I will bear the blame — if blame there is. For I left her happy and with her eyes shining. And so I stumbled home along the shore, my heart singing. And my supper — for what clammer would dine at seven — was ambro-

sia and nectar, being plain corn meal mush and fresh milk. And when I had filled myself full of it I betook me to the seat under the old pine, and I gazed at the stars and wondered. I saw Arcturus, hanging red, high in the west; and Altair blazing above me. But, gaze where I would, I saw always that wonderful hair with the light upon it from the western sky; and those wonderful eyes with the light within them that made them to outshine Altair himself. And, gazing, I wondered if in all the worlds that revolve about those innumerable suns there were a being as happy and as content as I.

Of all the gifts of the gods, happiness is the most elusive. For they that most seek it find it not; and to them that seek it not, but go calmly about

their business, on a sudden it appears, saying: "Lo, here am I." And we must not then attempt to hold it fast, for ever it breaks away and is gone — for a time — and naught is to do but wait, with what patience we may, until it come again. And the more we have patience the sooner will it come back.

So the days passed, and some days I found happiness, and other days I found it not; but usually I had it for a bedfellow. And it was lucky that I did, for what is to be said of a clammer who cannot sleep? And each afternoon, when the sun was low, I wended slowly over toward my clam beds along the shore where the water lapped ever. And the Great Painter spread his colors with lavish hand, and peace covered the earth and was upon the face of the waters. And

peace was in my heart, too, for there on the bank sat Eve, and she smiled to see me come.

And it befell on a day that there was a flat calm, and the sun veiled his face before he set; and, above, the veil spread out in a thin sheet, feathery and white, so that I could not tell where it began.

"Look, Eve," I said. "To-morrow it will be stormy."

And she said nothing, but only looked as she was bid, being content to take my word in all things. But Old Goodwin was not.

"Indeed!" he said. "What makes you think so, Adam?"

Then I was tempted. I might have entered upon a disquisition concerning cyclones and the sequence of the weather. But I put that temptation

from me. It was but a part of my past.

"Oh," I answered simply, "the look of the sky."

"And in what does the look of the sky differ from its look on any other day?" he asked. "I see no difference."

"It is hard to tell," I said; "but this is the hurricane season. I may be quite mistaken. But I think it will storm to-morrow."

And so he was forced to be content, though he was but half convinced; and he would have betaken him to the digging of clams, but the tide was not half down. This he mourned, with frequent upward glances at the sky. For Old Goodwin was become more skilled in the finding of clams than he had been. Indeed, I marveled what he could do

with the clams he dug, for he no longer gave them to us. I mentioned it to Eve.

She laughed, whispering. "I fear, Adam," she said, "that he is contaminated. He sits up late at night, after everybody else is gone to bed — and I met him yesterday coming from the kitchen. He looked furtive as he smiled in passing. Yes, I fear that he is contaminated."

"Steamed clams?" I whispered, in reply. "But steamed clams are not baked clams. They are, to clams from a bake, what — a bath in a tub is to a dip in that great ocean."

"It is the best that he can do," she said. "He may not have a clambake. My mother"—

"Ah," said I, illuminated, "the poor man! We will have one for him.

And we will ask your mother, too. She can but refuse, at the worst. And perhaps"—

Eve shook her head. "She will refuse," she said, — "or take no notice of your asking. But father will be grateful. There are so few things the rich may do simply. Father would like to muss around, himself, — to help you with the bake, Adam, — and wear his old clothes. He generally has a horrid time."

She was smiling and eager, and her eyes shone. I nodded. "He shall have his clambake."

So Eve went in early, and Old Goodwin, for the sky was become all gray and nothing to see. And to me there is nothing so dismal as a dull gray sky when there is neither wind nor rain. There is the same gray light on the

water, the same wherever I look, and all nature seems waiting. After a day of it, I am fit for battle and murder. But now a little breeze came creeping in out of the east, chill and drear. And I was wakened in the night by the wind, howling like a lost soul in torment. I turned over and drew the covers closer and slept again.

And when the day broke, it was not tranquil, and no sun to see; and the wind shrieking and yelling out of the southeast like some wild thing, with gusts of drenching rain. I thought of my late corn, which was heavy with great ears — and had been tall, too, the night before. It was like to be blown flat in that wind — as flat as if it had been harvested — and what was a clambake without fresh corn? But there was no help for it. I ate my

breakfast at my leisure, — there would be more wind before there was less, — put on oil-skins, boots, and sou'wester, and fared forth.

As I passed down through my garden I glanced at my corn. It was flat, as I expected, save one great stalk, stronger than its comrades, or more deeply rooted, and that stalk waved and thrashed about in anguish. It would break soon, I knew. And I mused as I leaned against the wind upon its fate — how it must be broken and die, while the stalks less well rooted did but go down before the blast, and live and grow. But I gave my corn no more thought, for I was come to the steep path that led me down along the shore, and by the water, now all brown with sand and mud that had been stirred from the

bottom. For, although it was fairly quiet here, being in the lee of the bluff, the water was well stirred, as any might guess from looking out upon it. And I came to the bank, where the sod breaks off to the sand, and no Eve was there. And, indeed, I had known better, but can a man help hoping? It was much too early, and who could expect her to come down in that wind? And as I made these excuses for her, behold, she stepped from behind a great tree, and she laughed aloud to see my face.

"Oh, Adam!" she cried, "one would think, to see you as you came, that you had lost your last friend, and were just come to the funeral."

"And then," I answered, smiling up at her, — "what then, Eve?"

"Why, then, — you seemed surprised

and"— With that she stopped, and she stood upon the bank above, and I on the sand below; and she put her hands upon my shoulders, one on each, and looked down into my face. And I looked up into her eyes, and I forgot the storm, and I forgot that wild wind that blew, and I forgot all things save what I saw there. And, an instant, she bent to me. "Oh, Adam, Adam!" she cried, "I am glad, glad that you care so much. For it is not easy for me."

And I said no word, but only held her so for some while. And presently she laughed, as if she were half ashamed, and drew her from my arms. And I saw that her face was wet. It may have been the rain — I do not know. A fisherman, in sou'wester and oil-skins, holding in his arms a Daugh-

ter of the Rich. I laughed aloud at the thought. For, though she, too, had on boots, she seemed no fit mate for such as I — in her long coat, that covered her from neck to heel, and with her wide felt hat, tied down behind. Indeed, I grudged that to necessity — for her hair was all hid, under the hat.

Out from my clam beds — some way out — is a reef of rocks. It is grim enough in any weather: at low water just showing its rough head, dark brown, barnacled, bearded with seaweed; at high tide, in calm weather, nothing but a wide expanse of placid water. For which reason, the government, in its wisdom, and to protect the lives of yachtsmen, who ever walk in darkness — the fishermen know it from the beginning of time — the gov-

ernment had set, upon the most outward rock a spindle. It was awkward enough, that spindle, with its sprawling arms, like a telegraph pole — but it served its purpose well in ordinary weather I have no doubt. But now, — this was no ordinary weather, as any might see, — it seemed like to go down, even as my solitary stalk of corn; to be torn from its hold in the rock, or the shaft twisted and bent and broken, till it served no longer.

"Look, Eve," I shouted. For the gale tore my words out of my mouth. "The spindle — it will go down at high tide — or before. See, it is bent, already."

For, as I spoke, a great sea smashed down upon the rock, sending its spray high; and when the wind had blown the bits of broken water far to lee-

ward, leaving the rock in a smother of foam, I saw the spindle, and it stood straight no longer. And I watched for the fellow of the sea that had come. But Eve held her peace. And we two watched the rock, with its leaning spindle, and ever it leaned the more, but it kept fast hold on the rock, though it was nearly buried in the foam. And ever the tide came higher, until it was buried in every sea that came. So it was come to dinner time; and I felt a great hunger that gnawed within me. For a clammer must eat, even as other men.

"Eve," I said, "it is my dinner time, and I am hungry."

"Oh, Adam," she cried, "can you think about eating — with this to see? I thought better of you."

"Think none the worse of me," I

answered, "that when I am hungry I would eat. For I am not one of your theorists who believe that when a man is hungry he should go without. But I believe that hunger is a sign from Heaven. God gave man hunger that he might know when to eat; and thirst, that he might know when to drink. And so I do. I have never found myself the worse for it, but the better. Hunger breeds an evil temper, as you may see. Mark how much pleasanter I am when I have dined."

And she laughed at me. "And the spindle, Adam," she said. "It may go down, and you at dinner. And this storm — surely, it is worth staying for."

"The storm will increase," I replied, "according to the lore of my neighbors, until full tide. In such matters their lore is older than my learning. As for

the spindle, it will go or it will hold fast as it is ordained for it. If it hold fast, well; and if it go down, why, — that will be well enough, too. At least, I shall have dined. I wish that I might ask you to dine with me, Eve. We shall have roast mutton, with corn, and potatoes, and — whatever else the wind has left. And a steamed pudding, after. It is not fashionable, but it will be good. My cook makes excellent steamed puddings. And a dinner eaten alone — it is a lonely meal."

Again Eve laughed, then sighed. I know that she sighed, for I saw her; I could not hear.

"I should love it, Adam," she said, "but you know I may not."

"Love what, Eve?" I asked. "The steamed pudding?"

"No doubt," she answered, "for now

that you have reminded me, I am hungry, too. But you know that was not what I meant. I should love to dine with you in your own house. But it will not be long — there will not be many more lonely dinners" —

She hesitated and stopped. But I knew. "Let us count them," I said. "Let us see how many."

And again the storm was forgot, and the great wind that blew. And so she went in, and I tramped home, in the rain, along the shore. But my dinner was too quickly eaten for a clammer, and I thanked a kind Heaven that there were not many more such — there were far too many, but they could be counted — there were less than a hundred. And having bolted my dinner, which deserved better of me, I hurried back to the bank, and

there stood Eve, and she smiled to see me come along the shore.

"Eve," I observed, "see now for what you are responsible. For, dining alone, I did but bolt my dinner, for I would not miss a minute of your company. And thereby I risked dyspepsia. And that is not the worst, for the ills that follow hard upon it are these: melancholy and an evil disposition; and backbiting and gossip, and, in short, all the qualities which you see in my neighbors. And"—

But she was laughing. "Is that not enough?" she asked. "I would not be responsible for more, and I promise to give you an hour for your dinner—hereafter. You will have no need to hurry back, for I shall not be here sooner. But this is an exception. We shall not have such another storm,

surely, in the next" — Again she stopped. "Look, Adam, can you see the spindle? Is it gone?"

I looked. The tide was risen now, so that only now and then, between the great seas that came, could I catch a glimpse of it; and I saw that it was bent almost even with the rock. It would be useless for its purpose even if it held, and the tide that was coming would be very high. Even now the waves lapped about my feet as I stood upon the sand, and the seaweed washed against the bank, and it lacked an hour of high tide. I feared for the pebbles, that they would no more shine in the sun.

"I see it," I said. "It is yet fast to the rock — as fast as any oyster. But it is bent flat, so that it is no manner of use. It may as well go as stay. The

water covers it already, or it would, if it were smooth."

And, indeed, the seas broke no longer over the rock, save an occasional one, higher than the rest, and the trough lower. Such a sea did but open an instant, to show the top, dark brown and barnacled, then closed again, roaring, in a whirlpool of foam. And Eve said nothing, but only looked. And as we stood looking, and the rain running off from our clothes in streams, Old Goodwin came down to us, in oilskins and boots and sou'wester. And he said nothing, either, which was not strange, for he was not a man of words. And when he had been there some while, came a mighty sea, and fell upon the rock. I shouted at the sight of that sea; I could do no other. And when it was passed, the water

opened once more and there was but the shaft, bent and twisted.

"Gone!" I cried. And Eve looked at me with wide eyes, but Old Goodwin only nodded.

So we three watched for some while, and at last the water was as smooth over the rock as it was elsewhere. And that is not saying that it was smooth at all—even on my clam beds, where it was, in a measure, sheltered, the waves broke high, so that I feared for the bank; but the great seas raced evenly over the rock, and it was as there was none there, for no man could tell its place.

Then, on a sudden, the rain ceased and the wind increased, and it seemed that the whole earth must be torn up by the roots. And up on the hill I heard the crash of a tree, falling, and

then another. And the water was level with the bank, and the waves broke over my pebbles. Old Goodwin turned at the sound of the trees, and said something, I know not what. For the noise of the wind and the noise of the water was a great noise, and swallowed up the sound of his voice. And he looked once more out to sea, and there came that into his face that made me to look, too.

Now there had been, a moment before, a veil of rain over the surface of the sea that prevented our seeing more than a little way. But now the veil was withdrawn, and I looked, and rubbed my eyes, and looked again. For there came a yacht—a steam yacht, and she was steaming her best, and with the wind nearly behind her she came at a great pace. Now she was lost in a

hollow, so that I saw no more than her stack, belching smoke, and now she rose on a wave, so that I saw her hull. What fool, thought I, would venture from a safe harbor in such weather? If they had left port before this storm, — well, it is but a poor skipper that knows the weather no better, — and they were not like to have been a day's steaming from some good harbor. And as I thought these things, the yacht was come nearer, and I knew it, and I knew that here was that certain rich man come to plague me. I even saw the man himself, standing forward, and holding on by a stanchion. And as I saw I marveled, for I had supposed the man a coward.

I turned to Eve. "Do you know" — But I did not finish, for she nodded; and her look was troubled. I hated

that rich man with a mighty hate. And while I still gazed into her eyes, I saw them open wide with horror.

"Oh, Adam," she cried. "The spindle is gone, and they will go on the rocks! See!"

I turned. They had come on swiftly — too swiftly — and now were headed straight for the place where the rock lay hid; steaming headlong to destruction. I hesitated — I say it to my shame, though a man is but a man after all — I hesitated an instant; then Old Goodwin began to shout, and I shouted, too, wading into the water up to my waist, and waving my hands. For I would warn them farther off. And at our shouting, the man did but get upon the rail, still holding by the stanchion, and lean far out, and put his hand behind his ear. For the wind

whipped the words out of our mouths before they were well spoken, and they reached him not at all. And the yacht was but a length from the rock. And the man understood, though he could not hear, and he leaned yet farther out, to call up to the captain; but the captain had understood, too, and she was already turning. And as we looked and held our breath for fear, she struck with a great shock and careened, and the great seas dashed high and hid her for a moment. And when she rolled back again and I could see, the man was gone.

Then Eve shrieked and I cursed, under my breath, and I hurried to shore; and hastily I stripped off my coats and cast down my sou'wester upon them as they lay, and tried to pull off my boots. But they were filled

full with water from my wading, and would not come. So I pulled out my knife and ripped them down the side; for I was of no mind to be weighted down with rubber boots. Then they came off easily enough, and I rose and looked at Eve.

"Oh, Adam," she cried, "can you swim — in that water?"

I looked out upon the water that was roaring and racing. A fish might fail to swim on the top of that water, and be well excused for failing. And I was no fish, though I could swim passing well.

"Yes," I said.

"Then," said Eve, "go, and God keep you!" And she kissed me, taking no shame to herself that her father saw, and those on the yacht — they had little leisure for observing — and

some of my neighbors, who had gathered near, — who had leisure.

And, with that kiss upon my lips, I could have gone to my death with a light heart; indeed, I knew not but that I was going to it. So I plunged in and swam, thinking as I went, with some bitterness, that here was I, risking my life for a man who was come but to give me trouble. Truly, I thought, he has begun well, and it will be no strange matter if the beginning and the ending are the same. Then I was come to an end of my shelter, and the wind tore at me, and the waves buffeted me, so that I was forced to give all my thought to my swimming; and that was well, too.

Now I have no purpose to give an account of my fool's errand that I had swum out upon, for thus should I be

but a boaster and a braggart and one marked out for destruction. But I found the man, — I do not well know how, — and I brought him to shore, to Eve and Old Goodwin waiting there; and I do not well know how I did that either. And there I left him, to be cared for by those same neighbors of mine, and to recover or not, as it happed him. But I turned to Eve before I went, and she was crying softly.

"Oh, Adam, Adam," she said; and with that she stopped and said no more, for she could not speak. But she put her arms about me, all wet as I was, and held me tight, and I heard her voice whispering, but I could make out no words. And when she had made an end of her whispering, she let me go.

"Now, Adam," she said, "you are all wet, and you are all weary. Do you go home and get off those wet clothes, and rest yourself. And when you are all rested I will come and tell you how he is."

So I went, and weary I must have been, for I thought not to marvel that Eve should come to my house, and I gave no thought to the yacht, that had been in evil case enough when I saw her last. And as I plodded along the shore, it chanced that I glanced out upon the water. For the wind was beginning to fall already. And the yacht was on the rock, where she had struck, but she had swung clean around, so that her bow was toward the seas, and she seemed like to slide off. And as I looked, a boat put out from shore and pulled toward her. After

all, my neighbors have their good points.

And when I had got into dry clothes and had swallowed a draught of hot tea I felt somewhat rested. So I went out and sat me down on the seat under my pine. From that place I could see the west, and the clouds were somewhat broken and driving fast, but no glimpse of the sun yet, though he must be near his setting. And out upon the water lay the yacht, at anchor in a spot that was sheltered, and she was well down by the head. About her, like a flock of crows, were some small boats. And I looked no more upon the yacht, but I gazed at the tree like a spire, that should show against the sun's disk as he set, and I thought with bitterness on what I had done; and my thoughts were the thoughts of Ahab.

In the bitterness of my heart I spoke aloud.

"Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?"

And, even as I spoke, I heard behind me the light step that I knew and loved, and there was Eve. And she sat upon the seat beside me.

I looked at her questioning. "Is it well?" I asked.

She smiled up at me. "It is well," she answered; and my bitterness fell from me as a garment, and I marveled that it was so.

And so we sat and saw the twilight fail, early, and the night fall. And out upon the water, a light marked where the yacht lay at her anchor, and the light bowed slowly, up and down; for there yet was a swell coming in, although the wind had fallen. And

peace fell upon my spirit, and a great content.

Under my great pine is a pleasant place for a man — or for a Daughter of the Rich, as I make bold to guess — with a heart at ease. And for a certain rich man it might, indeed, be pleasant under my pine, — I did not know. But I was to find out, for a week had gone by since I hauled him ashore like any drifting mess of seaweed, and with no more life in him, as it seemed, than in the weed; his legs and his arms trailing in the water. And, Eve asking it, I invited him to my clambake that I made to pleasure Old Goodwin. From my seat against the tree he might look out upon my clam beds. But it might well be that he would not care for clam beds; for

every Rich man is not an Old Goodwin. And he might see, too, the place where he so nearly lost his life. And it might well be that he would not care for that, either. But he should have the chance. And, to make the tale complete, I had asked Mrs. Goodwin, too.

It was there, just without the shadow of the pine, that the hole was scooped in the ground, and lined with great stones. Indeed, this was already done; for had I not had a clambake there? And, that I might not forget it — there was little danger of my forgetting — and, too, that I might have other clambakes, I had left the hole as it was, and the great stones. And on these stones I kindled a fire that roared high; and when it had burned long and the stones were hot I raked the ashes off. And Old Goodwin helped

me, and he whistled as he worked. He was no artist at the whistling, but yet it gave me pleasure to see him so well pleased, so that I must needs join him in his whistling; and I am no artist at it, either. But we were merry at our whistling, and we made so great a racket with it that any one would have thought to hear us, there was a flock of strange birds and it was spring-time; instead of which it was fall and the birds had left, except some robins and some sparrows and the meadow-larks. And even they were silent. And the terns had gone, too, — that always marks the change of season, for me, — and the winter gulls had come to take their place.

And when, at last, we had the embers all raked off and the stones clean, Old Goodwin leaned upon his rake

and wiped his forehead. It was hot there, so near the hot stones, and the fire just burned out. And he began to laugh, for sheer pleasure and for the merriment that he might hold in no longer; and, laughing, he could whistle no more.

"Adam," he said, "do you know what it is that you are whistling?"

And I stopped long enough to answer. "No," I said. "It does not matter. Make a glad noise."

And, with that, I began to sing; and I am only worse at singing than I am at whistling. But what cared I? And Old Goodwin, as soon as he could, for his laughter, joined me in singing. And he sang worse than I. But we cared not at all, — our hearts were at ease, — and took our forks and shook down upon the stones fresh seaweed

from the pile, and on the seaweed laid the clams that I had digged that morning. Then, more seaweed; and the other things, according to their season, orderly, in layers: the lobsters, and the fish, fresh caught, and the chicken, not too fresh, and sweet potatoes and white, and the last of my corn that had survived the storm. I had a fear that the ears might not be well filled — but it was fresh and tender. And over all we piled the weed and made a dome that smoked and steamed and filled the air with incense.

Then, our work done, we sat there and looked out, and were silent. At last Old Goodwin spoke, and he was looking at the smoking dome.

"Adam," he said, "will there be another clambake after this?"

"I fear not," I answered. "For it

gets on toward winter, and it will be too cold. But when summer comes again we may have many, we three."

He looked at me and smiled. "I feared this was the last," he said. "But when summer comes again we will have many — God willing. You are good to please an old man so. I thank you, Adam."

Now that was nothing more than a figure of speech for him to call himself an old man. For he was a very boy, and could whistle and sing and dig clams and mess about, and youth was in his heart. And who, having youth in his heart, can be rightly called old? Indeed, in point of years, he was not old; for he was not turned sixty, as I should have guessed. But he was again silent, gazing at the smoking dome of weed, and I made no an-

swer, but I gazed out over the water. And presently Old Goodwin rose and went to garb himself, for he was dressed in his clammer's clothes, that were well stained with mud and with salt water and with clams. And then I, too, would change my clothes, for I was no better dressed than he.

And when I was all arrayed I set out along the shore, and my heart-beat was too high, by far; but my spirits were high, too, so that I scarce kept from singing aloud, or from waving my arms and shouting at the deep-sounding sea. But I remembered that certain Rich man that I was to meet. What would he think of a clammer that sang aloud, by himself, — and most outrageously, — or that shouted an occasional line from Homer — what could he think, but that I knew no

better — and no more? So I strode along the shore and came to the bank where the sod broke off to the sand and the pebbles shone in the sun; for the storm had spared them. And I sat not down, but paced to and fro. And soon came Eve, and up leaped my heart into my throat and choked me; and behind her came Old Goodwin and that other Rich man. A moment only Eve smiled at me and then she stood aside. And that other Rich man stepped forward and broke in upon Old Goodwin's speech; for he would have introduced us.

"We need no introduction," he said. "Thanks seem a poor thing enough to give in return for my life, but I can offer you no more."

I took the hand he held out, and I murmured something, I know not

what, about its being of no consequence, — which, indeed, it was not, though I should not have said so. And we looked each other up and down, and either measured other. And what he thought of me I did not know — nor care.

So we wended along the shore to the steep path, and Eve walked beside me. She was not in white now, for it was cool, with a sharp wind out of the northwest. Indeed, what she had on I did not know — some dark stuff gown that well became her — I was not looking at her gown. No doubt I was grinning like any idiot; but I did not hold her hand, for behind us walked Old Goodwin and that Rich man — that Rich man that I would have cast into the sea so short a time before. And, walking so, we came to the steep path

and climbed it, and we stood beneath my pine. And before the seat against the tree stood my table that I had made large enough for four; but the seat was unchanged, and it held but two.

Old Goodwin looked upon the seat, and he said no word, but he smiled his quiet smile and betook him to my shed. I bethought me of the other guest that I had asked.

"And Mrs. Goodwin?" I said. "Will she not come?" But I did but jest, for I had had no idea that she would come.

And that Rich man spoke, and what he said was a surprise to me. "Mrs. Goodwin wished me to say," said he, "that she feared to catch cold as the wind is somewhat biting. But she thanks you for asking her."

Then I looked at Eve, and she

seemed surprised, too. But Old Goodwin had found his box that he had sat upon before, and he brought it out and set it by the table.

"I will sit here," he said. "I have an affection for this box. It tilts nicely."

And that other stared a moment. "I wonder," he said at last, "if there is another — no, no." For I had started for the shed. "Let me get it."

And I laughed and nodded, and he went. And we heard a tremendous racket, and presently he came, bringing a box that was the fellow to Old Goodwin's. Laughing, too, he set it down.

"There!" he said. "And now for the clams." He looked at me. "Is there a fork for me? You must let me help."

"Heaven forbid!" I said hastily. "You and Eve are the guests."

And so Eve and he sat, while Old Goodwin helped me. And I took my fork and opened the smoking dome, and together we set upon the table corn and potatoes, both sweet and white, and a chicken and some fish and the lobsters; and last of all a great pan of clams. And the rest, upon the hot stones, I covered again with seaweed; but not deep, for soon we should want more clams — and more fish and another chicken, for here were three good men to eat them; and what three men can eat at a clambake is nothing less than a marvel. Eve did her part, too. And Old Goodwin, setting the things upon the table, was as pleased as Punch. And as I pitched the weed, again I heard Eve laughing.

"Now, who would believe," she said, "that had not seen,"—

But Old Goodwin interrupted her cheerily. "Not a bit too much — not half enough," he said.

So Eve and I sat side by side upon the bench, and the two Rich men sat opposite, on their boxes. And no sound was heard save the noise of the wind that whispered softly in the tree above, and the noise of the clam shells as they struck upon the ground among their fellows that had gone before. And if we spoke little or not at all, but only ate, we were merry at our eating, which, as I have heard, wards off dyspepsia. For dyspepsia abides not with them that are merry, but is mortally afraid of a laugh. And those two Rich men got to tilting back and forth upon their boxes — they had been too busy at the first — and, having eaten a prodigious quantity of clams and all things

else, they fell a-laughing as they had been two boys; and they called for more clams. So I opened the bake again, and, behold, there were no clams left, not one, so that I marveled at it.

I must have looked blank with astonishment. "Now who would have supposed," said I, "that we could have eaten them all? For I thought that I had had enough for six at least."

At that Old Goodwin burst out laughing afresh. "If you could have seen your face, Adam! But never mind. No doubt we have eaten more than is good for us, as it is."

"I am sure of that," I observed. And the two Rich men, filled full of lobster and corn and clams, did but laugh again, and they tilted upon their boxes. And I was filled full, too, but with content more than with clams, so

that the wind that sighed in my pine sighed merrily.

We sat long at my little table under my great tree, but at last it was cold, for the sun was gone behind a black cloud. And Old Goodwin rose, reluctantly, and that other Rich man rose too, and his pocket that had been toward Old Goodwin bulged. And when he emptied it there were clam shells that Old Goodwin had deposited there. And he laughed — I thought him good to laugh — I fear that, in his place, I should not have laughed — and he chased Old Goodwin. And when he had caught him and had filled his pocket with the shells, he came and stood before us, where we yet sat upon the seat.

"I have to thank you," he said to me, and his laugh was gone, "for the

pleasantest time and the most delicious feast that I have had in many a long day." Then he hesitated and looked away a moment; but presently his eyes came back to mine. "You are a better man than I am, Adam, and better worthy of her. From my heart I wish you joy. I shall not come again to plague you." Again he looked away. "And I shall say as much to Mrs. Goodwin, — with your permission."

And I stood, and took the hand he offered; but I did not speak. I could not for a moment. Then I mumbled something, I know not what, about his kindness. But it did not matter what I said. And my heart warmed to him, and I was sorry for him — he had lost so much — but he took it as a man should. I thought nothing of his having called me Adam; indeed, I doubted

if he knew it. And so he went, quickly, without so much as looking back, and Old Goodwin followed him as quickly, and they went down the steep path, and we heard their laughter. And I turned to Eve, and she smiled up at me.

"Oh, Adam," she cried, softly, "if we only could!"

"We can but try, Eve," I answered, smiling back at her; "and we will. He seems worth it." And then I mused awhile, and at last I spoke my thoughts. "Eve," I said, "why did you choose me?"

She looked at me, her eyes wide. "Why did I choose you?" she asked, perplexed. "What do you mean, Adam? Would you give me up?"

"Now, God forbid," I cried, "that I should do that thing! What man, hav-

ing got you, would give you up? But that Rich man" —

She laughed, a merry laugh. "Why, that is simple — as simple as life itself. I chose you because I loved you, and I did not love that Rich man. And why it should be so I do not know."

And what I did at that, I leave it to any to guess; for Old Goodwin was gone and that other, and there was no one there save only Eve and me, under my great tree.

"I thank Heaven that it is so," I said, at last, "and what the reason is I do not care."

And, at that, the black cloud that was before the sun spilled a few drops, great drops that splashed as they struck. For it was well over us, and almost passed.

Eve was distressed. "Adam," she said, "do you believe in signs?"

"Yes," I answered, "if you like. Would you take that cloud to be a sign?"

She nodded, saying nothing.

"Well," said I, rising, "so be it. But come where we can see the east, and I will interpret for you."

So she rose, too, and together we went down the steep path and along the shore. And as we went I interpreted for her in this wise.

"The shadow of that cloud, Eve, that seems so black, is the shadow of a sorrow. And the cause is the behavior of your mother, who will have none of me for a son-in-law, — who says that she will not come to your wedding — if I am there. And the drops are your tears, — or hers; for I do not doubt that she has shed many tears over this same matter. But the cloud, although

it is black, is not large and it is passed. Look, Eve; you can see the sun."

And as I spoke, the sun was peeping under the western edge, and we saw his disk grow until we could look at him no longer. And we were come to the bank, where the pebbles shone red in the sun. For he was near his setting.

"Now," said I, "I may have to wait some while for the rest of my interpreting."

And we waited, watching in silence, for some minutes. And the cloud was gone from above us, into the east, and there were no more drops; but under the cloud it was raining hard. And there began to form a bow: first a patch of color here and a patch there; then, gradually, the patches joined by fainter parts; then those faint parts

brightened into a perfect bow with its ends dipping into the sea, and with all its colors perfect. And as we gazed there formed, within the first, another bow, and yet a third — though one must look hard to find it.

"Indeed, Eve," I said softly, "it needs no interpreter."

And Eve smiled up at me. But the marvels were not yet done; for there came broad sheaves of light that overspread the bows, but did not hide them. And there, at the centre of the bows, was a tiny sail; and the sail was brighter than aught else, and it was as if the sheaves of light had issued from it. And above were great masses of cloud, roll upon roll, and the sun, in his setting, spread them with all manner of saffron and scarlet and crimson, and with all the delicate shades of

pink that are known to man — and with many that man, with all his skill, knows nothing of. But the shadows were blue or lilac or purple. And we gazed long, until the brightness began to fade. Then Eve sighed, saying nothing. The sun had dropped behind the western hills; and the twilight faded swiftly, and the night was come.

There is a restlessness that seizes upon men in certain case. I had felt it before, and had wandered the shores with my basket upon my arm and my hoe in my hand; and I had digged here and there as the fancy took me. But the clams that I digged lay forgotten upon the sands, to bury themselves once more; while I, seated upon a barnacle-covered rock — or even standing — gazed and gazed and saw

nothing of what was before me until the tide, lapping about my ankles, brought me to myself. And then, with a heart-breaking sigh, I would shoulder my hoe and again betake me to wandering the shores. Then Eve had been the cause, for I had not got her; but at least I might find my content again at sunset, when I sat upon the bank, where the sod breaks off to the sand, with her beside me. Now, Eve was the cause, too, and my content was fled from me; and though I might sit upon the bank, I sat alone, or with no one but Old Goodwin. And Old Goodwin was well enough, but he was not Eve. And I had no joy in the colors that the Great Painter spread so lavishly, but was ill-tempered and out of sorts, giving short answers to the remarks Old Goodwin made, and

never sitting still five minutes. And Old Goodwin but smiled his quiet smile and was very patient with me; he knew well the cause of my sour temper. For Eve had betaken herself to the city, that she might the better make preparation for a certain Event. What Event that was, it is but a dullard that cannot guess; and it was eighty days off, and then it was seventy. Eighty æons — with Eve away. But I diverted myself by counting it in hours, then in minutes. It was a prodigious number of minutes — but I took what comfort I might in it.

Then, one morning, I awoke at dawn, and, as I leaned from my window, I saw the ground all white with frost. Then the east was grown all red, a narrow line of color changing to yellow and a faint green, and on a

sudden the sun popped up. And then I got to thinking of that other dawn that Eve and I had seen, and content abode with me no longer. And I drew in my head and dressed in sullen haste and went down to breakfast. It was a good breakfast, but gall and wormwood had been sweeter in my mouth if I could but find again that peace I sought; and, having done, I lighted my pipe and went forth. Sighing, I betook me — not to the shore — I had traveled that until I knew each pebble, and I had not found content; but the woods were gorgeous — I betook me to the woods. Perchance content had taken refuge there.

So all that day I wandered the wood, seeing the red of the dogwood and of the sumach, the reds and yellows of the maples, and the yellow leaves of

the birches showing against the white trunks; and here and there a clump of pine, their dark green the darker for the color with which they were surrounded. But I found no beauty in any. Truly content was not there; or, if it were, I found it not. And I saw the seed-pods lifting on their dry stems, and the rotting logs and the dead leaves. I sat me down on a log, and from my pocket I drew forth a bundle of letters. They were Eve's letters — and one for each day that she had been gone from me — and I read them all through again — for the hundredth time. When I was done the sun was on his downward journey, and I had found some measure of peace — and I bethought me that it was almost time for another letter. I seized my stick and hurried home.

And with days like this one, or, later, with days when I sat moping before my fire, a book in my hand, my tale of days was coming to an end. I had great fireplaces, fitting for the chimneys, and I would gaze deep into the glowing heart of one of them, my book forgotten. I thanked Heaven that I was alone. For I was no less than a fool. I knew it well; but I had no power to do otherwise — the veriest lovesick boy might give me points — and then would come the postman's knock at the door — I knew that knock, you may be sure, and, as it went clattering through the house, — before its echoes had died away, — I was on my feet, and running. And I would open to him, and he, with a knowing smile, would hand me my letter, and make some foolish remark

about the weather. The weather, forsooth! What knew I about the weather? It might be raining great guns, but for me the sun was shining — with that letter. And so I made him some answer — which was as like to be wise as foolish, for I doubt if he ever heard it clearly — I do not remember one of those answers — and I shut the door before he was well turned about, and I hurried back to my fire to read — but not my book.

So at last my tale of days was done, and Eve was come home. And I awoke one morning to see a thin skimming of ice, crisp and crackling, spread over every shallow pool, and it was well into November. And my breakfast was ambrosia and nectar, being the same that had been gall and wormwood before; for Eve was come. And

if I did not eat much, why, that love-sick boy that I have mentioned can tell you why it was. Then having done, I hurried off, and on every shallow pool that was skimmed with ice I slid. And the ice rose up before my feet, and broke into a thousand pieces behind them; but I did not wet so much as the sole of my shoe. And I hurried over to my clam beds; for there, I thought, shall I find my lost content.

The sun lay warm upon the bank, where the pebbles shone in the sun, but no Eve was there. And I paced to and fro, fuming with impatience, my head down upon my breast. For I found not content, having been certain that I should find it that had been lost to me for a month and more. And as I paced the shore, to and fro,

there came a light touch upon my shoulder. I turned swiftly, and there was Eve, her eyes shining. And I — but I know not what I did — and, if I knew, I would not tell.

"Eve, Eve," I cried, my voice shaking, "you were gone so long!"

And she only smiled up at me, the same smile that I had seen so often in my dreaming before my fire; and I knew that I had found again that peace that had been so long lost. And what we did then is for my Eve and me to remember; but presently we found ourselves sitting upon the bank, and the ice was gone from the shore and the sun shone warm.

"And when shall I see," I asked, "your finery? So long a visit should accomplish much."

She laughed, a merry laugh. "Shall

a bride not be properly fitted out?" she answered. And she said it softly, as if she were half ashamed; and at that I kissed her, — I could not help it. Eve did not chide me for it. "And you shall see all my finery — on Christmas day, or any day after."

Then I looked blank, I do not doubt, and she laughed again her merry laugh. For Christmas day is to be our wedding day. But I had Eve. That was enough — and she had promised that she would not go away again. And we sat there, talking or silent, as the whim took us, until Eve was cold.

So the days passed, and I was happy; and the leaves of the wood, that had been red and yellow and bronze, turned to a dull brown and fell, whirling; but the oaks kept theirs,

and they rattled in each breeze. And the ice formed on the shore, great jagged cakes that covered my clam beds and the bank as well, so that we could not see the pebbles. And though the sunsets came earlier with each day that passed, it was become too cold to stay and see them. But the days of my waiting were grown less and less, till there was but one left. Still, there was no snow. And the morrow was Christmas day.

I was prowling the shores that morning, looking for Eve — as I ever did when I was not with her. And as I made my way carefully among the broken cakes of ice that the tide had left, I saw her coming down the path under the trees. I hurried — and looked again — and, behold, it was not Eve at all, but a lady clad in

furs, and seeming proud and haughty. And she came near the bank, and so did I.

"I wished to speak with you," she said. And I bowed low. But what she said next astonished me.

"You have robbed me of a daughter," she said again, her head high, — "and you a fisherman!"

Again I bowed low, saying nothing. What should I say to that? Had she not been told? I had ado not to laugh — but I did not, only bowed. And yet again she spoke.

"You have robbed me of a daughter," she repeated; "but I will come to your wedding — to my daughter's wedding. I wished you to know that, so I came to tell you."

And I thought she would have wept, but she did not. For she was proud —

and now I realized where my Eve had got her beauty. But I had found my tongue at last.

"I thank you, madam," said I; "and I am grateful for so little. I should be the more grateful for a little more — for Eve's sake more than for my own — I am not your enemy, come to rob you, and if you would" —

"You have robbed me of a daughter," she broke in, and turned swiftly, and was gone up the path, her head high. But I could hear her weeping, though she tried to still it. And so I stood and watched her out of sight among the trees.

I was telling Eve of it that afternoon. And the sun was low, though it was early. Eve listened in silence, watching the sun.

"Let us stay and say good-night to him," she said, at last.

"With all my heart," I answered. "But let us walk, Eve. You will be the warmer."

And so she slipped her hand within my arm, and we walked to and fro along the shore, and we watched the sun. And, on a sudden, I looked at Eve, and her eyes were filled with tears. And I stopped short.

"What is it, Eve?" I asked.

"This is the last sunset, Adam," she said softly, "that Eve Goodwin will ever see."

And the tears fell, and she was weeping. My heart stood still.

"And you are sorry, Eve?" I said; and I scarce knew my own voice. "Would you draw back?"

"No, oh, no, Adam," she cried.

"Not that — I did not mean that. I do not regret — anything. But — let me cry a little."

"Cry to your heart's content," I said, and smiled upon her; for my heart was going again — like a hammer.

And so she wept and smiled at once, and then she wept again. And presently she was done, her heart eased. And the sun was sitting on the western hills.

"See," I said. "He has stopped his southern journey, and has started back again."

And Eve said nothing, but she clasped my fingers close in hers, and we saw the sun spreading the still waters with all manner of reds and purples and shimmering greens. And as the last thin line of red vanished behind the hills, we saluted. And Eve

murmured something, I knew not what.

"Good-night, Adam," she said.

"Good-night, Eve — for the last time," I whispered in return.

And she fled up the path under the trees.

For to-morrow will be Christmas day; to-morrow the gates will open.

III

OLD GOODWIN'S WIFE

OLD GOODWIN'S WIFE

MY friends like me well enough, as I have some reason to suppose; for although I am as peculiar as I ever was, they no longer remonstrate with me as they used to do. Perhaps they think that marriage has cured me of all my queerness — the summer is not yet come to prove the contrary. And I may be sure that, when it does come, I shall roam the shores, as I ever did, and hunt the elusive clam, as I ever did; and dig, or gaze, as ever; and whether the one or the other, depends upon my fancy at the moment. But if I do as I was wont to do, I shall not roam the shores alone. Eve will roam with me; and there

will be two clam hoes in my shed, and two pairs of rubber boots reposing in the closet — when they are not in use, which is like to be seldom. And the one pair will be large and clumsy, and well stained with much wading through mud, while the other pair will be small and dainty — yes, even dainty, though they be rubber boots — and — well — not overmuch stained, though she wade even as I. Rubber boots — for clamming — cannot be kept spotless, nor should they be, if they could. But there will be but the one basket, to serve us both. I may be sure of this, I say; but they think, forsooth, that I will have done with such foolishness — now that I am married. Wherefore, they have given over their remonstrating.

But I note that I am more popular

than I was. Some of them are always to be found at my house — not the same ones, but one or mayhap two will come in of an evening and sit before my fire. My fire goes not out, ever, nor does it roar; but always there are coals in plenty, so that the logs blaze gently and send out heat. I love it so, quiet and peaceful, for it makes my content the greater — a roaring fire makes me uneasy, even though I have confidence in my chimney. And my content would be enough in any case, with a friend sitting on the one side, and my wife sitting on the other; and I — but I sit in the deep shadow, to watch Eve the better. I love to watch her, and I would not be watched; for thus I can think my thoughts — and not be bothered with knowing that I am showing them too

plainly in my face. For I have not been married long — not long enough to show my feelings plainly and not to care what people think.

And if I cleave to candles — as a clammer should — what matter? Five of them give a pretty light, and a candle is long enough for an evening, even though it is winter. A short candle is as good as a clock — better, I think — for serving notice when to go. My friends have learned that, too; and when the candles have become no more than stumps, they are wont to jump up hastily, say their good-nights and be gone. And as I cover the fire, to save coals for the morning wherewith to kindle it afresh, I bethink me of my mighty wood-pile out by my shed — it is mighty even now, and the winter nearly gone — and I smile to

myself, so that I am smiling yet as I rise from my task. Eve, seeing that, smiles, too, although she knows not what she is smiling at; but her smile is ever ready — ready and waiting that it break forth, like the gentle sunshine — and she holds her hand to me. And I, having taken it, blow out the candles, and we mount the stairs together.

Yes, my friends like me well enough, as I have some reason to suppose; but my neighbors do not, as I have also some reason to suppose. And if I have no great love for them, the reason therefor is not far to seek. For they ever have seemed to think me one to be laughed at and made game of, — they knew no better, which I suppose I should have remembered, — well knowing that they might make their petty jests with impunity. And

sometimes I have wondered whether it were not better to answer fools according to their folly; but my witticisms they would not comprehend, and I have held back from that, although the provocation was often great enough. For they never let slip an opportunity — and there were a plenty — of letting me hear their loud laughter as I passed them by chance; or even making a jest of me in my hearing. So that it has come to pass that I despise them; and I have withdrawn my foot from my neighbor's house, now these many years, for weary of him I am already. But now I find these same neighbors are well like to become my visitors, which would plague me mightily. And I marveled at it.

I was thinking upon this matter one

evening, sitting by my fire. And, for a wonder, no friend was there, but Eve sat by the fire, too, a book in her hand and her sewing basket near. For Eve, not having been brought up to sew, — save embroidery, if that be called sewing, — has developed, suddenly, a great desire for it, so that she always has her basket by her. But this evening, whereof I speak, she was not sewing, nor reading either, though she had a book in her hand; but her hand lay in her lap for the most part, and now and then I caught her glancing at me; and when I did so catch her, she smiled at me. So I smiled, too, and at last I leaned toward her.

"Eve," I said, "why do you smile?"

And, at that, she did but smile the more. "Why should it be, Adam,"

she answered, "except that I am happy?"

And she leaned toward me, too, and our heads were very close, and it happened that the book she had been holding slid from her lap and fell upon the floor; which should have grieved me, for it was one of my favorites and bound in full calf, with hand tooling around the edges. But I scarcely noticed it. I reached forth my hand, and it met hers, which was reaching out for mine; and I looked deep into her eyes — eyes swimming in tenderness — eyes like — No, I will not say it, for it has been said too often — though there is some excuse for the poets. And after some while I spoke.

"I am glad that you are happy," I said; "and I am glad that there is no

one here to-night — except only us two."

And Eve said nothing, but I knew that she was glad as well as I.

"There are times," I continued, "when I could wish that my friends were — less my friends. It is pleasant to have them — I am glad that they like to come — but they might give us more than one evening a week to spend together."

Again Eve said nothing, but again she smiled; and, smiling, it chanced that her eyes fell upon the book that was lying where it had fallen, face downward, upon the floor.

"Oh, the poor book!" she cried; and stooped to pick it up. And I stooped, too, so that we were near bumping our heads; which somewhat delayed the rescue of the book. And,

when it was done, it befell that Eve's hair was a bit rumpled and she had a pretty flush.

"Now, Adam," said she, "you must tell me the matter that bothered you. For I know well enough that it was not your friends."

I looked at her in some amusement. "Why," I answered, "that is true. I marvel that you should have guessed it, although my marveling is not so great as it was, for women have a way of getting at the meat of a matter without being at the trouble of cracking the shell. Oh, I am learning. And whom should I tell if not my wife?"

Eve laughed, a low laugh and sweet. "I am to be the sharer of your sorrows," she said, "hereafter. Remember that, Adam. And now out with it."

And I did out with it. "It is my neighbors that bother me," I said. "For I see plainly that they are well like to become my visitors; and they like me not at all, nor ever did. I know no reason why they should have had a change of heart. Certainly it is none of my doing."

Eve did not answer this directly, but sat looking at me with a queer smile, so that I grew restive under it.

"Adam," she said, "do you believe that Solomon was a wise man?"

"I was brought up in that belief," I observed, "but, notwithstanding, I have my doubts."

"Oh, you have your doubts?" she asked. "And why do you doubt his wisdom?"

"For the best reason in the world," I answered; and I laughed as I spoke.

"And I hold that I am wiser than he — as I have said before. For he had seven hundred wives while I have one — but that one, Eve" —

But Eve had stopped my mouth. "Now, Adam," she said, "I have missed some pretty speech of yours — and I love your pretty speeches — but you may make another for me when I am done. For I have a purpose. Did you know that?"

"Yes," I said. "I was sure that you had. You generally have a purpose — which you invariably accomplish. So ask, and I will answer; and if my answers are not what are expected of me it will be but my misfortune. My intentions are of the best."

And, at that, she laughed. "Well, then," she said, "was not Solomon a wise man?"

"He had that reputation," I replied meekly; "and I believe that he has it still — though it is a marvel to me that a dead man can have anything in this world. Yes, I think there can be no doubt that he was the wisest man in the world."

"That will do — nicely, on the whole," said Eve, having weighed my answer carefully, "although it leaves something to be desired. Now, — do you know what Solomon said about despising your neighbors?"

She was looking down — and trembling at her boldness, I made no doubt — and so she did not see the look of grieved astonishment that came into my face. I was silent for some while, trying to recall just what Solomon did say about despising one's neighbors. He said such a vast number of things.

And, at last, Eve looked up, — and I saw that she had not been trembling at her boldness, for she was quite at her ease, and smiling at me.

"Eve," I said, and I tried to be severe — but failed lamentably, for I smiled, too; and there is some excuse for me, for how could any one, meeting that smile of hers, remember such a purpose? "Eve," I said, "I did not think it of you, that you would thus put your own husband to shame. For I do remember, and would you imply that I am void of wisdom? I have no doubt that I, myself, could write proverbs well enough" —

But Eve interrupted me. "Do you remember," she asked, "the Welsh giant?"

Now what had the Welsh giant to do with it? "I was about to say," I

continued, "when you interrupted me, that I had no doubt that I, myself, could write proverbs, — quite passable proverbs, — if Solomon had not covered the field completely, some thousands of years ago."

And I looked at Eve — but she was leaning back in her chair, looking at me and smiling still; and she made me no answer. So I resumed.

"Out of my own mouth," I said, "have you convicted me. But there is yet more, Eve. Do you remember what it is?"

And, on a sudden, she had left her chair and was on the arm of mine; and when she had made an end of rumpling my hair, she spoke.

"So you think, Adam," she said, "that you have proved yourself a man of understanding? Well, then, per-

haps you have. But you may have these same neighbors to visit with you, for I find much good in them. And now," she added, with a blush that well became her, "I must sew."

So again she sat her in her chair and she took her basket from the table; and, with another glance at me — a glance half shy and wholly sweet — she drew forth, from some secret place, her sewing. And I sat watching her, a tender smile upon my face — or what passed for that — Eve seemed to like it — and I thought my thoughts. They were pleasant thoughts. And Eve's sewing — it was as if she were dressing a doll. As I watched her fingers moving skillfully, but with no haste, I marveled that she sewed so well; and as I watched her face I marveled yet again. For her

face was filled with love — a love that was not for me — filled with love and a great yearning. And all that love she seemed to sew into the little thing within her hands. But ever she had more, that each stitch was done with it and yet it grew with every stitch she took. And again Eve glanced up at me. I did but smile the more, until I grinned like any Cheshire cat.

"Eve," I said, "how do you know that they will fit" — I considered, and saw nothing else for it — "how do you know that they will fit it?"

But I was wrong. "*It!*" she cried. "*It!* Adam, I take shame to myself that you would so call your first-born. *Him*, sir. I am sure of it." She put her sewing down, tenderly, and came to me. And her arms were around

my neck and her face was hidden on my shoulder. "Adam, Adam," she whispered, "my love for him is become so big, it hurts. How can I bear to wait all the long months until I see him — my son? How can I, Adam?"

And I — what could I do — or say? What but comfort her as best I might? And God knows I had the best will in the world to it, but the fashion of it was poor enough.

"In the fullness of time, Eve," I whispered. "In the fullness of time."

But she seemed to take some comfort from my words — or mayhap the intent. So she lay as she was, but in some while she went back to her sewing again. She held it up, for me to see; and I could but wonder that any piece of humanity should be such a morsel as to go into that garment. I

said as much. But Eve only smiled and fell to sewing — her eyes very bright.

As Eve sewed, I fell to musing on what she said about my neighbors. For she was right, as she was ever, and I had not seen the good that was in them — I had not been at the pains to see it, though I knew it was there; and I had flattered myself that I had held my peace, and thereby had proved me a man of understanding. And I saw plainly — I might as well have stood upon the corner of the street and cried aloud unto Heaven, giving thanks that I was not as other men — until the bubble of my conceit had been pricked by Eve — and how gently! And presently the candles were burned low, and Eve, glancing at them, put her sewing by, and I knew that the

time was come for me to cover the fire.

That done, I took the hand that Eve held out and I blew out the candles, and I was moved to kiss the hand I held.

"For you have shown me, Eve," I said, "that I have been in the wrong. I will not withhold good from them to whom it is due. And I bless God for my wife."

For I felt very humble. And what answer I got to that I shall not tell; but it satisfied me, and we mounted the stairs together.

I opened my window wide. There was the steady drip of melting snow, and the air held a hint of spring, but the stars were bright. And, gazing at them, I thought upon my son that was to be — or haply a daughter, it

mattered not which — and I remembered the time when I first knew it. There had been the start of surprise, the impulse at rejoicing — then the dread of it — the fear for Eve. And she had seen them all. She hung upon my neck, weeping with the joy of it.

"Never fear for me, dear," she cried, "never fear for me. But rejoice exceedingly."

And so I did. And I gazed at a faint star — a little one, just showing to the naked eye — and as I gazed, I thought that I saw the eyes of my son looking at me with an infinite knowledge and compassion — and an infinite love. And as I gazed, behold, the eyes were the eyes of Eve. And if my son shall have the spirit that his mother has I shall be well content. So thinking, I turned from the win-

dow and got me into bed; and having drawn the covers close, I slept.

One may guess that my friends did not desert me — so long as Eve was there; and she was like to be there long. For if it had not been well with Eve, this story had never been written. There is grief enough in the world without my adding to the sum of it — and I doubt much if I should have the heart to write it down. So I kept my friends, and they came as they had been wont and sat them by my fire; but I noted that they sat not still, but they were apt to rise and stroll about the room, and then they sat only to rise again. For the season got on towards spring; and spring ever breeds a restless fire in the bones of man that grows and glows until he can get him

out-of-doors again. Then he finds that peace that seemed like to escape him. I doubted if my friends knew what ailed them — even knew that they were restless; but I knew well. And I advised with them and counseled that they turn their thoughts to gardening — and their restless bodies, too. For a man must needs do his digging for himself. What is a hired gardener but an abomination? Let a man dig, if he would find peace. It has taken refuge in the earth; and he that seeks shall find it.

So I watched the snow melt on my garden and the ground soften; and it was come to the first week in April. But the ground was too wet for working — I tried it, every day, with my hoe, and the earth clung to the hoe; for it was but mud, and the frost went

deep. But at last came a day when the earth clung no longer, but came away and left the hoe clean. And I knew that the spring had come. And, having made the test, I hurried to the house.

"Eve," I shouted — I must needs shout, with the spring rioting in my veins. "Eve, the spring is here!"

And Eve laughed — and came out a door at my elbow. "Why do you shout it so, Adam? Have I not known it this last month? For the song sparrows came long since, and the bluebirds, and it is weeks since I saw the first robin. And now the birds are coming fast. Why shout it? As well come in and shout that the sun is shining."

"Truly that would be well done, too," I answered, "for the sun shines as it has not shone these many months. And a song sparrow does not make

a spring, — he comes while it is yet winter, and so do the bluebirds. And I must dig, Eve, or I shall burst." And, with that, I seized her about the waist and whirled her until we both were dizzy; and, with a kiss, I released her, and she leaned against the door, laughing again.

There she leaned until she had got back her breath. "I suppose you will have me to see your digging," she said then, "and there is no help for it." But she smiled as she spoke, that I knew she was minded to it as well as I. "Well, then, I will get my things on, and come."

So I had what I wanted, and I betook me to my digging. And soon came Eve, in her coat; for she did no digging, and the air held some faint chill, though the sun shone warm.

And, with our digging and our planning, we were busy for some while; but at last I straightened up, and there was Judson, leaning upon his fence and watching us.

Now Judson lives next me, on the side where lies my garden, so that he may have a good view of it whenever he will; but never before have I found him watching me. And although he and I have been next door neighbors these many years, never have I exchanged a dozen words with him. Not that I had any fault to find with him — he is an old man now, spending long days in his garden, grubbing the weeds or pottering about — it is a brave weed that will sprout in his garden, but he can always hoe and dig — not that I could find any fault with Judson, but I classed him with those

others, with whom I held no communion; and, after all, they, too — well, — I doubt if I care to learn their opinion of me. For Judson was born where he lives — and the others, likewise, for the most part — while I have held my land a scant ten years; and he has held his peace, though he might well think me but an interloper. He has more wisdom than I, and it grows with his years. And again I was glad of my wife, that she had opened my eyes. And, thinking such thoughts as these, I hailed him standing there.

"Good morning, Mr. Judson," I called to him. "It is a fine spring morning."

He did but smile and wave his hand for greeting. And I heard Eve's voice beside me. "Adam," she said, and in her voice was wonder at what she had

noted, "Mr. Judson is very deaf. Did you not know it?"

I took shame to myself that I did not know it — much shame; for here was I that had been his neighbor so long, and the thing about him that was most obvious I had not observed. I marveled somewhat that Eve should know it.

"Eve," I answered, "I am ashamed. Come, let us talk with him."

"With all my heart," she said; "for he is a good man, Adam, and a wise, and — and" —

I laughed. "And it will do me good," I finished for her. "Why hesitate, Eve? For you are beyond me in wisdom, and so is Judson, I do not doubt. Why hesitate?"

And she, uncertain whether to laugh or not, looked up at me to see. For my conversion was but recent, and I

was yet somewhat sore with it. But, having looked at me, she smiled and slipped her hand within my arm — which soothed my ruffled temper to a marvel, and I smiled down at her. And so we were come to the wall — the fence was a stone fence — where stood Judson, smiling, too.

Once there, we talked long of things appropriate to the season; of what to plant, and when, and peas and beans and what not; and he wondered that I had no rhubarb and no asparagus — grass, he called it. So I asked him over the wall — for the first time in ten years — and he came, most willing; and we wandered about my garden, discussing, and finally we sat us down on a bench, that was before my shed, in the sun. Then Eve, noting the pipe that he held in his worn fin-

gers, bade him fill and light it. Which he did, with some apology, but to his great content. And there we sat, basking, until, at last, Judson arose, excusing himself for staying so long. Eve asked him to come again, often.

"And," she said, "I would like it much if I might run in to see Mrs. Judson."

The old man was pleased at that. "So do," he said; "so do. She 'll be glad to see ye."

And we watched his bent figure crossing the garden; and, having got over the wall again, and on his own side, he paused a moment to wave his hand and to smile at us as we still sat. I felt a glow at my heart that warmed it mightily, even as the sun warmed my body. It was worth while being friends with Judson — and that I might

have been ten years ago had I but known. But a fool in his folly—

"Eve," I said, "again I have to thank you. But you should have appeared to me ten years ago. Where were you, Eve?"

"I was but a child, Adam," she replied, "or scarcely more." And as she spoke she smiled at me and sat closer; for she well knew that I was sore hurt in my self-esteem. She well knew, too, how to heal the hurt so that it leave but a scar—for she would not have me forget again.

And presently she drew a letter from the pocket of her coat. "See," she said. "I have a letter from my father. They will come down soon—in two weeks. It is a full month before their time."

I drew the letter forth. It was char-

acteristic of Old Goodwin — only two lines, in his rapid writing, telling of their coming, and sending love to her and Adam. Eve had had a letter like this one — about as long — twice a month; he had no time for writing more. I had seen them all; and I had noted what was missing — missing from them all.

"No word from your mother, Eve?"

She glanced up at me. "Not yet," she said. "But I have no fear, Adam. She is proud and she is stubborn — but they come a month early. No, I have no fear."

And I looked out to my pine, where the hole was scooped in the ground and the seat was builded against the tree. The hole was filled full with dried leaves and other rubbish, and the seat needed some repairing.

"It behooves me to see to my oven," I said, "for as it seems to me, we are like to have a clambake soon. And I have a mind to ask Judson — and his wife." Eve beamed at me for that. "And I may have to get some new stones."

Eve slipped her hand within my arm. "Do the stones grow cold, Adam?" she asked, softly.

And that made me to remember. I stooped and kissed her. "Truly," I answered, "the stones have been passing cold and now they grow warm again. But it does not matter about the stones, for we have kept the fire warm upon the hearth — and in our hearts, Eve. And it behooves me to look at my clam beds, too. We may watch the sunset if you will — watch it from the bank."

She rejoiced at that. "With all my heart, Adam."

So it befell that we wended, that afternoon, over to our clam beds, along the shore where the water lapped ever. And, as it chanced, the tide was low and would yet be lower; for it was a spring tide. And we walked hand in hand — for there was nobody about — and what if there were? Shall a man not hold his wife's hand, in going along the shore? And shall he not kiss her if he will — and if she will? Though in such matters we should, no doubt, bow to convention. And, as we went, the Great Painter spread his colors as he was wont to do, and the still waters were covered with all manner of reds and purples. We saw our flats just awash and now and then there broke upon them a wave that

ran across in ripples of color, and left the wet sand shining in a coat of shimmering green. For, though the water was calm, the waves yet broke upon the sands. It was a day of promise now well nigh come to an end but yet it held a promise of other days. And such a day maketh the soul of a man to rejoice — if he be in truth a man, and not a mere beast of burden — it maketh the soul of him to rejoice within him and his heart to sing; and of such as rejoice not in such a day, there is little hope.

And Eve and I came to the bank, where the pebbles shone in the sun — save some few that had been washed out in the storms of winter. Eve criëd out at that, and set herself to find others, that she make the names whole again. And I looked up at our path,

that still showed bravely — with little piles of snow in the deeply shaded spots, the remnants of great drifts — but they were going fast. And the grass showed green on the slope — the tender green of spring. Seeing all this, I sighed and turned me from it to our clam beds.

They were well uncovered by this, and I took my hoe and pottered about and slopped here and there, digging where I would. And now and again I made me straight — for some months past I had not bent my back so steadily — and gazed at the changing colors or at the old sun, which was drawing near to the western hills; then I bent my back again. And the clams that I found I did but restore with care, to bury themselves once more — we had no basket, not wanting clams as yet —

and I found many. They seemed good thriving clams, big and lusty, and none the worse for the winter.

At last I was done with my digging and I straightened up and looked for Eve; and there she was, beyond me, in the water, with her skirts tucked up, and she was paddling like any schoolgirl. And the sun shone through the wisps of hair — they straggled, ever, those wisps, and sadly bothered her with their wanderings — the sun shone through the wandering locks and made an aureole about her head. But now she minded them not. And so I gazed long at her, and I saw the colors that she stirred with her paddling, and I saw her standing in their midst. At last she looked up at me.

"Oh, Adam," she cried, "I am having such a beautiful time. Stop your

digging and come out here with me — and paddle. It is great fun. See, I can almost catch that streak of gold! Oh, now it is gone."

"Truly, Eve," I said, "I am amazed at you. But I will come — and paddle — although that is what I never thought that I should come to; for I am done with my digging. And soon we must go in, for the sun is almost set. It is not yet summer."

Then Eve laughed, and I went and stood beside her, and we paddled nobly — until I was laughing, too. And the sun set — he had already passed the tree that was like a spire — I saw it for a moment against his southern edge as he coasted down the slope — and we bade him good-night together, as we had been wont to do. Eve turned to me.

"I am cold, Adam," she said. "I confess it."

Indeed, that water was passing cold, for there were in it all the melting snows of winter. And so we raced along the shore in our rubber boots — Eve's are less of a burden than mine, so that I was beaten in the race — and climbed the steep path; and in the house our fire burned upon the hearth.

As I sat there before the fire, musing upon many things — with my back feeling tired and comfortable among the cushions — I heard a robin calling sleepily from my pine. It sent a glow through me. Verily, Spring is here.

So the season grew and filled me with joy. And as evening came, I sat before my fire, but I withdrew some-

what from its heat; and I had no interest in the book that I took up, but I must needs lay it down in my lap. For, first, I found myself reading but words and getting no sense from them, that I knew not whether I had read a passage or no. And I would struggle awake and read a line, or mayhap two, and make sense of it; and then I read the same line again, as like as not, and knew not where I was nor what my author would be at. Then I would let the book fall into my lap and care not for my author nor for aught else, and suck at my pipe — it was as like to be out as burning — and doze and dream. And Eve would glance at me and smile and go on with the making of doll's clothes. For I had been out all day in my garden — with Judson giving me counsel, if I asked it — never,

if I did not; and it was borne in upon me that he that withholdeth advice, if it be unasked, is a wise man — I had been all day in the garden, hoeing and digging and planting. When Judson did his planting was a mystery — probably about daylight; but he had got in the way of coming over the wall, and I would no sooner be at work than there would appear Judson at the wall, waving his hand in greeting. I think I shall make a gate there if he does not object. It is hard for an old man to climb walls.

And I wondered at the apparent defection of my friends; for they came seldom, so that Eve made some progress with her doll's wardrobe. I wondered, I say, until I reflected upon the advice I had given them, myself. No doubt they were busy as well as I; and

if they made gardens they went to bed early.

So it was come to be the first of May and all my planting was done except my corn. The birds had become noisy — they sang as though they would split their throats; and, as I planted, I heard the shrill whistle of the meadow-larks — but I could not stop to enjoy it. Only at evening I sat me on my seat under the great pine, with Eve beside me, and drank my fill of music. And the leaves were coming out upon the trees.

I marveled somewhat that Eve had had no word more from her father; but I must plant my corn. And my first planting of corn was done; and as I straightened up from it, sighing with weariness, I heard a low chuckling laugh. I turned quickly, and behold,

there was Old Goodwin watching me; and beside him Eve. He was still laughing.

I hurried across my garden, the earth sticking to my boots; and made some apologies for my hands. The hands of a delver in the earth are not fit for contact with the Rich.

But what did Old Goodwin care for that? "It is clean dirt, Adam," said he, "and honest. The hands that I have to take every day, they are — well — it turns me nearly sick at times, to take them — though they are white enough, and soft." He looked out over my garden, that showed already unbroken rows of green, where the early peas had come through the earth. "So your planting is all done?" he asked. "I am sorry, for I had hoped to have a hand in it."

"And so you may," I answered, "if you will. There are yet some plantings of corn to be put in — but nothing for two weeks." I hesitated, and blundered on. "And Mrs. Goodwin — she is well?"

"Quite well," he said, and smiled as he spoke — and so did Eve. "Yes, she is quite well. She came down too. You may get a glimpse of her now and then, I think, about the grounds, for she is restless this spring, and out more than she has been used to be. No doubt," he added, "it is the weather."

"No doubt," I said; but I knew not how to take it, and I glanced at Eve to see. "Yes, no doubt it is the weather."

Then I went in, for I would change my boots. And Old Goodwin wandered, that meanwhile, about my place with Eve beside him. When I came

again I found him on the seat under the pine; and he was gazing at the stones, and then off over my clam beds, where the water danced in the sun and the little waves broke upon the sands. But Eve was not there. I marveled somewhat at it.

"She is gone to see her mother," he said, answering the thought unspoken. "She will be back presently. And how are the clams, Adam?"

I laughed, it was so exactly what I expected of him. "Pretty well, I thank you," I replied; "or they were, two weeks ago. I have not seen them lately, for I have been busy. You may dig whenever you will. They thrive, I think."

He smiled again — his thanks. "And the stones — you have put some fresh ones in, I see — they are all ready?"

"They are all ready," I answered, "and the weed lies in heaps along the shore. But I find that my appetite for baked clams is not yet ripe" —

But he interrupted. "Ah, Adam," he said, "but you have this with you all the year." He waved his hand about. "That is much to be thankful for. But I — the memory of those baked clams is all that has carried me over many a hard place. For I realize — sometimes — that I am an old man; but when I am here" —

"You are not," I finished for him. "And that is reason enough for staying. You have a roof over your head — such as it is — and a crust of bread — with a chop or two when there is need. No man, however poor, can ask more — and no man, however rich, can get more. So I foretell" —

Old Goodwin was roaring with laughter. "Yes," he said, as soon as he could speak, "I have a roof over my head — such as it is — and the tiles upon it may last through a winter; and I shall have — no doubt — a crust of bread — with a chop or two when there is need. And so you would have me give up my house in town. Well, well, there is something to be said for it. We shall see. We shall see."

"Your house in town would be but a burden," I said then. "No man can live in two houses — two at once — having but one body. And you might well give up — it is time to retire, having enough of means. And these fields and this water and the woods are a never-ending delight. You need not fear your nerves. For look at me.

Am I nervous? And I have retired — retired these many years — retired before my career was well begun. I find amusement — and I am like to live long. And you should know Judson — you must know him. He has lived long and will yet live some while. He should have been here this morning."

Old Goodwin looked at me, questioning. "Your neighbor?" he asked. "I should like it much. But I thought you did not care for neighbors, Adam."

I was ashamed. "I did not," I answered, "but Eve has shown me — I was wrong." Old Goodwin smiled at that, his quiet smile of peace. And I went on. "But you" —

"I will consider," he said; and I remembered me of a time when Eve

had said those very words. But she said more. There was "good fisherman" if I remembered me aright. "I will consider the matter," said Old Goodwin. "And I must consult" —

"Ah!" I cried, "I had forgot." And I smiled, more broadly than I meant to; but it mattered not, for Old Goodwin was smiling too.

"There comes Eve," he said. And indeed, I knew it well. Was I not looking for her every minute that she was gone from me?

And that evening we sat before my fire, as we were wont to do, Eve and I; but beside us sat Old Goodwin. It occurred to me to think that Mrs. Goodwin was likely to be lonely — if she depended at all upon her husband for company — and if he continued as he had begun. If it were Eve and I,

there would be a compromise — or a surrender — in short order. But, I reflected, all married people are not as Eve and I; and we have been married but a few months — although it will be the same when the months are become years, I do believe. And Eve and her mother are two very different persons. So, as we sat, Eve sewed upon her doll's dresses, unabashed; and Old Goodwin, if he noted it, and saw upon what her fingers were busy, gave no sign of his surprise — it is not easy to surprise him — but he seemed to find pleasure in the sight. And, indeed, it was a pleasant sight to see Eve sewing there — pleasant for a prospective father and for a prospective grandfather it was as pleasant, as I judged. I doubt me much that Mrs. Goodwin sewed, ever, of an evening;

or ever had sewed, even when sewing was to be done for Eve's coming. The clothes that she had made for her baby were of the finest and the softest and the richest no doubt — but she had them made; and can even the finest and the softest and the richest, made by the hand of another, mean as much as these, with love sewed under every stitch of them? I do not think so. And the one thing she could not evade if she would; — but she had but the one child, and I think that was a sorrow to Old Goodwin. So we sat, and talked little or not at all; and the candles burned low, that they were but stumps. Noting that, Old Goodwin took his leave. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

Then followed other days; and,

first of all, Old Goodwin must betake him to the digging of clams and I must help him at it. And, having digged many clams, we must needs have a clambake, for I would not destroy good clams to no purpose; but it was a sorry clambake, lacking the corn and the sweet potatoes and the lobster. And, though I sacrificed a chicken to it, the sacrifice went to my heart, for early in May is no time to kill chickens. I asked Judson to our clambake, and though he came, his appetite for clams was no more ripe than mine. But Judson and Old Goodwin met and enjoyed the meeting mightily; and sat upon their boxes and talked until I thought they would never have done. So Eve and I left them there, sitting upon their boxes. And presently they rose and wan-

dered over into Judson's place and I saw Old Goodwin no more that day.

And, again, we went to the woods, and saw them breaking forth into leaf. For the leafing of the woods is a little later than the leafing of a tree which grows in the open. And I saw the seed pods lifting on their dry stems, but they were few and the pods were empty; for the stems were brittle, that the weight of snow had broken them down, for the most part, and the birds had gleaned the seeds. But the dead leaves were fading into mould, out of which peeped a seedling, here and there; and the rotting logs were fast being covered with a coat of green — moss and the creeping vines were doing that. And I saw the birches, their tiny leaves like so many little green spangles — or so they looked until I

came near. And the pines, too, had burst the buds, that every tip was a lighter green, with clusters of little needles that, here and there, still bore their caps of brown; but the oak buds were just bursting.

I spoke to Old Goodwin. "There is much for a man to see here," said I, "when he is retired — even in winter."

He laughed and made me no reply.

And, yet again, there grow before my house — but within my hedge — two hawthorn trees. They are very mountains of trees, for hawthorns, and their tops are above the eaves of my house. I would not miss the time of blossoming of those two trees for aught; and one of them has white blossoms and the other has pink. And the time came for them to blossom,

and so they did, for they are well behaved trees as any could wish; and on the one side of my front walk was a mass of white blossoms, and on the other side a mass of pink. Solid banks of blossoms they were, with a green leaf showing through here and there, even to the tips of the trees. I found Old Goodwin viewing them from the road. And it was come to be the last week in May. And, though I found him gazing at my trees — I have a pride in them, which may be pardoned — I said not much.

"There is much for a man to see, here and there," I said, "when he is retired."

And once more he laughed, but he made me a reply to this. "True enough, Adam," he answered, "true enough. There is enough for a man

to see — and I think there is enough for him to do."

So June was come. It was in June that my appetite for clams was become ripe; and we digged in my clam beds more than ever, and put some heart into the digging. It was Old Goodwin and I that did the digging, for the most part — he loved it — while Eve sat on the bank and watched us. Sometimes she would dig, but more often she did but watch, cheering us, the while, with observations; and, now and then, I would go and sit beside her and leave Old Goodwin. But he did not mind — did not appear to notice. Every evening, after supper, we came, Eve and I, to the bank. And Old Goodwin joined us there and we stayed until the sun was set and we had said our good-nights to him. And

it befell, on an evening that was thick with fog — it is apt to be a thick fog toward the last of June — out at sea the fog lies all day, rolling in over the land by the end of the afternoon — it befell, on this evening, that I had been watching the fog. It sent its skirmishers ahead and covered the shore, only to uncover it; for the skirmisher must move fast — and it is not large, being but a skirmisher. And then would come another and hide another piece of shore — haply my point with the pine upon it; and I could see the top of the pine sticking up out of it, like a sentinel. But always the main body of the fog followed fast after, dark and dim and gray. And as it enveloped us at last, something — I know not what it was — made me turn about; and there, in the path, up un-

der the trees, stood Eve's mother. No doubt she thought she was safe there and would not be seen. And I saw there, for a moment, a mighty pride that struggled for its life, and grief and longing that were yet mightier. Ghost-like I saw it — but I saw it. Then it, too, was blotted out. I thought that I heard a faint cry in the fog.

And Eve turned toward me, startled. "What was that, Adam?" she asked. "I thought I heard some one cry out."

"In a fog, Eve," I answered, "one hears many strange sounds." Old Goodwin turned and smiled at me, a smile of comprehension.

So June came to an end, and July was come. And, now and then, I came again upon Mrs. Goodwin at our bank, and twice I found her on the shore

near the steep path that led up to my pine. But each time, she swiftly turned, and fled so fast that I should have some trouble in catching her, save in a foot-race. And that, I thought, seemed to lack dignity. Racing along the beach after Mrs. Goodwin, as if she had been some trespasser! I laughed — which was the wrong thing to do. For she but went the faster as she heard my laugh — was well nigh running. Poor lady! To be laughed at by her son-in-law! But I was not laughing at her. I saw her shoulders shake as she were sobbing, and she put her hands up quickly to her eyes.

The terns were come, long since. And, one morning, I was watching them, lazily, from my bank. I was alone, that morning, lying stretched out on the sand, my head against the

bank; and I saw the terns, in regular procession, flying swiftly down the wind, along the shore, and beating slowly up against it. Now and then a tern would stop, and hover for an instant; then again take up his slow beating, his beak pointing to the water and moving restlessly from side to side. Or, if he dove, it was too far for me to see whether his strike succeeded; for the fish that they catch are very small and hard to see. But over my clam beds — just before me — was a favored spot. Here, each tern hovered for some while, and dove; dove once or twice or thrice, it might be, — until he had succeeded in his fishing — then began, once more, his beat to windward. For their fishing was successful, here; and, with a rapid flutter of the wings, they gobbled their victim down, whole

— and, I suppose, alive. Poor little fish! Alive in a living tomb! And, as I thought these thoughts, I heard a sound behind me, on the bank. I raised my head — and there was Mrs. Goodwin. She was leaning against a tree — Eve's tree — and she was gazing at the terns, too, but mournfully. And, with all her gazing, I doubt whether she saw aught of the sight that was before her eyes.

Slowly, I got upon my feet, for I would not startle her. But she was startled none the less. She showed it in her eyes as they met mine.

"Mrs. Goodwin," I said softly, "Mrs. Goodwin" —

What more I would have said I do not know, for she broke in upon my speech.

"You!" she said. "You!" And she

said no more, but rose quickly; and gathered her skirts about her and fled up the path and was gone from me.

I hesitated for a moment, gazing after her; then I sat me down again. And I fell to musing and I watched the terns. They had scattered, with screams of anger, as I rose, but were, by this, once more busied with their fishing. What could I do? I doubted not that I had done the wrong thing, rising up before her — but, it seemed, I had a talent for the wrong thing — else aught that I might do would seem wrong — in her eyes. Eve went to see her every day, but I — I sighed, and put the matter from me. I had done my best — and would do my best, whatever befell. And I saw the terns at their fishing, and I bethought me that I was hungry, for it must be din-

ner time. I glanced up at the sun — I carry no watch — what should a clammer do with a watch? And I saw that he had passed the noon-point a half-hour since, and something more. It should be nearly one o'clock. So I took my way homeward, along the shore.

So the summer passed. And we — Old Goodwin and Eve and I, with some one of my friends or of my neighbors, as it chanced — scarce gave the stones time to cool before we had them hot again. I had some fear that my clam beds would give out. Mrs. Goodwin I saw as I had seen her; on the shore or on the bank — but always at a distance — and she fled, ever, at the sight of me. So I took no notice of her; and that seemed to be the wrong thing, too. It did not matter

what I did. And the summer was come to an end — a happy summer for me, and for Old Goodwin, too, I think — and I had had my fill of clams. It was October; and in my house was a nurse, white-capped and white aproned — it gave me the horrors, making my house seem a hospital — and she was waiting.

Paternity has its responsibilities, so I am told by all who have the good fortune to be fathers — and from those who have not, I hear no less of it — more, perhaps. But, though I squared my shoulders, the load is light as yet, so that they bear it passing well. For who could feel the load heavy, for a mite that lies by his mother, as yet, and turns to the world but a red and wrinkled face, serious and thoughtful

and unsmiling? For he has not yet smiled; and I doubt whether I am right in calling his face thoughtful. He is bent upon two things; and to those two things he directs all his attention, with a concentration that is commendable. And no sooner is his hunger satisfied then he composes him to sleep, graciously permitting Eve to hold his little red fist — if it is quite comfortable for himself. He regards me with a grave contemplation, on occasion, as if I were some unknown animal — which, of course, I am — no doubt he would look upon a hippopotamus or upon a bear with as little fear and as much affection — and, on occasion, he gives way to his feelings and laments, loudly. Then I disappear, and he stops crying, instantly. And I — I have not ventured to touch

him yet — I regard him with an awe which grows as I regard him. For here is he — my son — that was not; and within these few days there has been born a new soul. It is the one great mystery, and I marvel; but a mystery I am content to leave it.

I remember well enough — it is not so long ago that I should forget it — I remember well that night — I had waited since midnight — and the morning that followed. I could not eat and I but paced to and fro, still waiting. And at last came the nurse, smiling, and said that I could soon go in to Eve.

So presently, after some further waiting, I went in. And there lay Eve, very white but very happy; and she smiled to see me come. And, having received my greeting, she turned

back the covers and showed me my son. Only for an instant I saw him, then he was covered again. I was impelled to be respectful. But I must go, for Eve would rest her. Again I kissed her, and again she smiled.

"I am so happy, Adam," she said.

And I went down the stairs, and I nearly forgot my breakfast, in my joy. But, having eaten hastily, I went out, my heart glad within me. I took a turn up and down the yard, and paused under the pine to look along the shore. There was Mrs. Goodwin, and she was almost at the path. I waved my hat to her.

"You have a grandson, Mrs. Goodwin," I called to her, "and Eve is doing well."

I know not what she did then — I did not care what she did; for I was

still waving my hat. Soon I should be shouting aloud. That would not do, for Eve; and I hurried out at my gate and almost ran Old Goodwin down.

"You have a grandson," I cried, for the second time; "and Eve is doing well."

And he made no reply, but smiled and smiled; and I shook him by the hand until he made a face and took his hand away and looked at it. And I did but laugh and push by him.

"Go in," I said, "go in. Eve is sleeping, and I — I must walk."

So he went in, and I went on, down the road. At the next corner I met Burdon; and, though I had not spoken to him for years — I have forgot what was the cause of it — I rushed up and took him by the hand.

He seemed astonished, as well he might.

"Congratulate me," I cried; "for I have a son."

At that he grinned. "Mother doing well?" he asked. "I am glad — very glad." And he shook my hand with heartiness. I left him, looking after me, and grinning still.

But I went on swiftly, until the houses were all behind me, and before me were the woods and the everlasting hills. Yet a little while I waited — until the woods had shut me in — then I could wait no longer. I waved my hands and shouted to the echoing woods.

"Why hop ye so," I cried, "ye high hills?" And the hills sent me back my question again. And — well, I am glad that there was no one there to

see what I did — they would surely have thought me gone out of my wits. And when I was, in a measure, quieted, I turned me about and went soberly back again; though I was ready enough to laugh if there had been any to laugh with me.

And now my son has grown apace, and no longer shows to the world a red and wrinkled face, but one that is fair, with some pink color in his cheeks, where it should be. And his hair — he has a quantity of hair, which, as I understand, is not the habit of new-born infants — his hair is not black, as it was at first, but shows yellow at the ends. Indeed, I marveled somewhat at the blackness of his hair, for my hair is not black, and certainly Eve's is not. But, when I mentioned the matter, the nurse did but smile at my igno-

rance and say that it would be light enough in time. And my son has smiled at last — he does little else now, — save when he is laughing. And I — I am become his slave, being no longer a strange animal, and when he wills I bend my head and let him twine his fingers in my hair and pull. He pulls well, and laughs the while, and crows mightily with the joy of it.

And, now, though it is come to the last of November, the fall is kind to us, and Eve walks beside the coach as the nurse wheels it. Where they go when I am not with them I do not know — but I suspect. For Mrs. Goodwin sent, every day, a maid to get the news of Eve. She would not come herself, though she was near it twenty times, and had well-nigh set her foot

to the steep path; but, always, her stubborn pride prevented. But Old Goodwin is his grandson's shadow. I shall yet be jealous of him. And so it was come time that we speak of a certain weighty matter.

"Eve," said I, one day, "I suppose that you will have him christened." For whenever we say "him" we mean our son; and no doubt I should have said baptized — I did not know about such things.

And Eve was smiling. "Yes," she answered, "I should like it — and soon, Adam, if we may."

"And what is his name to be?" I asked. "For that is a trifle that must be settled first, I suppose."

"I suppose it must," she said. "And I — what would you name him, Adam?"

"I had thought of giving him your father's name," I answered, "but" — And I stammered and hesitated and grew red. But come it must. "That rich man, Eve" —

She laughed aloud, with joy, I thought; and she seized me about the neck and kissed me. "Oh," she cried, "I *hoped* you would. And I will write to him, for he must be godfather."

And so she did write to him, and he came — laden with peace-offerings. And as I met him at my gate he took my hand and gripped it.

"Adam," he said — and this time, too, I doubted if he knew what he called me — but I did not care. "Adam, it was good of you to think of me — it was kind." His voice was not steady; but Eve was close behind

me, and he must say his greetings to her. So I did not find out whether my voice was any steadier than his.

He spread his gifts before my son; and it befell that my son passed them all by, with no more than a grunt of approval, until he came to the silver cup. It was huge, more like a tankard than a cup, and Eve and I had laughed at it as a gift for a baby — but let it pass — at least it had no sharp corners. And when my son, in his inspection, had come to that cup, he gave a crow of delight and grasped it by the two handles, one on either side, and lifted it. I had not thought it possible, for it was heavy; but he had his heart set upon it, and he did it — and I was proud and let my pride show. And he managed to get the cup well nigh over his face, and then

he roared into it; and the cup roared back at him again. He was astonished — he slipped the cup aside to see how we took it — then, seeing us laughing, he laughed, too, and roared again. Now he lies and plays by the hour with that cup, roaring into it, and making all manner of queer noises, and listens to it. And that Rich man sits beside him, and they play together.

Eve had the christening — or baptizing — in our little country church. I had left the whole to her, to manage as she saw fit; and when, in the church, I looked about, and saw those that she had bid to the feast, I was somewhat surprised — until I remembered. There were Old Goodwin and that Rich man, of course, and my friends; but there, too, were Judson and Burdon and my

other neighbors. And there was Mrs. Goodwin, looking — but I did not look at her, after the first, so I know not how she looked. And when it was all done, I lingered, for a reason of my own, and walked with Judson, and Burdon walked with us. An old man walks but slowly. So it came to pass that we were the last. And, having entered my own house, I found Eve and Old Goodwin and that other Rich man sitting in a half circle; and, at the centre of that circle, with my son in her arms, sat Mrs. Goodwin.

I walked up to her quickly. "Mrs. Goodwin," I said, "I rejoice that you are here, — at last."

So speaking, I held out my hand. And she took it, and would have spoken, too, but she could not. She hid her face on the shoulder of him that was

but just baptized; and he, thinking, no doubt, that he had had enough of water for one day, set up a wail. And I turned me about and went forth and left them.